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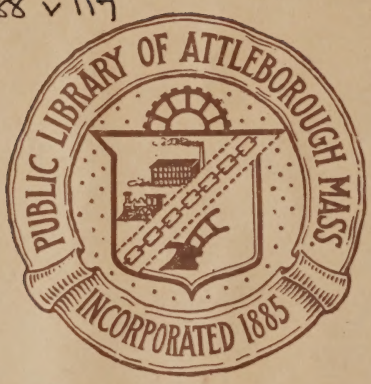

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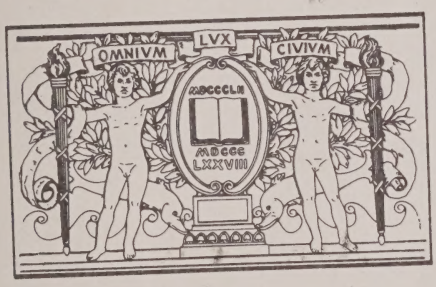

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THE

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1916

WOMEN OF ENGLAND

BY REBECCA WEST

I

THE exceptional men always crowd mankind out of history, and that is why we forget from generation to generation what war is. We think of Napoleon staining the snows of Europe with his victories, and we forget the thousands of little French towns, their squares and market-places pensive with bereavement, that waited till he might be replete with triumph and return. We think of Spain magnificent at Salamanca, and we forget that in that guerilla war the nation acquired a habit of the quick spilling of blood in familiar places which made it waste the rest of the century in civil war. We think of a red-coated England charging on the field of Waterloo, and we forget that a ragged England was sweating out its life and the freedom of its class in the factories to make the wealth that paid our way to victory. And now we are blinded by the glories of Flanders and the Dardanelles, and do not see that old things are rotting and new things are being born beneath our feet. Because men are dying to maintain their national life we do not notice that this national life is changing as quickly as they die.

This spectacle of an endless stream of men filing out to die with slow, deliberate steps and casual smiles is so wonderful, so infinitely lacerating, that nothing else seems to matter. Indeed we do not count ourselves as living under war conditions at all, even when a Zeppelin flies overhead and drops bombs that plough up the back garden and kill the neighbors' little girl. We have learned a high standard in these matters from a certain lowering army of refugees, tearless and unremorseful in nobility although surly from nostalgia, whom we have the honor of entertaining. Until we see the skies hung with the smoke of burning villages, and have found the hand of a child in a soldier's knapsack, we shall count ourselves as snug in peace. Yet war is as devouring a thing as it always was, and all our English life is changed, and much of it destroyed.

It is the heart of our life that is devoured, the quiet, hidden places where the future is nourished: the part of the world that is the care of women. It goes unrecorded partly because they are the sex bred to inarticulateness, and partly because, when one thinks of women in wartime, the exceptional people come forward as usual to crowd out the rest of mankind. For women have done things in this war that make one glad even under the shadow of the sword.

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One does not mean the women who have acquired boots and spurs and khaki on pretexts usually connected with nursing, and who dodge into the firing line as often as the General Staff will let them; for the war has sharply revised one's aspirations, and one knows now that, however well built for adventure a woman may be, if she is neither a doctor nor a nurse she has no right to be at the front. It is not reverent to suffering Europe. The woman journalist who stopped amidst the bursting shells to powder her nose proved the crystal hardness of her nerve: but it is not good to demonstrate one's attractive qualities in the death-chamber of the nations. Moreover, the independent woman at the front prejudices the position of women in the same way that an abnormally skilled workman prejudices the position of his mates by working so quickly that the factory piece-rate is lowered. The spinster, who is an abnormally free woman, has no right to accustom men to the sight of women looking after themselves in danger, since there are women who cannot look after themselves because they are burdened with children. But there are unnumbered women who in that death-chamber are thinking only of the dying, who have taken part in war and yet kept themselves clean from its passion for disorganizing and harshening the fate of all human creatures.

It is wonderful that they should have been allowed to help. Before the war Lord Kitchener delighted to maintain his reputation as the strong silent man who despised women, — a reputation which he created several years ago in the Sudan by telling the War Office that if they insisted on sending him women nurses he would duck them in the Nile. The British Red Cross Society is controlled by peeresses and other powerful women of the parasite class, and by the type of fashionable doctor whose career is a personal triumph over the rich rather than the impersonal triumph of the man of science over truth; and so as a body it showed Anti-Feminist tendencies. Yet to-day the khaki ambulances with the red cross on the sides draw up at hospitals which are wholly staffed by women, and the men who are left there are not sorry. 'They give a man a chance,' they say. It is an inarticulate testimony that the Victorians were wrong, and that a woman is more and not less valuable as a worker because of the slight permanent glow of sympathy which accompanies her capacity for motherhood.

And the company of British nurses, pale, school-girlishly unripe, and given to sudden giggling fits like nuns and all women of deprived lives, prove the Victorians wrong again when they conceived women's finest to be a boneless tenderness. It may be tenderness that makes them work so well in our own military hospitals, for our young men who dreamed nothing of war a year ago and now are broken by it are pitiful as a child torn by a hawk. But when they work in a ward that yesterday was a railway coal-shed, or wander on the windy dunes about a typhoid lazaretto of bathing-machines under the direction of French and Belgian doctors whose ideas of asepsis appear to them obscene, then they show themselves soldierly and possessed of hard fortitude and discipline.

And that there can be even satire in the kindness of women is shown by that most beautiful and unanswerable of feminist arguments, — the hospital organized by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Wherever men gather together to kill one another, the white tents of this hospital appear on the high ground above to mock the governors of men. 'When you slaves have quite finished knock-

ing each other about, we weaklings will come and remedy your might.' A man doctor is as forbidden in this hospital as a tabby-cat on Mount Athos: it is conducted with a brave punctilio by women surgeons, women nurses, women orderlies, all trained above the average and not to be driven from their posts by the forgings of any arsenal. They acquired their war-nerve in the protracted filth and famine of the Balkan Wars, and it has not failed them throughout this worse campaign, where horrors are not the writhings of misery hungry in the mud, but have been coldly and efficiently planned in cleanness and plenty. Every woman stayed at her post in Antwerp, though the shattered glass of the windows fell about them as they worked and one of their nurses was killed by a shell before their eyes. And when all kindness was driven out of Belgium, they turned to Serbia and joined with the British Red Cross Society and that other exclusively feminine hospital organized by the Scottish woman suffrage societies in the victory that is the most resplendent of the war because it meant the saving and not the losing of life.

The work of these Englishwomen in Serbia makes the blood leap like the death of Byron at Missolonghi or the legion of Englishmen who fought for Garibaldi. At the beginning of the war, Serbia was a place of vermin where wounded men lay on the straw and thirsted and hungered until their wounds festered into fever and they died. To those horrors Englishwomen went out just as fast as they could find organizations to take them. They dwelt in the filth and breathed in the pestilence and did not care how close they came to Death, so long as they could strike at him. It was because of this reserve of intelligent and fearless labor that the Sanitary Commission was able to go to a country where one sixth of the population of certain districts had been wiped out by typhus in three months, and the rest were the prey of wounds, famine, enteric and relapsing fever, and was able to scrub it clean of disease. Because these women were brave and adventurous and trained and disciplined and everything that it is quite unnecessary for a woman to be, they acquired a mastery over pain and stopped one of the leaks through which there gushed out the life of Europe.

II

Feminism has not invented this courage, for there have always been brave women; but it has let it strike its roots into the earth. For this work is precious above most of the good deeds done by their sex in the past because it was performed by women who were not set apart from life by any peculiar passion of service or renunciation. Madge Neill Fraser spent a great part of her life in the unspiritual and useless pastime of playing golf with distinction. Mrs. Percy Dearmer was a large, kind, dancing sort of woman, flushed with a naïve passion for getting up things, for 'getting up' anything from a mothers' meeting to a theatrical season. And both of them went out to Serbia, and caught fever, and are now members of the communion of heroes.

It is ordinary people too who conduct the privateering expeditions that are made upon Belgium — which, being most in need, is most inclined to accept untrained and isolated helpers — by women working in twos or threes or alone.

There is one woman who visits all those battered Belgian villages where peasants still huddle in their bullet-riddled homes, and takes with her truckloads of a patent infants' food. Wherever there is a Belgian baby she

goes, even if it means pushing a barrow full of tins to some stranded hamlet a quarter of a mile along a road raked by German fire. It is a work that is beautiful in courage and charity, and it supplies the overwhelming pacifist argument. Those gray babies whining in their cradles prove that the commonplace remark that the world is too far advanced for war is wrong. On the contrary we have not yet arrived at the stage of civilization where war becomes a possibility. For it is a cad's trick to declare war until one is absolutely certain that one is not cheating one single helpless baby out of its feeding-bottle. If there were to be on some high place a record of this bravery, one can imagine how the picture would show a figure of the smooth surface and stillness which is found only in saints and the dead, moving to some benevolence with the deliberation of one who has fortified and specialized her will to this by prayer. And yet she is a brown and lively thing: a Jewess, one of a race that has forbidden its women to withdraw from the world to sanctify themselves; an actress, pledged to the service of pleasure, and vivid with that intensification of the flesh that comes to wives and mothers.

Now when ordinary people, involved in the ordinary relationships of life, are made mobilizable by the general acceptance of the doctrine that a woman may come out of her home and take upon herself risk and responsibility, they become much more significant workers than could dedicated women who have renounced the things of the world. For when they die, it does not mean that the red-eyed sisters gather in the chantry to sing the mass for the dead. It means that people who have been bound to them by the ties of the flesh and common laughter and excitement, feel as though a part of them had died violently and gloriously and by the sword, and there enters into their blood the tradition that it is good to face violence and be capable of glory and hate the sword. Instead of lingering ghostly in a convent legend, these dead women become a strain in the breed that will live as long as life.

But even though this work and its significance may have been facilitated by feminism, no woman would present the bill to men and say that we have thereby earned our liberty and citizenship. The professional politicians, who feel that everything is the same as it always was because they are still in power, bargain even now for rights and advantages, and intrigue that if this one is silent about the crimes of the coal-owners, that one shall support conscription. But we common people, who are struggling in a changed and unkindly universe like rabbits in a blown-out burrow, no longer try to score off one another. And we admit that our assumption of such risks and responsibilities of the war as we can bear is no self-sacrifice, but a snatch at happiness. For danger is the salt of life. It preserves it from rankness when there is thunder in the skies.

You who think that women ought to be sealed into safety cannot think of a happy ending to the tale of a widow who lost her only son in the wars. You see how she would sit alone in a house that has grown horrible because the pictures on the walls are not of a live boy but of a dead man: how, every day, the little morning breeze of housewifery would spring up and die down into eventless afternoons and long evenings when the lamplit air would stagnate for lack of the movement of youth; how her life would turn rancid for want of hope to keep it fresh. Yet we know now that such a tale can end in brightness. A widow who was nursing in Serbia heard that her son had died at Ypres; a week later the languor of en-

teric fell upon her and she died. Instead of slowly wizening in stale air she ran swiftly at the elbow of her son to the gate of their purpose. She would have no pain for him or for herself, for, having taken part in the ritual of honorable death, she would comprehend its meaning. We rejoice that in a time like this we are allowed such mitigations.

III

But here again we have let the exceptional woman crowd out mankind: for most of these are the deeds of women who, either by spinsterhood, widowhood, extreme youth, or middle age, have been released from the normal lot of childbearing and rearing. The mass of Englishwomen are still bond to that duty, and are busy with men and babies in homes beneath a sky unshaken by gunfire. Yet they too receive from the war their special revelation. All of them are learning now what only the intellectually curious or the distressfully circumstanced knew before: that the wife and mother is not the lady jangling her keys about a castle keep, built to contain the future of the race, but the most helpless straw whirled along on the tide of men's activities. Humanity has lost its instinct for self-preservation in the desire of the intelligence for adventure, and makes no effort to protect its future. War hits at children as at anybody else, and the mothers are busy beating back the assault.

These are things not to be seen by the casual observer of social conditions; for England, like a hurt and defiant animal, is pretending that nothing has befallen it. London and the great provincial cities create an illusion that everything is the same as it always has been, by open shops and the familiar peacocking of shopping women. This lie of an inert social organism is assisted by the Powers that Be, who, for some reason incomprehensible to any one who has traveled through the country and seen how agricultural laborers and engineers are prized as princes, hold recruiting meetings at every corner. Yet the whole illusion falls away like a veil when the band strikes up and marches away with a following of valiant old men who have clipped their moustaches to hide their whiteness, weedy town-bred lads rejected half a dozen times already, and little boys with tin trumpets. And if, with this enlightening vision before one's eyes, one walks into any of the residential districts, significant things suddenly inform one that this life is all gnawed with the war.

In these rows of households there is rarely a householder. Either he is in khaki, or he is working from nine in the morning till midnight in a government office, or burning out his vitality in the factory or office in the attempt to create material and skilled labor out of nothing to fulfill an army contract. It is the householder's wife who is dealing with a world utterly and fantastically changed by the fact that, when she orders goods, the answer is, either, 'I cannot get these goods,' or, 'I will not be able to send you these goods for some days, as nearly all my packers have gone to the front, and the railways are so disorganized that, when I do, I cannot say whether you will get them in a week or a month'; and that when she requires the services of an electrician, a carpenter, a plumber, or a jobbing gardener, she has to wait her turn for the old and incompetent workmen who have crawled from the fireside or the casual ward to fill the gaps left by the fitter men who have gone into the army or into government work.

There is humor in these disorders. It is irritating and yet disarming to wait while an aged plumber, noisily sucking

his last tooth, fumbles with a tap; and when the gardener with his scythe looks like old Father Time, one hovers about him with an uneasy feeling that he ought to be drawn from flower-bed to flower-bed in a bath-chair. But their cumulation is a tragedy. A year ago the wife led the easiest existence on earth, and here and there she was a little wicked with luxury, and greedy to spend the world's wealth on the decoration of the private life. To-day she works hard. Although this business of housewifery is the one occupation the world permitted her to follow without question, here are navies and armies shamelessly ranged to kill the men she has borne and cherished, and conspiring to prevent her from nourishing their nerves with comfort, and she has to stand up to them and keep the war out of her home. She has to organize her resources so that order and cleanliness and all the sweet cultivations of peace can make a last stand in her four walls. While her men are fighting for her life, she has to fight to make that life worth living and insure that children shall grow up to live it.

It is a war of infinite majesty, and yet it is difficult to record because of the triviality of its battles and the incoherence of its soldiers. Instead of a general issuing dispatches concerning a reverse, two ladies in jet bonnets and charwomen's capes raise their voices as they discuss the rise in the price of sugar under the gas flares. And those few economic students who can decipher this homely text are for the most part followers of the Fabian sect of Socialism, and insist on peering down on the poor dead poor. Now the state of the poor happens to be a patch of dead water in the midst of the whirlpool. At first it seemed as though they were going to bear the full force of the economic blow, and one of the first results of the war was that the babies examined at the clinics and schools for mothers began to lose weight. But now that labor has proved its importance to a staggered public, we are paying out everything we can to keep the country going, and the working classes are enjoying a period of prosperity. It is the middle-class home — so largely dependent on the distributive system which has so entirely broken down for lack of men — that has tumbled down like a house of cards.

Middle-class housewives are not likely to write their own history; and so for the past few months I have been collecting the experiences of women who lived in quiet England and yet found existence defaced by the war. There is one which I think is of special interest because the teller of it had no direct connection with the war. So far as they knew, neither she nor her husband had a single kinsman at the front. Yet the war changed and hurt them.

IV

The woman, who shall be called the Lady to mark a certain remoteness from exterior circumstance which had hitherto been hers, lived in a rawboned house which stood on a cliff facing the Wash and casting a sidewise glance to the North Sea across bents misted with sea-lavender. A lighthouse stood sentinel beside it, and there were little white coastguard cottages with cobblestones and a bleaching-green, and near at hand a wireless station lifted its gaunt arms. It was one of those wholly tedious East Coast districts which hold one simply by a wine-like strength in the air.

But in any case they were not people who made extravagant demands of this visible world. The Lady was a little under thirty, and liked tennis tournaments and golf, and had a considerable amount of intelligence which was quite

unlit by any intellectual passion. Her husband was a man of forty-two who dabbled in scientific journalism with results that brought up his private income to £800. They lived a wholesome life in which the events came up so regularly and so completely without the scent of romance that one might liken it to one of those large, white, neatly and firmly convoluted cauliflowers. They thought stability much the best thing in the world, and looked forward to the birth of their child because it would make them more settled than ever.

Yet on the day their child was born, all this was altered. Even the ordinary circumstances of childbirth were different. For the Lady sat and read the papers. To you who have not been through this war, it may seem incredible that reading a newspaper could blot out the consciousness of personal pain in a much larger and intenser impersonal pain. But we did not know then what had happened to the world; all that we knew was that only a few score miles away a people had been torn to pieces, and that demoniac wickedness was walking the earth and rejoicing in its might. Everything we did in those days was done abstractedly. So you might imagine men buying and selling on the Last Day, casting backward glances at the slip of sky at the door, to see if the great hand be not yet thrust through the clouds. It was thus that the Lady lost, not only the foreboding of extreme peril, but also the delicious sense of importance which is the consolation of her sex on these occasions. This was motherhood with a difference. When the mists of chloroform cleared away and they held out her squealing son, she looked at him, not with the passive contentment of the mother in peace-time, but with the active and passionate intention: 'I must keep this thing safe.'

Almost immediately there were signs, not only that war had begun, but that peace had ended. These things do not always happen together: the comfort of the world went on just the same all the years that English boys were dying uselessly in South Africa. But the very day after the Lady's child was born, the social organization showed what it was up to by omitting to send the milk. The Lady's husband was sent off without his breakfast to fetch it, and found the little tiled dairy full of landladies indignant because the most superior family from Nottingham which had taken the drawing-room floor was waiting for its breakfast. Nobody had got any milk, it seemed, because all the milkmen were Army Reservists and had been called up the night before.

So the Lady's husband took a can in his hand and went in next door to the grocery store, to inquire for some cereals that inexplicably had not been delivered. The shop looked different that day. There were three big automobiles drawn up in front and the chauffeurs were packing them with sacks of flour and eatables. Inside, agitated women with the uppish airs of those who feel themselves rising to an emergency, were buying rice that was doomed to bore their families for a twelvemonth, bacon whose destiny it was to mould in the cellar, and, on the impulse of the moment, even stranger things than that. One woman grasped a bar of yellow soap and a tin of curry powder, and thrust them into her string bag. The Lady's husband perceived that this was a food-panic, and he sat down on a sugar-box and explained to the women that there must be enough food in England to last for at least six months. They appeared uninterested, and the grocer, who had raised his prices two pence in the shilling since he opened his shop that morning, irritated. He then ordered the rice and tapioca and sago

he had been sent to fetch, but was told that the stocks were exhausted; so he had to fill his pockets with tins of a more expensive patent cereal. The grocer refused to give him change for a five-pound note, although he explained clearly that there could be no need for withdrawing gold from currency until the government had issued instructions to that effect. To this the grocer (who had hoarded fifty pounds in his safe) replied that this was no time for theories.

Yet when the Lady's husband turned homeward, completely breakfastless, with the big milk-can swinging against his legs, and the knobby little tins rattling in his pockets, and arguments against the hoarding of gold boiling over in his head, he was possessed by a white flame of tranquillity. Exaltation poured through his veins like light. I cannot explain the quality of the glory which filled us all on that disordered morning, except by quoting the phrase from one of those articles by which Mr. H. G. Wells expressed as no other writer has done the good intent with which we faced this war. 'This shall be the war that ends war.' Such was our early passion. It still lingers. Every time a Cabinet minister appeals for more munition-workers and begs the women to step forward, innumerable women of all sorts—dressmakers, shopkeepers, typists—throw up their businesses, sometimes even raising money enough to defray the cost of their training, and flock to the nearest big town to offer their services — and receive no answer to their applications. The government talks to us private people of thrift, but what extravagance have we ever committed like their waste of our exaltation?

V

But all this unrest died down in about three weeks. As soon as the German advance on Paris was checked the social organization began to recover itself. And when the Lady's husband got a post in the laboratory of an explosives factory near London, and they rented a farmhouse in a Hertfordshire village, the Lady could stand at her porch under the white creeper and finger the rough sun-crumbled brick and look down the valley of green water-meadows and cherish once more the illusion of stability. She could rejoice again at trivial things — at the beauty of the berries that year, for instance: the hawthorn tree in the middle of the meadow in front of the house was like one of those little coral trees on which old-fashioned ladies hang their rings. It was not that the thought of the war was not perpetually present, that letters did not come to tell the death of their friends, that she did not find tears in her eyes the minute she let her mind stray from the immediate world. But the war was not *here*. The nearest it came was when the dairy farmer's wife told her, as she was paying the bill, that her eldest son had seen the Virgin Mary in the trenches — 'the *last* person,' she said in the clipped accents ladies' maids carry into married life, 'he was looking for.' The Lady laughed, imagining a commander ordering a saint off the field because she was giving the range to the enemy, but was impressed to find herself present at the birth of legend.

But otherwise, except for the high price of food and the difficulty of getting coal, the war did not seem to touch this life, until one April day when the Lady was working in the garden because the gardener had enlisted and there was not a man left in the district to take his place. She paused in her work of planting beans to look at the beauty about her. A young moon was silver in a primrose sky; a burning of leaves made a gold flame on the crest of

some near hill; the valley was full of a liquid evening light in which the pollard willows moved with glassy undulations like seaweed under water. And through the fork of an apple tree she saw the face of her cook, yellow and laughing. The Lady dropped forward on her knees in the wet mould. After a still moment the woman went up the path and crossed the lawn, still laughing. That night she came into the dining-room and put her cheeks against the oak paneling, and began to pour out obscene tales about the nurse and the housemaid in the blotted speech of undecided consonants that comes to the mad. She was certified the next day, and in the evening they took her in the doctor's automobile to the County Asylum. For a long part of their journey they traveled under the shadow of the high brick wall of Hatfield, that great piece of England so proudly held by the Cecils. It was a Cecil who devised the Treaty of Berlin that caused this war.

This woman had gone mad because she had lost her sweetheart and her three brothers in the war.

The very next evening, as the Lady returned depressed from a day in London registry offices which one and all explained that there were no more servants to be got, as all the girls were making munitions or filling men's places, a man in khaki came up the path and requisitioned her for Kitchener's Army. She watched him fascinated as they went round the house selecting rooms in which the billeted soldiers were to sleep; for he was at once brazenly, blaringly not a gentleman and keenly, splendidly an officer. When the Lady banged the door a trifle roughly and said, 'I beg your pardon,' he responded, as no officer ever did before England gathered all sorts to her Army, 'Granted, I'm sure.' Yet he talked of his men and their fitness and comfort with the confidence that he was guarding them so that one day they would follow him into noble danger, and surely that is the fine heart of officership. He billeted eleven soldiers on her, and informed her that, as the commissariat had fallen behind on their journey from the West Country, she would have to find and cook food for them for — oh! ten days, perhaps.

As he swung off down the path, the Lady tried to feel aghast at the prospect before her. But instead she found her heart light and strong like a bird. What had been a tedious domestic crisis had turned suddenly into a tough and invigorating job to be done for the country's sake. That evening she cycled five miles to get a joint for them, as the news of the coming of a thousand men had already emptied the village of food. She was not bored or exasperated by the morning's cooking; and when the eleven Hampshire men, their faces dust-colored with fatigue, threw down their packs in the garden and entered the kitchen, she was filled not with apprehension at their weather-beaten bigness or their encrusted muddiness, but simply with the hope that she might not fail them. And although food was scarce and had often to be fetched from a town six miles away, and the price of beef and mutton rose by twenty-five to thirty-five per cent, she never found the business of keeping these men fit and happy anything but an enjoyment. They were temperate and amiable beings, very helpful at mending lamps and doing up the garden, and given to spending the evening by the fire singing songs like 'The Rosary.' And when the Lady contrasted these clear-skinned, kindly men in khaki with the dull-eyed, surly things they would have been in civil life, she suddenly began to understand that Solomon was right when he said that the destruction of the poor was

their poverty. It was not until they had been allowed good food, fresh air, and leisure, that they had been able to show how good their essence was. And as she realized that England had given them none of these things until it had need of their lives, she felt ashamed, and worked for them more than ever until she was arrested by a cry from the nursery.

There had happened in this Hertfordshire village what has happened in every district where soldiers are billeted. The dairymen watered the milk to meet the demand. And so the Lady's lusty child, who had been one of those babies of flushed, abundant flesh, became suddenly froglike and unfriendly, waving hostile, helpless hands and wailing a gathering distress. Everything fell away from it, its fatness, its beauty, even its personality. 'Why should these — *devils* be able to tamper with his food?' cried the Lady. 'It ought to be like gas — or water — a local authority —' and sobbed her way into Socialism. The doctor advised her to go away until the soldiers were moved, and took her in his automobile to look for lodgings. But this country could no longer be kind to them. It looked just the same as always, with the red cattle munching knee-deep in shining buttercups and the fields of young corn a singing green under the moonshine hedges of May, but it had lost its liberty. All the land to the sea was given over to the men in khaki.

So very hastily the Lady had to take her child and the nurse to one of those vulgar Thames-side towns, an idiot's paradise of geraniumed houseboats and polished punts. And there, once the excitement of feeding the child back into health was over, the Lady found that her heart was full of a sense of emptiness. She wanted to be back in Hertfordshire, getting up at six, burning her face over the kitchen range, working for the soldiers. She wanted passionately, as one wants to be a sailor or to return to one's home, to be of service. And she did more than feel this: when her husband, who came to her for the week-end with a fatigue and need for comfort that oddly renewed their relationship, said, 'I must go on doing something useful after the war: one needs it,' she registered it as one of the emotions that respectable people act upon.

Though decent life has been raised to fineness by the war, base life is baser than it was in peace. The Thames-side hotel, which always was a place of grimed plush hangings and gilt cornices, accepted the scarcity of servants as an excuse for a franker filth; and on the lawns by the river degraded old men and French and Belgian *embusqués* got drunk because there was a war. The Lady longed for the clean order of some country home where summer was not a blowsy female in a motor-launch, but a profitable heat running along the earth to warm it for harvest. But that old, simple, loosely organized life of the countryside, from which she and her kind drew their virtue, was gone. The Army was destructively established upon it as a factory is built upon a meadow. The incalculable movements of troops, the consequent sudden scarcities of food, the impossibility of getting goods through from London on the disordered railways, the difficulties of getting servants, made it dangerous and tedious. Moreover, subscriptions to the War Loan and depreciated investments had brought down their income so that they could not long afford two households, and must have a suburban home to which the Lady's husband could return every evening after work.

So, as the summer waned, the Lady found herself living, not in an old farmhouse standing among elms on a Roman road and looking itself ancient

and living like the trees, but in a villa that looked as though but yesterday its parts had lain unrelated in a builder's yard. And there she lived a pinched life, saving, placating servants, trying to do all the plumbing and carpentering herself, till one glorious night when the factory hooters cried orchestrally and she was readmitted into that real world she had lived in when she was doing service for Kitchener's Army. The night was full of light and noise. There was the roar and whistle of the shells, the bang of bombs; and through the white world of brightness cast on the black sky by the searchlights, there fled a fat silver slug which dropped threads of fire into the darkness as it went. It came near, it passed overhead. The Lady felt as though she were lit like a lamp by pride. She was rapt in delight at the mighty power of brain and nerve that were steering that thing. She was radiant with joy at the sudden knowledge that it mattered nothing if they sent down death on her and her dearer part, the child, because they could not break her will. And fear struggled weakly in her, deep and quite disregarded.

Surely it is not a little thing that people who had lived in love with stability should learn all this in a year: that one can find exaltation at impersonal affairs that do not feed one's appetite; that war is an undignified brute that kills country louts and steals the wits of servant girls; that participation in the collective life by service is a happiness necessary to the human animal; that the careless individualist organization of society may lead to the murder of children; and as for the Zeppelin raid, what more could artist desire than that people should rejoice in tragedy? It may seem to neutrals, when they read of the triumphant greed of the coal-owners and army contractors, and the politicians' gamblings for leadership, that this war has done nothing to Europe except make it a swill-tub for the capitalist class. But we little private people, like the Lady and her husband, have lately endured many experiences and found them to be revelations that we could never have received in the grossish times of peace that lay on the land before August.

Yet war is an outrageous thing, and we will not pay the price again: when we have recovered peace we must live so intently and intelligently, with eyes made clear by these expensive recent visions, that nevermore will we need to be awakened by the roar of cannon.

LABOR AND CAPITAL — PARTNERS

BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

I

Labor and *Capital* are rather abstract words with which to describe those vital forces, which working together become productively useful to mankind. Reduced to their simplest terms Labor and Capital are men with muscle and men with money — human beings, imbued with the same weaknesses and virtues, the same cravings and aspirations.

It follows, therefore, that the relations of men engaged in industry are human relations. Men do not live merely to toil; they also live to play, to mingle with their fellows, to love, to worship. The test of the success of our social organization is the extent to which every man is free to realize his highest and best self; and in considering any economic or political problem, that fundamental fact should be recognized. If in the conduct of industry, therefore, the manager ever keeps in mind that in dealing with employees he is dealing with human beings with flesh and blood, with hearts and souls; and if, likewise, the workmen realize that managers and investors are themselves also human beings, how much bitterness will be avoided!

Are the interests of these human beings with labor to sell and with capital to employ necessarily antagonistic or necessarily mutual? Must the advance of one retard the progress of the other? Should their attitude toward each other be that of enemies or of partners? The answer one makes to these fundamental questions must constitute the basis for any consideration of the relationship of Labor and Capital.

Our difficulty in dealing with the industrial problem is due too often to a failure to understand the true interests of Labor and Capital. And I suspect this lack of understanding is just as prevalent among representatives of Capital as among representatives of Labor. In any event the conception one has of the fundamental nature of these interests will naturally determine one's attitude toward every phase of their relationship.

Much of the reasoning on this subject proceeds upon the theory that the wealth of the world is absolutely limited, and that if one man gets more, another necessarily gets less. Hence there are those who hold that if Labor's wages are increased or its working conditions improved, Capital suffers because it must deprive itself of the money needed to pay the bill. Some employers go so far as to justify themselves in appropriating from the product of industry all that remains after Labor has received the smallest amount which it can be induced or forced to accept; while on the other hand there are men who hold that Labor is the producer of all wealth, hence is entitled to the entire product, and that whatever is taken by Capital is stolen from Labor.

If this theory is sound, it might be maintained that the relation between Labor and Capital is fundamentally one of antagonism, and that each should consolidate and arm its forces, dividing

the products of industry between them in proportion as their selfishness is enforced by their power.

But all such counsel loses sight of the fact that the riches available to man are practically without limit; that the world's wealth is constantly being developed and undergoing mutation, and that to promote this process both Labor and Capital are indispensable. If these great forces coöperate, the products of industry are steadily increased; whereas, if they fight, the production of wealth is certain to be either retarded or stopped altogether, and the wellsprings of material progress choked. The problem of promoting the coöperation of Labor and Capital may well be regarded, therefore, as the most vital problem of modern civilization. Peace may be established among the nations of the world; but if the underlying factors of material growth within each nation are themselves at war, the foundations of all progress are undermined.

II

Capital cannot move a wheel without Labor, nor Labor advance beyond a mere primitive existence without Capital. But with Labor and Capital as partners, wealth is created and ever greater productivity made possible. In the development of this partnership, the greatest social service is rendered by that man who so coöperates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development, and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization. This is better than charity or philanthropy; it helps men to help themselves and widens the horizon of life. Through such a process the laborer is constantly becoming the capitalist, and the accumulated fruits of present industry are made the basis of further progress. The world puts its richest prizes at the feet of great organizing ability, enterprise, and foresight, because such qualities are rare and yet indispensable to the development of the vast natural resources which otherwise would lie useless on the earth's surface or in its hidden depths. It is one of the noteworthy facts of industrial history that the most successful enterprises have been those which have been so well organized and so efficient in eliminating waste, that the laborers were paid high wages, the consuming public — upon whose patronage the success of every enterprise depends — enjoyed declining prices, and the owners realized large profits.

The development of industry on a large scale brought the corporation into being, a natural outgrowth of which has been the further development of organized Labor in its various forms. The right of men to associate themselves together for their mutual advancement is incontestable; and under our modern conditions, the organization of Labor is necessary just as is the organization of Capital; both should make their contribution toward the creation of wealth and the promotion of human welfare. The labor union, among its other achievements, has undoubtedly forced public attention upon wrongs which employers of to-day would blush to practice. But employers as well as workers are more and more appreciating the human equation, and realizing that mutual respect and fairness produce larger and better results than suspicion and selfishness. We are all coming to see that there should be no stifling of Labor by Capital, or of Capital by Labor; and also that there should be no stifling of Labor by Labor, or of Capital by Capital.

While it is true that the organization of Labor has quite as important a function to perform as the organization of

Capital, it cannot be gainsaid that evils are liable to develop in either of these forms of association. Combinations of Capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interests of both Labor and the public. Such combinations cannot be too strongly condemned or too vigorously dealt with. Although combinations of this kind are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all combinations of Capital, however rightly managed or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion. Likewise, it sometimes happens that combinations of Labor are conducted without just regard for the rights of the employer or the public, and methods and practices adopted which, because unworthy and unlawful, are deserving of public censure. Such organizations of labor bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper combinations of Capital, and they should be similarly dealt with. But the occasional failure in the working of the principle of the organization of Labor or of Capital should not prejudice any one against the principle itself, for the principle is absolutely sound.

Because evils have developed and may develop as a result of these increasing complexities in industrial conditions, shall we deny ourselves the maximum benefit which may be derived from using the new devices of progress? We cannot give up the corporation and industry on a large scale; no more can we give up the organization of labor; human progress depends too much upon them. Surely there must be some avenue of approach to the solution of a problem on the ultimate working out of which depends the very existence of industrial society. To say that there is no way out except through constant warfare between Labor and Capital is an unthinkable counsel of despair; to say that progress lies in eventual surrender of everything by one factor or the other, is contrary, not only to the teachings of economic history, but also to our knowledge of human nature.

III

Most of the misunderstanding between men is due to a lack of knowledge of each other. When men get together and talk over their differences candidly, much of the ground for dispute vanishes. In the days when industry was on a small scale, the employer came into direct contact with his employees, and the personal sympathy and understanding which grew out of that contact made the rough places smooth. However, the use of steam and electricity, resulting in the development of large-scale industry with its attendant economies and benefits, has of necessity erected barriers to personal contact between employers and men, thus making it more difficult for them to understand each other.

In spite of the modern development of Big Business, human nature has remained the same, with all its cravings, and all its tendencies toward sympathy when it has knowledge and toward prejudice when it does not understand. The fact is that the growth of the organization of industry has proceeded faster than the adjustment of the interrelations of men engaged in industry. Must it not be, then, that an age which can bridge the Atlantic with the wireless telephone, can devise some sort of social X-ray which shall enable the vision of men to penetrate the barriers which have grown up between men in our machine-burdened civilization?

IV

Assuming that Labor and Capital are

partners, and that the fruits of industry are their joint product, to be divided fairly, there remains the question: What is a fair division? The answer is not simple — the division can never be absolutely just; and if it were just today, changed conditions would make it unjust to-morrow; but certain it is that the injustice of that division will always be greater in proportion as it is made in a spirit of selfishness and shortsightedness. Indeed, because of the kaleidoscopic changes which the factors entering into the production of wealth are always undergoing, it is unlikely that any final solution of the problem of the fair distribution of wealth will ever be reached. But the effort to devise a continually more perfect medium of approach toward an ever-fairer distribution, must be no less energetic and unceasing.

For many years my father and his advisers had been increasingly impressed with the importance of these and other economic problems, and with a view to making a contribution toward their solution, had had under consideration the development of an institute for social and economic research. While this general subject was being studied, the industrial disturbances in Colorado became acute. Their many distressing features gave me the deepest concern. I frankly confess that I felt there was something fundamentally wrong in a condition of affairs which made possible the loss of human lives, engendered hatred and bitterness, and brought suffering and privation upon hundreds of human beings. I determined, therefore, that in so far as it lay within my power I would seek some means of avoiding the possibility of similar conflicts arising elsewhere or in the same industry in the future. It was in this way that I came to recommend to my colleagues in the Rockefeller Foundation the instituting of a series of studies into the fundamental problems arising out of industrial relations. Many others were exploring the same field, but it was felt that these were problems affecting human welfare so vitally that an institution such as the Rockefeller Foundation, whose purpose, as stated in its charter, is 'to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world,' could not neglect either its duty or its opportunity. This resulted in securing the services of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labor in Canada, to conduct an investigation 'with a special view,' to quote the language of an official letter, 'to the discovery of some mutual relationship between Labor and Capital which would afford to Labor the protection it needs against oppression and exploitation, while at the same time promoting its efficiency as an instrument of economic production.'

In no sense was this inquiry to be local or restricted; the problem was recognized to be a world-problem, and in the study of it the experience of the several countries of the world was to be drawn upon. The purpose was neither to apportion blame in existing or past misunderstandings, nor to justify any particular point of view; but solely to be constructively helpful, the final and only test of success to be the degree to which the practical suggestions growing out of the investigation actually improved the relations between labor and Capital.

V

With reference to the situation which had unfortunately developed in Colorado, it became evident to those responsible for the management of one of the larger coal companies there — the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, in which my father and I are interested — that matters could not be allowed to remain as they were. Any situation, no mat-

ter what its cause, out of which so much bitterness could grow, clearly required amelioration.

It has always been the desire and purpose of the management of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company that its employees should be treated liberally and fairly. However, it became clear that there was need of some more efficient method whereby the petty frictions of daily work might be dealt with promptly and justly, and of some machinery which, without imposing financial burdens upon the workers, would protect the rights, and encourage the expression of the wants and aspirations of the men — not merely of those men who were members of some organization, but of every man on the company's payroll. The problem was how to promote the well-being of each employee; more than that, how to foster at the same time the interest of both the stockholders and the employees through bringing them to realize the fact of their real partnership.

Long before the Colorado strike ended, I sought advice with respect to possible methods of preventing and adjusting such a situation as that which had arisen; and in December, 1914, as soon as the strike was terminated and normal conditions were restored, the officers of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company undertook the practical development of plans which had been under consideration. The men in each mining camp were invited to choose, by secret ballot, representatives to meet with the executive officers of the company to discuss matters of mutual concern and consider means of more effective coöperation in maintaining fair and friendly relations.

That was the beginning, merely the germ, of a plan which has now been developed into a comprehensive 'Industrial Constitution.' The scheme embodies practical operating experience, the advice and study of experts, and an earnest effort to provide a workable method of friendly consideration, by all concerned, of the daily problems which arise in the mutual relations between employer and employees.

The plan was submitted to a referendum of the employees in all the company's coal and iron mines, and adopted by an overwhelming vote. Before this general vote was taken, it had been considered and unanimously approved by a meeting of the employees' elected representatives. At that meeting I outlined the plan, which is described below, as well as the theory underlying it, which theory is in brief as follows: —

Every corporation is composed of four parties: the stockholders, who supply the money with which to build the plant, pay the wages, and operate the business; the directors, whose duty it is to select executive officers carefully and wisely, plan the larger and more important policies, and generally see to it that the company is prudently administered; the officers, who conduct the current operations; and the employees, who contribute their skill and their work. The interest of these four parties is a common interest, although perhaps not an equal one; and if the result of their combined work is to be most successful, each must do its share. An effort on the part of any one to advance its own interest without regard to the rights of the others, means, eventually, loss to all. The problem which confronts every company is so to interrelate its different elements that the best interests of all will be conserved.

VI

The industrial machinery which has been adopted by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and its employees is embodied in two written documents,

which have been printed and placed in the hands of each employee. One of these documents is a trade agreement signed by the representatives of the men and the officers of the company, setting forth the conditions and terms under which the men agree to work until January 1, 1918, and thereafter, subject to revision upon ninety days' notice by either side. This agreement guarantees to the men that for more than two years, no matter what reductions in wages others may make, there shall be no reduction of wages by this company; furthermore, that in the event of an increase in wages in any competitive field, this company will make a proportional increase.

The agreement provides for an eight-hour day for all employees working underground and in coke ovens; it insures the semi-monthly payment of wages; it fixes charges for such dwellings, light, and water, as are provided by the company; it stipulates that the rates to be charged for powder and coal used by the men shall be substantially their cost to the company. To encourage employees to cultivate flower and vegetable gardens, the company agrees to fence free of cost each house-lot owned by it. The company also engages to provide suitable bathhouses and clubhouses for the use of employees at the several mining camps.

The other document is an 'Industrial Constitution,' setting forth the relations of the company and its men. The constitution stipulates, among other things, that 'there shall be a strict observance by management and men of the federal and state laws respecting mining and labor,' and that 'the scale of wages and the rules in regard to working conditions shall be posted in a conspicuous place at or near every mine.' Every employee is protected against discharge without notice, except for such offenses as are posted at each mine. For all other misconduct the delinquent is entitled to receive warning in writing that a second offense will cause discharge, and a copy of this written notice must be forwarded to the office of the president of the company at the same time it is sent to the employee.

The constitution specifically states that 'there shall be no discrimination by the company or any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity, or union.' The employees are guaranteed the right to hold meetings on company property, to purchase where they choose, and to employ check-weighmen, who, on behalf of the men, shall see to it that each gets proper credit for his work.

Besides setting forth these fundamental rights of the men, the industrial constitution seeks to establish a recognized means for bringing the management and the men into closer contact for two general purposes: first, to promote increased efficiency and production, to improve working conditions, and to further the friendly and cordial relations between the company's officers and employees; and, second, to facilitate the adjustment of disputes and the redress of grievances.

In carrying out this plan, the wage-earners at each camp are to be represented by two or more of their own number chosen by secret ballot, at meetings especially called for the purpose, which none but wage-earners in the employ of the company shall be allowed to attend. The men thus chosen are to be recognized by the company as authorized to represent the employees for one year, or until their successors are elected, with respect to terms of employment, working and living conditions, adjustment of differences, and such other matters as may come up. A meeting of all the men's representa-

tives and the general officers of the company will be held once a year to consider questions of general importance.

The Industrial Constitution provides that the territory in which the company operates shall be divided into a number of districts based on the geographical distribution of the mines. To facilitate full and frequent consultation between representatives of the men and the management in regard to all matters of mutual interest and concern, the representatives from each district are to meet at least three times a year — oftener if need be — with the president of the company, or his representative, and such other officers as the president may designate.

The district conferences will each appoint from their number certain joint committees on industrial relations, and it is expected that these committees will give prompt and continuous attention to the many questions which affect the daily life and happiness of the men as well as the prosperity of the company. Each of these committees will be composed of six members, three designated by the employees' representatives and three by the president of the company. A joint committee on industrial coöperation and conciliation will consider matters pertaining to the prevention and settlement of industrial disputes, terms and conditions of employment, maintenance of order and discipline in the several camps, policy of the company stores, and so forth. Joint committees on safety and accidents, on sanitation, health and housing, on recreation and education, will likewise deal with the great variety of topics included within these general designations.

Prevention of friction is an underlying purpose of the plan. The aim is to anticipate and remove in advance all sources of possible irritation. With this in view a special officer, known as the President's Industrial Representative, is added to the personnel of the staff as a further link between the President of the corporation and every workman in his employ. This officer's duty is to respond promptly to requests from employees' representatives for his presence at any of the camps, to visit all of them as often as possible, to familiarize himself with conditions, and generally to look after the well-being of the workers.

It is a fundamental feature of the plan, as stated in the document itself, that 'every employee shall have the right of ultimate appeal to the president of the company concerning any condition or treatment to which he may be subjected and which he may deem unfair.' For the adjustment of all disputes, therefore, the plan provides carefully balanced machinery. If any miner has a grievance, he may himself, or preferably through one of the elected representatives in his camp, seek satisfaction from the foreman or mine superintendent. If those officials do not adjust the matter, appeal may be had to the president's industrial representative. Failing there, the employee may appeal to the division superintendent, assistant manager, manager, or general manager, or the president of the company, in consecutive order. Yet another alternative is that, after having made the initial complaint to the foreman or mine superintendent, the workman may appeal directly to the joint committee on industrial coöperation and conciliation in his district, which, itself failing to agree, may select one or three umpires whose decision shall be binding upon both parties to the dispute. If all these methods of mediation fail the employee may appeal to the Colorado State Industrial Commission, which is empowered by law to investigate industrial disputes and publish its findings.

So as adequately to protect the independence and freedom of the men's representatives, the Constitution provides that in case any one of them should be discharged or disciplined, or should allege discrimination, he may resort to the various methods of appeal open to the other employees, or he may appeal directly to the Colorado State Industrial Commission, with whose findings in any such case the company agrees to comply.

The company is to pay all expenses incident to the administration of the plan, and to reimburse the miners' representatives for loss of time from their work in the mines.

VII

Such in outline is this Industrial Constitution. Some have spoken of it as establishing a Republic of Labor. Certain it is that the plan gives every employee opportunity to voice his complaints and aspirations, and it neglects no occasion to bring the men and the managers together to talk over their common interests.

Much unrest among employees is due to the nursing of real or fancied grievances arising out of the daily relations between the workmen and the petty boss. Such grievances should receive attention at once, and this plan provides that they shall. Just as in the case of bodily wounds, so with industrial wounds, it is of prime importance to establish a method of prompt disinfection, lest the germs of distrust and hatred have opportunity to multiply.

This plan is not hostile to labor organizations; there is nothing in it, either expressed or implied, which can rightly be so construed; neither membership in a union nor independence of a union will bring a man either preference or reproach, so far as the attitude of the company is concerned. The fact is that the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company constitution does not restrict in any way the right of the employees to regulate their own lives, nor does it abridge their right to join any organization they please. At the same time it does insure the men fair treatment and an opportunity to make their voice heard in determining the conditions under which they shall work and live.

The plan does not deny to the representatives the right to act in concert; it does not deny to the men the right to employ counselors or advisers to assist them in formulating their views as to any situation. Indeed, the door is left wide open for the natural exercise of any right or privilege to which the men are entitled.

There is nothing in the plan to prevent the men holding open or secret meetings as often as they like, either in the separate camps, the districts, or as representing the whole industry. Such meetings are not specifically provided for because all those who are connected with the corporations are considered to be partners in the enterprise, and their interests common interests.

The plan provides a channel through which not only may the men confer with the management, but through which also the officers may lay their purposes, problems, and difficulties before the employees. It provides a medium of adjustment, as between employer and employees, of the problems which constantly arise in the conduct of business, while in regard to the relations of both it recognizes that the voice of public opinion is entitled to be heard. The acts of bodies of men in their relations with other men should always be illuminated by publicity, for when the people see clearly what the facts are, they will, in the long run, encourage what is good and condemn what is selfish.

Some may think that the form which

the organization of labor takes must necessarily be originated and developed by labor. If, however, a workable co-operation between managers and men is actually developed, which is satisfactory to both, is its authorship of consequence, provided only its provisions are adequate and just and it proves to be an effective instrument through which real democracy may have free play?

The Colorado plan has been devised for the employees of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, and without reference to the employees, or organizations of employees, in other companies. Some people will maintain that the men's interests cannot be adequately protected or their rights at all times enforced without the support of their fellows in similar industries. This may be true where Labor and Capital do not generally recognize that their interests are one. But when men and managers grasp that vital point, as I believe this plan will help them to do, and are really awake to the fact that when either takes an unfair advantage of the other the ultimate interests of both are bound to suffer, they will have an incentive to fair dealing, of the most compelling kind.

It is clear that a plan of this kind must not overlook the interests of the stockholders, for no plan which disregards their rights can be permanently successful. The interests of Capital can no more be neglected than those of Labor. At the same time I feel that a prime consideration in the carrying on of industry should be the well-being of the men and women engaged in it, and that the soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of the employees as well as the making of profits, and which, when the necessity arises, subordinates profits to welfare. In order to live, the wage-earner must sell his labor from day to day. Unless he can do this, the earnings of that day's labor are gone forever. Capital can defer its returns temporarily in the expectation of future profits, but Labor cannot. If, therefore, fair wages and reasonable living conditions cannot otherwise be provided, dividends must be deferred or the industry abandoned. On the other hand, a business, to be successful, must not only provide to Labor remunerative employment under proper working conditions, but it must also render useful service to the community and earn a fair return on the money invested. The adoption of any policy toward Labor, however favorable it may seem, which results in the bankruptcy of the corporation and the discontinuance of its work, is as injurious to Labor which is thrown out of employment, as it is to the public, which loses the services of the enterprise, and to the stockholders whose capital is impaired.

This plan is not a panacea; it is necessarily far from perfect, and yet I believe it to be a step in the right direction. Carefully as it has been worked out, experience will undoubtedly develop ways of improving it. While the plan provides elaborate machinery which of itself ought to make impossible many abuses and introduce much that is constructively helpful, too strong emphasis cannot be put upon the fact that its success or failure will be largely determined by the spirit in which it is carried out.

The problem of the equitable division of the fruits of industry will always be with us. The nature of the problem changes and will continue to change with the development of transportation, of invention, and the organization of commerce. The ultimate test of the rightness of any particular method of division must be the extent

to which it stimulates initiative, encourages the further production of wealth, and promotes the spiritual development of men. The Colorado plan is of possible value in that state, and may prove useful elsewhere, because it seeks to serve continually as a means of adjusting the daily difficulties incident to the industrial relationship. It brings men and managers together, it facilitates the study of their common problems, and it should promote an understanding of their mutual interests. Assuming, as we must, the fundamental fairness of men's purposes, we have here possibly a medium through which the always changing conditions of industry may be from time to time more closely adapted to the needs, the desires, and the aspirations of men.

BEFORE THE SNOW

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now soon, ah, very soon, I know
The trumpets of the North will blow,
And the great winds will come to bring
The pale wild riders of the snow.

Darkening the sun with level flight,
At arrowy speed, they will alight,
Unnumbered as the desert sands,
To bivouac on the edge of night.

Then I within their sombre ring,
Shall hear a voice that seems to sing,
Deep, deep within my tranquil heart,
The valiant prophecy of spring.

CARNATIONS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK
[*Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt*]

I

Rupert Wilson came into the studio where his wife, who had been out sketching all the morning, was washing her paint-brushes, carefully turning and rubbing them in a pot of turpentine. She wore her painting apron, for Marian in the midst of her artistic avocations was always neat and spotless; and, half turned from him as she was, she did not look round as he entered. Rupert carried his stick, a rustic, ashen stick of which he was very fond, and his Panama hat; he was going out and Marian probably knew that he was going out, and where; this made it more difficult to say in a sufficiently disengaged voice, 'I'm just going down to see Mrs. Dallas for a little while.'

'Oh! are you?' said Marian. She continued to stir her brushes, and though her wish, also, very evidently, was to appear disengaged and indifferent, she was not able to carry it out, for she added, as if irrepressibly, 'You need hardly have taken the trouble to come and tell me that.'

Rupert looked at her, and since she did not look at him, it was very intently, as if to measure to the full the difference between this Marian and the Marian he had known and believed in. It was hard to realize that his wife should show a trivial and unworthy jealousy and should strike him such a blow; for that it was a blow he knew from the heat in his cheek and the quickening of his pulse; but, as he looked at her, standing there turned from him, her blue apron girt about her, her black hair bound so gracefully around her head, the realization uppermost in his mind was that Marian, since the second baby had come, had grown very stout and matronly. He seemed to see it to-day for the first time, as if his awareness of it came to emphasize his sudden consciousness of her spiritual deficiency.

When he had met and fallen so very deeply in love with Marian, she had been, if not slender, yet of a supple and shapely form, with just roundness and softness enough to contrast delightfully with her rather boyish head, her air, clear, fresh, frank, of efficiency and swiftness. He had, of course, found her a great deal more than clear and fresh and frank; but, entangled as he had been in that wretched love-affair with Aimée Pollard, — the pretty, untalented young actress who had so shamefully misused him, — torn to pieces and sunken in quagmires as he had been, these qualities in Marian had reached him first like a draught of cold spring water, like dawn over valley hills. These were the metaphors he had very soon used to her when she had applied her firm, kind hands to the disentangling of his knots and her merry, steady mind to tracing out for him the path of honorable retreat. He had found her so wonderful and lovely and had fallen so much in love with her that his ardor, aided by her quiet fidelity, had overborne all the opposition of her people. Foolish, conventional people they were, — their opposition based, it appeared, on the fact, almost unimag-

inable to his generous young mind, that Marian happened to have money and that he had none, except what he might make by his books; and also, he supposed, on the fact, nearly as unimaginable, that a good many of these people were in the peerage. Marian, a year before he had met her, had broken away from the stereotyped routine of their country life and had come to London to study painting; and it was that Marian of the past who had seemed to share to the full all his idealisms. They had married within three months of their meeting.

From such a dawn, white, fresh, blissful, to this dull daylight; from such a Marian to this narrow-minded matron! Marian still had beauty. Her clear eyes were as blue, her wide, pale lips as sweet; but she was a matron. Her neck had grown shorter, her chin heavier; the girlish grace of glance and smile seemed muted, muffled by their setting; there was no longer any poetry in her physique. And as Rupert stood looking at her and seeing all this, his sense of grievance, though he was unaware of this factor in it, grew deeper.

A little while passed before he said, — and it was, he felt, with dignity, — 'I really don't know what you mean by that, Marian.'

She had now finished her brushes and had taken up her palette. She began to scrape the edges as she answered, — and her voice was not schooled, it was heavy with its irony and gloom, — 'Don't you? I'm sorry.'

'I trust indeed that it does n't mean that you are jealous of my friendship for Mrs. Dallas?'

'Friendship? Oh, no; I am not jealous of any friendship.'

'Of my affection, then; of my love, if you like,' said Rupert. 'You know perfectly well what I feel about all that — and I thought you felt it, too. It's the very centre of my life, of my art; my books turn on it. It's the thing I have most of all to say to the world. Love is n't a measured, limited thing; its nature is to grow and give. My love for Mrs. Dallas does n't touch your and my relation; it enriches it rather.'

Marian scraped her palette and said nothing. He could see her cheek, the cheek that ran too massively into her neck. Marian's skin was white and fine; a faint color now rose to it; a faint color was, in Marian, a deep blush.

To see her blush like that gave him an odd sensation. It was as if the blush were echoed in his heart; he felt it glow and melt softly, and there drifted through his mind a thought of Mrs. Dallas and of her magic.

Through the studio window, draped with its summer creepers, he could see the two perambulators moored in the shade of the lime tree on the lawn. The babies were having their afternoon sleep. He was very fond of his children; and to feel, now, mingling with the strange, yearning glow, this pause of contemplative fondness, was to feel himself justified anew and anew aggrieved. The glow of tenderness seemed to envelop the babies as well as Mrs. Dallas. And it shut out Marian.

What had she to complain of? Was he not a tender husband and a loving father? Could she suspect his love for Mrs. Dallas — it was she herself who had forced him to use that word — of grossness or vulgarity? It was as high and as pure as his love for her.

His love for Marian had evolved into the perambulators, and this recognition, flitting unseasonably, vexed him with a sense of slight confusion that made him feel more injured than before. It was true that, theoretically, he held views so advanced as to justify in true, self-dedicating passion all manifestations. Practice and theory in his young life had been far apart; but the thought of passion, in connection with Mrs. Dal-

las, had, as it were, been made visible by Marian's blush; and, slightly swinging his hat, slightly knotting his brows as he looked at the matronly Marian, he groped for some new formulation of his creed, since it was evident that however much he might love Marian it was no longer passion he felt for her. One must perhaps allow that passions could not be contemporaneous; but he had always combated this shackling view.

He stood there, gazing, trying to think it out, — a tall young man, well made yet slightly uncouth, with ruffled, heavy locks and large intent eyes. Something of the look of a not quite purely bred Saint Bernard puppy he had; confiding, young and foolish, with his knotted brow and nose a little overlong. And as he found himself unable to think it out and as Marian still stood silent, scraping, scraping away at the palette in an exasperating fashion, he said, — and now in an openly aggrieved voice, — 'I thought you liked her yourself; I thought you quite loved her. You seemed to.'

Now that he was losing his temper, Marian was regaining hers. Her voice had all the advantage of quiet intention as she answered, 'I did like her; I thought her very charming. I don't dislike her now. But I'm sorry to see a woman of her age behaving with so little dignity.'

'A woman of her age! Dignity!'

'She is at least forty-five.'

'I don't follow your meaning. Is a woman of forty-five cut off from human relationships?'

'From some, certainly; if she has any regard, as I say, for her dignity. And a woman in Mrs. Dallas's position ought to be particularly careful.'

'Mrs. Dallas's position!' She really reduced him to disgusted exclamations.

'You know, Rupert, that there are all sorts of stories about her. You know that Mrs. Trotter told us that her first husband divorced her on account of Colonel Dallas. — Other stories, too.'

'Upon my word! You astonish me, Marian! You heard all these vile tales when we first came here, — from people, too, who, you'll observe, run to Mrs. Dallas's dinner-parties whenever they have the chance, — and you did n't seem to mind them much when you were going there almost every day — and taking every one you knew to see her. What about your Aunt Sophy — if you believed these stories? — An old dragon of conventionality like your Aunt Sophy! You took her again and again, and arranged that luncheon in London with her when you and Mrs. Dallas went up — so that they should have another chance really to make friends. I remember you used the expression, "really make friends." It's odd to hear you talking of stories at this late hour.'

'I only talk of them because Mrs. Dallas has made me remember them. I am quite as open-minded as you are about such things. I was just as ready to think well of her — even if they were true. Why do you call them vile? You would n't think it wrong for a woman to leave her husband if she did n't love him, and to go with a man she did love. If Mrs. Dallas did that, why is it vile to say so? — Aunt Sophy, as a matter of fact, said it was a different story. And she was charmed with Mrs. Dallas, just as I'd determined she should be, stories or no stories. I did all I could for her, because I counted myself her friend and thought it a shame that any one so charming should be handicapped in any way. But I did n't imagine that a friend would try to take my husband from me.' Marian spoke with severe and deliberate calm.

'I like that! I really do like that!' said Rupert, laughing bitterly. 'It's really funny to hear you talk as if Mrs. Dallas could owe you anything! I wish

she could hear you! I wish we could have her dispassionate opinion of that hideous old bore of an Aunt Sophy. It was obvious enough that she put up with her simply and solely through friendship for you. Do all you could for her! A woman who has hordes of friends — charming, finished, cosmopolitan people of the world! Why, my dear girl, it's she, let me tell you, who has given you more chances than you ever had in your life for meeting really interesting people! They're not the sort you'd be likely to meet at your Aunt Sophy's, certainly. They'd perish in her *milieu!*'

'Mrs. Dallas does n't perish in it,' Marian coldly commented. 'On the contrary, I never saw her more alert. She did n't seem to find Aunt Sophy in the least a bore. She was very much pleased indeed to lunch there and she has looked her up every time she's gone to London since; moreover, she's going to stay with her at Crofts this autumn. It does n't look like boredom.'

'I wish her joy of Crofts! She's a complete woman of the world, of course, and she knows how to put up with all sorts and conditions of bores. She's taken on Lady Sophy because she's your friend. It's pitiful — it's unbelievable to see her so misjudged! — Take me from you! I've never gone there but she's asked me why you did n't come. She still sends you flowers pretty well every day. Those are hers, I see. I'm glad that you've deigned to put them in water.'

The tall sheaf of carnations, white and yellow, that stood in a jug on a shelf of the studio must, evidently, have come from Mrs. Dallas's garden. No other person grew such carnations. The garden at Ashleigh Lodge, this pleasant country house that they had taken for the six summer months, was not its strong point, and Mrs. Dallas had kept them reinforced from her abundance. Rupert associated the carnations, their soft and glowing colors, their formal grace and spicy sweetness, with the whole growth of his devotion to Mrs. Dallas. He fixed his indignant eyes on them now.

'Of course I put them into water. I am going to arrange them and take them into the drawing-room presently,' said Marian with her hateful calm. 'But they give me no more pleasure. Nor does she. She is like them. They are heartless flowers and she is a heartless woman. I see quite plainly now what I did n't see before. She's that type, — the smiling, calculating siren. She lives for admiration; she's herself only when she has some one at her feet, and she's seen to it that you should be, — though I'm bound to say that you have n't made it difficult for her. It fits in with all the stories.'

Rupert, at this, turned away and went out. He thrust his hat firmly down on his fair locks and swung his stick as he strode by the little footpath through the woods. Bitter disappointment with Marian surged in him, and hot anger, but above all an atoning tenderness that seemed almost to break his heart in its longing to protect and justify the woman so traduced by her. His head throbbed and drummed as he went. To have it come to this! To have such hands laid on it — their love! their silent, hidden love! That Mrs. Dallas returned his love he seemed to see, with many other things, clearly, rapturously, if with trembling, for the first time to-day. He saw it with Marian's unworthiness; Marian's unworthiness had shown it to him; and now, exulting, he claimed it. She loved him, veiling the depth in her vagueness, her aloofness, her indulgent irony. His mind retraced, with yearning gratitude, the steps of their relationship. No one had ever been to him what she was. How she had helped and lifted him!

How juvenile and undiscriminating in their happy acceptances were Marian's appreciations of his work beside Mrs. Dallas's half-idle comments. He had read through to her, in manuscript, all his last novel; and Marian had not seen it yet. He had not wanted to read it to Marian; and she, besides, had been very busy with her painting.

Mrs. Dallas had listened to the novel almost every day, sitting in the shade of her veranda, in her white dress, with her hands that, unless she were gardening, seemed always exquisitely idle, yet that in their idleness seemed to dream and smile. He could see the white skin, the delicate finger-tips, the pearls and rubies slipping down, and his heart contracted with a pang and ecstasy as he saw himself holding it, kissing it. He must kiss it, to-day, and he must tell her. For she needed him; he was sure of it. She needed him terribly. If she lifted him, yet how much, too, he could lift her, out of the lethargic shallows and sullen quagmires of her life.

She could not be happy with her husband. He felt himself shut his eyes before the retrospect of what the disenchantments and disasters must be that lay behind her. If she had taken great risks, with that heart of highest courage he divined in her, if she had faced great sacrifices for her present husband, what wonder that her loveliness was now clouded by that irony and languor? She was not kind to Colonel Dallas; he could not hide from himself that she was not kind to him; but, as he owned it, he yearned over her with a deeper comprehension of tenderness, feeling his rights the greater. How could she be kind to the selfish, complaining, elegant old man? — for to Rupert, Colonel Dallas's fifty-five years seemed old. She never said anything actually sharp or disagreeable to him — even when he was at his most fretful and tiresome; but when he was least so she was not any the kinder, and by her glances, by the inflections of her cool and indolent voice in answering him, she displayed to the full, to others and to himself, did he take the pains to see it, how dull and how tiresome she found him. No; she was like a tired, naughty child in this; and seeing her as a child, with a child's faults — and did it not prove how unblinded his love must be that he should see it? — he felt himself fold her to his heart in a tenderness more than a lover's; a paternal passion was in it; he had known that it must be in true love; he had said so in one of his books. How his books would grow from his knowledge of her!

II

He had now passed through the woods and crossed the road and entered the footpath that ran down to Woodlands, the small house encircled by birch and fir woods where, for now some four or five years, the Dallases had pitched their errant tents. One could reach it, also, by the road; but Rupert always took this short cut that brought him out at a little gate opening on the upper lawn. There was an upper and a lower lawn at Woodlands; on the upper Colonel Dallas had a putting-green; the lower was a tiny square surrounded by Mrs. Dallas's beds of carnations. Rupert, when he emerged upon the putting-green, could look down past the red-tiled roofs and the white roughcast walls of the house at the carnations, massed in their appointed colors — from deep to palest rose, from fawn and citron to snowy white — among flagged paths.

Mrs. Dallas had told him, in one of her infrequent moments of communicativeness, that during years of wandering as a soldier's wife — her first husband, also, had been a soldier — she had come to be known as the woman

who could make things grow anywhere. She had grown flowers in sands and marshes. She had snatched it might be but the one season of fulfillment from the most temporary of sojournings — in China, in India, in Africa. Sometimes only bulbs would grow; sometimes only roses; but what she tried for, always, and had never attained in more perfection than at Woodlands, was carnations. They were her favorite flower, and they atoned to her here, she said, for living in a house that made her always think of an ornamental bottle of some popular dentifrice, so red and white, so fresh and spick and span, and with such a well-advertised air, was Woodlands. Her carnations were the only things of which he had ever heard her speak with feeling. Rupert, as he looked down at them from the upper lawn and descended the stone steps, felt his heart beating violently.

A veranda ran along the front of Woodlands, and Mrs. Dallas was sitting on it, just outside her drawing-room windows. The shaded depths of the room behind her glimmered here and there with the half-drowned brightness of crystal, porcelain, lacquer, — the things, none very good but all rather charming, that she had picked up for a song in the course of her wanderings; and she sat there, rather like a siren indeed, at the mouth of her cavern, its treasures seeming to shine in the translucent darkness behind her as if through water. Rupert, remembering and accepting the simile, saw her as a siren, a creature of poetry and romance, though he recognized that her poetry, like her romance, was hidden from the ordinary observer. Even to his eyes she always appeared first and foremost as a woman of extreme fashion, and his other perceptions of her were tinged with the half-tormenting, half-delicious pungency of this one, for Rupert had known till now no women of fashion. He had passed his youth, until going to Oxford, in a provincial town, where his father, an admirable and sagacious man, was a hard-worked doctor; and his only glimpses of society had been in his encounters, always displeasing to him, with Marian's tiresome and conventional kinsfolk and the few haphazard contacts in London that came in the way of a young writer. Mrs. Dallas might embody poetry and romance, but she also embodied luxury and the exercised and competent economy that made it possible. She might have to live in small, gimcrack Woodlands and do without a motor; but she had her maid. The slices of bacon at breakfast were carefully computed; but the coffee was of the best and blackest.

To-day, as always when he had seen her, she seemed ready for any possible social emergency. She could have stepped from her veranda, with those wonderfully cut little white shoes, into the smartest of garden-parties, or have received in her shimmering cavern the unexpected visit of a royal personage; and her soft white linen with its heavy Italian embroideries clotted, like thick cream, about the hem and wrists and breast, would have been as exquisitely appropriate as it was to this empty afternoon of reverie.

She was a small, very shapely woman, soft and curved and compact. Her coiffure would have looked old-fashioned in its artifice and elegance, and with its 'royal fringe,' were it not for its air of a rightness as unquestionable as that of some foreign princess's, who kept and did not follow fashions. Mrs. Dallas's face, too, was small, and colorless and slightly faded; her hair was of a lighter brown than her arched eyebrows and her melancholy and dissatisfied eyes; her eyelids, tinged with a dusky mauve, drooped heavily and made her always look a little sleepy; the smiling line of her broad yet minute

mouth was ironic rather than mirthful. To have called it a bewitching or an alluring face would have been to imply a mobility it did not possess; but it was potent through its very passivity; it was provocative through its profound and slumbrous indifference.

There was certainly no hint of allurement in the glance she turned on Rupert Wilson as he came round the corner of the veranda; it was, indeed, even to his rapt preoccupation, a little harder in its quiet attentiveness than usual; yet she smiled at him, and her smile was always sweet, holding out a languid hand in silence and leaving it to him to say, 'You expected me.'

It was hardly a question, and Mrs. Dallas gave it no answer. He had, indeed, come to see her every day for many weeks now. But yesterday had finished the novel, and to-day was almost the first they had had without some definite programme of reading.

Rupert sat down on the steps of the veranda at her feet and took off his hat and looked out across the carnations; and since she said nothing, he, too, was silent, and to his trembling young heart the silence was full of new avowals.

Colonel Dallas's smoking-room also opened on the veranda, and as they sat there he came out. He was a tall, heavy man, with large pale cheeks drooping on either side of a white moustache, and a gloomy eye that could become fretful. He cast now a glance that was only gloomy at his wife and her companion.

'Beastly hot day,' he said, to her rather than to Rupert. 'It's worse in the house than out, I think.'

'Are you going over to the Trotters' for tea and croquet?' his wife inquired.

'To the Trotters'? Why should I go to the Trotters'?'

'They asked you, and you accepted.'

'Well, I certainly don't feel inclined to endure that broiling walk for the sake of *les beaux yeux* of Madame Trotter *et filles*. It's a dull neighborhood, this, but the Trotters are, perhaps, when all's done and told, the dullest people in it.'

'You've always seemed to get on particularly well with them, I've thought,' said Mrs. Dallas, in the voice that when it seemed considerate could contrive to be most disparaging. 'It's a pity not to go. You need a walk. You can't afford Carlsbad this year, you know.'

'I need hardly be reminded of that,' said Colonel Dallas, and now it was fretfully. 'To run the risk of apoplexy on the road and to drink the Trotters' foul Indian tea is hardly an equivalent. No; I shall practice some putting shots, and perhaps, if it gets cooler toward evening, I'll go over to the links. The Trotters can manage without me.— What time do the Varleys arrive?'

'At seven-thirty. There's no other train they could arrive by, as far as I'm aware.'

The colonel looked at his watch, drew his hat down over his eyes, and went slowly away around the corner of the house.

His wife's eyes did not follow him, nor, it was evident, her thoughts.

'It has been rather oppressive, has n't it?' said Rupert, glancing up at her. 'You have n't been feeling it too much, I hope.'

'Not at all. I like it. I think it's only people who don't know how to be quiet who mind the heat,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'This is the one time of the year that one can sit out of doors in a thin dress, and I am very grateful for it.' Even about small things Mrs. Dallas always seemed to have her mind quite made up. Her likes and dislikes, for all the inertness of her demeanor, were clear and unshifting. She sometimes made Rupert feel himself amorphous, vague, uncertain; and this feeling, though

blissful, had yet its sting of sadness and anxiety.

'Well, some people are n't able to be quiet, are they?' he observed. 'On a day like this I always think of people in factories, — great, roaring, clanking places with the sun gnawing at their iron roofs, — and the pale, moist faces, the monotonously rapid hands.'

'Do you?' said Mrs. Dallas. She often said that, in that tone, when he gave expression to some enthusiasm or sympathy. She did not make him feel snubbed, but always, when she said, 'Do you?' she made him feel young again, a little bewildered and a little sad. He imagined, to explain it in her, that people's thoughts did not interest her, her woman's intuition probing below their thoughts to their personalities. It was he, himself, with his heart full of devotion, that interested Mrs. Dallas. Yet it was not of him that she next spoke. 'How is Marian?' she asked. 'Is she painting to-day?'

He was aware that his face altered and that his color rose. He had to steady something, in his glance and in his voice, the pressure of his new consciousness was so great, as he answered, 'Yes, she's been painting all the morning.'

'I have n't seen her for some days now,' Mrs. Dallas remarked.

'No.' The longing in him to confide in her, to pour out his grief and his devotion, was so strong that for the moment he could find only the one negative.

'I quite miss Marian,' Mrs. Dallas added.

He looked down at the little foot placed on a cushion beside him, and he said, 'You've always been so kind, so charming to Marian.' He remembered Marian's words with a deepened wrath and tenderness.

'Have I? I'm glad you think so. It's been very easy,' said Mrs. Dallas.

A silence fell.

'May I talk to you?' Rupert jerked out suddenly. 'May I tell you things I've been feeling? I have been feeling so much — about you — about myself. — I long to tell you.'

'By all means tell me,' said Mrs. Dallas with great placidity; and one could see that she had often made the same sort of reply to the same sort of appeal.

'You know what you have been to me,' said Rupert, turning on the step so that he could look up at her. 'You know how it's all grown — beautifully, inevitably. No one has ever been to me what you are.'

Mrs. Dallas's sleepy eyes rested on him, and her delicate nostrils, slightly dilating, might have been, though without excitement, inhaling a familiar incense.

'I do love you so much,' said Rupert in a trembling voice, gazing at her; 'I do love you. You understand what I mean. You know me now and you could n't misunderstand. I want to serve you. I want to help you. I want you to lean on me and trust me — to let me be everything to you that I can.' And as he spoke he stretched out his hand and laid it on her hands folded in her lap.

Mrs. Dallas let it lie there, and she looked back at him, not moved, apparently, but a little grave. 'No, I don't think I misunderstand your feeling,' she said after a moment. 'Of course I've seen it plainly.'

'Yes, yes, I knew you did. — And that you accepted it, — dearest — loveliest — best.' He had drawn her hand to him now and he pressed his lips upon it. And as he kissed Mrs. Dallas's hand, as that imagined happiness was consummated, he felt his mind cloud suddenly, as if in a cloud of fragrance, and, thought sinking away from him, he knew only an aching

sweetness, the white, warm hand against his lips, the darkness of the glimmering room near by, and the scent of the carnations, exhaling their spices in the hot sunshine. Closing his eyes, he breathed quickly. And above him, a little paler, Mrs. Dallas, for a moment, as if with the conscious acceptance of a familiar ritual, also closed her eyes and breathed in, with the scent of her carnations, the immortal fragrance of the youth and passion that, to her, could soon no longer come. 'Dear boy!' she murmured.

They heard the step of Colonel Dallas descending from the upper lawn. Rupert drew back sharply; Mrs. Dallas softly replaced her hand upon the other in her lap. Her husband appeared, and he looked very fretful.

'The sun is quite tropical. It's impossible to play in it. We don't get a breath of air down in this hole.' He took out his watch — Colonel Dallas was always taking out his watch. 'What time is tea?' he asked.

'At five o'clock, as usual, I suppose,' said his wife.

'It's only just past four,' said the colonel, with the bitterly resigned air of one who loses a wager he had hardly hoped to win. 'I shall go to the Trotters'. It's better than being baked in this oven. Their lawn is shaded at all events.' He spoke as if there had been some attempt to dissuade him from the alleviations of the Trotters' lawn.

'I don't know why you did n't go half an hour ago,' said his wife. 'You 've so often discovered that the sun is tropical on the upper lawn at this hour.' And as the colonel moved off she added, 'Just tell them that I'll have lemon-squash instead of tea, will you.'

It was a rather absurd little interlude; yet it had its point, its appropriateness; it fitted in with those thoughts of succor, and Rupert tried, now, to recover them, saying, after the gate had closed upon the colonel and keeping still at his little distance, 'Are you very unhappy?'

How he was to help Mrs. Dallas except by loving her and coming to see her every day and being allowed to kiss and hold her hand he did not clearly know, but it seemed the moment for returning to those offers of service. He did not attempt to regain her hand. Mingling with the rapture, when the kiss and the scent of the carnations had blurred his mind, there was also a sense of fear. He was different and more than he had known, and his love different, and more.

'Very unhappy? Not more than most people, I suppose. Why?' Mrs. Dallas asked. Her tone was changed. Her moment of diffusion, of languor and acceptance, was gone by.

'Why?' Rupert felt the change and the question hurt him. 'When that's your life? — This?'

'By that, do you mean my husband? Mrs. Dallas inquired kindly. 'He's not my life. As for this — if you mean my situation and occupation — having love made to me by a pleasant young man while I smell carnations, I can assure you that there's nothing I enjoy much more.'

She did more than hurt him now; she astonished him. 'Don't!' he breathed. It was as if something beautiful were being taken from him. Instinctively he stretched out his hand for hers and again she gave it; but now she looked clearly at him, a touch of malice in her smile, though her smile was always sweet.

'Don't what?'

'Don't pretend to be hard — flippant. Don't hide from me. Give yourself to the real beauty that we have found.'

'I have just said that I enjoy it.'

'Enjoy is not the word,' said Rupert, in a low voice, looking down at

the hand in his. 'It's an initiation. A dedication.'

'A dedication? To what?' Mrs. Dallas asked, and even more kindly; yet her kindness made her more removed.

Her words seemed to strike with soft yet bruising blows upon his heart. 'To life. To love,' he answered.

'And what about Marian?' Mrs. Dallas inquired. And now, still gently, she withdrew her hand and leaned her cheek on it as, her elbow on the cushions of her chair, she bent her indolent but attentive gaze upon him. 'I should have thought that dedication lay in that direction.'

His forehead was hot and his eyes, hurt, bewildered, indignant, challenged hers yet supplicated, too. 'Please don't let me think that I'm to hear mean conventionalities from you — as I have from Marian. You know,' he said, and his voice slightly shook, 'that dedication is n't a limiting, limited thing. You've read my books and cared for them, and understood them, — better, you made me feel, than I did myself, — so that you must n't pretend to forget. Love does n't shut out. It widens.'

'Does it?' said Mrs. Dallas. 'And what,' she added, 'were the mean conventionalities you heard from Marian? I've been wondering about Marian.'

'She is jealous,' said Rupert shortly, looking away. 'I could hardly believe it, but she made it too plain. It seemed to take the foundation-stones of our life away to hear her. It made all our past, all the things I believed we shared, seem illusory. It made me feel that the Marian I'd loved and trusted was a stranger.'

Mrs. Dallas contemplated his averted face, and as she heard him her glance altered. It withdrew itself; it veiled itself; it became at once less kind and more indolent. 'And you really don't think Marian has anything to complain of?' she inquired presently.

'No, I do not,' said Rupert. 'Nothing is taken from her.'

'Is n't it? And if I became your mistress, would you still think she had nothing to complain of?' Mrs. Dallas asked the question in a tone of detached and impartial inquiry.

How far apart in the young man's experience were theory and practice was manifested by the hot blush that sprang to his brow, the quick stare in which an acute eye might have read an ingenuous and provincial dismay. 'My mistress?' he stammered. 'You know that such a thought never entered my head.'

'Has n't it? Why not?'

'You know I only asked to serve — to help — to care for you.'

'You would think it wrong, then, to be unfaithful, technically, to your wife?'

'Wrong?' His brow showed the Saint-Bernard-puppy knot of perplexity. 'It's not a question of wrong. Wrongness lies only in the sort of love. Real love is sacred in all its expressions of itself; my ideal of love, just because it includes that one, can do without it.'

'But, on your theory, why should it do without it?' Mrs. Dallas, all mildness, inquired.

His mind was driven back to those questionings in the studio, when he had thought of the incongruous yet allied themes of passion and perambulators, and groped again, angrily, in the same obscurity. 'It's — it's — a matter of convenience,' he found, frowning; 'it — it would n't work in with other beautiful things. It would n't be convenient.'

'I'm glad to hear you give such a reasonable objection,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'There could hardly be a better one. It would n't be at all convenient. Though, I gather, if it could be made convenient, you still think that Marian would have nothing to complain of.'

'I don't know why you are trying to pin me down like this.' Rupert, stooping, gathered some flakes of stone from the path and scattered them with a sharp gesture that expressed his exasperation. 'You know what I believe. Love is free, free as air and sunshine. How can one stop one's self from loving? Why should one? And if our love, yours and mine, could mean that complete relation, then, yes, the ideal thing, the really ideal thing, would be for Marian to feel it right and beautiful and to be glad that there should be two perfected and completed relations instead of one. As it is, that inclusive vision is n't asked of her.'

'She's not, in fact, to be asked to be a Mormon,' Mrs. Dallas remarked. 'All that she has to put up with is that her husband should be in love, platonically, with another woman, and should have ceased to be in love with her. It's hard, you know, when some one has been in love with you, to give it up.'

'But I have not ceased to love Marian!' Rupert cried. 'Why should you suppose it? My love for you does n't shut out my love for her. It's a vulgar old remnant of sexual savagery to think it does. A mother does n't love one child the less for loving another. Why can't people purify and widen their minds by looking at the truth? — That jeer about Mormons is unworthy of you. Marriage is a prison unless husband and wife are both free to go on giving and growing. What does love mean but growth?'

Mrs. Dallas's eyes had drifted away to her beds of carnations and they now rested on them for a little while. Rupert took up his hat and fanned himself. He was hot, and very miserable.

'It always strikes me, when I hear talk like yours,' said Mrs. Dallas presently, 'that it is so much less generous and noble than it imagines itself to be. It's the man, only, who frames the new code and the man only who is to enlarge himself and run two or three loves abreast.'

'Not at all. Marian is precisely as free as I am to love somebody else as well as me.'

'As free? Oh no,' said Mrs. Dallas, laughing softly. 'Theoretically, perhaps, but not actually. Nature has seen to that. When women have babies and lose their figures it's most unlikely that they'll ever be given an opportunity to exercise their freedom. That fact in itself should make you reconsider your ideas about love. Own frankly that they apply only to men and don't pretend to generosity. The only free women are the *femmes galantes;* and you'll observe that they are seldom burdened with a nursery, and that they never grow fat.'

She touched, with an accuracy malignant in its clairvoyance, the memory of his sub-conscious awareness about Marian's physical alteration. Something in him shrank away from her in fear and indignation. She was trying to make him see things from a false and petty standpoint, the standpoint of a woman of the world, a mere woman of the world — that world of shameful tolerances and cruel stupidities. 'I don't know anything about *femmes galantes,*' he said, 'nor do I wish to. You misunderstand me if you think that by love I mean sensuality.'

With slightly lifted brows she looked out at the carnations; and had she been angry with him he could have felt less angry with her. He was, indeed, very angry with her when she remarked, tranquilly, 'I don't think you know what you mean by love.'

'I mean by love what Shelley meant by it,' Rupert declared.

'True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding that grows bright
Gazing on many truths.

'I mean what all the true, great hearts of the world have meant by it, — poetry, rapture, religion; and they can only be sustained, renewed, created by emotion, by passion, by sexual passion — if you like to call it by a name you imagine to be derogatory.' He felt himself warmed and sustained against the menace that emanated from her by the sound of his own familiar eloquence.

But Mrs. Dallas still tranquilly contemplated the carnations.

'That's the man's point of view. The view of the artist, the creator. Perhaps there's truth in it. Perhaps he can't write his poems and paint his pictures without taking intoxicants. But it will never be the view of the woman. Mary Shelley will never really like it when Shelley makes love to Jane Clairmont; Marian will never like it when you make love to me. They'll try to believe it's the ideal, to please him, when they are the ones he is in love with; but when he is in love with other women they won't go on believing it.'

'That is their fault, their littleness, then. The wide, glorious outlook is theirs, too, if they choose to open their eyes. I don't accept your antithesis for women, — humdrum respectability, roast mutton, milk pudding, or dissipation. I don't believe that when a woman marries and becomes a mother she must turn her back on love.'

Mrs. Dallas at this began to laugh, unkindly. 'Turn her back on love? No indeed. Why should she? Can't she love her friends and her father and mother and sisters and brothers, as well as her husband and children? You idealists seem always to forget these means of expansion. By love you mean simply and solely the intoxicant. Call it poetry and religion, if you like, but don't expect other people, who merely see that you are intoxicated, to call it that.'

He sat, trying to think. Idly, half absently, with languid fingers, she seemed to be breaking his idols as though they had been silly little earthenware figures, not good enough — here was the stab, the bewilderment — for her drawing-room. And who was she to do it, this remote, mysterious creature, steeped in the perfume of her passionate past? He felt as he gazed at her that it was not only himself he must defend against her.

'It's curious to me to hear you talk in this way.' He armed himself, as he spoke, with all that he could muster of wisdom and of weight. 'You are the last woman I'd have expected to hear it from. You've made me your friend, so that I'd have a right to be frank, even if you had n't let me love you. What right have you to turn your back on all the beauty and romance of life — to smile and mock them? *You* have n't allowed yourself to be bandaged and crippled by convention, I'm sure of it. You have followed your heart — bravely, truly — out into life. You have loved — and loved — and loved, — I know it. It breathes from you. It's all you've lived for.'

'And you think the result so satisfactory?' said Mrs. Dallas. She looked at him now, and if it was with irony it was with sadness. She turned from her question. 'Well, if you like, I am one of the *femmes galantes;* they are of many types, you know; I was n't thinking, when I shocked you so, of the obvious, gross type. I was thinking of the woman who corresponds to you — the idealist, the spiritual *femme galante.* And, I'm convinced of it, for a woman, it does n't work. A man, if he is a big man, or has a big life, — it is n't always the same thing, by the way, — may have his succession of passions, or, as you'd claim, — and I don't believe it, — his contemporaneities; he has a context to frame them in; they may fall into place. But a woman's life can't be calculated

in those terms of dimension. It is big enough for the emotion that leads to marriage and to the loves that grow from that, the loves you think so little of. It is an emotion that can't be repeated over and over again simply because, in a normal life, it has grown into something else, something even better, I should say: a form of poetry and rapture and religion quite compatable with roast mutton and respectability. But the women who miss the normal life and who try to live on the emotions, they — well, I can only say that to my mind they always come to look silly. Silly is the only word for them.'

He stared at her. 'You don't look silly.'

'Why should I?' Mrs. Dallas asked. 'I'm not of the idealist type. I don't confuse intoxication with religion and think I have the one when I've only the other. I may have missed the real thing, but I've not repeated the emotion that ought to lead to it. You are quite mistaken in imagining that I've loved and loved and loved. I have n't. I have allowed other people to love me. That, as you'll own, is a very different matter. I am hard and cold and disillusioned. I am not soft and yearning and frustrated. Why should I look silly?'

He stared at her, and his heart was flooded with pain. What was she, then? What was her feeling for him? What had she meant? As she spoke and as he looked at her, the veil of romance dissolved from about her and he saw her for the first time with her own eyes, — devoid of poetry, a hard, cold, faded, worldly woman. Yet she was still a Sphinx, strange and alluring, and still he struggled against her, for her, saying hotly, though his heart was chilled, 'If it's true, you've hurt yourself — you 've hurt yourself horribly, through fear of looking silly.'

'No, I've not hurt myself,' said Mrs. Dallas. 'I've been hurt, perhaps; but I've not allowed my hurts to repeat themselves too often. Some things in life should be unique and final. The people who don't keep them so become shoddy. Marian, for instance, is neither hard nor cold, nor shoddy, either. You have made one of the mistakes that idealists are always making in imagining that she was humdrum respectability and that I was poetry and rapture and religion. — Oh, it's no good protesting. If I had a double chin and thin hair you'd never have wanted to help my soul, however unhappy I was. And if Marian had sat about in carefully chosen clothes and looked mysterious and not let you feel sure that she cared about you, you would probably have remained in love with her. So, please own that you have been mistaken and that on the one side is love, the love that Marian feels for you, although she knows you; because she knows you; and on the other is illusion, intoxication; sensuality, yes, my dear Rupert, such as you felt when I let you kiss my hand a little while ago.'

He sat, sullen, even sulky, half turned from her, and again he stooped and gathered up the flakes of stone and tossed them away down the path.

The clink and chink of ice and glass was heard approaching through the drawing-room, and the maid stepped out bearing the tray, which she set down on a wicker table before her mistress. The tall crystal jug, veiled in frosty rime, showed tones of jade and chalcedony, and fillets of lemon peel threaded it like pale, bright enamel. This gem-like beaker, the plate of golden cakes, with the scent of the carnations, with Mrs. Dallas's little foot on its cushion, with her rings of pearl and ruby, had all been part of the magic she had meant to him. The very sound of the ice, dully yet resonantly chink-

ing, brought a suffocating sense of nostalgia. It was over, all over. He was disenchanted. She was cruel to him, to him who had loved her. She had cut into him and killed bright, ingenuous, trustful things. And, in a placid voice, she asked him if he would have some cake, and filled his glass.

He took it from her and drank it off in silence. The icy, aromatic liquid seemed an antidote to that other intoxicant she had mocked. Irony flowed through his veins; a bitter-sweet sense of vengeful maturity. When he set down the glass, he looked up at her, and he felt himself measuring his sword against the stiletto of an adversary.

'Well, I've had my lesson,' he said. 'I've been a generous but deluded idealist, it seems, in imagining that men and women are equals in their claims on life. Since I'm an artist, I have a right to my raptures, I take it. And poor Marian must be jealous with reason. Well, well; it's an odd morality to hear preached.'

Mrs. Dallas still sipped her lemonade and she quietly considered him. She said nothing, and even after she had finished and set down her glass she sat for still a little while in silence.

'I'm sorry I've seemed to preach,' she then remarked, 'but I certainly think that Marian has every right to be jealous. What more did I say? That a man is n't as ridiculous and undignified as a woman when he falls in and out of love-affairs on the condition that he has a big life? That was it, was n't it?'

'That was it, and I'm glad to have your assurance that you and I are in no danger of being ridiculous or undignified.'

'Do you mean,' said Mrs. Dallas, looking at him, 'that you think yours such a big life?'

It had been, before, his heart, its tenderness, its devotion and dedication that she had cut into; it was into something deeper now, something more substantially and vitally at the centre of his life, something of which his heart and all its ardors were but tributaries. He was to learn that self-love could bleed with a fiercer, darker gush. The blood, as if foretelling his ordeal, sprang to his forehead as he looked back at her.

'I have my art,' he said, and he disdained any pretended humility; he spoke with pride and even with solemnity. 'I live for my art. I don't think that I am an insignificant man.'

'Don't you?' said Mrs. Dallas. It was with an unaffected curiosity that her eyes rested on him, and it sank into him, drop by drop, like poison. 'Not insignificant, perhaps,' she took up after a moment. 'That's not quite the word, perhaps. You are very intelligent and appreciative and good-hearted. I don't suppose one can be quite insignificant if one is that. But — do you call it art, your writing? I wonder. Oh, you are quite right to live for it, of course, just as other men do for stock-broking or fox-hunting or print-collecting, or anything else that employs their energies or satisfies their tastes or brings in money; but, to count as art, a man's activities must mean more than just his own satisfaction in them, must n't they? You write careful, intelligent, sentimental little books; but I can't feel that the world would be any the poorer if you were to take to stock-broking or fox-hunting instead. No, it does n't seem to me, my dear Rupert, that your life is nearly large enough for a succession of love-affairs. It's all right when one is young and looking for a mate; experiments are in order then; but you've found your mate, and you'll soon be not so very young, and if on the strength of your art you imagine yourself entitled to unseasonable intoxications, you'll become, in time, an emotional dram-drinker, one of

those foolish old inebriates we are all familiar with, and you'll spoil yourself for what you were meant to be and can be, — a devoted husband and an excellent *père de famille.*'

Stretched on his rack, broken, bleeding, Rupert stared at her. Who was this woman, this cruel, ambiguous woman who watched his agony with deliberating, drowsy eyes? There came into his mind the memory of a picture seen in childhood, some sentimental print that had strongly impressed his boyish sensibilities. A corner of a Roman amphitheatre, a rising tier of seats; sham architecture, sham Romans, no doubt, and a poor piece of claptrap looked back on from his maturity; but the face of the Roman woman, leaning so quietly forward under its gold tiara, to watch, unmoved, the tormented combatants below, was it not like this face? Yes, she was of that stony-hearted breed, unaltered by the centuries.

The torment of his humiliation snatched at anger for a veil. He said, smiling, 'You have been very successful till now in concealing your real opinion of me.'

'Have I concealed it?'

'My work certainly seemed to be of absorbing interest to you.'

'I listened to it; yes.'

'I did n't imagine you'd stoop to feign interest. I did n't imagine you'd take such pains to allure and flatter a commonplace young *père de famille.*'

'Did I take pains to allure and flatter him?'

'From the first! — From the very first! — That day we met! — My God!' Even now he could not help feeling himself, seeing himself as one of his own heroes; and, for a moment, he bent his head upon his hands — as they would have done had a calamity as unimaginable as this befallen them. 'That first day! — The apple-blossoms framing you! You stood under your white parasol in our orchard — and you smiled at me!'

'I generally do at agreeable-looking young men when I see that they admire me,' Mrs. Dallas commented.

'Oh, don't pretend! — Don't hide and shift!' He lifted fierce eyes. 'It was n't only that. You seemed to care. You seemed to need me. You made it easy — inevitable. You came — and came; and you asked me here again and again.'

'Not "me," — "us," ' Mrs. Dallas amended suavely. She was looking at him, all this time, with that thoughtful, poisonous curiosity; and as he now sat, finding for the moment no words, his fury baffled by her quiet checkmating, she went on, 'And afterwards I let you come alone because I saw that you admired me, and that is always pleasant to me. And when, at first, as you say, I showed myself so affable, it was because I liked Marian. I do still like her; more than I ever liked you, my dear Rupert; if you are good-hearted and intelligent, she is more so, and she has more sense of humor than you have, and does n't take herself so seriously. And, to be quite frank, since we are talking it all out like this, I not only liked Marian, but saw that she could be of use to me. I've had, in some ways, a tiresome, tangled life, and things have n't always gone as I wanted them to go, so that I don't let opportunities for strengthening and straightening here and there pass me by. Through Marian I met several people I wanted to meet and make sure of. People useful to me. I think Marian quite understood and quite wanted to help. She would. She is of my world in a sense you are n't, you know, my dear Rupert. And, in my idle way, I did take a good deal of trouble to be agreeable to her. It all turned out exceedingly well and I was very grateful to Marian. That's one reason, you see, why I felt to-day that our little

flirtation was going too far and must be put a stop to. I don't want Marian to be jealous of me; it would be distinctly inconvenient. But there is more in it than that. I would n't have put myself to this bother and talked things out like this if it had n't been because of my liking for Marian. It makes me angry to see that you don't know how lucky you are to have such a wife. I want you to see how very lucky you are. I want you to see yourself as others see you, — a very unimportant young man, without position and without money, married to a quite unusually delightful girl who has both. This is n't the young man's fault, of course; one would n't like him the less for it; but one does expect him to be aware of his own felicity. One does expect him to feel that, at present, his wife is too good for him. I don't mean in the conventional sense; one would n't ask him to recognize that; but in the sense of worth and charm and distinction, for those are the things he supposes himself to care for.'

She had, while she spoke of the 'young man' thus impartially, turned her eyes from him, and they rested again on the beds of carnations. The sun had sunk behind the hill, and though the bright soft colors were unshadowed, they all lay in a different light and seemed to glow coolly in their own radiance, like jewels.

Rupert rose. His anger had passed from him. He no longer felt Mrs. Dallas to be an antagonist; but he felt her to be a stranger; and he felt himself to be a stranger. A sense of fear and loneliness and disembodiment had fallen upon him while he listened to her. He held out his hand to her. 'Good-bye,' he said. 'I think I must be going.'

She took his hand and looked up at him with the gaze so remote, so irrevocable. 'Good-bye,' she said; 'I hope to see you and Marian some day soon, perhaps.'

The words, with their quiet relapse on convention, made him feel himself in a new world. He had been thinking of final, fatal things, things dark and trenchant; she showed him compromise, continuity, commonplace good sense; and, dispossessed, bereft as he was, something in him struggled to place itself beside her in this alien atmosphere, to make itself a denizen of the new since he had forever lost the old world.

'Oh yes, I'll tell her,' he said. And as he released her hand he found, 'Thank you. I'm sure you meant it all most kindly.'

'It's very nice of you to say so,' said Mrs. Dallas, smiling.

It was the world of convention; yet with all his bewildered groping for clues and footholds he felt, dimly, as a glimmer before his eyes or a frail thread in his hands, that the smile was perhaps the most sincerely sweet that he had ever had from Mrs. Dallas. It was as if she saw his struggle and commended it.

III

He walked away, up the steps, across the putting-green and out into the woods. He went slowly as he began the gradual ascent. He felt very tired, as though he had been beaten with rods, and there was in him a curious mingling of confusion and lucidity, of pain and contemplation. The present and the future were curtained with shame, uncertainty, and dismay; but the past was vivid, and, like a singular, outgrown husk, he seemed to look back at that Rupert on the veranda, so blind, so bland, so fatuous, and to see him as Mrs. Dallas had seen him.

Beyond the curtain was Marian. He knew that he went toward Marian as if toward safety and succor; yet all was opaque before his eyes, for who was it that Marian was to succor but that

fatuous Rupert? and was it for such as he that he could seek support? How could he go to Marian and say, 'I have been given eyes to see you as you are; help me, now, to be blind again to what I am.' No; he could not, if he were to follow his glimmer and hold his thread, seek succor from Marian.

When he reached the house he went into the drawing-room and found her sitting there in a cool dress, a book upon her knee. She did not see him as he entered quietly, and he stood for some moments in the doorway looking at her.

She had been crying; her cheeks were white and her eyelids heavy; but though this perception came to him with a blow of feeling, it did not, for the moment, move him from his contemplation of her, with all that it brought of new and strange to the familiar.

She was strange, though she was not a stranger, as he had become to himself. He noted the black curves of her hair, the ample line of her bosom, the gentle, white, maternal hand laid along the book. On a cabinet, above her head, he saw that she had very beautifully arranged the white and yellow carnations. It was like her to do this justice to her rival's gift; like her to place them there not only faithfully but beautifully. And as she sat, unaware of him, in the luminous evening air, he felt her to be full of enchantment and this enchantment to centre in the hand laid along the book. His eyes fixed themselves on the hand. It seemed a symbol of the Marian of grace and girlhood whom he had loved with such ardent presage of eternal faith, and of this Marian sitting quietly in her saddened and accepted life, not changed except in so far as she was yet more worthy of fidelity. He saw that she had passed through her ordeal and transcended it; he saw that she would never again show him jealousy; and he saw that as the old Marian he had, perhaps, forever lost her. A lover must always show jealousy. This was a wife, maternal and aloof.

He came into the room and she looked round at him. Her eyes, altered by weeping, were mild and alien. They were without hostility, without accusation; deliberating, gentle; the eyes of a wife. 'Did you have a nice afternoon?' she asked, laying down her book. 'It's been delicious, has n't it?'

Quite as irrevocably as Mrs. Dallas she made the world that he must enter. She, too, in her different way, a way founded on acceptance rather than rejection, showed him compromise and continuity. And nothing that Mrs. Dallas had said to him cut into him so horribly as to see Marian show him this new world.

An impulse came to fall on his knees beside her, bury his head in her lap, and pour out all his griefs. But already, and for Marian's sake, now, he had learned a better wisdom. To fall and weep and confess would be, again, to act like one of his own heroes; and Marian, in her heart, knew all that there was to know of that old Rupert. He must make her now know, and make himself know, a new Rupert.

He sat down opposite her and, smiling a little, he said, 'Mrs. Dallas has done with me.'

'Done with you!' Marian repeated. Her faint color rose.

'Quite,' said Rupert, nodding; 'in any way I'd thought she had me.'

'Do you mean,' said Marian, after a moment, 'that she's been horrid to you?'

'Not in the least, though it felt horrid. She merely let me see that I'd been mistaken.'

'Mistaken? In what way?'

'In almost every way. In my ideas about myself, and about life, and about her. — It was n't, for one thing, me she liked in particular, at all. It was you.'

Marian's flush had deepened. 'She seemed to like you very much indeed.'

'Only frivolously; not seriously. She showed me to-day how silly I'd been to think it anything but frivolous. She made me see that I'd been a serious ass.'

Marian sat looking at him. She was startled, and on his behalf — wonderful maternal instinct — she was angry; yet, he saw it in all the sweet, subtle alteration of her face, she was happy, half incredulously yet marvelously happy. And as he saw her happiness, tears came to Rupert's eyes and he felt himself, deeply and inarticulately, blessing Mrs. Dallas. She had been right. This was something 'even better.'

'She's an exceedingly clever woman,' he said, smiling at Marian, though she must see the tears. 'And an exceedingly first-rate woman, too. And I'll always be grateful to her. The question is,' — he got up and came and stood over his wife, — 'I've been such an ass, darling. Can you forgive me?'

He had found her hand as he questioned her and he held it now up to his cheek, closing his eyes, how differently!

IV

Mrs. Dallas, after her young friend had left her, sat on for quite a long while on the veranda. The concentration of her recent enterprise effaced itself from her eyes and lips. Her glance, steeping itself again in indolent and melancholy retrospects, fell into a reverie. Once or twice, putting up a languid hand, she yawned.

When the whole garden lay in coolness, she went in and got her gardening apron and gloves and basket of implements. It was an ideal moment for layering her carnations. Tripping out again on her little high-heeled shoes, she placed her kneeling-mat before a splendid plant and set to work. She scorned complicated aids. A box of long hairpins were her chief allies, and a sharp knife. Deftly she selected a blue-gray shoot and stripped the narrow leaves, sharply cut a transverse slit into the tender stalk, firmly bent and pinned the half-severed spray into the heaped earth where it was to make new roots and establish itself in a new life. And, as she did so, her mind reverting to thoughts of Rupert and of her rough usage of him, a simile came to her that made her smile, her hard and not unkindly smile. She did not regret it, though, unquestionably, she had had her own moment of reluctance and of loss. It had hurt him terribly, no doubt, as, if they had feeling, it must now hurt her carnations to be cut and bent and pinned. But 'It might be the making of him,' Mrs. Dallas thought.

A YARD OF JUNGLE

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN five minutes the daily downpour of tropical rain would drench the jungle. At this moment the air was tense with electricity, absolutely motionless, and saturated with odorous moisture. The voices of all the wild creatures were hushed. The sense of mystery which is always so dominant in a tropical jungle seemed nearer, more vital, but more than ever a mystery. Its insistency made one oblivious of the great heat. The beating of one's heart became a perceptible sound, absurdly loud. All the swamp and jungle seemed listening to it.

Suddenly a voice came out of the heart of this mystery, and fittingly enough, the voice seemed something a little more or less than human, and also fittingly it uttered but a single word, and that word a question. And the listener realized that the answer to the question was the only thing which made life and work worth while. The throb of the blood in his veins was forgotten, and all his senses reached out to the sights and sounds and scents about him. And again the great black frog called from its slimy seat hidden in the still blacker water of the jungle swamp. Its voice was deep, guttural, and a little inhuman, but it asked as plainly as any honest man could ask, *Wh — y?* — and after a minute, *Wh — y?*

I squatted in the centre of a trail. Within walking distance behind me flowed the yellow waters of the Amazon, and the igarapé from which the frog had called was even now feeling the tidal heave of the ocean. Ahead, the jungle stretched without a break for three thousand miles or more. And here for a week I had suffered bodily torture, twisting into unhappy positions for hours at a time, watching the birds which crowded the berry-laden foliage of a single jungle tree. In the cool of early morning, throughout the terrible breathless heat of midday and the drenching downpour of afternoon, the frog and I put our questions. There was hope in our interrogation. And my five senses all gave aid, and my hand wrote down facts, and my mind pondered them.

In the very suburbs of Pará, at the mouth of the great Amazon and within a hundred miles of the equator, I found a Mecca of bird-life. It was a gastronomic Mecca to be sure, a tall, slender wild cinnamon tree, — *canella do matto* the natives called it. For a full week I invited torture by attempting to study the bird-life of this single tree. This thing had not been done before; it might not be worth the doing. But testing such possibilities are as important to a naturalist's work as following along the more conventional and consequently more certain lines of investigation. I had no time for exploration of the surrounding country; so I had determined to risk all my precious hours upon intensive observation in one spot.

The century before, a plantling had pushed up through the jungle mould and

had won success in the terrible competition of the tropics — the helpless, motionless, silent strife of the vegetable folk. Year by year the lichen-sculptured trunk had pushed its way upward toward light and air, miraculously saved from the deadly embraces of the lianas which crawled forever through the jungle. To-day it had gained an accepted place. Although no forest giant, with no great buttresses or masses of parasitic growths, it held up its branches and twigs in full sunlight a hundred feet or more above the ground. And its twiggy fingers were laden with a wonderful harvest of fruit, uncounted berries which attracted the birds from distant roosts and drinking places.

Here, then, a thousand combinations of fate had led me, and here I suffered day by day. Bound to the earth like other normal men, my eyes should have been directed forward. Now I forced them upward for hours at a time, and all the muscles of neck and shoulders revolted. Then eyestrain and headache and a touch of fever followed, and I cast about for means to ameliorate my bodily ills. I dragged a canvas steamer chair to my place of vigil and all my body was grateful.

In memory, there now remain only the high lights of new discoveries, the colorful moments of unalloyed realization of success. Nevertheless this new method of tropical work brought its own new delights and trials. One joy lay in the very difficulties to be overcome. Every sense came into play. Sight, first and foremost, had been put to the most severe of tests in attempting to record the happenings against the glare of the sky high up among the foliage of this bit of jungle. I strained through my high-power glasses, until, when I looked without them, the world seemed withdrawn, dwarfed, as in the horrid imaginings of fever. The glasses gained in weight as I held them pointing vertically until they fairly dropped from my aching arms. My ears strove to catch every song, every note which might prove a character of worth. The jungle scents played upon my emotions and sometimes dominated my work; the faint aroma from some invisible orchid overhead, the telltale musk from a passing mammal, the healthful scent of clean jungle mould. As for taste, I had tested the aromatic berries and fruit of my canella tree, and for science' sake had proved two warningly colored insects. My sense of feeling had operated involuntarily and wholly aside from my scientific desires. Whether stimulated by dozens of mosquitoes, scores of ants, or hundreds of *bêtes rouges* or 'mucuims,' the insistency of discomfort never discouraged a primary desire to delve as deeply as possible into the secrets of this small area of tropical jungle.

As I walked slowly about beneath the tree or lay back resting in the chair, I seemed to be watching creatures of another world. Whether I ogled them with glasses or now and then brought one down with a charge of small shot, I was a thing of no account to the berry-eating flocks high overhead. A vulture soaring lower than usual passed over the tree, and the shadow of his partial eclipse of the sun froze every bird to instant silence and complete immobility. But my terrestrial activities wrought no excitement. The shot whistled through the foliage, one of their number dropped from sight, and life for the rest went on without a tremor. To ancestral generations, danger had come always from above, not below.

The very difficulty of observation rendered this mode of research full of excitement, and at the same time made my method of work very simple. Against the sky, green, blue, or black feathers all appeared black, and the first two days my glasses helped but

little. For several minutes I would watch some tiny bird which might have been a yellow warbler had I been three thousand miles farther north. After memorizing personal characters, scrutinizing its flight and method of feeding, striving to fix its individuality, I would secure the bird, and find in all probability that it was a calliste, or tanager of brilliant plumage. To-morrow, if I were lucky, I might be able to tell off the numbers of this species, to watch them and to know that I was watching them. But recognition would not be by way of the cerulean or topaz or amethystine hues of plumage, but by the slight idiosyncrasies of flirting tail or wing or of general carriage.

II

Day by day, as I came to know better the jungle about me, I began to perceive a phase which did not change. Even when the sun shone most brightly, when the coolness of early morning had not yet passed, the mood of the jungle remained. It was consistent, this low swampy jungle, in its uniform, sombre mystery. In spite of wholesale exaggeration it was the dangers which came to mind. Of all places in the world this was probably fullest of life, both in numbers and diversity. Yet it was death — or the danger of death — which seemed in waiting, always just concealed from view.

Beneath my tree I squatted silently. Just overhead the foliage might have been almost northern. The finely cut leaves were like willow, and at one side an oak, unusual but still an oak, reached out a thousand thousand motionless leaves, breaking the glare into innumerable patches. But ahead the terrible interlacing of vines and thorny ropes, the strangle-hold of serpentine lianas on every available trunk — all this could be only tropic.

The ground glistened here and there with a film of black water which revealed the swamp. Everywhere the mould and leaves of a hundred years lay scattered, the last fallen still green. Many feet above, great fans dangled, rayed fronds dry and crackling, fallen from high overhead, and suspended, waiting for the interfering twigs and foliage to die in turn and permit them to seek dissolution in the mould.

The jungle was bright with flowers, but it was a sinister brightness — a poisonous, threatening flash of pigment, set off by the blackness of the shadows. Heliconia spikes gleamed like fixed scarlet lightning, zigzagging through the pungent air. Now and then a bunch of pleasing, warm-hued berries reminded one of innocuous currants, but a second glance showed them ripening into swollen, liver-hued globes which offered no temptation to taste. One tree dangled hideous purple cups filled with vermilion fruits, and not far away the color sequence was reversed. A low-growing, pleasant-leaved plant lifted bursting masses of purple-black, all dripping like wounds upon the foliage below. Many flowers were unrecognizable save by their fragrance and naked stamens, advertised neither by color nor form of blossom. I despaired of flowers worthy of the name, until close by my foot I saw a tiny plant with a comely, sweet-scented blossom, grateful to the eye and beautiful as our northern blooms are beautiful. The leaf was like scores lying about, and I realized that this was a sproutling of the giant tree. Nothing but the death of this monster could give the light and air which the little plant needed. It was doomed, but it had performed its destiny. It had hinted that much of the beauty of the jungle lay far above the mould and stagnant water. And then I remembered the orchids high overhead. And the realization came that the low-growing blooms

needed their glaring colors to outshine the dim, shadowy under-jungle, and their nauseous fumes to outscent the musky vapors of decay.

The plants of the jungle won success either by elbowing their neighbors and fighting their path up to sunlight, or else by adapting their needs to the starvation meed of air and light allotted to the lowly growths. The big-leaved churacas had found another means of existence. They lived like permanent rockets, bursting in mid-air. A long, curved stem shot up and reached far out into space. It was so slender as to be almost invisible in the dim light. At its tip radiated a great burst of foliage, leaves springing out in all directions, and absorbing nutrition which a sapling growing amid the undergrowth could not possibly do.

From daybreak to dark the canella tree was seldom deserted. Usually a score or more birds fluttered and fed among its branches, and true to tropic laws, there were comparatively few individuals but a multitude of species. In the few hours I was able to devote to its study, I identified seventy-six different kinds, and together with those which I saw but could not name, I judge that more than a hundred species must have come to the berries during that week in early May. The first day I secured sixteen specimens, all different; and the following day yielded fourteen more, only one of which was a duplicate of the first day's results.

The bird visitors to the tree arrived in one of two characteristic ways. Many came direct and swiftly, singly or in pairs, flying straight and with decision. These came from a distance, with full knowledge of the berries. They fed quietly, and when satiated flew off. The second method of arrival was wholly casual, — loose flocks drifting slowly from the neighboring jungle, sifting into the tree, and feeding for a time before passing on. When these left it was rather hastily, and in answer to the chirps and calls of the members of their flock who had not been beguiled by the berries and hence had forged steadily ahead.

These more or less well-defined flocks are very characteristic of all tropical jungles. Little assemblages of flycatchers, callistes, tanagers, antbirds, manakins, woodhewers, and woodpeckers are drawn together by some intangible but very social instinct. Day after day they unite in these fragile fraternities which drift along, gleaning from leaves, flowers, branches, trunks, or ground, each bird according to its structure and way of life. They are so held together by an intangible gregarious instinct that day after day the same heterogeneous flock may be observed, identifiable by peculiarities of one or several of its members. The only recognizable bond is vocal — a constant low calling; half unconscious, absent-minded little signals which keep the members in touch with one another, spurring on the laggards, retarding the overswift.

While I watched, there came to my tree a single species of pigeon, two hawks, and two parrots, four humming birds, and an equal number of toucans and woodpeckers. The remaining fifty-nine were all passerine birds, of which there were eight each of the families of flycatchers, manakins, and cotingas. Eleven were tanagers.

The greedy, noisy parrakeets were always the centre of commotion, wasting more berries than they ate. The toucans, those bizarre birds of whose lives we know nothing, yelped and called and bathed in the water caught in the stubs of branches, and fed to repletion. All the flycatchers forgot their usual diet and took to berrying as ardently as the tanagers themselves. Not all the birds came to feed on the berries. A wren hunted insects among the

branches, and a hawk found a giant snail crawling up the trunk and devoured it. The insect-eaters of the trunk numbered nine and showed no interest in the berries. Two were woodpeckers and seven woodhewers.

These latter are a strange tropical family four hundred strong, and all the very essence of protective coloring. Their habits of life make of them wandering bits of bark, easy to detect when they are in motion, but vanishing utterly when they are quiet. Their similarity in dress is remarkable. They may be large or small, short or long-tailed, with beaks blunt, sharp, straight, curved, thick, or needle-pointed. In these characters they differ; by these points they must know one another. But their colors are almost identical. Their olives or browns invariably warm into rich foxy rufous on wings and tail, while over head and shoulders a shower of light streaks has fallen, bits of sunlight fixed in down.

Further details belong only to the literature of ornithology. But the colors of the berry-hunters — these baffle description, yet we cannot pass them by in silence. The blood and orange splashed on black of the toucans, the scarlet and yellow of woodpeckers, the soft greens and buffs of flycatchers, all these paled when a flock of manakins or tanagers or honeycreepers came to the tree. Every precious stone found its counterpart in the metallic hues of these exquisite feathered folk.

The glory of all was the opal-crowned manakin, a midget in green coat and sulphur waistcoat, with a cap of mother-of-pearl, scaly, iridescent, silvery plates, in no way akin to feathers. Until now the life of this Hop o' my thumb, like those of all his ancestors, had gone smoothly on, with never a human to admire, to wonder, and vainly to echo the question of the great black frog, *Wh — y?*

III

On the last day of my stay I walked slowly up the trail toward the *canella do matto.* For the last time I strained upward at the well-known branches, and with the very movement there came the voice of the swamp. Its tone was insistent, with a tinge of accusation, a note of censure. *Wh — y?* and after a little time, *Wh — y?*

I looked about me despairingly. What had I learned after all? Was there any clearing up of the mystery of the jungle? Had my week of scrutiny brought me any closer to the real intimacies of evolution? Or — evading these questions for the time — was there nothing I could do in the few precious moments left?

In five minutes I should turn my back on all this wildness, this jungle seething with profound truths, and great solutions within arm's reach. I should pass to the ocean where monotony compels introspection, and finally to the great centre of civilization where the veneer covers up all truths.

Even if my studies had taught only the lesson of the tremendous insurgence of life, could I not emphasize this, make it a more compelling factor to be considered in future efforts toward the frog's question and mine?

My eyes left the foliage overhead and sought the ground. Acting on impulse, I brought from my camping stores an empty war-bag, and scraped together an armful of leaves, sticks, moss, earth, mould of all sorts. Four square feet of jungle débris went into my bag, and I shouldered it.

Then I said adieu to my trail and my tree — a sorrowful leave-taking, as is always my misfortune. For the bonds which bind me to a place or a person are not easily broken. And, as usual, when the trail passed from view, the ideal alone remained. The thoughts of

mosquitoes, of drenchings, of hours of breathless disappointed waiting, all sank in the memory of the daily discoveries, the mental delights of new research.

A week later, when the sky-line was unbroken by land, when a long ground-swell waved but did not disturb the deep blue of the open sea, I unlaced my bag of jungle mould. Armed with forceps, lens, and vials I began my search. For days I had gazed upward; now my scrutiny was directed downward. With binoculars I had scanned without ceasing the myriad leaves of a great tree; now with lens or naked eye I sought for life or motion on single fallen leaves and dead twigs. When I studied the life of the great tree I was in the land of Brobdingnag; now I was verily a Gulliver in Lilliput. The cosmos in my war-bag teemed with mystery as deep and as inviting as any in the jungle itself.

When I began work I knew little of what I should find. My vague thoughts visualized ants and worms, and especially I anticipated unearthing myriads of the unpleasant 'mucuims' or *bêtes rouges*, whose hosts had done all in their power to make life in the jungle unhappy.

Day by day my vials increased. Scores of creatures evaded my search; many others, of whose kind I had captured a generous number, I allowed to escape.

My lilliputian census was far from the mere aggregation of ants and worms which I had anticipated, and a review of the whole showed that hardly any great group of living creatures was unrepresented.

As hinting of the presence of wild animals, a bunch of rufous hairs had in some way been tweaked from a passing agouti. Man himself was represented in the shape of two wads which had dropped from my gun-shots some time during the week. One had already begun to disintegrate and sheltered half a dozen diminutive creatures. Five feathers were the indications of birds, two of which were brilliant green plumes from a calliste. Of reptiles there was a broken skull of some lizard, long since dead, and the eggshell of a lizardling which had hatched and gone forth upon his mission into the jungle. A third reptilian trace may have been his nemesis — a bit of shed snake-skin. The group of amphibians was present even in this square of four feet — a very tiny, dried, black, and wholly unrecognizable little frog. Fishes were absent, though from my knees as I had scraped up the débris, I could almost have seen a little igarapé in which dwelt scores of minnows.

As I delved deeper and examined the mould more carefully for the diminutive inhabitants, I found that this thin veneer from the floor of the jungle appeared to have several layers, each with its particular fauna. The upper layer was composed of recently fallen leaves, nuts, seeds, and twigs, dry and quite fresh. Here were colonies of small ants and huge, solitary ones; here lived in hiding small moths and beetles and bugs, awaiting dusk to fly forth through the jungle. The middle layer was by far the most important, and in it lived four fifths of all the small folk. The lowest layer was one of matted roots and clayey soil and its animal life was meagre.

Between the upper and the middle strata were sprouting nuts and seeds, with their blanched roots threaded downward into the rich dark mould, and the greening cotyledons curling upward toward light and warmth. Thus had the great bird-filled canella begun its life. In my war-bag were a score of potential forest giants doomed to death in the salt ocean. But for my efforts toward the *Wh — y*, their fate might have been very different.

Some of the half-decayed leaves were very beautiful. Vistas of pale, bleached fungus lace trailed over the rich mahogany-colored tissues, studded here and there with bits of glistening, transparent quartz. Here I had many hints of a world of life beyond the power of the unaided eye. And here too the grosser fauna scrambled, hopped, or wriggled. Everywhere were tiny chrysalides and cocoons, many empty. Now and then a plaque of eggs, almost microscopic, showed veriest pin-pricks where still more minute parasites had made their escape. When one contracted the field of vision to this world where leaves were fields and fungi loomed as forests, competition, the tragedies, the mystery lessened not at all. Minute seeds mimicked small beetles in shape and in exquisite tracery of patterns. Bits of bark simulated insects, a patch of fungus seemed a worm, while the mites themselves were invisible until they moved. Here and there I discovered a lifeless boulder of emerald or turquoise — the metallic cuirass of some long-dead beetle.

Some of the scenes which appeared as I picked over the mould, suddenly unfolding after an upheaval of débris, were like Aladdin's cave. Close to the eye appeared great logs and branches protruding in confusion from a heaped up bank of diamonds. Brown, yellow, orange, and white colors played over the scene; and now over a steep hill came a horrid, ungainly creature with enormous proboscis, eight legs, and a shining, liver-colored body, spotted with a sickly hue of yellow. It was studded with short, stiff, horny hairs — a mite by name, but under the lens a terrible monster. I put some of these on my arm, to see if they were the notorious 'mucuims' which tortured us daily. Under the lens I saw the hideous creature stop in its awkward progress, and as it prepared to sink its proboscis I involuntarily flinched, so fearful a thing seemed about to happen.

The lesser organisms defy description. They are nameless except in the lists of specialists, and indeed most are of new, quite unnamed forms. The only social insects were small twigfuls of ant and termite colonies, with from five to fifteen members. All others were isolated, scattered. Life here, so far beneath the sunlight, is an individual thing. Flocks and herds are unknown; the mob has no place here. Each tiny organism must live its life and meet its fate single-handed.

Little pseudo-scorpions were very abundant, and I could have vialed hundreds. They rushed out excitedly and, unlike all the other little beings, did not seek to hide. Instead, when they were disturbed, they sought open spaces, walking slowly and brandishing and feeling ahead with their great pincer-tipped arms, as long as their entire body. When irritated or frightened, they scurried backwards, holding up their chelæ in readiness.

Mites were the most abundant creatures, equaling the ants in number, always crawling slowly along, tumbling over every obstacle in their path and feeling their way awkwardly. Their kinds were numerous, all villainous in appearance. Ticks were less common but equally repellent. Small spiders and beetles were occasionally found, and hundred-legged wrigglers fled to shelter at every turn of a leaf. The smallest snails in the world crawled slowly about, some flat-shelled, others turreted. Tiny earthworms, bright red and very active, crept slowly through fungus jungles until disturbed, when they became an amazingly active tangle of twisting curves, dancing all about. Simple insects, which we shall have to call collembolas, were difficult to capture. They leaped with agility many times their own length, and when

quiescent looked like bits of fungus. As for the rest, only Adam and a few specialists hidden in museums could call them by name. They were a numerous company, some ornamented with weird horns and fringes and patterns, others long of leg or legless, swift of foot or curling up into minute balls of animate matter.

One thing was evident early in my exploration: I was in a world of little people. No large insects were in any of the débris. The largest would be very small in comparison with a May beetle. And another thing was the durability of chitin. The remains of beetles, considering the rareness of living ones, were remarkable. The hard wing-cases, the thorax armor, the segments of wasps, eyeless head masks, still remained perfect in shape and vivid in color. Even in the deepest layers where all else had disintegrated and returned to the elements, these shards of death were as new.

And the smell of the mould, keen and strong as it came to my nostrils an inch away — it was pungent, rich, woody. It hinted of the age-old dissolution, century after century, which had been going on. Leaves had fallen, not in a sudden autumnal downpour, but in a never-ending drift, day after day, month after month. With a daily rain for moisture, with a temperature of three figures for the quicker increase of bacteria, and an excess of humidity to foster quick decay, the jungle floor was indeed a laboratory of vital work — where only analytic chemistry was allowed full sway, and the mystery of synthetic life was ever handicapped, and ever a mystery.

Before the vessel docked I had completed my task and had secured over five hundred creatures of this lesser cosmos. At least twice as many remained, but when I made my calculations I estimated that the mould had sheltered only a thousand organisms plainly visible to the eye.

And when I had corked my last vial and the steward had removed the last pile of shredded débris, I leaned back and thought of the thousand creatures in my scant four square feet of mould. Then there came to mind a square mile of jungle floor with its thin layer of fallen leaves sheltering more than six billion creatures. Then I recalled the three thousand straight miles of jungle which had lain west of me, and the hundreds of miles of wonderful unbroken forest north and south, and my mind became a blank. And then from the mist of unnamable numerals, from this uncharted arithmetical census, there came to my mind a voice, deep and guttural, — and this time the slow enunciation was jeering, hopeless of answer. *Wh — y?* and soon afterwards, *Wh — y?* And I packed up my last box of vials and went on deck to watch the sunset.

LIFE

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

WHAT am I, Life? A thing of watery salt
Held in cohesion by unresting cells
Which work they know not why, which never halt;
Myself unwitting where their Master dwells.
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin
A world which uses me as I use them.
Nor do I know which end or which begin,
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,
Or the full moon comes swimming from her cave
Or the great sun comes north; this myriad I
Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering why.

MANIFEST DESTINY IN AMERICA

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

'MANIFEST destiny' has long been a favorite catch-phrase with political rhapsodists in the United States, and a rare Fourth-of-July orator is he who feels that it can add nothing to his resources in eloquence. Its character has been cheapened, no doubt, by this association, but it possesses nevertheless a profound significance which fully accounts for its existence and does honor to its originator, whoever he may have been. It is neither fatalism nor determinism, but an assumed natural tendency of events, more or less subject to influence by man's volitional interference. Its use, so far as the writer has

observed, is limited to the political evolution of the United States, and refers mainly to expansion of the national domain. The classic example is that of the war with Mexico and its resulting territorial changes. As this example furnishes the best illustration of certain principles which it is desired to elucidate in this paper, it will be given first and most particular consideration.

I. THE MEXICAN WAR

The orthodox view of this very important event, entertained by a considerable section of public opinion, is that the war was unjust, and was forced upon a weaker power for the purpose of acquiring territory, — with a view to the extension of slavery, in the opinion of many. Divested of its net-work of incidental minor controversy, the controlling elements of the case may be stated thus: —

(1) Progress of territorial development had convinced the people of the United States of the importance of extending their domain to the Pacific. To them it was a case of manifest destiny. They believed that the future welfare of the people of this remote region, and the interests of civilization therein, as well as the natural development of their own country, were dependent on this consummation.

(2) The Administration which came into power in 1845 shared this conviction fully, and took active measures for its realization, — that is, for the acknowledgment by Great Britain of our title to the Oregon country, and for the acquisition from Mexico of that portion of its territory lying between northern Texas and the Pacific Ocean.

(3) The United States endeavored to negotiate with Mexico for the purchase, on very liberal terms, of the territory desired from that country, but entirely without success.

(4) The United States then availed itself of the opportunity for war with Mexico afforded by the dispute over the Texan boundary, and carried the war to a speedy and successful conclusion.

(5) As a main condition of peace, the United States demanded a cession of the desired territory, not as a spoil of conquest, but as a transfer for which it paid in cash practically what it had offered to pay in the beginning.

There were at that time, there have been ever since, and there always will be those who consider this proceeding morally indefensible. It is one purpose of the present article to advance and enforce with specific reasons exactly the opposite view: that the obligation of the United States to the world at large, to its own political future, and to the welfare of the people of the territory itself, required it to do this very thing; and that its action, far from being any justification of obloquy or criticism, should rather be considered an example of high responsibility courageously assumed and of imperative duty faithfully performed.

The confusion of thought, both as to fact and motive, upon which the adverse view of this case is based, is well illustrated by the following recent utterance: 'I applaud the American Revolution, although it was war, because it was courageous resistance against the barbaric attempt of George III to deprive his colonists of certain inalienable rights. I condemn the Mexican War of 1846 because it was made for the purpose of acquiring the territory of Texas by force. We should have obtained it, as we obtained Louisiana from France, or Alaska from Russia, by purchase, or we should not have obtained it at all.'[1]

In matters of fact this statement is misleading and erroneous. The acqui-

[1] 'A letter to a German-American Friend,' signed 'L.F.A.' *Outlook*, January 6, 1915, p. 13.

sition of Louisiana was just as much the result of war as if conquered by the arms of this country. It was the certainty of its capture by Great Britain, and the urgent need of funds in the war then raging in Europe, which led Napoleon to cede the province to the United States. It is also incorrect to say that the Mexican War was for the purpose of acquiring Texas by force. Texas had already been acquired, and Mexico had decided to acquiesce except as to the disputed strip between the Nueces and the Rio Grande rivers. It is possible also that the author of the above quotation may not know that the United States endeavored to deal with Mexico in the acquisition of its northern territory exactly as it later dealt with Russia in the case of Alaska; but utterly without success.

The really significant part of this citation, however, and the one that goes to the root of the matter here considered, is the proposition that we should have obtained this territory in the same way that we obtained Alaska '*or we should not have obtained it at all.*' Let us take 'L.F.A.' (and those who think like him) at his word, and inquire where his theory would lead. If we had not 'obtained it at all,' — and we could not obtain it by purchase, — one of two things must have happened to this territory: it would have remained with Mexico or it would have become an independent state.[1]

The first alternative suggests the inquiry: would the interests of the inhabitants of this territory, and those of the rest of the world therein, have been better served if it had remained under the control of Mexico than under that of the United States, or would the reverse have been true? In all things pertaining to the influence of government upon the welfare of a people, a conclusive answer is furnished by the history of Mexico and by the conditions which prevail in that country to-day. But entirely aside from this consideration, every substantial interest pertaining to this territory linked it with the republic to the east rather than that to the south. Trade is the life-blood of a people, and the natural trade routes ran east and west. For thirty years before the transfer, the commerce of the only settlement of importance in Northern Mexico, that of Santa Fé, was exclusively with the United States. Intercourse of all kinds naturally lay in this direction, and it necessarily follows that uniformity of laws under which it was carried on, and the absence of frontiers, would be important factors in its prosperous development. It is impossible, from any point of view, to exaggerate the misfortune which a permanent Mexican connection would have been to the commercial and industrial development of all that region. This, the most zealous partisan of Mexico must fully appreciate. Whatever may be one's opinion of the *means* by which this territory was transferred to the United States, one must acknowledge that the *end* was in accord with the best interests of civilization.

Consider now the alternative of an independent state, or more likely two or three such states — particularly California and a Mormon state in the Great Basin. It cannot be admitted that such a result could in any way compare with that of the incorporation of this territory into the Union. To the United States it would have been a misfortune of the first magnitude, preventing, as it would, the full rounding out of its continental territory; depriving it of that wonderful Pacific port which had played so great a part in our national development; and interrupting by one or more frontiers all inter-

[1] It is assumed that the Monroe Doctrine would have barred its acquisition by any European state. — THE AUTHOR.

course by land with that extensive region. An independent state of all New England would scarcely be a greater misfortune to the future of our nation.

Entirely apart from the consideration just discussed is the portentous probability that, if things had gone on much longer as they were then going, an independent polygamous state would have developed on our very borders.

But the alternative of a permanent independent status is, after all, inadmissible. While it may be accepted as certain that independence of the coast country would promptly have followed the discovery of gold in California, it is equally certain that independence would have been followed by an effort to annex the territory to the United States, just as had been the case with Texas. There might have been other Alamos and San Jacintos, other Austins and Houstons and Davy Crocketts. There would certainly have been the same almost endless negotiations and congressional debates, very likely a war with Mexico, and probably also a Mormon war. With infinitely more trouble and vexation, and doubtless with greater loss of life, the inevitable result would sooner or later have come about.

Such is our speculation as to the course of events in this territory if we had 'not obtained it at all,' or rather if we had given up trying to obtain it direct when we failed to obtain it by purchase. Let us now examine the ethical aspects of the course pursued by the United States, particularly as it relates to Mexico.

In the first place, did Mexico suffer any *real* wrong by the forced transfer of this territory? and was her attitude in refusing to part with it morally justifiable? Throughout the entire region, nominally under her sovereignty, she exercised almost no authority. Her colonization of it had been insignificant, and future settlement was certain to come mainly from the United States. She had not a solitary material interest to compare with those of this country. The compensation offered her would more than liquidate any possible damage, — far more, considering the almost certain loss of the territory through rebellion, with no indemnity but with heavy military outlay. Every consideration of material advantage counseled acceptance of the offer of the United States. The policy of Mexico in insisting upon retention of sovereignty in opposition to the natural trend of events and the undoubted good of all concerned in the future of the country, placed her in the attitude of blocking the pathway of progress for sentimental considerations only. As for justice, in a broad humanitarian sense, it was Mexico that failed in its exercise. The action of the United States was prompted, not by lust of territory, but by the fulfillment of a duty to civilization; that of Mexico, by lust of territory alone.

Technically, however, Mexico was strictly within her rights, and this fact presents a perplexing problem in international ethics. Here were a major and a minor right, the one embracing vital interests of the world at large, the other purely technical and of relatively insignificant importance. It was for the good of civilization that the major right prevail, for the two could not subsist together; yet the agency which enabled it to prevail is indicted before the bar of history for having wronged the holder of the minor right. How is this? The paradox is evidently an outgrowth of that social institution known as title, — title in land, particularly, — which gives to the holder thereof possession against all comers of that portion of the earth's surface to which it pertains. To the private individual this right becomes a property in the soil which may

be bought and sold; to the state it is in the nature of an exclusive jurisdiction. It matters not how the title was obtained; once recognized as legal, it becomes inviolable. With certain specific exceptions, transfer of possession can be accomplished only by the free consent of the owner — as the holder of the title is called. 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?' Lawful, yes; that is, in strict conformity with the letter of the law. It is nevertheless a technical right which may, and often does, work grave injustice. It is a constant experience that title stands in the pathway of important development; yet the holder refuses to recede — sometimes, possibly, for fear of injustice, generally as a leverage to pecuniary extortion, not infrequently from motives of jealousy or spite, almost never from an unselfish consideration of the merits of the case. So great is the possibility of evil in this right that society has placed a limited restraint upon its exercise as between private owners and public bodies. This is the power of eminent domain. It does not, however, obtain between private individuals and organizations, or, of course, between sovereign states.

The remarkable force and authority of title, even in defiance of justice and common sense, are probably due to the fact that it is definite and a matter of precise record, known of all men; whereas the right which seeks to displace it is *in futuro*, not yet reduced to possession, and still subject to attack or denial. As between the two, however convincing the case may stand for the contingent right, judicial finding must be for the established title, and public opinion naturally inclines the same way. It is felt that arbitrary interference with recorded titles would strike at the sacredness of property and lead to abuses greater than that which it seeks to correct. Except in the limited exercise of eminent domain, therefore, government will not interfere to compel an owner to part with title, and it *will* interfere to prevent another from attempting by force to compel him to part with it. Thus protection to the private holder in the exercise of this right is well-nigh absolute.

Between states, as already observed, there is no super-authority, no 'daysman betwixt us that might lay hands upon us both.' The sovereign holder of title cannot be compelled by any outside authority to transfer it to another; at the same time there is no such authority to prevent an attempt by that other to compel a transfer by resort to force. But coercion is always a perilous expedient, because the burden of proof is against it, and the case must be so clear as to carry conviction of rectitude of purpose. That resort to such extreme measures may be justifiable cannot be denied. It may be a positive duty to civilization for a state to give up certain territory; but, through a false pride, nations rarely admit such an obligation, and generally consider it more honorable to cede territory as a result of defeat in war than to bargain it away by peaceful negotiations. That is one reason why transfers of territory are so generally a moving force in all wars.

Akin to this veneration for the sanctity of title is sympathy for the weak as against the strong. If the basis of such sympathy be that the weak are not fitted to withstand the same adversity as the strong and still survive, and are therefore, in charity, entitled to greater consideration, no criticism can be made. But if it be that weakness is a presumption of justice, and strength of injustice, then it is contrary to the experience of mankind. Authority, wealth, and power, mean responsibility; and responsibility inculcates the practice of fair dealing. The absence

of these qualities often has the contrary effect. Relying on popular sympathy, the weak are tempted to impose upon the strong, and undoubtedly, as between the two, an impartial verdict would be that they are the lesser sufferers from injustice. Under-dogism, as a motive of action, is liable to grave abuses.

We take the ground, in this Mexican War case, that the Government acted for the good of civilization, and that the real question of ethics involved is whether it clearly understood the importance of its action at the time, and took the step on this higher ground, rather than from mere lust of territory. We believe that historic evidence supports absolutely the first hypothesis. The greatness and value of the results to flow from this course were as clear to our people then as they are now after the lapse of three score years and ten. They foresaw with unerring prescience what ought to be and what they believed *must* be. Geographical relations, the progress of settlement, the irresistible trend of events, all pointed to one conclusion. Says *Niles' Register* for December, 1845: 'No man can shut his eyes to the results of the current of emigration, now but commencing, but which will be as impetuous and overwhelming as has been the wave of emigration for the last century from east to west, and which no human power could have arrested, and which it would be but folly now to attempt to arrest. The Mexican government cannot fail to appreciate this progress, and it would be unwise not to avail itself of a price now for what in a very short time will inevitably pass from her control, whether she will or no.'

The distinguished German-American historian Von Holst, though pronounced in his condemnation of the policy of President Polk, nevertheless admits in full force the doctrine of manifest destiny as applied to this case. 'It was not only natural,' he says, 'but it was an historical necessity, that, with the growing consciousness and the progressive activity of its creative powers, it [the United States] should set itself broader and higher tasks.' And again he says approvingly, 'The majority of the American people thought it right that, after all other methods had proved unavailing, the President should seek to obtain by force what the manifest destiny of the Union imperatively required.'

The statesmen of that day understood the situation thoroughly. President Polk understood it, and the question was how the great purpose could be accomplished. Delay, postponement, might defer, but could not permanently avoid, the issue. It was bound to come, and with increased embitterment the longer it was put off. The true interests of humanity required that it be settled then and there; and it is everlastingly to the credit of the President that he did not shrink before the mighty responsibility, though he knew full well that, among his contemporaries and down through posterity, there would always be those who would impugn his motives and seek to becloud with obloquy the greatness of his achievement.

And in all our national history no other event has been more quickly and more completely justified in its results. When we recall that two weeks *before* the treaty of peace was signed, gold was discovered in California (though of course the event was not known in the East until months afterward); and when we consider the possibility, nay the certainty, of international complications if this event, with its prodigious results, had transpired while the territory was still under the nominal sovereignty of Mexico; and when we further consider the narrow

margin by which we escaped the formation of an independent neighboring state founded on a social system repugnant to our civilization, — surely it seems as if the hand of Providence must have been in the work.

Aside from the ethical aspect of the case, some may doubt the wisdom of so extreme a measure as war to accomplish the desired end. So far as the United States was concerned, the sacrifice, except in the loss of life, was justified a thousand times over. The benefits which have resulted transcend all estimate. As to loss of life, there is no criterion to judge by, and there can never be. Is a given result worth the sacrifice of one life, two, or a hundred? Who would dare say? Before the Civil War, who would have ventured to assert that emancipation and the preservation of the Union were worth a million lives? The answer to such questions must always be evaded. It can never be assumed that a certain number of lives are to be sacrificed, or are a proper price to pay for any end. A purpose has to be accomplished — it may be the building of a tunnel, the development of a great mine, the digging of a Panama Canal, the making of war. It is almost certain that loss of life will ensue, but the purpose cannot be balked on that account, and the contingency is never capable of being reduced to definite calculation. The possibility and the danger simply operate to impose greater caution in embarking upon perilous enterprises, and particularly to make governments consider well the momentous step of war before it is definitely resolved upon.

At this point we may observe that, in situations like the one just discussed and the one next to be considered, war — that is, coercion, whether it comes to armed conflict or not — finds its supreme justification. When intrigue enthrones itself in government counsels, exalting self-interest above the public interest; when narrow-mindedness, slavishness to precedent, mediocrity of vision, enmesh the wheels of progress until they cannot turn; when pseudo-statesmanship in whatever guise ties up affairs of state in a hopeless Gordian knot, it may be the glittering steel of war that alone can cleave the knot, set free imprisoned energies, and let man's work proceed. For the deadly blight of obstructionism, be it wanton or ignorant, there is no remedy so effective as that which the Prince of Peace applied to the fruitless fig tree: 'Behold, these years I come seeking fruit on this tree, and find none; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'

II. PANAMA

Consider now the case of Panama. Doubtless it occurred to Balboa, four hundred years ago, when he realized how narrow and how low, comparatively, was the strip of land which separates the two oceans in that vicinity, that sooner or later an artificial waterway between them would be provided. From that day to this a canal has been the manifest destiny of the Isthmus. Gradually, from the dreams of enthusiasts, the schemes of diplomacy, the efforts of private individuals, the expenditure of undetermined millions, and the loss of thousands of lives, another aspect of the destiny of the Isthmus became manifest: namely, that private effort was unequal to the task; that government alone could accomplish it. The restrictions of unwritten international law precluded European nations from the undertaking, and inadequacy of resources precluded all American nations but one. Thus, within the past quarter of a century, it has become recognized throughout the civilized world that the great task of piercing the Isthmus with a canal must be

performed by the United States. Manifest destiny lay clearly in that direction. The United States accepted the obligation; diplomacy, long and laborious, cleared the way; investigation, infinite in detail, determined the best route and the best type of canal; negotiations, complicated and involved, settled the financial considerations for work already done and for rights and privileges which had to be extinguished or acquired.

It was upon the very threshold of inauguration of this grand enterprise on behalf of the whole world that a minor state, acting within the letter of technical right, planted herself directly across its pathway. It is not intended to enter here into a consideration of the merits of Colombia's present case against the United States, for that question is now before the American Senate and will presumably be thoroughly sifted until an equitable decision is reached. It will be assumed, for the purpose of this discussion, that the facts upon which our government acted were substantially what it then believed them to be, as set forth in its various official pronouncements; and upon this assumption, the ethical aspect of this case will be considered.

In the first place, in whom resided the paramount right pertaining to this proposed waterway? The answer must be: in the world at large. Such a waterway, once built, would be used by every maritime state on the globe, and the commerce of the whole world would be affected by it. The interests of Colombia, though substantial and important, were the merest bagatelle in comparison. The right to establish a canal across the Isthmus was clearly a world-right, with which no state, by virtue of technical sovereignty of the soil, had any moral right to interfere. It is doubtful if the nations would have permitted Colombia herself to build this canal — if she had otherwise been able and willing — without explicit understanding beforehand as to the adequacy of the work and the regulations governing its future use. The accidents of fortune had placed the site of the canal route under the sovereignty of Colombia.[1] Technically she could prevent the construction of such a work altogether. But would the world have permitted the exercise of any such right? Assuredly not. Probably no one will deny the duty of a resort to coercion under that supposition. It would be necessary that might make right prevail — the real, as against a technical, right. But if this obligation is admitted under the extreme hypothesis assumed, can it be denied in the case of any lesser act of obstruction which should be in itself unreasonable, unjust, or onerous, or fraught with unnecessary delay? Again, assuredly not.

What was Colombia's moral duty in this matter, as distinguished from her technical right? Every consideration of justice and fairness should have prompted her to facilitate the work to the utmost of her ability. She was unable to do it herself, yet it was pregnant of great advantage to her. The mere presence of such a gigantic work upon her soil would of itself be an inestimable asset. The concentration of shipping in her waters would react advantageously upon her commercial development. Her two five-hundred-mile stretches of coast-line, east and west, separated by the whole circumference of South America, would be brought into immediate juxtaposition. Colombia would be a great beneficiary of this work, and it was clearly her duty to *aid* in its accomplishment. She had no right to consider her *consent* as such aid, for she had no moral right to with-

[1] It is not necessary to the purpose of this paper to discuss other possible routes, like that of Nicaragua, for instance. — THE AUTHOR.

hold such consent. The very least that she could do would have been to grant a free right of way, with such control as would be necessary to the nation building the canal. From any possible standpoint of equity and justice, the cash contribution, if there were to be any, should have been *from* Colombia to the state which was going to the prodigious expense of building the canal. Instead of this, Colombia demanded, and (in the interests of harmony, no doubt) was granted, a cash contribution by that state. Its sufficiency need not be discussed, for according to any equitable consideration there should have been no payment at all. The Hay-Herran Treaty erred, if at all in this matter, in excess of generosity to Colombia.

Although the treaty was negotiated with the apparent approval of the Colombian government, and necessarily with its full knowledge of the essential features, it was unanimously rejected when it came to ratification by the Colombian Senate. This occurred about ten months after the treaty was signed, at which time the Colombian Congress adjourned, not to meet again for a year, and the matter was hung up at least for that period with every prospect of interminable delay afterward. The ostensible reason assigned was refuted by the document itself. The real reason, as believed by the American government at the time, and as firmly believed still by those instrumental in the negotiations, was a determination to extort a larger payment. Our government regarded Colombia's attitude as no better than that of an attempted hold-up to which no nation could in honor submit.

An actual situation had now arisen in which a major right was in direct conflict with a minor and technical right. Colombia was interposing unjust, unreasonable, and, from our point of view, dishonorable obstacles, with every prospect of long and vexatious delay, international complications, and possible complete failure of the enterprise. A vast expenditure had already been made by the United States; with infinite study a course of action had been determined upon; the government was ready to proceed. What, then, was its duty in the obvious *impasse* that had arisen? There is no right of eminent domain among nations. The United States had made every reasonable concession to the holder of technical sovereignty, but without avail. It is submitted that in this situation duty and honor required the United States summarily to brush Colombia aside and proceed with the work assigned to it.

This, as we understand it, was the view of the administration at the time, and it was about to recommend drastic action against Colombia direct, when events developed which made such measures unnecessary. The Province of Panama, exasperated by the policy of the mother country, revolted and declared its independence. The United States, by virtue of treaty rights, forbade the transport of troops across the Isthmus and any armed conflict along the line of the Isthmian railway. This effectually prevented the Colombian government from suppressing the rebellion, even if it had otherwise been able to do so; the Panama Republic was promptly recognized by the United States and the leading nations of the world; a canal treaty was entered into with the new state; the construction of the Canal was at once begun and was carried to triumphant completion.

This decisive result was, of course, due to coercion by the United States upon Colombia — no less so, though less directly, than if war had been declared upon that state. It is a fact not to be denied or glossed over, but to be openly commended. Then and there

the vexed question was settled forever, and the world is to-day — *to-day*, not in the indefinite future — reaping the benefit of the completed work. Yet amid the chorus of universal acclaim for this greatest engineering feat of all time, the voice of criticism — nay, even of calumny — is heard for those who were its pioneers. But what matters it? The work itself is a sufficient answer, and the ships which are passing to and fro are a silent and everlasting vindication.

III. THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

We have considered two historic examples — *faits accomplis*, so to speak. It is not generally realized that there exists on the American border to-day a similar situation, which, though less important in the area of territory and magnitude of interests involved, is even clearer in the principle at issue and in the line of action which must be taken.

Five years after the close of the Mexican War, the United States negotiated with Mexico, on friendly and equitable terms, the acquisition of an additional strip of territory which exploration had shown to be necessary for a southern railroad route entirely north of the boundary. This cession embraced about 45,500 square miles, all of it east of the Colorado River. If physical conditions in contiguous territory had been known then as they are now, undoubtedly the purchase would have included an additional 2500 square miles lying mainly on the west side of the Colorado. Within this territory is what is now known as the Imperial Valley, of which nearly every one has vaguely heard, but of the remarkable nature of which very little is generally known.

In the not remote geologic past, the Gulf of California extended northwesterly some 200 miles farther inland than at present, — far into what is now the State of California. In the course of time the Colorado River, a large stream and a very heavy silt-carrier, built a dam by its deposits clear across the Gulf, cutting off entirely the upper portion, which was thus changed from a body of salt water to a fresh-water lake. Finally, as a result of the long exclusion of the river, which for centuries has flowed directly into the Gulf, evaporation emptied the lake and left an immense basin, most of it the former bed of the sea, and, of course, below sea-level. Along the eastern margin of the basin, fully 350 feet above its lowest point, flows the Colorado River. Below its level at the international boundary, lies this basin more than 2000 square miles in extent. It was once supposed to be incapable of reclamation, and was known as the Colorado desert. It has since been found to be of extraordinary fertility, physically well adapted to irrigation, capable of becoming a highly productive country and ultimately of supporting a population of perhaps a million.

Remarkable and wholly unprecedented is the relation of the Colorado River to the Imperial Valley. On the one hand it is the sole reclaiming agency anywhere available. Water for irrigation, domestic supply, and so forth, must come from this river or not be had at all. On the other hand, the river, flowing along the upper rim of the basin, rests there in unstable equilibrium, liable at any time to burst its bounds and go into the basin instead of the sea. Thus the river is playing simultaneously the antagonistic rôles of possible savior and possible destroyer of this wonderful valley. While dispensing manna where all would be death without it, it hangs like a sword of Damocles, ready at any moment to destroy all that it has built up.

Both aspects of this situation have been vividly impressed upon local and

official attention in the past ten years. The river did break loose in 1906, and is still not fully under control. It wrought immense havoc. Most of us recall references in the press to the Salton Sea, which suddenly began to rise in the bottom of the basin. To control the river and get it back into its old channel to the sea has been one of the most stupendous and difficult of engineering problems. Already fully $3,000,000 of public and private funds has been expended; and the real control of the river has scarcely begun.

The relation of this problem to the subject of the present paper may now be stated. The boundary between the United States and Mexico passes directly across the depressed basin. The topography is such that irrigation canals taken out of the river on United States territory, to reclaim United States land in the valley, have to be carried around high ground, across the boundary into Mexican territory, and back again. On the other hand, breaks in the river-bank, which are so liable to destroy the valley, can occur only on Mexican soil. The situation is one which it is impossible to handle except by works mainly south of the boundary; yet the majority interest to be served lies to the north. The whole problem, both of reclamation and of flood-protection, should naturally be handled by a single authority. Even under the most favorable conditions, joint control would be hazardous in times of emergency. When constituted authority disappears and anarchy takes its place, the situation naturally becomes extremely perilous. This is what happened at the most critical point in the dangerous state of things referred to in the preceding paragraph. Under the pressure of emergency, the United States went to the length of providing a million dollars for work which would all have to be done on Mexican soil. It was not, however, permitted to make this expenditure directly, but only through a Mexican corporation. But even that unbusinesslike proceeding was hampered to a dangerous and exasperating degree by the lack of stable government south of the boundary. Labor became frightened, contractors hesitated to undertake the work, losses of property were experienced, and the most extortionate customs exactions were imposed upon everything passing the boundary. A situation of such gravity, in which the natural agencies at work care nothing for boundaries, treaties, or sovereign rights, and in which safety demands action, and destruction waits upon delay, is one which should certainly not be permitted to continue.[1]

What is the rational, common-sense solution of this difficult problem? Manifestly this, that it be dealt with as a unit under a single jurisdiction. Any possible division of authority must produce less than the best result. The very immensity of the protection work requires enormous resources and positive action, while the reclamation work should be managed under a uniform system. Either the United States or Mexico should take exclusive charge of the problem, and the boundary should be modified so as to permit this to be done. Which should it be?

We may waive the question of financial resources for properly handling this gigantic physical problem; but there are other considerations which definitely impose the burden upon the United States. The Colorado River above the delta lies entirely north of the boundary. The proper handling of the flood and reclamation problems on

[1] Those who would like to understand to what lengths the present situation may lead should consult House Doc. No. 504, 62nd Congress, 2nd Session; and House Doc. No. 1476, 63rd Congress. — THE AUTHOR.

the delta and in the valley will ultimately require a comprehensive reservoir system which must necessarily be within the United States. Then, to transfer the whole Imperial Valley to Mexico would be to place the great southern railway route partly in that country, making it cross the frontier twice, with the enormous annoyance, inconvenience, and expense which would result. This would of course be inadmissible. Every consideration makes it important that this problem be assigned to the United States. It would require a transfer of about 2000 square miles of territory. It is simply a plain, practical question of dealing with a problem which nature itself has created, and which can be rightly handled in only one way. It can indeed be 'muddled through' on the present basis, but never satisfactorily. A generous compensation to Mexico, equivalent to the present worth of her future tribute from that country, would, of course, be made. The question should be met in a liberal spirit by Mexico, without a thought or suspicion that the step springs from any lust of territory by the United States; and it should be determined solely on the basis of the permanent good of the valley itself.

LO, THE POOR IMMIGRANT!

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

In 'The Modest Immigrant,' [1] Miss Repplier has presented a story that the Americans of this country very much need to know, especially at this time, when the whole question of our nationalism is so alive. Unfortunately, however, at the very time when it is most necessary to grasp conditions clearly and act courageously and aggressively, the article is likely to lull us to sleep, to make us feel guiltless of the results of our domestic immigration policy and puffed up with pride at our magnanimous hospitality. We must know both sides of the shield of American citizenship if we are to use this citizenship intelligently for offense or defense in the struggle before us.

We who like to lay stress upon America's tradition of hospitality need to be reminded that the hospitality of Lowell's time has been changed into widespread exploitation throughout this land. Many of our immigrant communities are not primarily to blame for the admittedly wretched conditions in which they live.

Go through the 'immigrant section' of a typical industrial town. Miserable shacks, overcrowded with lodgers because there are not enough houses; inadequate water-supply, lack of repairs, unequal enforcement of village laws — all these things characterize the section. Where the company owns the property, there is no security in the home, for eviction as trespassers follows the slightest protest. And on some of our great estates conditions are little better. The men who keep Tuxedo

[1] Miss Repplier's article was published in the *Atlantic* for September, 1915. — The Editors.

Park so beautiful for the fortunate families who live there are crowded into sodden communities, unable to get their houses repaired, or indeed to secure a sufficient number of houses at a reasonable rent to enable them to live with fewer than ten in three rooms. I had occasion to visit one of the great estates in Central New York in the process of its evolution from a forest to a country estate. I found the hundreds of employees housed in tar shacks on the slope near the foot of the hill, compelled to take boarders because there were not enough shacks, and each paying two dollars a month rent. Some of the shacks had no windows; others had leaky roofs and damp, cold floors. There were no drainage facilities, and after a rain the little clearing in which the shacks had been constructed was a veritable mud-hole. Even in dry weather, there were stagnating puddles of water. Since no provision had been made for garbage collection and disposal, the women were compelled to throw animal and vegetable refuse in the bushes near by. The wooden privy vaults close by the shacks were seldom, if ever, cleaned, and the residents were compelled to use the fields. The water-supply was a spring into which the surface draining of the hill poured. There were no bathing or laundry facilities.

On interviewing a number of the men and women, I found that this had not been their standard of living abroad. One had been a butcher in a small town in Italy, where he had lived in a small wooden house and had had a good-sized truck-garden. Another had been a house-painter who had come here to better his condition and bring his family here, but was now anxiously awaiting the moment when he should have sufficient funds to take him back to the old home. Another had been a farmer on a small scale; he had come here to go into farming, but through lack of proper advice and direction had drifted into construction work. His family was with him, but they were all going back as soon as possible.

This was really a community study in the methods by which American employers create the 'immigrant standard of living' in America, and incidentally the immigrant 'bird of passage' who contributes so much to American industrial instability. The determining factor in this place was one of the first families of America.

There are other phases of 'hospitality' which interest us greatly. There are Lawrence, Calumet, Trinidad, Roosevelt, Wheatland, Ludlow, where the sworn statements of witnesses lead us to doubt if we are living in free America. The report of the California Immigration Commission says of Wheatland: —

'There had occurred on August 3, 1913, on the Durst hop ranch near Wheatland, Yuba County, a riot among the hop-pickers employed on the ranch, resulting in the killing of two police officials and two pickers. It was the claim of the pickers that one of the primary causes of the discontent in their ranks, leading to riot and bloodshed, was the insanitary condition of the camp in which they were segregated on the ranch.' Before the trial of the men charged with inciting the riot and causing the murder, it was announced that 'evidence concerning the sanitary and living conditions in the camp would be introduced,' and the commission availed itself of the opportunity to conduct 'a careful investigation into the economic causes leading to the riot.'

They discovered that there were probably 2800 workers in camp at the time of the riot, of whom about half were women and children. Of the men, fully 1000 were foreign-born, — Syrians, Mexicans, Italians, Porto Ricans,

Poles, Hindus, and Japanese. These people were expected to camp out in a desolate, treeless field. 'There were a few tents to be rented at 75 cents a week, but the majority had to construct rude shelters of poles and gunny sacks, called "bull pens," while many were compelled to sleep in the open on piles of vines or straw.' The sanitary arrangements were unspeakably inadequate, foul, and unhealthy; drinking water was scarce, and some of the wells were infected from the surface water which drained back from stagnant pools that formed near the toilets and garbage piles. There were cases of dysentery, typhoid, and malaria in camp. 'While the wage-scale and other factors contributed to the feeling of discontent, the real cause of the protest of the pickers seemed to come from the inadequate housing and the insanitary conditions under which the hop-pickers were compelled to live.'

Even more interesting is the Colorado situation. The investigation of the most recent Colorado struggle brought to light among other things this significant fact: that within ten years after their arrival every new force of immigrant workmen brought there reached the climax of their protest against the living conditions forced upon them. These successive revolts after years of helpless endurance have only one significance: left wholly to themselves, with little help in education or organization, these immigrant workmen not only attain in ten years a desire for the American standard of living, but are prepared to starve and die for it.

At one of the largest mines in New York State, owned and operated by the descendants of one of the oldest families in America, the writer found that the company practically owned the town except the saloons. It employed one of the justices and its counsel was county judge. A saloon-keeper and a padrone were the interpreters when one was needed. It was found in the case of both justices that bills and claims for fees had been presented to the supervisors and paid, which the docket did not substantiate; that they had failed to file records as required by law; that they had falsified accounts and settled cases in violation of law, there being no record kept; that they had neglected to transmit the fines to the clerk in their conduct of trials. How is an immigrant living and working in this town to learn to respect American hospitality or even to understand American justice?

There are graver evidences than these that the host, not the guest, is the violator of American hospitality. Some of the sons of the men who led the fight for the abolition of slavery in 1861 were fathering a peonage system among aliens in almost every state in the Union in 1909. The Federal Commission of Immigration verified the reports of the Department of Justice and found that foreign laborers were restrained in every state covered by its investigation, except Oklahoma and Connecticut, under conditions which, if substantiated by legal evidence, would constitute peonage as defined by the Supreme Court. According to the report of the Federal Immigration Commission, 'The peonage cases in the South relating to immigrants have been found to cover almost every industry — farming, lumbering, logging, railroading, mining, factories, and construction work. The chief causes of the abuses have been the systems of making advances to laborers, the operation of contract-labor laws, and the misrepresentations made to laborers by unscrupulous agents.'

And the cases of peonage in the North and East, described in the same report, are quite as flagrant.

The peonage conditions are sporadic. But the other conditions herein described prevail in many communities throughout our large industrial states. They have become an accepted accompaniment of industrial development.

These are the conditions, this is the community type, which we permit and which we make. Let us face the matter squarely. The immigrant, upon coming to this country, is suddenly freed from the most minute surveillance of his daily affairs, and from persistent official repression, direction, and advice. He understands that this is the land of liberty. He is suddenly freed from every familiar form of 'control'; in the midst of strange customs, institutions, and laws, he is more helpless than he was at home. Does America make the slightest effort to teach him the difference between liberty and license? No. At the very port of entry he is robbed by the cabman, and by the hotel runner, the expressman, the banker who exchanges his money, the steamship agent, and the hotel-keeper. His first lesson in 'property rights' in America is often the loss of his own small possessions. He is held in bondage by the hotel-keeper, who takes up his 'through railroad ticket' and keeps it until he has secured a fair return in board bill. The *padrone* gets him a job, and for the privilege of housing and feeding him at a price and under conditions about which the immigrant has nothing to say, keeps him in a job. If he rebels, he is promptly blacklisted. The employment agent gets him into debt with a prospective employer, and peonage results. In times of scarcity of labor, contingents of immigrant workmen have been made drunk, shut up in box cars, and landed in labor camps from which there is no return until spring.

After a year or two, or less, of 'American' experience of this kind, suppose the immigrant chances some noonday to hear an agitator of the Industrial Workers of the World. This agitator is often the first person to listen sympathetically to the immigrant's troubles. He represents America, he speaks of new liberty and new opportunity, and it is easy to convince the trusting ignorant alien that *his* way is the way out. No other way has been indicated. It is not that 'lawlessness and violence are the weapons he understands'; it is that they are the only weapons given to the immigrant. Moreover, the agitator addresses the immigrant in his own language. We forget the power of this appeal. In short, the I.W.W. has come to the immigrant, and the labor union has for years ignored him. There are aristocracies among labor unions as among Pilgrims. And the immigrant, ignorant of English and with no facilities for learning it, listens and follows the only 'American' message brought him in a language he can understand.

What we descendants of the first Americans have done is to substitute for that ancient tradition of hospitality a system of heartless exploitation and of neglect, urbane or resentful according to the occasion. A strong nation, with its intrenchments of position, power, and property, has found it possible thus to deal with the weaker peoples who are its guests and admittedly its prospective citizens. The determining factor in our hospitality has been the necessity for laborers — slaves if you will. For years a war has been waged by the workers, backed by the unions and restriction leagues, chiefly fed by race-prejudice on the one hand and by the employers on the other, over the question of *admission*. We have been so busy fortifying one or the other of the positions of these contestants that we have paid no heed

to the guests themselves. Left in new and strange circumstances to work out both their own welfare and their own conduct, they have been unable to do so in a manner satisfactory to us. It is small wonder that they have forgotten or have ignored or have been impertinent to their hosts.

If immigrants are lawless, what is 'the law' in America and how are they to know it? The Romans had one law. We have not only a mass of Federal statutes, but innumerable statutes in forty-eight states and many thousands of ordinances, all providing penalties of fine or imprisonment for their violation, and branding the accused as a violator of law, if not a criminal. How make the immigrant see what many of our oldest Americans fail to grasp? Is it the law that an immigrant may dig trenches in one state but not in another; is it the law that an immigrant may shave his countryman in New York but not in Michigan; that he may own a dog in Delaware but not in Pennsylvania; that he may catch fish in Louisiana but not in Florida? Is it the law that he is entitled to hear and understand the accusation made against him by means of an interpreter in one court, and that in another the accusing officer or the complainant is the interpreter?

Only a few months ago a New Jersey justice of the peace fined an old Hungarian woman for having in her possession on Sunday seven apples taken from a neighboring orchard. Although the woman had taken the apples with permission, and although the person who had given the permission testified to it in court, the justice still maintained that carrying the apples on Sunday was against public policy — and persisted in the fine. It is only fair to add that local sentiment in this case does not seem inclined to tolerate the justice's decision. However, a foreigner who could not speak English would, unaided, be helpless against such a decision.

Again, what is the immigrant to think when he commits larceny and the political leader gets him off if he promises to vote right at the next election? What is he to think when he is denied a license for a pushcart because he is an alien, but is advised to go on peddling and pay the fine each time he is caught, as his profits will cover the cost — with the proper influences? Wherever their own power and interests are at stake, it is the Americans who instruct him, not only to resent legal interference but to evade it.

It is true that our Puritan, Quaker, and Huguenot ancestors sacrificed temporal well-being for liberty of conscience and practiced the stern virtues of courage, fortitude, and a most splendid industry. But who shall say that courage and fortitude and industry are not still practiced when little immigrant children who go to school by day and have the free attention of doctors and dentists, sit in stuffy tenements at night making artificial flowers and picking nuts in order that they may have nourishment to carry them to these schools; or who work long hot days in canneries, taken out of these schools early in the spring and returning late in fall, so that they have but a limited portion of these blessings? Who shall say that these qualities are not practiced by the mother who has from three to ten children and ten boarders crowded into a shack, and must work eighteen hours a day for the three shifts of workmen required by our modern machinery? The machinery must be kept running and the human feeders also must therefore be always there. Who shall say that these virtues are not practiced by our seasonal workers, made idle many months of the

year and subject to all the temptations, vices, and deterioration that go with periods of heavy overwork and of other periods of idleness? Who shall say that the laborer under the padrone, housed in shacks and stables, from whose pay are deducted charges for things he has never had, whose money given to agents for transmission abroad never reaches home, whose wages remain uncollectable, is lacking in these virtues, especially in fortitude?

And in how many schools in this country do the children have the care described by Miss Repplier? We reply, surely in New York City. But Barren Island, in New York City, has three hundred little children that have never had any form of this care. Barren Island is the scene of New York City's garbage disposal; the workers are immigrants, and nobody cares. Yet the value which the immigrant sets upon education may be judged by the following quotation from the Federal Commissioner of Education, in a recent report: 'That these people are interested in the elementary education of their children or at least obedient to the school-attendance laws,' says Dr. Claxton, 'is shown by the fact that the *least illiterate element of our population is the native-born children of foreign-born parents.*'

When will the prevalent belief that the average immigrant has nothing but what we give him to commend himself to American civilization, be abolished by more careful knowledge of the immigrants? 'The immigrant frequently brings his contribution to enrich our civilization,' says an associate superintendent of the New York City public schools. 'The things of the higher kind — the spirituality, the reverence for authority, the love of art and music — are valuable to soften the materialism that has accompanied our great advance in prosperity, and they should not be crushed in our attempt to remake the immigrant.'

I am advancing no thesis that all immigrants have these qualities to contribute. I am saying that many of them have, and that the average American never dreams that they have. We shall never have a sound *economic* judgment on the whole big immigration question as a national policy until we have a sound and well-informed *human* judgment of the immigrant from the rank and file of the American people.

But the height of the failure of the older Americans is reached in their assumption that, as Miss Repplier puts it, 'Dirt is a valuable asset in the immigrant's hands. With its help he drives away decent neighbors, and brings property down to his level and his purse.' Americans who would never have run from an Indian, who would have conquered the forests and spanned the rivers, run from the Italian and the Pole. Alas! we too have deteriorated. We see nothing dramatic, we feel no challenge, in the fight to raise the standards of our less fortunate neighborhoods. The reason that the tenement fire-escapes are cluttered in Rivington Street and free on Fifth Avenue is not, as we fondly suppose, that immigrants prefer fire-escapes draped with bedding and pillows and children. The answer is that they move to Fifth Avenue as soon as their income permits.

Mr. Ross, whom Miss Repplier considers an authority worth following, in *The Old World in the New* points to a typical Western town of 26,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of them immigrants, and gives a picture of the vice, intemperance, bad housing, and wretched standards of living resulting in this town from the immigrant population. We in America believe in majority rule. There was a safe margin of 6000 Americans in that town, free to establish and

insist upon any standard they chose. Why were the Americans beaten in the struggle? Because here as in many other places they ignored or definitely isolated the immigrants, permitting them to work all day with Americans in the mills or factories where they were needed, and then encouraging or compelling them to spend all the rest of their time in their own corner of the town, in Little Italy or Hungary Hollow, and to encroach no more than necessary upon the respectable streets and schools and churches and recreations of the American section.

To many thousands of loyal Americans, the attitude of the German-Americans and especially of their children born here has been a source of wonder and of grief. But here, too, we find that we Americans have been derelict. Setting aside that part of the alienation of sympathy due to family ties and to the daily loss of friends and relatives in the war, how far has the rest of that alienation been influenced by America's own policy? We have had no policy. Have we insisted upon English as our common language? We have allowed the development of community after community in which English is rarely spoken. The proceedings of one of our largest cities are still published year after year in German as well as in English, at the expense of the city. Have we encouraged naturalization and made our oath of allegiance mean something definitely American? Not at all. We have encouraged and fostered the hold of German organizations, publications, and institutions. The German press is allowed to say what it likes in America, but not in Germany. It is true that 'we have no mutual understanding, no common denominator,' but the first Americans whose opportunity and heritage it was to produce these have failed ignominiously. It was not expected that our newly arrived aliens should have the responsibility for this, — else what purpose have our Revolution and our Civil War served?

It is difficult in the face of the sins of omission by the American and the sins of commission by the immigrant to fix the responsibility for our failure to-day to have evolved one nation out of the many peoples in this country. We shall probably, in the absence of that information which makes sound judgments, be fair if we place the blame on both sides equally. But regardless of this, I am convinced that we shall never have a strong nation until the strong people cease exploiting the weak; until the people intrenched in position, power, and prosperity assume the burden and responsibility of the welding of that nation; until the Americans define what they want that nation to be, and then set in motion every resource and agency to achieve this result intelligently.

BLACK SHEEP

IV. THE LAST MAIL

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, WEST AFRICA,
February 5.

MY DEARS, — I write you at my old table, on the very same cracks. There against the wall is my little old fat chest of drawers, that still thrills me with a sense of actual opulence beyond any piece of furniture in the world. Last night, when I came into this room, I seemed to find myself and you, as I had found so many friends along the way, and happiness.

February 8.

You are to know about the journey hither from the beach. On Wednesday morning I left Batanga with two loads, and at Kribi I met Mameya and a man of the Mvele tribe with the Lehmans' jinrickshaw. The jinrickshaw is like a small dogcart, and under the hood of it I jogged along for four days, along a perfect highway between two painted forests; and all the old things were seen to have passed away. Mameya's little strong body trotted in the shafts; Nkot pushed behind; myself, I lounged on the seat and pondered with a kind of degenerate homesickness on the past.

Where were the seven deaths to be met in the old way? Where were the swamps under their fathoms of green, and the hills which one climbed on one's face, and the perilous river crossings? All the sense of sweet intimacy with the forest has gone with the trail, and out of the terrific tumult of the building of the road runs this immaculate highway quiet in the sun. When I think of the uproar of the days and the outraged earth and the great cries of the falling trees and the enforced efforts of the forest tribes among the débris, I feel some lack of zest in the journey on the complacent highway. Yet it is a wonderful road and most creditable to those white men who camped along it. I suppose that they are well out of this by now, travailing in other forests and glad not to have to live 'on top of the paths' they have completed.

I had a most comfortable journey, though Mameya did pull in at night to miserable towns, because he had relatives among the townspeople, I suppose, and I don't know the towns on top of this new road. But we did very well. I was happy with my hands between my knees all the idle day. I had a grass mat that I would spread out on the road or in a palaver house, and sitting on this I would drink hot tea out of my thermos bottle, and the carrier would give me a piece of smoking yam on a little pointed stick. I did not take my tent, but slept in little bark houses. Only the long divide of Pikiliki was familiar. There the river talks the very same palaver among the rocks and the forest drops peace upon the highway, and there I had to walk.

It is easy to talk about the path, but when I think about telling you about the people, I can't begin. So many Christians greeted me on the highway.

It did n't use to be so at all. But now I can't make any sort of time on a journey, for friendly greetings, and for little gatherings of townspeople who call me to speak in the houses which they have built for God, — little houses where they sit on logs and are immensely happy. I spoke in lots of such places, and lots of times I sat in my dogcart by the roadside and talked to the people. Once I was walking and in the shade of a tree I met a woman. She was a Christian, she told me, and held my hand and beamed upon me in a particular way they have. Presently she undid her head-covering, and out of the puffs of her hair she took a little coin — five *pfennigs* — and this she gave me. I was astonished, at the money and at the spirit, but I tried to be polite and to know just how to accept her five pfennigs.

I was surprised, too, by the emotion with which my friends met me, trembling and with tears. At Lam, where a church has just been organized, Bian and Nshicko and old Mejio laughed and cried and held my hands. 'We see your face again. Ah, Missa Makingia, this long time that we have parted, always we have prayed that we might see your face again. And God is willing. Did you forget us? Did you remember us? Do you remember how you said to us thus and so?' They put me in Bian's little clean brown house, and there was to be no parting from me, they said, all that day. Still it was allowed that Makingia had to bathe.

We had meetings, one in the church and one in the palaver house in the evening, by the wood fires. Lam is a big centre now; five hundred come to the service of a Sunday. The church was organized perhaps a month ago, and it is curious to see how deeply mystical a sense of the fact of the Church in their midst the older Christians have. We gabbled a great deal all the sunny afternoon, and after the night came in among the palm trees in the village street. We were beautifully happy. After we said good-night I heard Bian and Nshicko laughing together under the eaves of the house, and when I asked why, they said they rejoiced because of some 'arguments' I had made in the meeting.

I arrived at Lolodorf at the end of a golden day. Mrs. Lehman met me about an hour out, and a little later down the road came those of the schoolboys who knew me, capering with flags; and some of them are young men that were little boys, and those that are still little boys are younger brothers! It was sweet to see them and I was happy. Bitum was quite silly with pleasure. He was sure that my men were going to spill me out of the cart, and he shouted staccato directions as he ran in front of the jinrickshaw, where he had to be nimble or perish.

Lolodorf has changed almost beyond recognition. But the house is the same and the Lehmans are the same, and I could not sleep the first night for old familiar thoughts that came upon me in my old room.

LOLODORF, *February* 14.

To-day Mrs. Lehman and I were in a town where often I used to go to see a woman who is a Christian now, a tall woman furiously tattooed. I always loved her, and now when I sit in her house and think, 'This little brown house is the house of a Christian woman, and that is Nkata,' I feel the uses of the years.

She came in from her work, — cutting brush she had been, — and her body with its terrific mesh of bluish black tattoo was wet with the dew. Mrs. Lehman was telling her that her little daughter, who is to be graduated with Mrs. Emerson's advanced class of girls, must learn now from her mother

the works of women — gardening and fishing and hunting of firewood and cooking. But Nkata, it seems, has the old golden maternal dream for her one little daughter. She unwound her bit of rag from a cut on her leg, — the scars of her profession, — and she said that Mban must not work as her mother does. The humanity of this was of course very touching, but we called up the shade of a future husband, who for all his lack of definite feature knew his own mind and how to drive little Mban to her duty, without any particular care of her shins.

February 16.

Out under the bright moon and bright Sirius and the worshipful Canopus, I have been talking with the boys the old palavers. After all these years — is the world really round as the white people say? They do not doubt, they say, but they wonder! And beyond the stars, what? Ah, what indeed!

EFULEN, *March* 18.

I should like to tell you all about the trip across country. It was an interesting trip, rather rough but not rough the first day. The next morning we turned off the main way at Mebem, and into a cross-country path of which I may now say that it is as bad as they say it is. Which proves, as I told my men, that a scandal is not necessarily a lie. We walked for about two hours on an old path running through overgrown clearings, the worst kind of walking. At noon or so we came out on a cleared path, and passed through a populous district where is that great rock upon which God rested on his way from the interior to the beach. I shall be telling you more of this, for Parnassus it was and looked to be: really an adequate Parnassus, a tremendous granite crown to a hill dominating the hills of the forest. Nzwango told me tales of this place of which, as I say, I shall write at length. We were 'tied,' you would think, to make all-day stages. It was all of five o'clock when we got into Nkotoven and were received by dear old Zamo, who was grieved to see her 'little daughter' so weary. Before you could guess it there was a kettle on the fire and I was in bed, with Zamo sitting by the door of the hut in the moonlight. Now I must hear much talk of the goodness of God and his power. Myself, I am always very conscious of the goodness of God when I am on the road.

I put up next night with Abote, a person habitually grave, but now all laughter because I had come, and with sudden gay notes in her lovely deep voice. That night, having no lantern, I went to bed in the moonlight, a mountain misty moonlight. I laced my tent flap to the ground and went cold to bed, to think of wild cattle and gorillas and driver ants. To such times of weakness are women prone.

EFULEN, *April* 1.

Your letter is a perfectly reasonable letter, and the women's questions are perfectly reasonable, except when they ask if I am 'making good.' Even that question, addressed to the right quarter, would be perfectly reasonable. As for me, I am a perfectly good dead cat. I have even perfectly good excuses that would read well in a missionary biography. I spare them.

Efulen station is the oldest Bulu station. It is now fifteen or sixteen years old. There are, as a result of the work, something over two hundred church members, and an immense parish, with adherents in innumerable villages. Two thousand people assemble of a Sunday. The work is exceedingly encouraging, the people exceedingly responsive. A minimum force for this station would be a minister and his wife, a doctor and his wife, a schoolteacher, and a single woman. That is. three men and three

women. This year we have had a minister, a teacher, and myself. We hardly touch the work. I have been at the head of the house, of the girls' school, and of the women's work. I run the house with a cook, a washboy, a steward, and a cook's mate. In the morning I oversee the girls' outdoor work and prepare sewing for the sewing classes, and hold meetings for the women for a few days before and after the first Sunday in the month, when they come in from outlying districts by the hundreds. In the afternoon I oversee the girls' work in school; and on Wednesdays I have a meeting with the women who are leaders in their districts and who report to me conditions in the towns to which I cannot find time to go in these days, and they report meetings held. We pray together for individuals; I have a list of such. Sometimes at night I go down the hill to the towns with a lantern, to do some business that I could not find time to do in the day, and always I visit the little girls' dormitories in the evening. And once in a while I help the poor schoolteacher struggle with a case of illness, for we have no doctor. It is horrible to see people die for lack of a doctor.

I must stop, and I have not given you the sense of a black face at every door, at every window, and the murmur of 'Mama! Mama!' that beats upon one all day; and how sometimes we must say to the women who have come to speak of their souls' salvation, 'Go away now, come to-morrow,' — because our voice is worn out.

I am always your friend.

LOLODORF, *September* 3.

Yesterday I went from house to house in this neighborhood, and there were women who remembered me, said they, when I was a little girl. At noon I spread my mat on the pole bed across from Meyée's bed where she lies in her little brown hut — some sort of nervous disorder — imagine it. We talked together through the noon hour; she was telling me that the people of the town were telling her husband, Woneli, that he must make magic for her or she will die. 'Let her die first,' says Woneli; 'what is death to a Christian?' Meyée quite bursts with pride at Woneli's vicarious fortitude.

I said I wanted to go to Abwang, whose child had died; Abwang is a church member. A woman who sat by the door of the hut said she would show me the path; I thought this just a common courtesy; I did n't know that we were to chin our way up the banks of the Bekui and hang on to sapling trees for an hour each way. She certainly was good to me. Once she turned around to find me hung up; back she clambered, and she said, very sweetly I thought, 'You are not alone in trouble.'

Coming to the river bank, we called, and a man came over for us in a canoe. One at a time we crossed, kneeling in the prow. Up the bank again and through a little stretch of forest to a hamlet on the hillside, very quiet in the sunny afternoon. Abwang lay on her pole bed with her newest baby by her side; three children she has left. I found that we were six women in the hut, all Christians; I was much struck with such a gathering in that little brown shelter. I asked did Bekalli, the father of the child who died — did he make the usual accusations against the mother? And the women said, No, he just sat in his house and felt grief as they did. By and by I saw him in his palaver house, where he just sat and felt grief.

When I got back to Lemizhwon, old Anzia Mpila gave me three cassava cakes, — a considerable present in these days of famine, — and the women said, I —

September 6 or 7 or 8.

Too bad, I have forgotten what they said. But here is what I saw to-night. I am in Zenebot, half way to Lam, staying with decent folk, Ze Mpioga — thick-headed but good. And this is what I saw: —

I went with my lantern into Ze's little hut; I sat down by the fire, and there was the family too. Mendom was heating some water in a big black kettle. The youngest Mpioga, still without teeth, was howling in the arms of little brother. Presently to the light of my lantern Mendom brings her three-year-old; she empties her hot water into a wooden bowl; with a sponge of crushed leaves she washes first one little foot, then the other. Kid howls. His feet are sore, poor little duffer — he holds out his hand for his father to hold. Mother is relentless until both feet are soaked; then she opens a little leaf packet: there is salve made of the bark of the redwood tree; she adds a little palm oil to this, and very carefully she anoints the little feet. The sobs subside and the child walks off on his heels. Now the mother pours more water into the bowl, takes the fretful baby out of the hands of little brother, stands the weeny thing in her belt of beads on the clay floor, and swabs her down with water. There is the familiar initial gasp. With her maternal hands she cleanses that little person all glittering with wet, and she says, looking at me and smiling, 'God has sent me much trouble.' And the father says, apropos of nothing, 'All these have been baptized.' I sit on my stool by the fire and feel steeped in the most human domesticity. Everywhere in the world at this hour little children are whimpering over their evening ablutions. It is a mistake to think that any child of a good mother escapes. — So much for the illusions of little boys who would like to be heathen.

Lam, *September* 8.

It is a sunny morning, a great treat in these days. I have Bella's little new baby for company; I heard about her the night I left Bibia. When I told the schoolgirls about her, up pipes one, 'Great thanks! The tribe is increased!' The conventional congratulation, I suppose. The little darling! The black women say of a sister's child, 'I did not bear it, but I see it my child.'

Efulen, *December* 16.

Here, my dears, is Efulen, but not just as I left it, for where we were three there are now seven missionaries. Lots of nice young people. But here are the hills, in their most lovely moment of color; for it is the spring, and the rose and amber and pale green of the new leaf is everywhere under the morning haze. Lovely, lovely valleys; lovely, lovely mountains; like the mountains and the valleys in the backgrounds of primitive Italian pictures. So much beauty frees the spirit, and I would like to do nothing for quite a while but hang over the brink of the clearing.

I left Thursday morning, was on the road all day, turned off the highway at about four, and was in the Bulu town of Tyange before dark. Had a little meeting and then to bed. Off after prayers at daylight for a long, long day in the forest and over the most incredible, heart-breaking, beautiful hills. Paths brown with leaves, promising always to do better and then rearing like a mean horse. It is not much of a path for a chair, and I walked ahead of little Bama and big Se Menge, who felt outraged, I should suppose, by the treacheries of nature. We made the town of Abiete, rebuilt since my day, by four o'clock. A big clean town. I asked for the headman; was told, he is at the beach. Eké! I did not know then that he had gone to the beach a few days before tied up to a pole in a

blanket and carried by soldiers. Dr. Weber investigated a case of torture in this town, and found that the headman had tied one of his women to a pole, had beaten her, and had burned her with a torch. The doctor sent pictures of this woman to the executive at the beach, and the headman was arrested. Said he would not go, and so was carried. All this a day or two before my caravan put up for the night in the town of Abiete, where we were entertained with extreme and careful courtesy. Only this seemed to me queer — that no woman was allowed to see me alone, and when a group would come into my hut a man stood on guard. I knew there must be some palaver on; when I came here I found out just what.

I got in to Efulen the next day at three, a good journey, not a pain in my good little body nor a reproach for ill treatment. I must tell you, the day before I left for Efulen I attended an adjourned meeting of Presbytery, and heard six young fellows examined with a view to coming under the care of Presbytery — young bucks that want to be ministers, my dears, and I knew them when they were in knickerbockers (note, figure of speech). Ze Tembe, a dashing, handsome young man, full of innocent swagger and a very real eloquence. He has been a Christian for perhaps five years, has never since his conversion had a serious palaver, wears his beautiful youth and his Christian successes with a kind of spirited and happy humility, is as definite as Peter in his expectation of an unblemished devotion to his Master. Next him, fumbling at his cap and answering in a low voice, my Bitum — no dimples. Yes, he once had a palaver; no, never since; yes, he thinks in his heart that some may have been converted by his preaching, perhaps so, yes, perhaps so; and behind him sit his two brothers, who were indeed converted by his preaching — Melom, a strong evangelist and a man; and Etundé, as old, perhaps, as Bitum, but childlike; beloved by his elders; just in from service to the Yaunde tribes; making naïve gestures upon this solemn occasion, stretching his arms and sprawling as men do in the palaver houses, and without any sense of the direction of questions, so that if he were not handled by as wise a man as Mr. Dager, our Etundé would lose out. Between these two brothers, Melandi, whom you may remember, who has been for years a faithful and blameless evangelist; who, imagine it in this country, went virtuous to a marriage with a virtuous girl. There is no emotional quality in his response, but a very convincing and steadfast devotion. Then there are Bikwe and Nna, another brother of Bitum, and Mengun — these last are not present.

LOLODORF, *March* 2.

To-day is the first Sunday of the month. We had a congregation of something like nine hundred fairly orderly Ngumba and Bulu people, who achieved the feat of rising to sing a hymn and reseating themselves when the hymn was sung, in quite a seemly fashion. We used, when we rose to sing, to stampede in a sort of stationary fashion; that is, we did not desert but we exercised within limits — great yawnings and stretchings and scufflings of feet. So for a long time we were suppressed; we sat through our hymns. Of late we rise from time to time, and with growing distinction. To-day over sixty men confessors presented themselves to Mr. Emerson, or were presented by the Christians of their neighborhoods.

BENITO, SPANISH GUINEA,
March 16.

I write to you in pencil, my dears, because it is easy and I must do the easy thing or just nothing at all. And

I would rather do that last anyway. Yesterday, on the last lap of my journey, I was wishing I were one of the old canoes under the eaves of the houses. When a canoe gets old here, they cut away the ends and turn it upside down under the eaves. There it is for a seat; it never journeys forth any more. All these little cabins by the sea have such a bench under the thatch outside the door. And all these little villages are full of the emblems of the sea, and the wind from the sea and the talk of the sea; it is extraordinary to what an extent the sea dominates its margins. At all my little meetings on this beach journey, I have heard the Lord's prayer in Benga, a most beautiful tongue; the sighing swell and ebb of it is like a voice of the sea, the voice of many waters, unified in a strain of passionate melancholy. I have never heard any spoken word so compounded of the elements and the emotions. But I have seen so much new beauty in this last week, and in such a perceptive fashion as fatigue produces, that I feel very wise, — you know that wisdom which answers from the deeps to the face of new beauty and then is submerged again, like perceptions in a dream.

From Batanga to the Campo the coast is of an extraordinary beauty. Here the cliffs to the east shut out the morning, and to the west the thin veil of the forest is pierced and slit and torn by the bright pallor of the sea. I always imagined that the forest by the coast was fairly inhabited, and so, used and stale. But there are empty miles between the villages where the virgin forest comes darkly down to the white foam of the sea; the little path runs between these in and out of the gloom, over the rocks and out upon the sands. Very few people travel north and south on this coast; one is alone for hours. In the afternoon is another beauty: then the forest is full of sifted light; there is no mystery, but a kind of ordered magnificence of avenues and terraces and deliberate surf. Everything waits for something understood and adequate.

Thursday at one we came to Evune, where Mbule Ngubi is the Minister. You must read your Theocritus if you are to have any sense of that village by the sea, sunk in the shade of cocoa trees, the little bamboo houses filled with the wind and the murmur of the sea, nets drying in the sun or hanging furled under the eaves, canoes drawn up under the cocoanut palms that crowd about the path from the beach to the settlement. When I came out of the glare of the open into the dusk of the cocoa trees, grand young men shook me by the hand. I don't know who they were — the gilded youth of Evune.

Mbule Ngubi has what we call a 'deck house,' a house on posts with a plank floor. He is a tall man, perhaps fifty, with a grand manner and a beautiful simplicity. He put me into a clean room flooded with light and wind. Himself, he spread the bamboo slats of the bed with clean sheets. Water was brought me; I bathed and lay with my helmet over my eyes in that little chamber by the sea, and gave thanks. We had our supper together. 'My sister in the Lord is here,' says Mbule Ngubi, 'and shall I not kill a chicken?' We had a chicken and mashed plantain, with a sauce of palm oil. Here we had an evening service in that bamboo house which the people of Evune built for their Lord; quite a beautiful little chapel. So much order, so much kindness, so many bright stars above the little village and the wide sea!

BATANGA, KAMERUN, *May* 3.

We (myself and Mr. Cunningham, who has been visiting the people of God in the Gaboon) arrived from Benito in the middle of last night. We came up in the Robina, a thirty-foot boat that

carries a mainsail and a jib. There is a deck of adjustable planks over the stern and an awning above this, but the awning must come down with the change of wind. Mattresses are laid out on the platform and the passengers laid out on the mattresses. So sweet, my dears, to lie with the boat-side on a level with you and with your nose all but cutting the water when you hang over.

We had four of a crew and four black passengers mixed up with the rigging and our boxes. There was a great laughing and the characteristic bubbling of Benga talk — the crew are Benga men because this tribe are expert seamen. If you could only see our captain, Iveki, son of the great Ibia, born when I was, but, oh, my dears, of such a different kind of poetry. He is quite the perfection of his type, a type that you will never see — and that is a pity. I hunt the word that will present him to you. His beauty is all slim and eager in action, and in repose is fairly massive. He sits idly, his hands at ease, but his action is immediate and exact. He smiles for secret reasons suddenly and slyly, and again he smiles suddenly and frankly. His teeth are amazing, so perfect and small. His chin is slight above his strong neck; his nostrils are delicate; he has the beard of adolescence and the eyes of a woman. Sex plays with him a double game — and I have seen other Africans who show the same expenditure of charm — a feminine grace all velvet over the rock of heathen man.

The wind served us ill; we had long hours of rolling calm and of the most outrageous sunlight. One day we rowed for hours close in, to the sound of a tremendous surf; we were trying to land, and at last we came to the sacred rock of which it is not well to speak the name, and to which tobacco is offered and rum is poured into the sea for libation. We were too poor to perform these rites — or too impious. Back of this rock is a little place of calm, a haven; we went ashore here and made a real meal in a town near by.

The nights were broken and memorable. We slept lying on our mattresses, and the gray water slipped by. There were clouds and stars in the sky, and to the east the dark line of shore. We heard the surf all night. When the sheet struck the water there was a line of phosphorescent fire, and new constellations whenever the men bailed the boat. One night it stormed, and I lay under the boom and the reefed sail as deliciously snug as the unfledged. 'There is no comfort,' think I, all cozy in my shelter, 'like the comfort of vagabonds!' And sleep again to find the wind fallen, the sky washed and tumultous with stars, old Masongo trampling on his passengers and busy with the sail. When the shadow of the sail was plain on the water, that was morning; then the gray of the world paled, and the stars in the sky and the little fitful stars by the boat-side died.

We were three days coming up, and I had forgotten to expect to get anywhere, when I woke to find Mr. C. sitting up beside me in the stern of the boat, shouting out to 'mind the rocks!' 'You'll be on the rocks!' shouts Jimmie. It is customary to shout when you make a landing, and I always quake because I forget that it is customary. Lights were on the water's edge. As a matter of fact we made a good landing, riding in on the curling of surf to the light of the lanterns ashore. The black boys rush out to meet us, get a rope from the bow, hold her steady by this. I sit on the gunwale with my legs over the side, waiting to be picked off; in my eyes the lanterns and the incessant white surf are a dazzle. Presently along comes Masongo, tall and lean and kind. He presses through the surf. His head is about on a level with my

knees. When we next ease down a bit I let myself go into his arms and am carried ashore. And so, to bed. Old Masongo — how kind to me he was! Mr. C. teased the men about 'calling up the wind,' and they laughed. But once when Mr. C. and I were asleep, I saw Masongo looking for the land breeze and calling softly the old incantation: 'Viaka, epupu, viaka!' And of course the wind rose.

Eké! my dears, how far you live from these adventures!

June 6.

Yesterday some Ngoé women, who are much more naïve than the Ngumba, came to the house of Ze to dress, four or five of them just in from the garden, their bright cloths in their hands. 'Where is your mirror?' they ask Ze. 'My mirror? Where is everything I own? My girl Ntolo has taken it to school, with my handkerchief and my piece of soap.' But she produces a mirror, and there follows one of the most feminine performances you ever saw. There are as many ways of binding your head with a handkerchief as there are hats in a shop. In their bits of loin-cloths the women bound their bandanas, holding the little mirror between their knees as they stood. Such prinking, such laughing! Eyinga the middle-aged, lovesick to the point of death for Se Menge, but since recovered, was found to be adjusting the third handkerchief over the other two. 'Eyinga, you will kill yourself!' says Menge. But they all took a hand in the arrangement of this, a woolen one with fringe. It is fine to have a fringe of fringe! This done, it seemed that all was lost — her head was too big for the neck of her dress. 'It must be undone,' says Eyinga desperately, and they all laugh. — 'The perspiration runs down you like a river,' they tell her. And I say, 'She must be got into that dress somehow, and at once.' She stands, smothered, her arms raised while they tug at her dress. She emerges, red woolen fringe and anxious face. Her coquetry is of a very serious type.

Batanga, Sunday, *May* 4.

I have received Father's letter, with his judgment as to my next winter. I am turning things over in my mind. The idea of leave of absence does not appeal to me, as I don't see the logic of it. If I am — well, I don't see when I am likely to return, if I am needed at home; and if I am not needed at home I would stay on here.

To-night, my dears, at sunset, Kamerun mountain and Fernando Po rise out of the sea as blue as plums and as clear as Fujiyama in a print.

May 31.

I sent off my cable yesterday, and am perfectly satisfied that I have done the right thing. You need not worry about my being contented at home.

I am very much comforted by the attitude of the older missionaries. They think that my place is at home if I think so. And you must say very simply to every one, that I have come, since the changes of the last four years, to feel that my place is at home. If you just say those words, neither more nor less, you will speak my truth, and you will find how receptive of a natural truth people in general are. I have no question in my own mind that I am on the right track, and I have no question of my happiness at home.

I mean to take an inland journey during the dry season — nothing extreme, as I have not the strength to undertake an extended one. But a pleasant journey. I shall sail for home in the middle of October, or thereabouts.

[*'Black Sheep' will be concluded by a postscript in the February issue of the magazine.*]

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF DRINK[1]

WITH SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE PROHIBITION ARGUMENT

BY JOHN KOREN

I

ALCOHOL is a world-old and well-nigh universal article of consumption. For unnumbered centuries peoples in far-apart countries have habitually used a variety of alcoholic beverages made from grain, fruit, or milk (*koumyss*, *kefir*). When the art of distillation had been mastered and finally made a commercial venture, spirits of all kinds became generally available, and, through the improved channels of transportation, reached the uttermost confines of the globe. At the present time, according to Dr. Hartwich, the only 'alcohol-free' races are certain aboriginal remnants in Ceylon, Malacca, and among the Indians of South America. The consciousness of dangers (chiefly individual) from the intemperate use of alcohol is also of great antiquity; but it remained for modern times to discover in the abuse of alcohol a social-hygienic problem of the first magnitude. Great wisdom beyond this we have not yet attained.

Our temperance preaching has not wholly emerged from the vituperative stage. It is still the all-absorbing occupation of the reformer to denounce the wickedness and nefarious schemes of the 'trade.' But it is not helpful, for vituperation is a form, not of communicating truth, but of self-indulgence. It is a dull weapon of attack, and bars the way to an objective and passionless consideration, without which progress halts. To a great extent, even the so-called 'alcohology' of the latter decades savors of invective and extravagant rhetoric. But, more important, it astounds the critical investigator by the crudity of its methods of investigation, the triviality of much subject-matter, the glaring methodological defects, and the consequent questionableness of its general conclusions. But if evident untruths underlie some of the fundamental conceptions of the present-day systems of temperance doctrine, the protagonists of the *status quo* in liquor legislation are equally unscientific and guilty of untruths when they prate about the usefulness of alcohol in all its forms, shutting their eyes almost willfully to its menaces.

Like the common run of alcohol literature, the practical temperance policies insisted upon are not based on real knowledge won through methodical observation and intensive study of the social aspects of the drink question. Indeed, our fact basis is amazingly weak. We do not know definitely the extent to which alcohol is abused within any state or any of its civil subdivisions, such as city, village, or rural district. We have no clear conception of the characteristics of the different types of alcoholic persons; we have not penetrated their lives; the kind and amount

[1] Earlier papers by Mr. Koren have appeared in the last two issues of the *Atlantic*.

of injury they do themselves and others are known only in the most general way and have not been ascertained *in casu*. The development of alcoholism in the individual, and the circumstances of an individual or social character that give rise to and perpetuate it, have not been studied. We declaim about the use of alcohol as a social disease, yet are curiously ignorant of its deeper-lying causes, its manifestations and progression. There is no competent social organ delegated to observe the ravages of this disease and lay bare the many-sided conditions that determine it. In fact, we lack the expertness needed in devising new measures of protection, as well as in tracing the effect against the drink evil of those we have adopted.

Yet the temperance question touches various phases of community life which can be made the object of exact investigation. In this field as elsewhere, legislation must be preceded by accurate information, not only concerning social phenomena — the bad conditions of life — which instigate the reform work, but also about the circumstances that produce the phenomena. Unless such information is gained, all proposals for reform are likely to become one-sided and involve the danger that, in endeavoring to suppress an evident evil, we may originate others less easily discovered and perhaps more threatening.

Of course, the present directors of the temperance movement in our country will not accept this plea; for theirs is the enviable belief of not needing to learn. Are not the children of our forty-eight states taught the precise physiological effects of alcohol in small and larger doses, although the scientist may still grope for the truth? Are not our towns and highways adorned with 'posters' stating in exact percentages the human miseries that flow from intemperance? And are there not traveling exhibits that have 'scientifically' charted every social relation into which alcohol enters, so that one may take in at a diagrammatic-statistical glance any fact — from the effect of one glass of beer upon a person's industrial efficiency to the hereditary influence of parental alcoholism upon the offspring? The finality of the case against alcohol seems indubitable since we are assured, under congressional frank, that the registered mortality due in some way to alcoholism equals the total registered mortality of all but infants for the whole country! Although the temperance question is fundamentally a problem in adjusting social conditions, physiology, medicine, and statistics are called upon, not merely as witnesses, but as judges who have rendered the unalterable verdict against alcohol.

In Europe, far-seeing temperance advocates realize the instability of the 'scientific' foundation upon which it has been sought to rear the dogma of universal prohibition. But the leaders in this country continue to misplace emphasis upon statements selected from the teachings of physiologists, medical practitioners, and investigators, as well as upon inferences from social statistics. This appeal to authority carries unreasonable weight with the general public; for as a people we are singularly prone to accept generalizations dressed up in a quasi-scientific garb, when they are given repeated currency by that portion of the press whose chief function it is to spread inaccuracies. Probably Dr. Karl Pearson goes too far in saying, 'We found that the whole "scientific" basis of the movement [temperance] was worthless.' Physiology and medicine are invaluable allies in the fight against alcoholism, but not as final arbiters of legislative policies. Nor does the state of our knowledge about the relations of social

ailments to drink enable us to prescribe a specific. But reformers assume generally that further pursuit of knowledge is superfluous; and it is therefore necessary to outline the more important 'findings' about alcohol resulting from recent authoritative investigations.

II

From the social point of view, the contentions between certain schools of physiology in regard to the precise effect upon the human organism of alcohol in large and smaller quantities is relatively unimportant. Their conclusions of general significance merely reinforce what observation and experience have taught: namely, that alcohol in large quantities operates as a dangerous poison, while in smaller quantities, particularly in certain diluted forms, it may not injure the adult body. The elaborate inquiries made in order to fix the safe minimal dose of alcohol have yielded quite varying results, some placing it at 25 grammes per day, others as high as 100 grammes.

No exact limit can be fixed, for the reaction of the individual to alcohol differs greatly, not only according to age and sex, but according to constitutional peculiarities and acquired qualities connected with the drink habits of the individual. There is no method by which we can measure the degree of individual tolerance to alcohol, and therefore it is impossible to generalize about the safe minimal quality. Then, too, much depends upon the purity of the beverage used, the concentration of alcohol, whether it is consumed at once or at intervals, with meals or before them, during a day's work or after its close, as well as upon habits of life generally. Again ordinary experience comes to our aid, teaching, among other things, that some adults are peculiarly susceptible to the toxic action of alcohol and should shun it, while others are not injuriously affected when using it in moderation; and that alcohol has no more place in the diet of the young than coffee, tea, and spices.

Also, from the social point of view, the dispute as to whether alcohol is a nutritious substance has only an academic interest and does not cover a real issue. One must accept as incontestable that, as alcohol is burned up in the body, it saves carbohydrates, fat, and albumen, and is therefore to be reckoned among the nutritive substances. Dr. A. Forel, the eminent Swiss temperance leader, admits this, but suggests that alcohol be designated as a 'poisonous nutriment,' whatever that may mean. The fact that alcohol in large quantities has a toxic effect does not detract from its position as a nutriment in the physiological view. Yet to advocate alcohol as an article of consumption for the sake of its food-value is clearly inadmissible. In its most wholesome form, in pure beers, it is a poor substitute for other food. Alcohol does not sound its own warning against use in unduly large quantities by producing that sense of repletion which is characteristic of ordinary foods. Simply the question of cost determines the unwisdom of regarding alcohol in any form as a food, unless it be in very special cases under medical direction.

In the layman it may seem almost presumptuous to dwell on the extensive scientific inquiries made in regard to the effect of smaller quantities of alcohol upon the different functions of the human body. The scientists themselves, however, do not assume to have reached final conclusions on many essential points. Moreover, their conclusions do not harmonize. Thus Dr. Kraeplin, who is perhaps most frequently appealed to as an authority on account of his great contributions to the study of the action of alcohol on the

nerve-system and the functions of the brain, believes himself to have demonstrated that, for instance, the ability to add numbers, read signals, set type, and so on, is weakened after the use of alcohol, at any rate after the lapse of some time. In particular does he believe that he has shown that the 'higher' psychic functions, such as the differentiation of mental impressions, the analysis of thoughts, and the control of expressions of the will, are disturbed even by the use of very minute quantities of alcohol; while the 'lower' functions, such as the repetition of a speech or poem, and the ability quickly to find a rhyme and the like, may be heightened by the use of alcohol. But several later investigators, among them Dr. Rüdin, Dr. Joss, and others, have arrived at quite other results, not nearly so damaging, regarding the effect of alcohol on the psychic functions. One must therefore conclude that in these respects the present standpoint of science does not permit hard-and-fast assertions of a general nature. This is particularly true in regard to the effect of alcohol on the more subtle psychic functions. Latterly investigators have begun to ask whether alcohol, in inhibiting certain functions and setting others free, may not in many instances perform a beneficent rather than a harmful service.

Few individuals, however, allow their personal habits to be swayed by the qualified dicta of scientists. Alcohol has become one of the most favored and widely used means of enjoyment because of its effect upon the subjective condition of being. Taken moderately, alcoholic beverages diminish the sense of lassitude, still the feeling of discontent and disquietude, heighten self-esteem, and unlock the doors to a livelier communication with one's fellow beings. The reasons why men drink thus also point to the deepest source of the drink peril. It has been asked if a higher complex civilization can forego the use of alcoholic stimulants without danger to its continuous development. But that question at least is so far beside the mark, as from a physiological point of view alcohol is no more a necessity of life than tobacco or coffee; and this fact alone cannot decide the stand of society toward public temperance policies. Unnumbered sober-living people, who are capable of judgment, believe from personal experience that the use of alcoholic beverages benefits them in different ways. Science recognizes this and can at present make no other reply than that given by the seventy physiologists at the Physiological Congress held in Cambridge, in 1898: —

'Briefly, none of the exact results hitherto gained can be appealed to as contradicting, from a purely physiological point of view, the conclusions, which some persons have drawn from their daily common experience, that alcohol so used (taken in diluted form, in small doses, as indicated by the popular phrase, "moderate use of alcohol") may be beneficial to their health.'

III

Merely the denial of physiologists that alcohol, in the form of beverages commonly used, is to be regarded purely as an injurious substance or as a 'poison,' cannot determine our attitude toward prohibition. We are told to weigh the pleasures or benefits of drink against the misfortunes and social ill-being it causes. Yet, though evidence tell overwhelmingly against alcohol, there still confront us these two fundamental questions: Can national prohibition stop or in a notable degree ameliorate the evils resulting from alcoholism? Can the result be accomplished with greater certainty and less risk through other means? The second

question will be answered in the last article of this series. The reply to the first must be based on accurate knowledge of the kinds and extent of the injury wrought by the abuse of alcohol, for otherwise we cannot decide wisely about the protective measures to be taken or perceive the sacrifices it may be necessary to make.

Within the slender frame of a single article one can hardly attempt more than the most summary consideration of the social conditions and phenomena seemingly bound up with the alcohol problem. Perhaps none is more fundamental than that of the relation of alcohol to heredity. Many have come to regard alcohol as one of the most important causes of a family degeneration which manifests itself in different ways. The evidence is culled from numerous observations of families of alcoholists, in which the children exhibit more or less pronounced indications of mental and physical defect. Some go further and hold alcohol responsible for a diminished reproductiveness, the frequency of miscarriage, and increased infantile mortality. Doubtless the abuse of alcohol is not without influence in these respects; and most investigators agree to the extent that mentally or physically abnormal children are more frequently found in the families of drinkers than elsewhere. But opinions diverge sharply on the *interpretation of the causes* that determine such conditions.

Perhaps no modern investigator has subjected the mass of material relating to this subject to such a fair, thorough, and exhaustive test as Dr. Ulrik Quensel, Professor of Pathology at the University of Upsala.[1] The writer therefore feels safe in setting forth his judgment on the scientific value of the conclusions reached by writers like Bezzola, Bunge, Forel, Gruber, Legrain, Laitinen, Saleeby, Helenius, and a host of less-known spokesmen for theories about the race-destroying effects both of acute and of chronic alcoholism.

Dr. Quensel, in summing up, considers whether the *a priori* assumable direct effect of alcohol in poisoning the sex-cells and their heredity-bearing substance, or the indirect effect of alcoholism on the family and the environment in which the children are reared, is of the greater significance. He rejects the theory, advanced by Forel and others, of a direct destructive effect of alcohol on the germ-plasm, in cases of both acute and chronic alcoholism, saying, 'The facts hitherto brought forward do not constitute binding evidence of the general validity of the theory.' Its theoretical possibilities he does not deny. In particular, moreover, he is skeptical as to the opinion that 'even a moderate use of alcohol or a single accidental intoxication, by its direct effect on the germ-plasm, can cause changes transmissible to the offspring.' But he is not blind to the possibility that a chronic misuse of alcohol may have an injurious effect on the organs of reproduction.

It is frequently the case, says Dr. Quensel, that the alcoholic himself has an inherited psychopathic tendency which made him a drinker in the first instance, and which eventually may be transmitted to his children. The statistical literature so largely called upon to prove the transmission of degeneracy and certain forms of mental disease through alcohol, he dismisses by citing the words of the eminent medical statistician, Dr. Weinberg, who says, 'Almost everything remains to be done to produce exact workable statistics free from objections.'

Of course, Dr. Quensel is not oblivious to the manifold indirect effects alcoholism may have upon family life,

[1] *Alkoholfrågan Från Medicinsk Synpunkt*, 1913.

and its consequences for the children. The obvious poverty resulting from alcoholism and the associated unhygienic conditions of living, hardly need mention; but justly to apportion the exact value of all such influences in the individual instance is almost insuperably difficult.

According to Dr. Quensel, we do not know definitely 'that alcohol, as such, diminishes reproductiveness.' The frequently excessive infantile mortality in the families of alcoholics, he finds may be due to a congenital weakness in the children, which nevertheless may also be explained by the untoward outer conditions referred to. The assumption that a psychic abnormality in the children of drunkards, especially in the form of feeble-mindedness, idiocy, and epilepsy, results from the parental abuse of alcohol, he regards skeptically, stating that the causation in this form of degeneracy is exceedingly complicated and not yet demonstrable. On the other hand, he believes that the indirect influences of alcoholism bear widely upon the development of the children, and may suffice to make its progress more or less abnormal.

The prohibitionist conception of alcoholism as the most potent race-destroying agency is therefore wholly untenable.

The Swedish committee of physicians concludes its chapter on alcohol and heredity as follows: 'To speculate about alcohol as a cause of the degeneration or dying out of whole nations, is under these circumstances unjustifiable, at least in case one bases its influence upon an assumed effect of the individual on the offspring. That alcohol through its social consequences under certain conditions, for instance among aborigines, may bring a people to the brink of destruction, is certain. But in regard to European civilized peoples — an impartial investigation of their relation to alcohol seems to favor the hypothesis that "the organ of heredity," perhaps through selection, has acquired the ability to protect itself against alcohol, rather than the popular assumption that this organ — on account of its supposed fine structure — is especially exposed to all the poisons circulating within the body and thereby surrenders the generation to destructive agencies of all kinds.' [1]

IV

Allied to the basic question of alcohol as a direct factor in degeneracy is that of its position as a cause of insanity. The popular picture of its importance in this respect is much overdrawn; and for this exaggeration the propagandist temperance literature is responsible. As a rule, the nerve and mental ailments of alcoholic origin are clearly distinguishable. This is true, for instance, of alcoholic polineuritis, which sometimes is associated with mental disturbances. Alcoholic hallucinations and delirium tremens, the commonest form of insanity caused by drink, are easily recognized. Of less certain etiology are rarer forms of derangement such as 'alcoholic paranoia.'

The causative relation of alcohol to other forms of mental disease is even more obscure. In general, the abuse of alcohol appears symptomatically in a number of dissimilar psychoses, such as dementia praecox, maniac and paralytic conditions of exaltation, and others. It is accepted that alcoholism may contribute directly or indirectly to upset the psychic balance of persons predisposed to mental disease and thereby help to give it form. The whole case can be put briefly in this way: The mental diseases occurring in intemperate persons are partly of a specific character, partly those in which alcoholism is

[1] *Alkoholen och Samhället*, 1912.

contributory, and partly those in which it must be regarded less as a cause than as an expression of the abnormal psychic constitution which becomes more clearly revealed by mental disease.

Much of the flatulent statistical material invoked to prove that alcohol is a most prolific source of insanity is of the imaginative or made-to-order variety. The United States Census report on the insane in hospitals shows alcoholic psychoses to be the diagnosis in but 10.1 per cent of the whole number of patients admitted to all hospitals for the insane during 1910. Yet the inference that none of the persons involved would have become insane except for the abuse of alcohol is not at all permissible. Quite apart from any inclination to exaggerate, and apart from a frequently antiquated classification of mental diseases, the average hospital diagnostician does not or cannot procure the data which invariably enable him to determine whether alcoholism is of a mere incidental kind and a symptom of an abnormal make-up or an already existing mental disease, or a true etiological factor.

In curious contrast to the above-mentioned percentage of alcohol psychoses in all the hospitals for the insane in the United States, is the result of an investigation made in 1915 under the authority of the Massachusetts State Board of Insanity. It relates to 793 cases in the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. Of this number, no less than 340 were originally committed from the so-called State Farm, to which chiefly drunkards, tramps, and others of the same strain are sent; the remainder for the greater part being committed from other penal institutions. Thus the character and past of the inmates would seem to give promise of yielding high percentages of alcoholic psychoses. Yet the 'probable diagnosis agreed upon' (by the competent alienist in charge of the investigation), in conference with 'the Superintendent and other members of the staff,' discloses chronic alcoholic insanity in 8.8, acute alcoholic insanity in .3, chronic alcoholism in .1, and feeble-mindedness plus acute alcoholic insanity in .1 per cent of all the cases, or a total of 9.3 per cent with stated alcoholic psychoses. Such figures should at least make one very cautious about accepting current statistics purporting to establish alcohol as probably the chief causative factor in insanity.

It is finally to be remarked that mental diseases directly attributable to alcohol as a rule pass quickly away. This is particularly true of delirium tremens, and also of hallucinations. Alcoholism, especially in large cities, is 'certainly the cause of a large number of mental diseases, but only exceptionally of those which in popular parlance are designated by that name; and as alcoholic mental derangements are of a temporary character and due to a certain outward and not insuperable cause, they do not have such serious consequences either for the individual patient or for society, as commonly have the other mental diseases.'

The medical literature on alcohol as a factor in disease is perhaps more prolific than conclusive. To begin with, the effect of the abuse of alcohol on the human organism is of such a character that from a pathological-anatomical point of view it is hardly permissible to designate specific diseases as being of purely alcoholic origin. In other words, the disease changes which occur in different organs, and which are more or less conditioned by the abuse of alcohol, should not be regarded as peculiar and independent manifestations of disease, for they may be due to several other causes; they are not necessarily characteristic of drunkards, since alcohol is only one of their etiological fac-

tors. Some of the 'approved textbooks' quite overlook this truth.

Of course, the question is not of a moderate use of alcoholic beverages, for this is conceived to mean one without deleterious effect upon the condition of health. That some persons react unfavorably to alcohol in any form and in the smallest quantities, usually points to a psychopathic condition or to a peculiar nervous make-up. An analogous example is that of otherwise healthy persons who, for instance, cannot use tobacco and coffee without disagreeable consequences, or who are 'poisoned' by eating certain foods.

The immoderate use of alcoholic drink frequently leaves unmistakable traces of its action, but may also be very obscure in its effects. The relationship between excessive drink habits and ill-health is made evident also from the fact that, after a period of complete abstinence, certain notable symptoms of physical derangement to which drinkers are subject may wholly disappear. Moreover, continued abuse of alcohol may reveal symptoms of disease, as well as changes in different organs, that are objectively demonstrable. But the positive connection between alcohol and disease can as a rule be determined only when a complication of different disease-symptoms has made its appearance, or when a single manifestation of disease can be viewed in the light of a previous abuse of alcohol.

Aside from this, ordinary experience tells us that through the economic conditions it creates, and by impairing one's vitality and in other ways lowering the power of resistance, habitual alcoholism predisposes and exposes to disease. The moral aspect of the case is a different story and does not belong to the present discussion.

The insistence of current anti-drink literature that alcohol is a direct cause of certain diseases makes it desirable to mention briefly what deductions medical science appears to warrant. Among infectious diseases the greatest attention has been devoted to pneumonia in its relation to the drink habit. Many medical statisticians have endeavored to show an excessive mortality among alcoholic persons from this disease. Its fatality when complicated with delirium tremens is well known. But the latest and most extensive statistical investigations do not point to a marked difference in the proportion of deaths as between alcoholists and others who are stricken by pneumonia, especially when the relatively rare cases of delirium tremens are excluded. In other words, and in general, the evidence available is not of the supposed conclusive character.

A similar status exists in regard to tuberculosis. The common assumption that drinkers are particularly exposed and more quickly succumb to pulmonary tuberculosis than other persons does not always agree with direct observations; and the statistical inquiries made in this field are neither so extensive nor so complete as to make them authoritative. It does not suffice merely to ascertain the alcoholic habits of tuberculous persons; the investigations must be made to include large numbers of persons who abuse liquor generally, in order to ascertain the frequency of tuberculosis among them. The subject is still obscure.

The exceedingly common conditions of disease due to a hardening of the arteries have been made the subject of an unusual amount of research, but without establishing the exact rôle played by alcohol as a 'cause.' All one can say safely is that, as in many other manifestations of disease, the tendency is to exaggerate rather than to minimize the effect of alcohol.

Cirrhosis of the liver is habitually

designated as specifically a 'drunkard's disease.' The experimental investigations made are very far from justifying this. One thing only can be said with a degree of finality: that excessive drinking predisposes to this particular disease as to several others. It would carry us far beyond the scope of this article to mention even cursorily the different bodily ailments in their possible relation to alcoholism.

The actual mortality due to drink cannot be stated. American statistics on this point, also, must be received with great reserve, because they avowedly do not attempt to account for the facts. European statistics are not of general applicability; they seem to indicate an excessive mortality within certain occupations in which alcoholism is most likely to be prevalent, and are in harmony with everyday observation and experience. This field of statistics is largely unworked.

The returns of certain life-insurance companies are widely used for the purpose of proving the greater longevity of abstainers than of moderate drinkers. The classifications followed, however, have been so unsatisfactory and open to possible errors that the conclusions drawn are chiefly of speculative interest. Beyond doubt, the matter at issue can be ascertained, but only after years of patient labor of much more intensive and continued kind than any hitherto attempted. The material presented for this country has been singularly unsatisfactory because of the loose way in which it has been collected and presented. Necessarily, no proof is needed to show that the expectation of life is shortest among the habitually intemperate.

V

Undeniably, the abuse of drink results in more or less permanent economic distress, and even a moderate use in the individual case may spell an indefensible waste. Citations of 'national drink bills,' however, are not especially impressive evidence on this point, since it cannot be shown that money spent for liquor would invariably be saved were the lawful opportunity for purchase cut off. Moreover, it is demonstrable that the sum spent annually in the United States on different articles of luxury, such as tobacco, confectionery, soda, tea, coffee, and many others, far exceeds the total sum expended for alcoholic beverages.[1]

We know then that economic injury wrought by alcohol is very great, but lack definite information about its extent and manifestations in different places and in the different strata of society. Efforts to state statistically the relation between poverty and drink, particularly those of earlier date, are in part faulty and therefore misleading. Whenever the investigators found indications of the drink habit, it was set down as a cause or probable cause. But to-day it is understood that the scientific investigator must inquire, not only to what extent the individual constitutional defectiveness causes both alcoholism and poverty, but also how far alcoholism results from distress occasioned by a variety of economic and social conditions. The results, for instance, of the investigation into the re-

[1] The value of intoxicating liquors of all kinds produced in the United States and imported during a year may be placed, in round numbers, at $610,000,000. The value of the tobacco manufactured and imported, of confectionery and mineral and soda waters produced, and of coffee and tea imported in a year amounts, in round numbers, to $832,000,000. If other articles of luxury produced and imported during a year are considered, such as jewelry, precious stones, millinery and laces, artificial flowers and feathers, $230,000,000 must be added to our bill of luxuries, which thus would reach a total of more than $1,600,000,000. Of course numerous other things can properly be classified as luxuries. The actual selling value of the articles enumerated can only be surmised. — THE AUTHOR.

lation between poverty and drink made by the Committee of Fifty, which have been received as authoritative, and for which the writer had large responsibility, doubtless need to be revised in the light of modern teachings. All recent facts brought forward by social workers and investigators affirm this. Ignorance about the proportion of distress attributable to excessive use of drink we share with nearly every other civilized country. The most recent study of the subject is one just published by the Alcohol Commission of Norway and made by the Central Statistical Bureau of that country. The inquiry embraced all persons who received public poor relief in 1910. In the cities, drink is stated to have been the chief cause of distress in 4.8, a contributing cause in 1.8, habitual drunkenness during earlier years a cause in 2 per cent of all cases, — or a total of 8.6 per cent. The corresponding numbers for the rural district were 1.2, 0.8, and 2.5 per cent, or a total of 4.5 per cent. How far percentages for this country would correspond cannot be stated.

The technical and inherent difficulties of these inquiries are so great that mostly a dead statistical material results, which, however, may be useful in refuting popular fallacies. Even if it remains uncharted, the large economic misery caused by alcoholism cannot escape attention. Indirectly, it effects economic injury by impairing the physical and moral capacity for securing improved conditions of living; and a lessened demand for better things prevents social development generally from attaining higher levels. Directly, the abuse of alcohol leads to conditions of disease, loss of earning power, and unwillingness to labor. Permanent work-shyness is not under consideration, — for that has been shown to result from psychic defects acquired through mental ailments rather than from alcoholism itself, — but that idleness which frequently occurs after a periodic or sporadic 'celebration.'

Cumulative evidence to show that the habitual use of intoxicants during work hours, even if it does not degenerate into drunkenness, tends to lower one's efficiency, is surely not needed. Alcohol and work do not belong together. How far even minute quantities of alcohol retard the normal responsiveness of muscle or mind when called upon for definite tasks is another question. So far experiments with the time-reaction of persons under the influence of certain quantities of alcohol and without it, cannot be regarded as conclusive; they have not been carried out on a sufficient scale to warrant generalizations, or with due regard to the tolerance toward alcohol on the part of the object of the experiment, or with the necessary freedom from psychic influences.

As a factor in industrial accidents, the abuse of liquor or intoxication by no means occupies the place popularly ascribed to it. The widely published statement that drink causes more than one half of all the industrial accidents in the United States is a fabrication and an absurdity. After a careful summing up of all available official data on this subject, Mr. Gustavus Myers says: 'The returns show that deliberate recklessness or intoxication is not frequent as the cause of accidents, and in fact is so exceedingly slight as not to require serious consideration in the analysis of the immense number of accidents occurring in the United States annually.'[1] The relation of drink to industrial accidents has recently been given attention in a study made in this country under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was found, among other

[1] Quarterly Publications of the American Statistical Association, September, 1915.

things, that both output and accident immunity in factories vary inversely to fatigue. In the fourth hour of a working spell, both output and accident immunity appear at a low ebb as compared with the earlier hours. In endeavoring to find an explanation of the rise in accidents in the fourth hour of the morning and afternoon spells, the investigator refers to the drinking of alcohol before starting the spell as the only other possible cause (than fatigue). He says, 'This explanation has been advanced by the Scientific Temperance Federation of Boston, and taken up by certain employers. To prove this contention, however, it would have to be shown, first, that the most debilitating effect of alcohol on control occurs just about four hours after the drinking, and not earlier or later, and consequently that such alcohol drinking is a regular habit among the workers.' The first point is of course not established either scientifically or from everyday experience. 'All that we can say for certain is that if alcohol is taken at all in large quantities, the tension and muscular control that avoids accidents is lost immediately and in the first hour.' The second, namely, that alcohol drinking is a regular habit among the workers, the investigator says, 'can certainly not be established at all in some of our records.' [1]

VI

The assurance with which intemperance is held responsible for the mass of criminality has at any rate the merit of being quite natural. When an offense is committed in a state of intoxication or by an habitual user of strong drink, the causal relations seem unmistakable, even inevitable, no matter how infinitely complicated the problem appears to the criminologist. The many men and women who populate our minor penal institutions on account of habitual drunkenness may be dismissed briefly. An unintelligent community may persist in regarding public intoxication as a crime and punish it accordingly; alienists have shown that the greater proportion of habitual inebriates of this class are congenitally defective, and that drink is but a symptom of their pitiful state. But they figure heavily in our prison returns, and provide the less conscientious reformer with a plausible reason for incontinent speech.

Also in case of well-defined criminality, it seems easy to fix a relation between it and alcohol, provided we are willing to accept the personal statements of offenders at their face value. It is characteristic of humanity generally, and particularly of the criminal, to offer excuses for wrong-doing; and when questioned about his drink habits he eagerly offers them as a palliating explanation of his offense. Thus it happened not long ago that more than a thousand convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia declared drink to have precipitated their downfall, and solemnly petitioned for the enactment of national prohibition! The affair would not deserve serious mention except as a sample of the evidence offered, and doubtless accepted by many, as proof of the intimacy between drink and criminality.

Many crimes are known to be committed by persons while intoxicated or because they are intoxicated, especially those against the person. But the majority of crimes are offenses against property, which for their success require other habits than those of the confirmed drunkard. Those who prey upon society as gangsters, burglars, pickpockets, and gunmen are far more likely to be drug fiends than alcoholics. Police annals abundantly testify to

[1] From the advance sheets of the report.

this, as does the experience of those who are set as guardians over convicts. These are commonplace and rather superficial observations.

Two circumstances refute the popular view of the intimate causal relation between alcohol and criminality. One is that thousands are annually committed to reformatory institutions at so tender or youthful an age that the drink habit, if indulged in at all, cannot yet have become fixed. At most there might be a question, in such cases, of parental alcoholism, which by affecting the moral as well as the mental and physical stamina of the children may predispose them to a criminal career. At this point, however, the evidence conflicts with the second circumstance: namely, that the young delinquents, particularly those of our greatest centres of population, are extensively recruited from two races, the Hebrew and Italian, which are acknowledged to be among the least alcoholized in the world.

Modern tests have proved beyond peradventure that among both juvenile delinquents and adult criminals many are feeble-minded. One may be dubious about the extraordinarily high percentages of such abnormal individuals found by certain investigators, and refuse to accept generalizations; yet there is a multitude of offenders who may be given to drink, but in whom the habit signalizes a constitutional defect and is not the cause of a more or less irresponsible criminality. How far in these instances parental alcoholism affords an explanatory moment is unknown. Because the earlier statistical inquirers were oblivious to the presence of much feeble-mindedness in the criminal population, their findings are largely vitiated. So far from having proved the proportion in which drink is responsible for crime, the question still confronts us: Assuming that alcohol had never existed, how many and which of the criminal acts perpetrated during a given period would not have been committed?

In the present heated state of public opinion about the drink situation, he who attempts to differentiate the chaff of exaggeration from the known truth, in writing of its social aspects, must expect to be stigmatized as an advocate of drink. To the open-minded, however, the basic consideration is not how one may apportion the precise percentages of injury done directly or indirectly by drink, — the evil is patent enough, — but rather to learn by what means it most surely can be abated. And they will realize that to fashion safeguards to meet supposed social conditions not in consonance with the facts, is to court an unavoidable disappointment which can serve only to make the path of reform more difficult.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

AN APPRECIATION OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

I

When Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau died the other day, many people wondered, suddenly realizing their impression that it was long years since he had joined the little band of heroes who have gone down in the battle against disease. And many must have asked themselves what manner of man this was who, sick unto death over forty years ago, could from scantiest materials build a little laboratory in the wilderness and exert an influence which cannot be measured by its practical materialization into five hundred sanitaria for the treatment of tuberculosis by fresh air, rest, and sound philosophy. Here was a man who, from his invalid's chair, revolutionized the sanitation of business offices and of uncounted homes where ignorance shrank from pure air and sunshine. If I assume the task of sketching that indomitable character, it is only because I was privileged for many years to be Dr. Trudeau's friend, to whom he chose occasionally to reveal in some degree his inner self.

It may, at the outset, be well to sketch briefly his voyage through the world which benefited so richly from his journeying. He was born in New York City in 1848 of French parents. His mother was a daughter of Dr. François Eloi Berger, a Parisian practicing in New York, and his father a descendant of a Huguenot family, which, leaving France for Canada, later drifted down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Near the Southern city James Trudeau, who was an intimate friend and fellow traveler of the naturalist painter, Audubon, owned a plantation which was confiscated by General Butler in the Civil War. He died later as a result of wounds received while in command of a Confederate post, Island Number Ten, on the Mississippi.

When Edward L., the youngest of his three children, was but little over two years of age, his mother went with her father, Dr. Berger, to Paris. Here the boy was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte. When he was eighteen years of age Edward returned to New York, and found himself hardly able to speak the language of his native city.

He attended the Columbia School of Mines, and after graduation entered the United States Navy. An elder brother who had preceded him to Annapolis was stricken with tuberculosis. Edward nursed his brother up to the hour of the latter' s death six months later, and thus first came into personal contact with that disease to the extermination of which he devoted the rest of his life. He entered the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in the year of his graduation, 1871, practiced medicine in New York City. In the same year, unconscious that he was doomed to his brother's disease,

he married Miss Charlotte Beare, of Douglaston, Long Island, to whom he ever attributed the inspiration of his labors through nearly half a century. The marriage was a perfect one, although attended by many sorrows. Three of their four children died. One son survives — Dr. Francis B. Trudeau. The death of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Jr., in 1906, was a great blow to his father and a loss to the medical profession.

It was in 1873 that Dr. Trudeau left New York City with the doom of tuberculosis pronounced upon him. He was only twenty-five; the gates of life seemed shut in his face, for it was believed that he had less than six months to live. Hardly able to stand alone, he was taken to Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks by a friend who was also a distant relation, — Louis Livingston. Smith's was then a hunters' inn in the heart of the wilderness, forty miles from the nearest railway point at Ausable Forks. The guide who carried Dr. Trudeau upstairs and put him to bed described his burden as 'weighin' no more'n a lambskin.' And the same guide lived to see that lightweight defeat a local champion in a backwoods ring!

A college-mate of Trudeau's, Edward H. Harriman, was then staying at Paul Smith's. Harriman, Livingston, and 'Uncle' Paul Smith took turns nursing the sick doctor through nights which he was not expected, in nature, to survive. And yet he outlived them all! He improved at Paul Smith's, then tried a winter at St. Paul, Minnesota. Here he suffered a relapse and was brought back to the Adirondacks, where he again improved. It was at about this time that, being joined by Mrs. Trudeau and their two children, Ned and Charlotte, the family passed through a terrible ordeal on a journey from Malone to Paul Smith's. A blizzard arose, and the trip, which usually occupied less than a day, took over forty-eight hours. Paul Smith handled the team and wagon. After plunging through miles of snowdrift in the teeth of a biting norther, the horses fell down exhausted. The family's baggage had previously been abandoned at Barnum Pond. Paul Smith made the sick man as comfortable as possible, wrapped the children in blankets, and buried them for warmth in the snow. When the blizzard abated, the family reached the hunter's place, after two days of unspeakable hardship.

Surviving this ordeal, seeming even to have thrived upon it, Dr. Trudeau began to consider seriously the possible advantages in pulmonary diseases of exposure to pure cold air. He proposed to spend a winter in the Adirondacks, where the frigid season is prolonged and the thermometer occasionally stands at forty degrees below zero. His friends and medical advisers considered his proposition as a kind of suicidal mania, all except Dr. Loomis and Mrs. Trudeau. Dr. Trudeau had been impressed with the theory of Brehmer, the Silesian, and of Dettweiler, a patient and pupil of Brehmer, that the consumptive was not harmed by inclement weather, provided he accustomed himself to living out of doors, at rest. With the approval of Loomis and Mrs. Trudeau, the doctor carried out his experiment, the results of which practically revolutionized the science of treating tuberculosis. Trudeau so improved that presently he began to practice medicine among the Adirondack natives. He continued to do so for several years, often traveling forty miles in a day or night and in all sorts of weather, to usher, perhaps, some little woodsman into the world, or even to allay anxiety by his mere presence. It has been said that his bedside manner did more than physic in ninety per cent of

his cases. Half of his bills were never rendered and a quarter of the other half never paid; but tears would come into the eyes of many a woman when she saw him in after years; and men called him 'the beloved physician.'

I have beside me as I write some old prescriptions that were found in the ragged ledger of a general store in the wilderness of forty years ago, when stovepipes and pills were sold over the same counter. There are three of them that reveal as many phases of this humane country doctor, who often came in the night, dressed in mackinaw, pontiacs, and moccasins. Apparently, if the family pig or cow or dog was ailing, Dr. Trudeau was summoned through the wilderness. Here is a prescription calling for carbolic oil, tar, sulphur, and olive oil — which, a veterinary doctor tells me, could not be improved upon to-day as a cure for mange. '*Sig:*' writes Trudeau at the end of the prescription; then, remembering that his patient might lack appreciation even of dog-Latin, he dashes his pen through the word and adds, 'Rub on the dog several times'!

There was no liquor license in the woods in those days, and little whiskey, licit or otherwise; yet there was an all-abiding thirst, and men made their own poteen if they could get pure alcohol and some spirits of rye. Trudeau believed that, if a man liked an occasional drink, it was his human right to have it — in reasonable measure. But if the man abused the doctor's confidence, from that day on he went parched and prescriptionless.

Again, one finds an early prescription for a common symptom of tuberculosis. I brought this prescription to Dr. Trudeau not very long ago and asked him what he would prescribe now — after thirty-five years.

'That — if anything,' he said; 'but probably nothing — no physic at all. Open the window — go to bed — and keep your nerve!'

During these early years Trudeau lived the life of the people in many ways. Being restored to health, he hunted and fished with the other sons of the wilderness. Every year up to 1913 he brought home his string of trout and killed his buck. His skill with the rifle was remarkable. It was a natural gift. On one occasion he outmatched all competitors, then, on a challenge, picked off his own empty cartridge shells suspended from the branch of a tree on strings. And as for boxing, it is said that one evening at Paul Smith's a local champion coaxed the doctor to put on the gloves.

'I promise not to hurt ye,' said the amateur bruiser.

Where the doctor acquired the gentle art no one seems to know; but when the local champion picked himself up at the end of the bout, he allowed that 'the doctor's the quickest thing with the mitts I ever run up ag'in!'

In 1877 Dr. Trudeau left Paul Smith's and moved into the adjacent hamlet of Saranac Lake, which was then a lumber centre with six houses and a sawmill. The railway was not constructed to that point until 1888. But when the doctor came to the village, gradual developments began. He was followed by a few patients who had placed themselves in his care as a last hope of cure or prolonged life. The town to-day is a small city, the metropolis of the Adirondacks, which grew up around the beloved physician and his great work. It has a remarkable sanitary system, and a health code after one portion of which New York is said to have reformed its own.

II

It was at Saranac Lake during his first winter there that Dr. Trudeau

literally dreamed a dream. Loomis had published a paper in the *Medical Record*, drawing attention to the climatic value of the Adirondack air for pulmonary invalids, citing the theories of Brehmer and Dettweiler and, no doubt, having in mind Trudeau's own case. Shortly after reading this paper, Dr. Trudeau fell asleep while leaning on his gun on a fox runway on the side of Mount Pisgah, near Saranac Lake. He dreamed that the forest around him melted away and that the whole mountain-side was dotted with houses built inside out, as if the inhabitants lived on the outside. As he said many years later, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, 'I dreamed a dream of a great sanitarium that should be the everlasting foe of tuberculosis, and lo! — the dream has come true!'

Shortly after a reception held on January 1, 1915, at which all of the sanitarium patients came to shake hands with the founder, I happened to remark to the doctor on the quaintness of his speech for the occasion. He had spoken of the strange new faces before him, and how there had been a time when he was personally acquainted with each and every one, 'his hopes, his fears, and very often the state of his bank account'; and how the girls even told him of their love affairs and of womanly dreams that too often were never fulfilled. The doctor suddenly leaned forward in his invalid's chair and said to me in a confidential stage-whisper, —

'Would you believe it? I did n't know what my tongue was saying. I felt strangely aloof for the moment. I saw a younger man thirty years before, leaning on his gun, waiting for a fox. There was not a house, not a sign of a human being. Now —'

His face was all aglow as he spread out his hands.

But even after the dream the beginning of the fulfillment did not occur for five or six years. He had built a house in the village. There, in that wonderful year, 1882, when Koch announced his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Trudeau, who could not read German, received, as a Christmas present from his friend, C. M. Lea of Philadelphia, a translation of that document which the doctor termed 'the most far-reaching, in its importance to the human race, of any original communication' — Koch's *Etiology of Tuberculosis*. This was young Trudeau's immediate inspiration. He had an 'indifferent medical education,' to quote himself, 'no apparatus, and no books'; and the remoteness of his surroundings had removed him from contact with medical men to whom he might apply for instruction.

During brief visits to New York — sometimes at the expense of his health — he learned some of the first principles of bacteriology; — and 'I taught myself the rest as best I could.'

His laboratory was a little room in Saranac Lake, heated by a wood stove (there was no coal). He had a home-made thermostat heated by a kerosene lamp, and in this he succeeded in growing the tubercle bacillus, although he had to sit up o' nights to see that the living organism was not destroyed by varying temperatures. To regulate this, he invented a little shutter arrangement which could be opened or closed. He obtained the bacillus in pure cultures, and with them repeated all Koch's experiments. The guinea-pigs used for immunizing tests he had to keep in a hole underground which was heated by another kerosene lamp. He again proved that fresh air and natural hygiene were the deadly foes of tuberculosis, by turning loose on an island rabbits that had been inoculated with the disease. Running wild, they soon recovered; while others, similarly in-

oculated and kept in unhygienic places, died of the disease in a very short time.

While his enthusiasm was thus running high, he built in 1884 on the side of Pisgah — on the place of the dream — a little shack which is still there and which is known among the great buildings now around it as 'The Little Red.' This was the nucleus of the present vast sanitarium. He began with two patients, whom he apparently cured by making them sit all day and sleep all night practically in the open air, the windows being open, with the mercury courting the thermometer bulb.

Meanwhile he himself was laboring with his cultures, his home-made thermostat, his guinea-pigs and rabbits. During the week in 1890 when Koch announced his tuberculin as a 'cure' for tuberculosis, Dr. Trudeau published in the *Medical Record* an article describing his failure to obtain any appreciable degree of immunity by injections of sterilized and filtered liquid cultures of the tubercle bacillus (tuberculin). Later experiments with Koch's tuberculin by thousands of others proved similar failures.

Not long after this, while Dr. Trudeau was lying ill and depressed in New York City, there came from Saranac Lake the news that during the night his house, cultures, guinea-pigs — everything — had been destroyed by fire! It was the last straw. The sick man was in despair; but his indomitable spirit came to the rescue again, and a letter signed by William Osler helped him to accept fresh battle.

'I am sorry, Trudeau,' wrote Dr. Osler, 'to hear of your misfortune, but take my word for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the phœnix trick!'

The phœnix rose from its ashes, with the financial help of George C. Cooper, of New York. Near the ruins of Dr. Trudeau's first house was built the first and best-equipped laboratory in the United States for the study of tuberculosis. Here Trudeau labored for years, searching, as he often said, 'in the haystack for the needle that we know is there.' Here his followers still work at all hours in immunizing experiments and in the testing of proposed specific remedies for the cure of tuberculosis. Here many a 'patent remedy' of the 'cure-consumption' order has met its Nemesis. Here, years before either Friedmann or Piorkowski tried to commercialize his so-called remedies through the press of two continents, the turtle-germ of both was weighed in the scientific balance and discarded as useless. It is not a breach of confidence now to reveal the fact that an article entitled 'Has Dr. Friedmann found a Cure for Tuberculosis?' which appeared on two pages of the New York *Times* on the very morning when the Berlin physician landed in New York, came from the Saranac Laboratory and was the work of several scientific brains, with Dr. Trudeau's as the master-mind on the subject. That article changed overnight the opinions of many in the medical world regarding the merits of Friedmann's 'specific.' Dr. Trudeau had examined the turtle organism years before, and had labeled it, not only harmless, but quite useless, as an immunizing agent in human tuberculosis.

To go back to the early days of sanitarium work, the success Trudeau achieved by his open-air and rest methods attracted great attention. The sanitarium grew swiftly. Other states of the Union built institutions of somewhat similar design and for similar treatment. To-day, as already remarked, there must be fully five hundred sanitaria for this method of treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis throughout the United States and Canada. The valley of the Saranac itself, with the

adjacent Adirondack region, contains several private and state sanitaria that owe their inception, directly or indirectly, to the influence of Trudeau.

The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium is, and has been from the first, a semi-charitable institution which treats patients at a sum that does not cover the cost of their board and housing. The annual deficit of the institution is comparatively large, as a result, and up to the time of his death it was Trudeau's personality that attracted voluntary contributions for the continuance of the great work. Such names as Harriman, Sage, Schiff, Rockefeller, Tiffany, have figured in the contributors' lists. E. H. Harriman was ever a friend and admirer of Trudeau and of his altruistic labors for humanity. In the days when ministers of money sat in Harriman's antechamber, they were allowed to cool their heels while a frail country doctor was ushered in; and the railroad king let great affairs hang fire while he heard the latest yarn about 'Uncle' Paul Smith, or became enthralled by the idealism of the practical dreamer who sat opposite him, — a great head on an emaciated body, a voice resonant with faith's enthusiasm, even while it broke short in a gasp. This man was sending back to life and usefulness twenty per cent of his patients apparently cured, fifty per cent with the disease arrested, and the other thirty per cent with a fighting chance. And while the restless ministers of finance consulted their watches in the antechamber, Harriman listened — and reached for his check-book!

As for that annual deficit, a friend who merely sought information once wrote to me as follows: —

'What sort of a man is Trudeau? Is he what so many say he is, or just a clever doctor who has made a fortune out of the Adirondacks?'

In a rash moment I referred this to the doctor himself. I do not know that he was ever more upset. He promptly sent me this: —

'I am always puzzled to know why people cannot understand the spirit of the sanitarium work. To give a patient for $7 what costs $12 or $12.50, and to have a deficit of $27,000 on running expenses for the year, can hardly be a business way to make a man rich! Perhaps it is the imposing appearance of my *equipage* which makes the world think me a coiner of money!!'

The 'equipage' to which he referred with irony was a regular country doctor's buggy, just large enough to accommodate himself (and Mrs. Trudeau, at a pinch), and drawn by a shaggy mare which the townspeople affectionately termed 'the old plush horse.' In his latter years some one presented him with a fine carriage and a high-stepping thoroughbred. When Trudeau was called out to inspect this real equipage, he looked worried.

'I — I can't ride in that thing!' he said. 'People will think I don't need any money for my sanitarium!'

He agreed to accept the gift, however, when it was pointed out that the ancient mare was on her last legs. Thereupon the 'old plush horse' was pensioned and given a comfortable stall for life. On the first day of her long holiday Dr. Trudeau visited the stable.

'Well, Kitty,' he said, patting the old mare, 'your troubles are all over. As for me — I expect this old horse will have to keep plodding along until his left ventricle ceases to contract.'

But the matter of that 'fortune' troubled him for some time. A month later he sent me another letter, accompanying a financial report underscored in places.

'This,' he wrote, 'is for the gentleman who sized me up as "a clever business man who has made a fortune out

of the Adirondacks." Tell him I begged all this money personally, but not for myself, as I don't own a cent of it and draw no salary.'

Whatever he earned from private practice barely covered his living expenses. He raised the money to cover that deficit by what he called his 'begging letters.' I remember he said to me one day after an anxious silence, —

'I've got a young fellow up there [at the sanitarium] who is a first-class radiographer. Then there is a bacteriologist, too. As soon as they get to feeling well they'll go off and leave me. They are married, or are going to be, I've no doubt. If I could only build houses for them and get their *wives* settled — That's it!' he broke off. 'I've got to raise the money for it somehow!'

He raised it, of course. Now there are two new cottages in the sanitarium grounds, and a permanent X-ray expert and a clever bacteriologist have been added to the colony there and to the cause.

When the doctor's end had been achieved, he told me of his success.

'But why is every one so good?' he asked. 'Why do people work for me?'

'They work for — you,' was suggested.

'No, no — I hope not,' he protested. 'They work for my work.'

'Well, did you ever consider how much your own personality inspires this work?'

'Oh, come, come!' said he, as pleasurably confused as a girl complimented for the first time on her looks.

'What do people call my work?' he presently asked.

I had never heard it given a name. It was unique. But I ventured the word 'philanthropy.' He shook his head.

'A distrustful word these days. Still — yes — say philanthropy, plus science. The sanitarium is the philanthropy — to cure or console; the laboratory is the science — to find a means of further immunizing toward ultimate, permanent cure.'

It was, as a whole, a science and philanthropy of Christ; a sort of Christian science without intellectual sacrifice. To this philanthropy Trudeau would never permit his name to be attached. It was the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium — not 'Trudeau.' It was the Saranac Laboratory — not 'Trudeau' Laboratory. It was usage and the postal authorities that labeled a little branch post-office, 'Trudeau, N.Y.'

His work and worth were recognized, however, during his lifetime. Among the honors conferred upon him were Master of Science, Columbia University, 1889; Honorary Fellow of the Phipps Institute, 1903; LL.D., McGill University, 1904; and LL.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1913. The last-mentioned degree he received *in absentia*. Yale offered to confer the degree of LL.D., but the doctor was too ill to be present at the exercises.

III

I had intended to omit anecdotes in this brief sketch of Trudeau's life, from the time that he was carried into Paul Smith's 'weighin' no more'n a lambskin' up to the latter days when he lay on a final bed of suffering. But the anecdotes would creep in; and now they may stay just where they are, for it was characteristic of Trudeau, even when addressing a grave body of physicians and master-surgeons, to lighten his most serious discourses with anecdotal humor; although the first time he ever tried to address his colleagues, — at Baltimore in the eighties, — he fainted from illness, and, while others restored him, Dr. Loomis read the frail doctor's address to the gathering.

Even in his own sufferings he found a text for interesting discourse that was

flavored with the grim humor of grit. It does not seem long ago that I stood by his bedside while he, with one poor portion of a single lung, labored for breath. The possible benefits of artificial pneumo-thorax had not yet been fully established, yet the doctor had been one of the first to submit to the operation, offering himself, it seemed, as a victim of experimentation, although he told the operating physician that he expected no good results, — 'For, after all, my dear fellow, the age of miracles is past.' Yet it eased his sufferings for several years, although at the time he was very ill. He assured me that he was not going to die right away.

'No such luck!' said he in the most cheerful manner. 'But,' he continued, as connectedly as breath would allow, 'what is the scheme of this business — of life — suffering — death? I don't understand. 'It reminds me of this English "Cat and Mouse" bill. They put a woman in a cell till she's near dead of starvation. Then they let her out for a square meal — so she can get strength enough to suffer some more. You've got to have feeling, you know, to suffer. There's a philosophy, by the way, for those who fear the agony of death. As you lose the enduring powers of life, you lose also the sensibility to suffering. It must be so. It is so. I have seen it many times. . . . Cat and mouse,' he half-mused,— 'life and death. Death's the cat — comes and paws until poor life is about dead to all feeling. Then the cat retires into a dark corner and purrs while the mouse gets a little life back, so as to be more sensible of suffering when the cat comes pawing again. I don't say there's no reason behind it — but I can't see it — can you?'

I may be pardoned personal intrusion for a moment to relate when and where I first saw this remarkable man. I had gone to Saranac Lake in ill health. I asked why there was no statue in the community to the great Trudeau of whom I had read in Stevenson's Letters. Being reminded that it was not customary to erect statues to the living, I decided to see this (to me) resurrected person. It happened to be about the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the sanitarium. When he stood up on a platform and, in a voice tense with emotion, told of his dream that was now materialized, I was filled with a sudden comprehension of the amazing thing that was happening — the celebration of that which this frail man had *lived to achieve!* I wrote several verses and gave them to my own physician, merely as one way of expressing what I thought about it all.

The next morning I was called on the telephone. It was Dr. Trudeau himself; some one had pinned the verses on his pillow on the previous night, and they had added to the happiness of the doctor at the end of one of the proudest days of his life. He asked me to come and see him.

'Do you know,' he said when we shook hands, 'writing verses is something beyond my comprehension. I understand poetry, but not how one can write it. My case is like that of Zeb Robare, a guide over at Paul's. He was asked by some ladies he was rowing the name of a certain mountain up here. "That's Ampersand," said Zeb. "But, guide, how do you spell it?" "Ah," said Zeb, "that's the hell of it, ma'am. I can climb it easy enough, but I could n't spell it to save my life!" That's how I feel about poetry!'

Oddly coincident, Clayton Hamilton, a writer engaged in a book about Stevenson, called upon Dr. Trudeau to ask about Robert Louis's sojourn at Saranac Lake. Mr. Hamilton later confessed in cold type, 'I had come to

ask of R. L. S. and remained to admire this hero of innumerable, unnoted battles, — this maker of a City of the Sick, who, because of him, look more hopefully on each successive rising sun.' Trudeau marveled at the feat of juggling English; yet this author wrote in conclusion: 'And the best of our tricky achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labors and spirit of this man.'

Stevenson, by the way, produced some of his greatest essays during the winter of 1887–88, while he was under Dr. Trudeau's care at Saranac Lake. Stories of the relationship of the two men have been told and retold. At one time I sent a version of the oft-repeated 'oil' story to the doctor for confirmation. It was to the effect that Stevenson, after he had written 'The Lantern-Bearers' for the Scribners, went to see Trudeau's 'light' in the laboratory. Stevenson was shown, in the effects of tuberculosis in guinea-pigs, the ravages of the disease that kills one human being in every seven. The sensitive author bolted out of the house, declaring that while Trudeau's lantern might be very bright, to him it 'smelled of oil like the devil.' Fearing that the anti-vivisectionists might make capital of the story, I took the liberty of modifying it. Dr. Trudeau wrote, —

'I thank you for your motive in changing the end of the oil story. I had never thought of the anti-vivisectionists. Had I thought, I could have told you a little more about it. Stevenson saw no mutilated animals in my laboratory. The only things he saw were the diseased organs in bottles, and cultures of the germs which had produced the disease. These were the things that turned him sick. I remember he went out just after I made this remark: "This little scum on the tube is consumption, and the cause of more human suffering than anything else in the world. We can produce tuberculosis in the guinea-pig with it; and if we could learn to cure tuberculosis in the guinea-pig, this great burden of human suffering might be lifted from the world."'

It is true that Trudeau and Stevenson differed a great deal on a great many subjects, but so far as I have been able to judge from much that the doctor has told me, they agreed on so many of the greater things of life that they had to disagree about trivial matters for the sake of something to discuss. They actually got into heated argument over the great issue as to which is superior, the American system of *transferring baggage*, or the British method of *handling luggage!*

Dr. Trudeau assured me, incidentally, that Stevenson had no active symptoms of tuberculosis while at Saranac Lake, but had apparently had the disease and may have developed active symptoms after he went away. He did not die of tuberculosis, although this might have been a contributing cause. Trudeau had a full report made to him regarding the circumstances of Stevenson's death at Samoa in 1894.

This paternal interest in ex-patients was characteristic of Trudeau. Particularly he liked to address a word of parting advice to a young man going back, apparently cured, to a life of continued usefulness. Here is a typical letter of this kind: —

'Do take my advice and don't presume upon your physical endurance. When you have once been in the grip of the tiger you ought not to give him a chance to get you again, for he has downed many as good a man as you are; and you must not act on impulse, but use your head and self-control, even if you can't accomplish all you want to in life. If you can't have a whole loaf, try and be satisfied with a half one, or else the graham bread will

get burned in good earnest and you won't have any loaf at all!'

His attitude toward the patients, who came to him from all lands, ranks, and conditions, was ever eloquent of the man's human kindness and sympathy. Many came as broken in spirit as in health, and often with but two hopes: one, that Trudeau would perform the great miracle; the other, that a physician of his reputation would not charge more than this latest victim of tuberculosis could scrape together. I know of one case in which the new patient said, 'Doctor — before you do anything — I have n't much money. How — how much will it cost?'

'Much depends on how much you 've got, and how bad you are,' said Trudeau, himself assisting to unbutton the patient's collar. 'You see,' he went on disarmingly, 'if you are not very bad, it will cost you quite a lot, so I can use the money for those who are. If you are a really bad case — Well — Say "Ninety-nine," please, and keep on saying it while I listen to your chest.'

The doctor's face became grave as he noted the vibrations caused by the reiterated 'nine-nine-nine.' When the examination was over the patient asked, —

'How bad — I mean — how much will it be, doctor?'

For reply Trudeau — and one can imagine the great sympathy that flooded the beloved physician's face — handed the patient a ten-dollar bill.

'I owe you — that much — at least,' he said.

One can imagine the rest — that speech which he employed so often and to so many: —

'Don't take it too seriously, but just seriously enough. I am no better off in health than you are, and both you and I, old man, will be a great deal worse before we're better.'

When, however, he sent some promising young man back into the battle of life, a repaired asset to the world, he liked to refer to him as 'another young gladiator with a new blade in his sword.' The following, which he sent to me one day, explains the simile: —

'My sympathies are naturally in the world with the vanquished. My favorite statue is that great one of Victory carrying the dying gladiator, his broken sword in hand. The world applauds and bows before success and achievement; it has little thought for those who fall by the way, sword in hand; and yet it takes most courage to fight a losing fight!'

Speaking of this same statue, 'Gloria Victis,' a fine copy of which stood in the hall of his house, he said one day early in the great European war: 'When he created that thing, I wonder did the sculptor, Mercié, realize that he was modeling the glory of Belgium in ruin?'

Others saw something of the doctor's own heroic spirit in that figure, with the broken sword in the drooping right hand, and the left arm still held aloft as if the dying warrior challenged even death — '*Moriturus, te saluto!*'

The last active labor of Dr. Trudeau was the writing of his autobiography, and perhaps the last service of the writer on behalf of the beloved physician was the proof-reading of its pages. The doctor was seized with his mortal illness just after the last pages were written and before he had decided upon a title for his work. The single word, 'Aquiescence,' was proposed as descriptive of the life of a man who accepted adverse conditions and, like the master of a ship, turned the ill wind to advantage. The word was taken from a sentence which he had once written to me, 'The conquest of Fate comes not by rebellious struggle, but by acquiescence.'

When the title was suggested to the doctor, he was unable to speak, but smiled and shook his head. Later, when he was a little better, he dictated to his secretary, 'If the world finds a sermon in my life-story — good; but I don't want any one to think I was trying to preach one.'

Possibly the impression has been given in these pages that Trudeau was an approachable person. He was, to some; to many he was quite unapproachable, especially interviewers. He feared a scribe. To the present writer he repeatedly said, 'Remember — I trust you; but don't you ever publish what I'm telling you until after I am where I won't care what the world says about me.'

Even to his most intimate friends he was difficult of approach when, after 'studying the ceiling' for many long days, he was irritated beyond human self-control by his sufferings. But even then he could be played like a fine instrument if the player had technique. If the doctor was in that depth of depression out of which he would chant a 'De Profundis' of blackest pessimism, all that was necessary was to agree with him that life was 'a senseless business'; whereupon he would draw his sword of optimism and flash the text engraven upon its bright blade: 'O ye of little faith!' But if you told him he looked well and you hoped he felt so, he would say, 'I don't. I'm utterly miserable!' and sink back in his invalid's chair with a smile that seemed to add, 'There's little sport in an easy game.'

Characteristic of the man's philosophy was his own comment on his fits of melancholy, vouchsafed once to a fellow sufferer who had been in depths of depression: 'If you go down to the depths at times, you have many glimpses of higher things that people of more even temperament never get; and after all, the ideal is the beautiful in life; the facts of life are hideous.'

He once told a visitor some tales of his experiences with the great human tragedy — told them as if they belonged to the great human comedy, for his humor was irrepressible. But the visitor did not laugh; he went away a sadder and a wiser man. Possibly he thought the doctor hardened; but I shall never forget the expression of Trudeau's face when I asked him directly if he had not become so accustomed to tragedy that it no longer touched his emotions. The smile left his face; his eyes looked out and beyond with a suddenly moist softness, and he said slowly, 'Pity, as an emotion, passes. Pity, as a motive, remains.'

MID-ATLANTIC

BY LAURENCE BINYON

If this were all! — A dream of dread
Pierced through me: I looked on waves that fled
Pale-crested out of hollows black;
The hungry lift of helpless waves,
Like million million tossing graves,
A wilderness without a track
Beneath the barren moon.
If this were all!
The stars of night, remotely strewn,
Looked on that restless heave and fall.
I seemed with them to watch this old
Bright planet through the ages rolled,
Self-tortured, burning splendors vain,
And fevered with its greeds insane,
And with the blood of peoples red:
I watched it, grown an ember cold,
Join in the dancing of the dead.

The chilly half-moon sank. The sound
Of naked surges beat around;
And through my heart the darkness poured
Its surge as of a sea unshored . . .
Oh, somewhere far and lost from light
Blind Europe battled in the night!
Then through that void of blackness came
The sudden vision of a child,
A child with feet as light as flame,
Who ran across the bitter waves,
Across the trembling of the graves —
With arms outstretched he smiled!

I drank the wine of life again,
I breathed among my brother men,
I felt the human fire.
I knew that I must serve the will
Of beauty and love and wisdom still;
Though all my hopes be overthrown,
Though universes turn to stone,
I have my being in this alone
And die in that desire.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN[1]

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

VANITY is as old as the mammoth. Romantic lying, obviously connected with vanity, is justly alleged to be developed in woman. No doubt woman's chief desire has been to appear beautiful, and it is quite open to question whether the leaves that clothed our earliest ancestress were gathered in a spirit of modesty rather than in response to a desire for adornment.

But it should not be too readily assumed that vanity is purely a feminine characteristic. It is a human characteristic, and the favor of any male savage can be bought at the price of a necklace of beads or of an admiral's cocked hat. The modern man is modish too, as much as he dares. At Newport as at Brighton the dandy is supreme. It would be inaccurate, however, to limit vanity to clothes. Vanity is more subtle, and I would ask the reader which of the three principal motives that animate man — love, ambition, and gold lust — is the strongest. The desire to shine in the eyes of one's fellows has produced much in art and political service; it has produced much that is foolish and ignoble. It has led to political competition, to a wild race for ill-remunerated offices, governorships, memberships of Parliament. Representatives of the people often wish to serve the people; they also like to be marked out as the people's men. There are no limits to masculine desire for honors; seldom in England does a man refuse a peerage; Frenchmen are martyrs to their love of ribbons, and not a year passes without a scandal because an official has been bribed to obtain the Légion d'Honneur for somebody, or, funnier still, because an adventurer has blacked his face, set up in a small

[1] Mr. George's earlier article was published in the December number. — THE EDITORS.

flat, impersonated a negro potentate, and distributed for value received grand crosses of fantastic kingdoms. Even democratic Americans have been known to seek titled husbands for their daughters, and a few have become Papal barons or counts.

Male vanity differs from female, but both are vanity. The two sexes even share that curious form of vanity which in man consists in his calling himself a 'plain man,' bragging of having come to New York without shoes and with a dime in his pocket; which, in woman, consists in neglecting her appearance. Both sexes convey more or less: 'I am what I am, a humble person . . . but quite good enough.' The arrogance of humility is simply repulsive.

Ideas such as the foregoing may proceed from a certain simplicity. Woman is much less complex than the poets believe. For instance, many men hold that woman's lack of self-consciousness, as exemplified by disturbances in shops, has its roots in some intricate reasoning process. One must not be carried away: the truth is that woman, having so long been dependent upon man, has an exaggerated idea of the importance of small sums. Man has earned money; woman has been taught only to save it. Thus she has been poor, and poverty has caused her to shrink from expenditure; often she has become mean and, paradoxically enough, she has at the same time become extravagant. Poverty has taught her to respect the penny, while it has taught her nothing about the pound. If woman finds it quite easy to spend one tenth of the household income on dress, and even more,[1] it is because her education makes it as difficult for her to conceive a thousand dollars as it is for a man to conceive a million. It is merely a question of familiarity with money.

Besides, foolish economy and reckless expenditure are indications of an elementary quality. In that sense woman is still something of a savage. She is still less civilized than man, largely because she has not been educated. This may be a very good thing, and it certainly is an agreeable one from the masculine point of view. Whether we consider woman's attitude to the law, to social service, or to war, it is the same thing. In most cases she is lawless; she will obey the law because she is afraid of it, but she will not respect it. For her it is always *sic volo, sic jubeo.* I suspect that if she had had a share in making the law she would not have been like this, for she would have become aware of the relation between law and life. Roughly she tends to look upon the law as tyrannous if she does not like it, as protective if she does like it. Probably there is little relation between her own moral impulse, which is generous, and the law, which is only just. (That is, just in intention.) This is qualified by the moral spirit in woman, which increasingly leads her to the view that certain things should be done and others not be done. But even then it is likely that at heart woman does not respect the law; she may respect what it represents, — strength, — but not what it implies, — equity. She is infinitely more rebellious than man, and where she has power she inflames the world in protest. I do not refer to the militant suffragists, but to woman's general attitude. For instance, when it is proposed to compel women to insure their servants, to pay employer's compensation for accident, to restrict married women's control of their property, to establish laws regulating the social evil, we find female opposition very violent. I do not mean material opposition, although that does occur, but mental

[1] See my article, 'Uniforms for Women,' in the *Atlantic* of November, 1914, and observe extreme figures and details of feminine expenditure on clothes. — THE AUTHOR.

hostility. Woman surrenders because she must, man because he ought to.

That is an attitude of barbarism. It is a changing attitude; the ranks of social service have during the last half-century been disproportionately swollen by woman. Our most active worker in the causes of factory inspection, child protection, anti-sweating, is to-day woman. Woman is emerging swiftly from the barbarous state in which she was long maintained. She will change yet more, — and further on in this article I will attempt to show how, — but to-day it must be granted that there runs in her veins much vigorous barbarian blood. Her attitude to war is significant. During the past months I have met many women who were inflamed by the idea of blood; so long as they were not losing relatives or friends themselves, they tended to look upon the war as the most exciting serial they had ever read. Heat and heroism, what could be more romantic? Every woman to whom I told this said it was untrue, but in no country have the women's unions struck against war; the suffragettes have organized, not only hospitals, but kitchens, recreation rooms, canteens for the use of soldiers; many have clamored to be allowed to make shells; some, especially in Russia, have carried rifles. In England, thirteen thousand women volunteered to make war material; women filled the German factories. Of course, I recognize that this is partly economic: women must live in wartime even at the price of men's lives, and I am aware that a great many women have done all they could to arrest the spread of war. In England many have prevented their men from volunteering; in America, I am told, women have been solid against war with Germany. But let the reader not be deceived. A subtle point arises which is often ignored. If women went to war instead of men, their attitude might be different. Consider, indeed, these two paragraphs, fictitious descriptions of a battlefield: —

'Before the trenches lay heaped hundreds of young men, with torn bodies, their faces pale in the moonlight. The rays lit up the face of one that lay near, made a glitter upon his little golden moustache.'

'Before the trenches lay heaped hundreds of young girls. The moonlight streamed upon their torn bodies and their fair skins. The rays fell upon one that lay near, drawing a glow from the masses of her golden hair.'

Let the masculine reader honestly read these two paragraphs (which I do not put forward as literature). The first will pain him; the second will hurt him more. That men should be slaughtered — how hateful! That girls should be slaughtered — it is unbearable. Here, I submit, is part of woman's opposition to war, of the exaggerated idea people have of her humanitarian attitude. I will not press the point that as a savage she may like blood better than man; I will confine myself to suggesting that a large portion of her opposition to war comes out of a sexual consciousness; it seems horrible to her that young men should be killed, just as horrible as my paragraph on the dead girls may seem to the male reader.

Some men have seen woman as barbarous and dangerous only, have based their attitude upon the words of Thomas Otway: 'She betrayed the Capitol, lost Mark Antony to the world, laid old Troy in ashes.' This is absurd; if man cannot resist the temptation of woman he can surely claim no greater nobility. Mark Antony 'lost' Cleopatra by wretched suicide as much as she 'lost' him. If because of Helen old Troy was laid in ashes, at least another woman, guiltless Andromache, paid the price. To represent woman so, to suggest that there were only two peo-

ple in Eden, Adam and the Serpent, is as ridiculous as making a woman into a goddess. It is the hope of the future that woman shall be realized as neither diabolical nor divine, but as merely human.

II

We must recognize that the emotional quality in woman is not a characteristic of sex; it is merely the exaggeration of a human characteristic. For instance, it is currently said that women make trouble on committees. They do; I have sat with women on committees and will do it again as seldom as possible: their frequent inability to understand an obvious syllogism, their passion for side issues, their generalizations, and their particularism whenever emotion is aroused, make committee work very difficult. But every committee has its male member who cannot escape from his egotism or from his own conversation. What woman does man does, only he does it less. The difference is one of degree, not of quality.

Where the emotionalism of women grows more pronounced is in matters of religion and love. There is a vague correspondence between her attitude to the one and to the other, in outwardly Christian countries, I mean. She often finds in religion a curious philter, both a sedative and a stimulant. Religion is often for woman an allotrope of romance; blind as an earthworm she seeks the stars. I cannot enter here into the question which a mediæval council so boldly discussed, — Has woman a soul? — for it would compel an opinion as to whether man can pretend to such a thing; but it is curious that religion should make so powerful an appeal to woman, considering how she has been treated by the faiths. The Moslem faith has made of her a toy and a reward; the Jewish, a submissive beast of burden; the Christian, a danger, a vessel of impurity. I mean the actual faiths, not their original theory; one must take a faith as one finds it, not as it is supposed to be, and in the case of woman the Christian religion is but little in accord with the view of Him who forgave the woman taken in adultery. The Christian religion has done everything it could to heap ignominy upon woman: head-coverings in church, practical tolerance of male infidelity, kingly repudiation of queens, compulsory child-bearing, and a multiplicity of other injustices. The Proverbs and the Bible in general are filled with strictures on 'a brawling woman,' 'a contentious woman'; when man is referred to, mankind is really implied. Yet woman has kissed the religious rods. One might think that indeed she was seduced and held only by cruelty and contempt. She is now, in a measure, turning against the faiths, but still she clings to them more closely than man because she is more capable of making an act of faith, of believing that which she knows to be impossible.

The appeal of religion to woman is the appeal of self-surrender, — that is, ostensibly. In the case of love it is the same appeal, ostensibly; though I suspect that intuition has told many a woman who gave herself to a lover or to a god that she was absorbing more than she gave: in love using the man for nature whom she represents, in faith performing a pantheistic prodigy, the enclosing of Nirvana within her own bosom.

But speculation as to the impulse of sex in relation to religion, in Greece, in Egypt, in Latin countries, would draw me too far. I can record only that to all appearances a portion of the religious instinct of woman is derived from the love instinct which many believe to be woman's first and only motive. It

is significant that among the sixty-five cases upon which this article is based [1] there are several deeply religious single women, while not one of the married women shows signs of more than conventional devotion. I incline to believe that woman is firstly animal, secondly, intellectual; while man appears to be occasionally animal and primarily intellectual.

Observe indeed the varying age at which paternal and maternal instincts manifest themselves. A woman's passion for her child generally awakes at birth, and there are many cases where an unfortunate girl, intending to murder her child, as soon as it is born discovers that she loves it. On the other hand, a great many men are indifferent to their children in infancy and are drawn to them only as they develop intellectual quality. This is just the time when woman drifts from them. Qualified by civilized custom, the attitude of woman toward her child is very much that of the cat toward her kitten; as soon as the kitten is a few weeks old, the mother neglects it. A few months later she will not know it. Her part is played. So it is not uncommon to find a woman who has been enthralled by her baby giving it over entirely to hired help: the baby is growing intellectualized; it needs her no more except as a kindly but calm critic. And frequently at that time the father begins to intervene, to control the education, to prepare for the future. Whether in the mental field this means much more than the difference in temperament between red hair and black hair (if that means anything), I do not know; but it is singular that so often the mother should drift away from her child just at the moment when the father thinks of teaching it to ride and shoot and tell the truth. Possibly by that time her critical work is done.

Indicative of the influence of the emotions is the peculiar intensification of love in moments of crisis, such as war, revolution, or accident. Men do not escape this any more than women: the German atrocities, for instance, largely proceed from extreme excitement. But men have but slender bonds to break, being nearly all ready to take their pleasure where they can, while women are more fastidious. Woman needs a more highly charged atmosphere, the whips of fear or grief, the intoxication of glory. When these are given her, her emotions more readily break down her reserves; and it is not remarkable that in times of war there should be an increase in illegitimate births as well as an increase in marriages. Woman's intellect under those pressures gives way. A number of the marriages contracted by British soldiers about to leave for the front are simple manifestations of hysteria.

As for caprice, it has long been regarded as woman's privilege, part of her charm. Man was the hunter, and his prey must run. Only he is annoyed when it runs too fast. He is ever asking woman to charm him by elusiveness and then complaining because she eludes him. There is hardly a man who would not to-day echo Sir Walter Scott's familiar lines, —

> O Woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made.

It is not woman's fault. The poetry of the world is filled with the words 'to win' and 'to woo'; one cannot win or woo one who does not baffle; one can only take her, and men are not satisfied to do only that. Man loves sincerity until he finds it; he can live neither with it nor without it; this is true most

[1] Mr. George explains in his earlier paper that the specific source of his information is the study of sixty-five women representing, as he believes, typical classes of society. — The Editor.

notably in the lists of love. He is for falsehood, for affectation, lest the prize should too easily be won. Both sexes are equally guilty if guilt there be.

More true is it that many women lie and curvet as a policy because they believe thus best to manage men. They generally believe that they can manage men. They look upon them as 'poor dears.' They honestly believe that the 'poor dears' cannot cook, or run houses, or trim hats, ignoring the fact that the 'poor dears' do these things better than anybody, in kitchens, in hotels, and in hat shops. Especially they believe that they can outwit them in the game of love. This curious idea is due to woman's consciousness of having been sought after in the past and told that she did not seek man but was sought by him. Centuries of thraldom and centuries of flattery have caused her to believe this — the poor dear!

In ordinary times, when no world-movements stimulate, the chief exasperation of woman resides in jealousy. It differs from male jealousy, for the male is generally possessive, the female competitive. I suspect that Euripides was generalizing rashly when he said that woman is woman's natural ally. She is too sex-conscious for that, and many of us have observed the annoyance of a mother when her son weds. Competition is always violent, so much so that woman is generally mocking or angry if a man praises ever so slightly another woman. If she is young and able to make a claim on all men, she tends to be still more virulent because her claim is on *all* men. This is partly due to the marriage market and its restrictions, but it is also partly natural. No doubt because it is natural, woman attempts to conceal that jealousy, nature being generally considered ignoble by the civilized world. In this respect we must accept that an assumption of coldness is considered a means of enticing man. It may well be that, where woman does not exhibit jealousy, she is with masterly skill suggesting to the man a problem: why is she not jealous? On which follows the desire to make her jealous, and entanglement.

Because of these powerful preoccupations, when woman adopts a career she has hitherto frequently allowed herself to be diverted therefrom by love. Up to the end of the nineteenth century it was very common for a woman to abandon the stage, the concert platform, and so forth, when she married. A change has come about, and there is a growing tendency in women, whether or not at the expense of love I do not know, to retain their occupations when they marry. But the tendency of woman still is to revert to the instinctive function. In days to come, when we have developed the individual and broken up the socialized society in which we live, when the home has been swept away and the family destroyed, I do not believe that this factor will operate so powerfully. In the way of change stand the remnants of woman's slavish habit. No longer a slave, she tends to follow, to submit, to adjust her conduct to the wish of man, and it is significant that a powerful man is seldom henpecked. The henpecked deserve to be henpecked, and I would point out that there is no intention in these notes to attempt to substitute henpecked husbands for cockpecked wives. The tendency is all the other way, for woman tends to mould herself to man.

A number of cases lie before me: —

Case 61 married a barrister. Before her marriage she lived in a commercial atmosphere; after marriage she grew violently legal in her conversation. Her husband developed a passion for motoring; so did Case 61. Observe that during a previous attachment to a doctor, Case 61 had manifested a growing interest in medicine.

Case 18 comes from a hunting family, married a literary man, and within a few years has ceased to take any exercise and mixes exclusively with literary people.

Case 38, on becoming engaged to a member of the Indian Civil Service, became a sedulous student of Indian literature and religion. On her husband's appointment to a European post her interest did not diminish. She has paid a lengthy visit to India.

There are compensating cases among men: I have two. In one case a soldier who married a literary woman has turned into a scholar. In the other a commercial man, who married a popular actress, has been completely absorbed by the theatre, and is now writing successful plays.

It would appear from these rather disjointed notes that the emotional quality in woman is more or less at war with her intellectual aims. Indeed it is sometimes suggested that where woman appears narrowness follows; that books by women are mostly confined to love, are not cosmic in feeling. This is generally true, for reasons which I hope to indicate a little farther on; but it is not true that books where women are the chief characters are narrow. Such novels as *Anna Karenina*, *Madame Bovary*, *Une Vie*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, make that point obvious. As a rule, books about men, touching as they do, not only upon love, but upon art, politics, business, are more powerful than books about women. But one should not forget that books written round women are mostly written by women. As women are far less powerful in literature than men, we must not conclude that books about women are naturally lesser than books about men. The greatest books about women have been written by men. But few men are sufficiently unprejudiced to grasp women; only a genius can do so, and that is why few books about women exist that deserve the epithet great. It remains to be seen whether an increased understanding of the affairs of the world will develop among women a literary power which, together with the world, will embrace herself.

III

In the attempt to indicate what the future may reserve for woman it is important to consider what she has done, because she has achieved much in the face of conservatism, of male egotism, of male jealousy, of poverty, of ignorance, and of prejudice. These chains are weaker to-day, and the goodwill that shall not die will break them yet; but many women, a few of whose names follow, gave while enslaved an idea of woman's quality. Examine indeed this short list:[1]—

Painting: Angelica Kauffmann, Madame Vigée le Brun, Rosa Bonheur.

Music and drama: Rachel, Siddons, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Teresa Carreño, Sadayacco.

Literature: George Eliot, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné, Christina Rossetti, Elizabeth Browning. More recent, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Miss May Sinclair, 'Lucas Malet,' Mrs. Edith Wharton, 'Vernon Lee.'

Social service and politics: Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Miss Jane Addams, Madame Montessori, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Ennis Richmond, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Clementina Black, Josephine Butler, Mrs. Pankhurst, Elizabeth Fry. Observe the curious case of Mrs. Hetty Green, financier.

[1] I associate the arts with intellectual quality for reasons that I cannot explain here. Broadly, I believe that all achievements, artistic or otherwise, proceed from intellect. — THE AUTHOR.

This list could be enormously increased, and, as it is, it is a random list, omitting women of distinction and including women of lesser distinction. But still it contains no unknown names, and, though I do not pretend that it compares with a similar list of men, it is an indication. I am anxious that the reader should not think that I want to compare Angelica Kauffmann with Leonardo, or Jane Austen with Shakespeare. In every walk of life since history began there have been a score of men of talent for every woman of talent, and there has never been a female genius. That should not impress us: genius is an accident; it may be a disease. It may be that mankind has produced only two or three geniuses, and that one or two women in days to come may redress the balance, and it may be that several women have been mute inglorious Miltons. We do not know. But in the matter of talent, notably in the arts, I submit that woman can be hopeful, particularly because most of the names I give are those of women of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century was better for woman than the eighteenth, the eighteenth better than the seventeenth: what could be more significant? In the arts I feel that woman has never had her opportunity. She has been hailed as an executive artist, actress, singer, pianist; but as a creator, novelist, poet, painter, she has been steadfastly discounted,—told that what she did was very pretty, until she grew unable to do anything but the pretty-pretty. She has grown up in an atmosphere of patronage and roses, deferential, subservient. She has persistently been told that certain subjects were 'not fit for nice young ladies'; she has been shut away from the expression of life.

Here is a typical masculine attitude, that of Mr. George Moore, in *A Modern Lover*. Mr. George Moore, who seems to know a great deal about females but less about women, causes in this book Harding, the novelist, who generally expresses him, to criticize George Sand, George Eliot, and Rosa Bonheur: 'If they have created anything new, how is it that their art is exactly like our own? I defy any one to say that George Eliot's novels are a woman's writing, or that The Horse Fair was not painted by a man. I defy you to show me a trace of feminality in anything they ever did; that is the point I raise. I say that women as yet have not been able to transfuse into art a trace of their sex; in other words, unable to assume a point of view of their own, they have adopted ours.'

This is cool! I have read a great deal of Mr. George Moore's art criticism: when it deals with the work of a man he never seeks the *masculine* touch. He judges a man's work as art; he will not judge a woman's work as art. He starts from the assumption that man's art is art, while woman's art is—well, woman's art. That is the sort of thing which has discouraged woman; that is the atmosphere of tolerance and good-conduct prizes which she has breathed, and that is the stifling stupidity through which she is breaking. She will break through, for I believe that she loves the arts better than does man. She is better ground for the development of a great artist, for she approaches art with sympathy, while the great bulk of men approach it with fear and dislike, shrinking from the idea that it may disturb their self-complacency. The prejudice goes so far that, while women are attracted to artists as lovers, men are generally afraid of women who practice the arts, or they dislike them. It is not a question of sex; it is a question of art. All that is part of sexual heredity, of which I must say a few words.

But, before doing so, let me waste a

few lines on the male conception of love, which has influenced woman because love is still her chief business. To this day, though it dies slowly, the male attitude is still the attitude to a toy. It is the attitude of Nietzsche when saying, 'Man is for war, woman for the recreation of the warrior.' This idea is so prevalent that Great Britain, in its alleged struggle against Nietzschean ideas, is making abundant use of the Nietzschean point of view. No wonder, for the idea runs not only through men but through Englishmen: 'woman is the reward of war,'—that is a prevalent idea, notably among men who make war in the neighborhood of waste-paper baskets. It has been exemplified by the British war propaganda in every newspaper and in every music hall, begging women to refuse to be seen with a man unless he is in khaki. It has had government recognition in the shape of recruiting posters, asking women 'whether their best boy is in khaki.' It has been popularly formulated on picture postcards touchingly inscribed, 'No gun, no girl.'

All that — woman as the prize (a theory repudiated in the case of Belgian atrocities) — is an idea deeply rooted in man. In the eighteen-sixties the customary proposal was, 'Will you be mine?' Very faintly signs are showing that men will yet say, 'May I be yours?' It will take time, for the possessive, the dominating instinct in man is still strong; and long may it live, for that is the vigor of the race. Only we do not want that instinct to carry man away, any more than we want a well-bred horse to clench its teeth upon the bit and bolt.

We want to do everything we can to get rid of what may be called the creed of the man of the world, which is as repulsively suggested as anywhere in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties':—

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward — get out! She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who are lacking in lore.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.
Blister we not for *bursati?* So when the heart is vext,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of the next.

There is a great deal of this sort of thing in Molière, in Thackeray, in Casanova. The old idea of woman eluding and lying; of woman stigmatized if she has 'been there before,' while man may brag of having 'been there before' as often as possible; of man lovelacing for his credit's sake and woman adventuring at her peril.

IV

I submit that each man and woman has two heredities: one the ordinary heredity from two parents and their forbears, the other more complex and purely mental — the tradition of sex. Heredity through sex may be defined as the resultant of consecutive environments. I mean that a woman, for instance, is considerably influenced by the ideas and attitudes of her mother, grandmothers, and all female ascendants. They had a tradition, and it is the basis of her outlook. Any boy born in a slum can, as he grows educated, realize that the world lies before him; literature and history soon show him that many as lowly as he have risen to fame, as artists, scientists, statesmen; he may even dream of becoming a king, like Bonaparte. To the boy nothing is impossible; if he is brave, there is nothing he may not tear from the world. He knows it and it strengthens him; it gives him confidence. What his fath-

ers did he may do; the male sexual heredity is a proud heritage, and only yesterday a man said to me, 'Thank God, I am a man.' Contrast with this the corresponding type of heredity in woman. Woman carries in her the slave tradition of her maternal forbears, of people who never did anything because they were never allowed to; who were told that they could do nothing but please, until they at last believed it, until by believing they lost the power of action; who were never taught, and because uneducated were ashamed; who were never helped to understand the work of the world, political, financial, scientific, and, therefore, grew to believe that such realms were not for them. I need not labor the comparison: obviously any woman, inspired by centuries of dependence, instinctively feels that, while everything is open to man, very little is open to her. She comes into the arena with a leaden sword; in most cases she hardly has energy to struggle.

A few days ago, when Britain was floating a large war loan, one woman told me that she could not understand its terms. We went into them together and she found that she understood perfectly. *She was surprised.* She had always assumed that she did not understand finance, and the assumption had kept her down, prevented her from understanding it. Likewise, and until they try, many women think they cannot read maps and time-tables.

With that heredity environment has coalesced, and I think no one will deny that a continuous suggestion of helplessness and mental inferiority must affect woman. It means most during youth, when one is easily snubbed, when one looks up to one's elders. By the time one has found out one's elders it is generally too late; the imprint is made, and woman, looking upon herself as inferior, hands on to her daughters the old slavery that was in her forbears' blood. To me this seems foolish, and during the past thirty or forty years a great many have come to think so too; they have shown it by opening wide to woman the doors of colleges, many occupations and professions. Many are to-day impatient because woman has not done enough, has not justified this new freedom. I think they are unjust; they do not understand that a generation of training and of relative liberty is not enough to undo evils neolithic in origin. All that we are doing to-day by opening gates to women is to counter-influence the old tradition, to implant in the woman of to-morrow the new faith that nothing is beyond her powers. It lies with the woman of to-day to make that faith so strong as to move mountains. I think she will succeed, for I doubt whether any mental power is inherent in sex. There are differences of degree, differences of quality; but I suspect that they are mainly due to sexual heredity, to environment, to suggestion, and that indeed, if I may trench upon biology, human creatures are never entirely male or entirely female; there are no men, there are no women, but only sexual majorities.

The evolution of woman toward mental assimilation with man, though particularly swift in the past half-century, has been steady since the Renaissance. Roughly, one might say that the woman of the year 1450 had no education at all; in this she was more like man than she ever was later, for the knights could not read and learning existed only among the priests. The time had not yet come for the learned nobleman; Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Surrey, the Euphuists, had not yet dispelled the mediæval fogs, and few among the laymen, save Cheke and Ascham, had any learning at all. In those days woman sang songs and brought up babies. Two hundred and

fifty years later the well-to-do woman had become somebody; she could even read, though she mainly read tales such as 'The Miraculous Love of Prince Alzamore.' She was growing significant in the backstairs of politics. Sometimes she took a bath. Round about 1850 she turned into the 'perfect lady' who kept an album bound in morocco leather. She wrote verses that embodied yearnings. Often she had a Turkish parlor, and usually as many babies as she could. But already the Brontës and George Eliot had come to knock at the door; Miss Braddon was promising to be, if not a glory, at least a power, and before twenty years were out John Stuart Mill was to lead the first suffragettes to the House of Commons.

To-day it is another picture: woman in every trade except those in which she intends to be; woman demanding and using political power; woman governing her own property; woman senior to man in the civil service. She has not yet her charter, and still suffers much from the tradition of inferiority, from her lack of confidence in herself. But many women are all ambition, and within the last year two young women novelists have convinced me that the thing they most desire is to be great in their art. Whether they will succeed does not matter much; what does matter is that they should harbor such a wish. Whether woman's physical disabilities, her present bias toward unduly moral and inadequately intellectual judgments, will forever hamper her, I do not know; but I do not think so. Whether the influence of woman, more inherently lawless, more anarchic than man, will result in the breaking down of conventions and the despising of the law, I do not know either. But if the world is to be remoulded I think it much more likely to be remoulded by woman than by man, simply because that as a sex he is in power, and the people who are in power never want to alter anything.

Woman's rebellion is everywhere indicated: her brilliance, her failings, her unreasonableness, all these are excellent signs of her revolt. She is even revolting against her own beauty; often she neglects her clothes, her hair, her complexion, her teeth. This is a pity, but it must not be taken too seriously: men on active service grow beards, and woman in her emancipation campaign is still too busy to think of the art of charming. I suspect that as time passes and she suffers less intolerably from a sense of injustice, she will revert to the old graces. The art of charming was a response to convention; and of late years unconventionality, a great deal of which is ridiculous, has grown much more among women than among men. That is not wonderful, for there were so many things woman might not do. Almost any movement would bring her up against a barrier; that is why it seems that she does nothing in the world except break barriers. How genuine woman's rebellion is no man can say. It may be that woman's impulse toward male occupations and rights is only a reaction against the growing difficulty of gaining a mate, children, and a home. But I very much more believe that woman is straining toward a new order, that the swift evolution of her mind is leading her to contest more and more violently the assumption that there are ineradicable differences between the male and the female mind. As she grows more capable of grasping at education she will become more worthy of it; her intellect will harden, tend to resemble that of man; and so, having escaped from the emptiness of the past into the special fields which have been conceded her, she will make for broader fields, fields so vast that they will embrace the world.

GERMANY AND COTTON

BY W. J. ASHLEY

I

CLOTHING is a human need second in importance only to food. Indeed it can be called second only because it lasts longer, and because, as the consumption of wear takes more time than the consumption of digestion, the need on any particular day is usually less urgent. Since it is a universal need it gives rise to great industries; while the conditions which cause international division of labor enable particular countries to manufacture for the rest of the world. Accordingly the textile trades have for centuries been largely export trades; and the woolens of England, the silks of France, and the linens of Holland and Germany found extensive markets abroad before the advent of steam and machinery. When the age of machinery came, a cheap supply at home of coal and iron gave so great an advantage to countries possessing it, that they found themselves able to continue to produce textiles for themselves and for foreign markets even if they used imported materials.

These considerations apply, it need hardly be said, very directly to the case of Germany. Though before the war the textile industries of that country still furnished about one eighth of the total exports of the Empire, they had been deprived of their pride of place at the head of the list by the marvelous expansion of the iron and machinery trades; and with the improvement in textile machinery there was, as in other countries, some slackening in the rate of increase of the operatives. Yet the decline in relative importance had not prevented an increase in positive magnitude. Taking the figures for the last five-year period before the war, and comparing it with a period ten years earlier, we find that the average annual value of the exports of German textile fabrics, measured in millions of marks, was as follows:—

	1899–1903	1909–1913
Cotton	246.2	388.7
Woolen	235.3	261
Silk	125.5	187.2
	607.0	836.9

But while the exports of these stuffs increased some 38 per cent, the population increased only 15 per cent.

The effect on a country of the loss of foreign markets depends naturally on the relative size of the home demand. So far as can be made out from German official statistics, the foreign sale, in the case of cotton goods, is between a third and a half of the whole; in the case of woolens, rather more than a quarter; in the case of silks, rather more than one half.

Of its place in national life a very imperfect idea is given by the numbers employed. A stoppage in the production of clothing must in the long run be as fatal as a stoppage in the production of food. Long before that point is reached, the slackening of output involves so much less demand for those other things which men produce to exchange for clothes. It implies a *malaise*, a discomfort, a feeling of straitened circumstances, which gradually spreads

itself over the whole of society. But even if we look only at the particular industries primarily concerned, the numbers involved are quite considerable. The last returns of the factory inspectors, for operatives engaged in textile factories employing at least ten workpeople, were, in round figures: 1910, 911,000; 1911, 922,000; 1912, 947,000. But these figures do not include either persons employed in smaller workshops, or those working at home, or those with whom the occupation is a secondary one. If they could be added, the number would probably be found to be somewhere between 1,200,000 and 1,300,000. Intimately bound up with 'the textile industry' proper are the clothing trades, to which the inspectors assigned in 1910, 385,000; in 1911, 398,000; in 1912, 423,000. But in these trades there is notoriously a far larger proportion of home-workers and workers in small shops; probably the factory figures give not more than a quarter of the whole number who found employment.

Rather more women than men are employed in the textile trades, and more than twice as many in the clothing trades; so that relatively fewer people are dependent on those at work than is the case in the heavier and better-paid industries mainly carried on by men. The last occupation census, that of 1907, made an attempt to ascertain the total number dependent on the several groups of trades and their proportion to the total population. The conclusion was a percentage of 3.1 for the textile group and 4.3 for the clothing group, or 7.4 for the two together. These percentages may look small at first sight; but on the same authority all the metal-producing trades accounted for only 4.6 per cent of the population, and all the engineering trades for 3.6 per cent. It will not be forgotten that, large as the manufactures of Germany are, agriculture still accounts for about a third of the whole population.

Not content with these census groupings, the well-known political writer Naumann attempted some years ago a fresh combination of census figures, and reached the conclusion that, counting those branches of the metal and engineering trades occupied in turning out textile machinery, somewhere about a tenth of the whole German population was concerned in, or dependent upon, the production of clothing and clothing materials. So far as dependence on earnings is concerned, this may be an overestimate. But even this fraction is far from giving a just impression of the direct and immediate importance of this side of the nation's economic activity. For the textile factories furnish the wares ('dry goods') for legions of retail traders — drapers, haberdashers, and the like. Nor can we leave out of sight the many thousands of the German population who have invested capital in textile mills and are, to that extent, dependent upon their success. In the years 1910–1912 there existed some 350 joint-stock companies in the textile trades proper, with a paid-up share capital rising from 616 million marks in the first of those years to 651 millions in the last, and earning on that capital the not unsatisfactory profit of 12.59, 7.87, and 5.36 per cent for the three years respectively, after the deduction of all losses on the part of every single company carrying on business.

II

Enough has been said to give a general impression of the place of textiles in German national life. Let us look more closely into the constitution of the industries themselves. Herein Germany differs from England in important respects. Each of the two main trades,

cotton and woolen, is more widely distributed over the country: there is nothing as yet resembling the almost complete concentration of the former in Lancashire and the latter in the West Riding. Cotton and wool, moreover, are not, in Germany, kept apart from one another, industrially or geographically, to anything like the same extent. And, finally, the briefer history of machine industry in Germany is evidenced by the survival of a certain amount of handloom weaving, especially of linens.

But the forces of capitalism pull in the same direction in Germany as elsewhere. The factory has almost displaced the domestic workshop in all the chief branches of textile manufacture, and there has been a steady movement toward geographical concentration. As in other countries, mills tend to multiply near coal; and when concentration has once set in, it is hastened and strengthened by transportation facilities and by the presence of subsidiary trades. And so, although there were thriving textile manufactures elsewhere, — in Alsace, Württemberg, Bavaria, and even in Brandenburg, — two provinces before the war stood out from the rest for the magnitude and compression of their textile activity. A portion, side by side, of Rhineland and Westphalia, with the woolen industries of Aachen, Barmen, and Elberfeld, was coming more and more to resemble industrially the West Riding of Yorkshire, though it was diversified by the silk of Crefeld and the cotton business which found its centre in München-Gladbach. Similarly the southern half of the Kingdom of Saxony, with the adjacent petty territories, was coming to resemble Lancashire, and Chemnitz was a great cotton-spinning centre; though here again the other textile trades, with all sorts of half-woolens and other combinations of fibre, flourished in the same district.

Whether factory- or home-work, whether concentrated or scattered, all this extensive and expanding department of industrial life was almost entirely dependent, before the war, on the importation of raw material from overseas or from what have since become enemy countries. In the case of cotton this dependence was practically complete. The only other source of supply was Turkey; and the contribution from that country — larger in 1913 than usual — was only one two-hundred-and-thirtieth part of the total net importation. Asia Minor can certainly in time produce more cotton than it does; but it will first be necessary to carry out extensive works of irrigation.

Sheep's wool Germany does, to some small extent, produce for herself; but before the war the Empire certainly received nineteen twentieths of its supply from outside. For many years the number of its sheep has been steadily declining: from 25 millions in 1873 to less than 10 millions in 1900 and less than 6 millions at the last cattle census in 1912. The number can be only gradually increased, and even then not without a serious change in agricultural practice and a concurrent diminution of food-supplies other than mutton. Almost all the outside supply of wool came from overseas; and of that which came by land the only contribution from countries not now hostile was the few hundred tons from Austria-Hungary, amounting in 1913 to about a hundred-and-forty-sixth part of the total net import. Austria-Hungary has more sheep: about 13 to every 5 in her ally's territory. But considering that before the war Austria-Hungary herself imported two thirds of her requirements, it is most improbable that in time of war she will be able to spare any quantity worth considering.

Silk is for Germany entirely a foreign product. About two thirds of it

used to come from Italy and considerable quantities from France. The only country not now engaged in war from which she obtained any notable amount was Switzerland. But Switzerland was of course only an intermediary.

The linen industry is much smaller and produces more exclusively for the home market. Its dependence on the outer world is therefore limited to the supply of material; but there it is very marked. Cotton and silk Germany cannot produce at home; wool and linen she can; but in each case she has chosen to risk dependence on the foreigner in order to make a more immediately profitable use of her territory. And so the fields of flax once conspicuous in certain provinces have been dwindling, — from 335,000 acres in 1878 to 37,000 acres in 1910, — until before the war four fifths of the flax worked up in Germany came from abroad, and three quarters from Russia.

III

That with a vitally important branch of the nation's activity so dependent for its materials upon oversea sources of supply, the country would be in grave danger in a war with a great maritime power, has long been quite obvious. It was perfectly well known to the more instructed men in German political circles. A sufficient example is furnished by the writings of the late Professor von Halle. Von Halle's first important book, on Cotton Production in the Southern States (1897), was dedicated to the present writer; his second, on the Economics of the Sea (*Volks- und Seewirthschaft*, 1902), was dedicated to Von Tirpitz: I hardly know whether to be gratified or humiliated by the juxtaposition. In the interval Von Halle had put his great abilities, I doubt not with sincere conviction, at the service of the Big Navy party; he had been attached as economic expert to the German Admiralty; he had organized, behind the scenes, the agitation for the naval programme in the universities and had been suitably decorated in reward; and he had early reached the goal of German academic ambition, a professorship at Berlin. It was his function to formulate, and to confirm with all the appropriate statistics and historical facts, every possible economic argument in favor of the naval programme, both in official memoranda and in anonymous publications. Among the latter was the well-known *Nauticus* yearbook. In the issue for 1900 appeared two substantial essays from Von Halle's pen: one on the blockade of the Southern ports during the Civil War, the other on its consequence, the Lancashire cotton famine. The facts are set forth clearly and carefully, with this conclusion: —

'As the other industries of England were flourishing at the time, and in fact were actually to some extent given occupation by the American war, and as the supply of all other raw materials continued unbroken and transportation to and from the country was unhindered, it was possible to carry the Lancashire population over the difficult time. . . . A similar measure, applied to a highly industrialized country itself engaged in war, would threaten its whole future, and, if the war ended in defeat, would have consequences impossible to realize.'

The moral that Von Halle suggested from this, as from every other piece of his writing during these years, was, 'Build a large navy.' There was never any hint that safety could possibly be found in any distinction between the military and civil use of imports. It was assumed that an enemy who had the power to cut off the supply of necessary industrial materials would not hesitate to use it.

IV

Nothing, however, will strike the future historian as more remarkable than the reluctance of the British government to make this use of its naval power, and its long delay before proceeding to effective measures. Germany was cut off from Australian and South African wool, from Egyptian and Indian cotton, and from Indian jute, simply in consequence of the prohibition of trade by British subjects with enemy countries. A similar cause cut off Russian flax and hemp. But for several months no restriction was placed on the arrival of American cotton by way of neutral countries. Early in 1915 I calculated that, even working half-time, the German cotton mills could not go on for more than about nine months from the beginning of the war, allowing for the confiscation of Antwerp stocks, 'without fresh supplies.' The occupation of Lodz, the home of the cotton industry of Russian Poland, would relieve the situation a little. But the fact is that Germany was enabled for some months to obtain very considerable fresh supplies from oversea. During the nine months from September, 1914, to May, 1915, there arrived in the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands 114,280 metric tons of cotton in excess of the imports in the corresponding period of the preceding year. It can hardly be doubted that at least this much found its way to Germany, even if high prices did not bring over some of the normal import also. But the consumption of cotton in Germany in ordinary times is some 415,000 metric tons a year (the average for 1909–1913). That is, Germany was able, during this period, to replenish her stores by a quantity equal to more than fourteen weeks' ordinary consumption. It is notorious, and the common belief is borne out by the official figures, that by far the larger part of this cotton traveled by way of Sweden.

On January 7, 1915, the British government declared, with truth, that they had 'been most careful not to interfere with cotton, and its place on the free list had been scrupulously maintained.' 'On every occasion when questioned on the point,' they went on to say, 'they have stated their intention of adhering to this practice.' Week by week, however, evidence was accumulating that the cotton was in fact being largely used for military purposes. I am not now referring to its use in the manufacture of ammunition; to that I shall return later: I am referring to its employment for a hundred and one other requirements of the army and navy, — bedding, underclothes, canvas, tarpaulins, waterproof materials, medical stores, aeroplanes, and Zeppelins; as well as, in consequence of the shortage of wool, as an admixture even in uniforms. An order, for instance, of the Austrian Ministry of War of last July directed that 'in view of the present position of the wool market' army clothing previously made of fresh wool should henceforth contain 35–40 per cent of shoddy and 10–15 per cent of American cotton. Looking back on my article of June last in the *Atlantic*, I see that I then still shared the common opinion that the cotton industry 'could not be much helped by government orders.' But the perusal, since then, of dozens of German trade reports has made it very clear that, throughout the war, the cotton factories of Germany, almost if not quite as much as the woolen factories, have lived upon government orders. Their foreign markets are lost; and the lessening purchasing power of the community due to the rise in the price of food, concurrent with an increase in the price of cotton goods due to the cost of materials, has brought down the ordinary civilian de-

mand to narrow dimensions. For a fact of such capital importance as the military consumption of cotton goods, it may be well to adduce some evidence. Here is a report from München-Gladbach in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for January 20, 1915: —

'The continuous and enormous demand of the military authorities for all kinds of goods produced in the district has brought it about that the firms are now fully supplied with orders down to next May or June.'

The same journal reports from the same district a few months later: —

'In May new orders for summer clothing for the army came in. . . . The cotton-spinning mills are very busy now.'

Reviewing the three months, March to May, the Berlin *Börsen-Zeitung* remarked: —

'Business in the cotton-wearing branch has been somewhat less active than in earlier months. Army orders often ran low, and few fresh orders came in.'

And such indications could easily be multiplied.

Nevertheless the British government might have long hesitated about keeping out from Germany what before this war — with its unprecedented numbers in the field and their unprecedented equipment — might fairly have been regarded as mainly civilian supplies. So long as there was any likelihood that the accepted usages of war would continue to be observed, it would not lightly, in its own future interest, declare cotton liable to seizure. Nothing but the declaration by Germany of the submarine blockade of Great Britain, with the announced intention and speedily exhibited practice of disregard for the lives of noncombatants, would have brought Great Britain as early as March 11 to the point it then reached: the decision, in exercise of 'an unquestionable right of retaliation,' 'to adopt measures to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany'; even though, as we have seen, that policy in the case of cotton was sufficiently justified by the commonly accepted principles as to 'warlike stores.' On the same date, indeed, the British government declared 'raw wool, wool tops or noils, and woolen and worsted yarns' absolute contraband. The intention evidently was to cut Germany off from its one remaining source of sheep's wool, namely, Argentina. When it is realized that there is no longer any very substantial difference between the extent to which cotton and wool respectively are capable of military use, it is evident that the English government's abstention for some months from a like announcement in the case of cotton must have arisen, not from any doubt as to principle, but simply from regard to the large American interests involved. It was anxious to avoid the severities hitherto incident to treatment as contraband, especially the confiscation of vessels. And under an agreement made with representatives of the American cotton-growers, cotton shipped before a certain date to neutral destinations was purchased when diverted to British ports. Some indication of the magnitude of the supply that would otherwise have reached Germany is afforded by the fact that for twenty-five of such shipments there was paid over by the British government, before the middle of July, a sum of nearly £700,000.

Before looking at the effects of the stoppage of cotton to Germany, it will be convenient to complete the list of measures of restriction. Lest consignments of cotton to neutrals from England should indirectly reach the enemy, a proclamation of April 26 prohibited its export from British to neutral ports; cotton waste had been subject to a like

restriction from the beginning of the war. The special difficulty of Holland was met by the formation of the Netherlands Oversea Trust, which was made responsible for seeing that cotton imported into Holland was not sucked into Germany by higher prices. Sweden also saw her way to prohibit the export of cotton and ceased to be any longer, what a German trade journal frankly called her, 'an agent for Germany.' Finding the Scandinavian and Dutch avenues blocked, German merchants turned their attention to Italy; but on May 23 Italy joined in the conflict, and though she did not actually declare war on Germany, she promptly requisitioned the huge stock of cotton that had lately been accumulated at Genoa on German account — to a value, according to a Berlin trade expert, of quite 40 million marks. Germany, before the war, had been in the habit of buying from England a not inconsiderable quantity of cotton yarn; to prevent its reaching her through neutrals, its export was restricted on July 24. Before the next large step was taken, the declaration of cotton as contraband on August 21, the whole problem had entered upon a new phase.

V

The declaration of cotton as contraband was grounded, by implication, on its capacity for use in the manufacture of explosives; for the entry in the list runs thus, —'raw cotton, linters, cotton waste, cotton yarns, cotton piecegoods, and all other cotton products capable of being used in the manufacture of explosives.' It is sometimes supposed that the motive assigned was not a motive really operating; and it is pointed out that the British government had itself protested against the threat of Russia, during the Russo-Japanese war, to declare cotton contraband for the same reason, on the ground that the quantity employed in ammunition was too small in proportion to its ordinary consumption for civilian use to justify the proposed action. Official opinion in England was long disinclined to the measure, precisely because it had thus more or less committed itself in the opposite sense. But by the summer of 1915 the whole world had been taught by experience that this was a war of munitions as never before. Whatever may have been the case ten years earlier, the quantity of cotton used for ammunition in the present struggle is quite sufficient to justify the new departure. But this needs some explanation.

There is a certain confusion in the public mind, owing to ambiguity in the use of terms. The substances commonly grouped together as 'explosives' really fall, so far as the great bulk of them is concerned, into two distinct classes. There is the explosive the purpose of which is to *burst*, and which is used in mines, torpedoes, shells (except shrapnel), and hand-grenades. For this purpose lyddite to some extent, and now the new compound known as T.N.T. to a much larger, are commonly employed; and neither contains cotton. But there is the much more important explosive the purpose of which is to *push*, and which serves as a *propellant*, both in small arms and in guns and heavy cannon of all classes. To avoid misunderstanding, it might be as well, then, to speak simply of 'propellants' in this connection.

For a long time the military propellant was gunpowder; and, while that was so, it seemed perfectly natural that sulphur and saltpetre should be treated as contraband. But, toward the end of the nineteenth century, gunpowder was displaced for military purposes by compounds based on nitro-cellulose. Now nitro-cellulose can be made only

from substances which contain cellulose: this rules out all animal substances such as wool. There is a choice between vegetable fibres that contain cellulose; but at the outbreak of the war the propellants universally employed were all of them forms (such as cordite) of nitro-cellulose made from cotton waste. Cotton waste is simply material rejected in the ordinary processes of the cotton industry; it was used for the production of cordite and so forth, because it could be obtained in large quantities from the mills, at low prices and of sufficiently uniform quality; and the advantage to a country, in this respect, of possessing a considerable cotton manufacture, continually turning out cotton waste, is too obvious for comment. It is a further illustration of the impossibility, under present conditions, of retaining the old distinctions between military and civil purposes. It need hardly be added that, in default of cotton waste, there is no difficulty in using for the purpose raw cotton, cotton yarn, cotton cloth, and cotton rags.

The new and essential importance of cotton for fighting purposes was very properly pressed upon the attention of the British government by the leading chemists and artillery experts of the country. As was natural, exaggerated estimates were put forward in some quarters as to the quantities involved. But it seems possible, on the basis of the known amounts actually employed in propellants in certain armies and the known size of the operations, to arrive at a tolerably reliable notion of the magnitude of the problem. According to careful calculations, a year's consumption, at the probable present rate, by the German and Austrian armies (leaving out the Turkish) amounts to some 110,000 tons of cotton. But this is between a sixth and a seventh of the total normal consumption of the Central Monarchies in time of peace, as calculated from the years 1909–1913. Evidently this proportion, especially when added to the other military uses of cotton before described, is more than an adequate reason for treating cotton as contraband.

With so enormous a consumption of ammunition as this war has witnessed, it is almost beyond belief that the German government, with all its foresight, could have accumulated stocks of cotton before the war for more than a few months' requirements. As we shall see in a moment, as soon as cotton supplies from overseas were effectively excluded, last summer, the military authorities began to draw upon civilian reserves. It might be asked whether the ingenuity of their chemists cannot find a substitute. The ingenuity of chemists, even before the war, had succeeded in producing a nitro-cellulose out of wood-pulp, though it had never actually been used in heavy guns. But as a propellant it is weaker; and this means that its use would necessitate new firing-chambers and new sighting in all existing guns. Rifles might possibly be altered with field appliances; heavier guns would have to go to a workshop. There are rumors that propellants are now being made in Germany from wood-pulp; and it is even said that the Krupps have begun to make suitable guns. But conceive of the difficulty of shifting from one propellant to another in the midst of war, and the complications resulting from the simultaneous use of non-interchangeable ammunition. That the stoppage of cotton might conceivably force Germany to use an inferior substitute is no reason against the stoppage. The necessity of resorting to such a substitute would be a grave military disability, which the governments of the Entente are bound to impose upon the Central Monarchies for purely military reasons, if they have the power.

VI

All I propose to do now is to give an account of some events in Germany since the effective exclusion of cotton, and of the measures to which the government has resorted. I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. As to the facts there is no doubt; there is no need to rely on the biased newspapers of adjacent countries, on the reports of traveling neutrals, or on secret information. In order that the government's measures may be carried out, they have to be published: the *Reichsanzeiger*, with its official notifications, regularly reaches other countries. Unless all the leading papers of all parties are suppressed, the facts about prices and employment get into print somehow, sooner or later. Though the German War Office warned the public, early in September, not to answer inquiries about trade, even from neutrals in Germany, without first getting permission, a great amount of exact statistical information does get out. In what follows I shall have no occasion to make any assertion which is not derived from reliable German sources.

I have neither time nor space to deal with Austria-Hungary. It is sufficient to say that in most of its economic measures — in all, I think, that have to do with textiles — Austria-Hungary imitates Germany, lagging behind by an interval which varies from one month to four.

In Germany the command of the situation has been taken, almost from the first, by the War Raw Materials Department of the War Office, with its series of control offices and information bureaus for each of the chief textiles. The primary intention of its action is, not to provide for the needs of the civil population, but to secure, if possible, the supplies required for the army. And the measures on which it decides are announced, and presumably more or less enforced, by the military commanders of the several Army Corps districts.

It will complicate the story if I try to include the minor textiles — silk, flax, hemp, jute. And cotton and wool it will be necessary to take together; partly because a stringency in the supply of one quickly makes itself felt in the other, owing to the possibility of substitution; partly because most textile districts are dependent on both; partly because the operatives belong to the same unions of 'textile workers.'

The war began by bringing great distress. In the first two months there was much short time and a great deal of unemployment. But the situation was relieved in two ways: by the progressive calling-up to the army of male operatives and by the pouring-in of government orders. Unemployment rapidly decreased until, in the largest of the two textile unions, that of the Social Democrats, it was in March only 4.1 per cent. The price of raw cotton in July, 1914, was $65\frac{1}{2}$ pfennigs per pound; in December it had risen to 91; the price of yarn, at the two yarn exchanges, those of München-Gladbach and Stuttgart, rose 40 per cent, or to much the same extent. But, with the arrival of fresh supplies of the material at the beginning of the new year by way of Sweden and Holland, as already mentioned, raw cotton dropped to 75 pfennigs, and the price of yarn fell in like proportion.

The import of wool was severely curtailed some months before that of cotton, simply because the chief exporting countries were British. Prices rose more rapidly; and before the end of November military-clothing manufacturers were complaining of the scarcity of imported wool. The government thought it necessary to take strong measures quickly; and on December

22, 1914, it enacted a set of maximum wool prices. But I believe there is no important commodity as to which a policy of maximum prices has been found successful in Germany: the holders invariably keep back the supply, if there is any chance (and there often is) of somehow getting better terms. So it was with wool; and early in March the government declared an embargo on all stocks of native wool of the 1914–15 clip, whether already shorn or not, reserving the whole for army contracts.

The same month of March saw the end, also, of relatively inexpensive cotton, as a result doubtless of the new English policy of March 11; and in spite of the large number of both men and women who left the mills for munition work, the unemployment figures began slowly to rise. In May, both the chief industries received a fillip from the new army orders for summer clothing. But apparently the tightness of the woolen market had not relaxed; and in the middle of the month all existing stocks of army cloth or of materials for it, in any stage, were commandeered.

In the beginning of June, with the blocking of the Italian avenue, the situation in the cotton trade began to look threatening. The Saxon export business was confessed to be quite gone; and, with the rise in cotton prices, the spinners of South Germany began to insert cancellation clauses in all their contracts. The government's first tentative measure, on June 1, was to call for the notification of all stocks of old cotton rags and new cotton waste, and to declare their expropriation for the use of the state. The War Materials Department next held a conference of representatives of the cotton interests; and although it was assured, on inquiry, that there were stocks to meet the normal demands of peace times for eight months, it determined, 'purely as a precautionary measure,' to set on foot a plan for 'the conservation of supplies.' These conclusions were arrived at, it would seem, a few days before June 12, 1915; the eight months' lease of life, therefore, if it is a valid one, and if it is not renewed, may be expected to run out about the first week of February, 1916. But the trade journal which reports the calculation expressly limits it to peace-time consumption, and adds, 'The present abnormally large military requirements cannot and must not be reduced.' The price of cotton, which had been 96 pfennigs in May, went to 128 in June; though even that figure now seems moderate in comparison with prices subsequently paid for any small lot of cotton obtainable on the market. A standard count of yarn, No. 30, Pinkops, was quoted on the Stuttgart exchange before the war at 202–206 pfennigs; on June 21 the quotation was 342–352. We are not surprised to learn that the officials of the exchange determined, therefore, to publish no more quotations. In the Rhenish-Westphalian district quotations went on being published, at any rate down to the end of August. They remained on the high level of June, occasionally moving up a few pfennigs; but the fact seems to be that there have long ceased to be any ordinary market transactions, owing to the measures of the government now to be described. A competent German trade expert gave it as his opinion that during June 'not a gramme of cotton had found its way into Germany.' The consequence was the order of July 1, to take effect on August 1.

The purpose of this order — recognized as its purpose by all the German papers — was to reserve for military requirements a very large part of all the cotton in the country. Unless the materials could be proved to have been imported since June 15, 1915, it was

prohibited to manufacture wholly or chiefly of cotton (1) stuffs for domestic and table use, (2) stuffs for house-furnishing, (3) ribbons, tapes, and haberdashery in general, (4) embroidery, lace, and velveteen, and (5) stuffs for body-linen, bed-linen, and clothing 'for which yarns under No. 16 or over No. 32 are used, also all cloths in the manufacture of which more than five shafts are used.' Evidently the exact scope of the order depends largely on the qualification quoted. I have not the technical knowledge necessary for a personal opinion. Some of the German newspapers, while allowing that 'the production of many articles used in civil life is no longer permissible,' minimized the order on the ground that it would affect only 'superfluities' or 'luxuries.' On the other hand, the trade journal of the clothing industry describes the order as practically amounting to 'the total stoppage of the German cotton industry, except in so far as it is engaged in the production of military supplies or of certain specialties.' Anyhow, there was a great outcry in the textile districts. The first effect was to set the mills feverishly at work to use up as much of their stock as possible during the month; but there were gloomy forebodings of the future. In the Chemnitz area it was declared, possibly with some exaggeration, that 30,000 hands would be thrown out of work; it was judged expedient to prohibit all meetings in that neighborhood unless the resolutions had been first submitted. The order came into force on the appointed day; but the remonstrances were so numerous and weighty that, on August 13, the order was so far relaxed as to allow of the manufacture, for three weeks only, of articles of all kinds for all purposes (including military), to one third of the normal amount, reserving to the government the right to requisition any part of it. Even this the *Frankfurter Zeitung* characterized as a weak 'concession to existing prejudices.' The control of textile materials, it declared, was going to be in future the 'most pressing' of all the raw material questions; and though 'policy' might necessitate a temporary postponement of severer measures, the sooner they were resorted to the better. The government did its best to live up to the spirit of these injunctions by ordering, on the same date, that no stocks of raw cotton should be kept back by merchants: they should be disposed of to spinners within two weeks.

It is not easy to ascertain exactly how far the more or less complete limitation of the cotton and woolen mills to military orders has so far affected the operatives. If sufficient material were forthcoming, it might have made a difference only to those skilled workers in luxury branches who could not adapt themselves to army work. There is reason to believe, however, that the two great trades, whether working on army account or not, have for some time been shrinking. The big Social Democratic union before the war had 80,902 male members and 52,122 female. In the first twelve months of the war 37,074 men were called up to the army. But instead of 43,828 men remaining in the factories and on the books, only 37,650 retained their membership in July last, — a shrinkage of some 14 or 15 per cent; while of the women the shrinkage in membership was 23 per cent. The loss was apparently due to their going into munition works. Of those remaining on the books, 6.4 per cent were out of work in July, and 24.6 per cent were 'on short time and reduced wages.'

Such was the state of things the month before the new forcible restriction came into effect, and while there was the temporary burst of activity.

How the situation presented itself a month later may be gathered from an article contributed to *Soziale Praxis* on August 19, by Herr Schiffer. *Soziale Praxis* is known to all economists for its very competent editing, and Herr Schiffer is the chief official of the Federation of Christian (that is, non-Socialist) textile workers, which is strong in Rhineland and Westphalia. Here are some portions of it: —

'The British naval predominance tends to cut off completely from Germany and Austria all oversea imports of raw materials,' though it 'concedes to neutral countries just the minimum of materials required for their own industries. Hence a distressing scarcity of raw materials for the textile industry cannot be avoided. . . . The economic results manifest themselves inevitably as time proceeds. . . . It is urgently necessary that those male and female operatives, whose employment is rapidly dwindling, should be drafted into other occupations as soon as possible.

'The difficulties, however, are not slight, for the male workers in the prime of life have been called to the colors. The workers who remain — elderly men, lads, women, and girls (constituting before the war 53 per cent of workpeople employed) — cannot well be transferred to other occupations, except to a comparatively slight extent. The peculiarities of the textile industry render difficult any large transference of operatives to other industries. Generally the operatives are settled residents; and for them compulsory sudden migration would be a serious hardship. Moreover, the industry is generally confined within well-defined districts; and in these it is the predominant occupation. For this reason the communes concerned (which are mostly poor) find that their resources are inadequate to sustain the demands made upon them for the relief of unemployed operatives. . . .

'It will hardly be possible to assume that in the ensuing autumn and winter, when the crisis has been reached, the transference of unemployed textile workers to other occupations will be an adequate measure of relief. Offers of work in unfamiliar urban occupations, or in agriculture far from home, will be inadequate for bread-winners, unless the wages be high enough to allow them to remit considerable sums to their families. Hence imperial and state subventions in aid of wages will become necessary.'

I shall not try to pursue the matter further in detail. But apparently the subsequent course of events has been such as might have been predicted. In August, during the three weeks' respite the unemployment percentage in the largest textile union rose from 6.4 to 8.1., and in September to 10.4. In the middle of September the whole of the new wool clip of 1915–16 was taken on requisition for the army. Early in October, in preparation for the coming winter, the military authorities laid an embargo on all blankets and coverlets of wool, cotton, or mixtures. Meetings were now arranged of the local authorities in the several textile districts to create the necessary organization for dealing with unemployment; which was staved off in the Elberfeld district only by the shortening of hours and the introduction of 'holiday shifts.' And before the month was half over, the imperial government, which had repeatedly told the people that labor could easily be transferred, agreed to contribute 75 per cent of the public relief given to unemployed textile workers.

VII

If the German submarine blockade of Great Britain, shocking as it has

been to feelings of humanity, had exercised any serious effect upon Britain's supplies of food or raw materials, there might have been something to say for a proposal that Britain should abandon her effort to exclude cotton from Germany in return for the removal of the submarine peril. Although it might not have been acceptable, considering the military use of cotton for explosives and equipment, it could have been seriously put forward. But the submarine peril, never very formidable, has already been overcome, and it never seriously endangered Britain's food. During the first six months, the losses by war of British cargoes, according to most carefully compiled statistics, were only two thirds of one per cent of the values carried; during the second six months, they fell almost to one third of one per cent. The prices of food have indeed risen — approximately half as much as in Germany. But that rise is itself largely due to the extraordinarily high wages the people are earning. Explain it as we may, there is no doubt that the material condition of the British working classes is one of unprecedented prosperity.

THE BALKANS AND DIPLOMACY

BY J. W. HEADLAM

I WAS reading the other day, in some English paper, the observation that the quarrels of the great powers were now transferred to Eastern Europe and had involved the Balkan States. Nothing could be further from the truth. The recent events in the Balkans are not a mere extension of the great European war; we must never forget that in the East we must find not only the occasion but the cause of it. For a hundred years it has been foretold that when the inevitable catastrophe of Turkey took place, the fire which arose in the East would spread through the world. This has now happened. Not only was the difference between Serbia and Austria the occasion of the war, but in the East is a deeper cause to be found.

And in the East, too, we can see most clearly the great principles which are at stake. Writing at a moment when the whole world is watching hour by hour the tragic issues of a struggle in which the future of the nations is involved, it may be worth while to pause for a moment to consider, not the daily bulletins, but the greater issues for which the war is being waged. Whatever may be the event of battles and diplomacy, this cannot be changed. On the one side we have the effort by Germany, in alliance with Turkey, to establish herself as a predominant power in the Near East; on the other, the Allies fighting for the establishment of the Balkan States on the principle of the self-government of the peoples.

To understand all that is involved, we must go back to the past.

I

To those who are acquainted with the past of the Eastern problem, nothing can appear more paradoxical than

that Great Britain should be fighting on the side of Russia against Turkey and Germany. That this is so is the result of the great change in British policy that has taken place during the last generation. A hundred years ago it was a maxim that the Turkish Empire must be maintained. The reason for this (it had first been asserted by Pitt) was that Turkey controlled the whole of the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and it was essential for Great Britain to keep open and free the road to India. Napoleon's expedition to Egypt had been the first stage of the advance on India. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire would in those days have meant, not the establishment of separate and independent states, but the extension of French or of Russian influence. The preservation of the Turkish Empire was, therefore, the key of British policy; though even then we find an important exception made when England supported France and Russia in the establishment of the kingdom of Greece.

With this general principle there came to be associated, as an essential part of it, the reform of the Turkish government. I say essential, for the English nation would never have consented to be a party to keeping other races permanently under Turkish misrule, unless there had been some hope of ameliorating the government. The founder of this policy was Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ablest European who has ever had to do with Eastern affairs. Won over, as many others have been, by the genuine esteem which he felt for the fine qualities of the Turkish peasant and the Turkish gentleman, he was strong enough to impose his will on the government and the nation, and to enlist their full support for the double policy, the maintenance and reform of Turkey.

This policy failed. With the experience we now have, we may say it was bound to fail; the history of the twenty years that followed the Crimean War showed that Turkey had not within herself the capacity, and scarcely had the wish, to change the nature of the government, which remained effete, corrupt, and often abominably cruel.

It was the events of the year 1877 and the Bulgarian atrocities which opened the eyes of the nation to the true nature of Turkish rule; it is true that for a time the government continued their older policy, but thenceforth no government has been able, even if it had wished to do so, to put the maintenance of the Turkish Empire above the welfare of the people, whether they be Mohammedan or Christian. As Mr. Gladstone said in 1880, 'Desirous as we are to avoid the complications which would arise from the destruction of the Turkish Empire, the accomplishment of the duties of the Turkish government toward its subjects is for us no longer the secondary question, it is the first question. It is the principal aim to which our efforts are directed.'

In using these words, Mr. Gladstone was speaking, not only for himself and his party, but for the country and the future. If there could have been any doubt, it was removed by the character of Abdul Hamid and the nature of his government. It is not necessary here to recount the story of his reign; it is enough to recall that his government was such as to make it impossible for any English administration to extend to it their support. The work of 1877 was completed by that of 1896; and it is interesting to note that Lord Salisbury, who in his earlier years had assisted Lord Beaconsfield in his pro-Turkish policy, was in his later years won over to the recognition that it could no longer be maintained.

Two other factors have been influential in altering the attitude of Great Britain. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the weakening of Turkey would necessarily have meant the transference of power and territory to other European states. Since then the gradual working of the forces of civilization has changed this. One of the greatest events in modern history was the gradual recovery by the oppressed Christians in the East of the will and the capacity to assert themselves as elements in the European community. This process, which began with the revolt of the Serbs, the Roumanians, and the Greeks, culminated when, by the help of Russia, Bulgaria was set up in 1878 as an autonomous principality. It was the discovery of a nation whose very existence had been forgotten. The Balkan question assumed a new form when it became evident that the subject population, as it was rescued from Turkish rule, could be incorporated with the self-governing states already existing.

Equally important was the establishment of British control over Egypt. On the merely political side, it gave to Great Britain so strong a position in the Levant that an extension of Russian influence would no longer be a danger to be guarded against by every means. Coöperation between the two empires became possible. Moreover, the admirable results of British government in Egypt made by contrast the continuance of Turkish misgovernment more intolerable. Thirdly, it showed — and this is of the greatest importance for England, which rules over so many Mohammedan subjects in India — that the revised Eastern policy was not inspired by any conflict between the Cross and the Crescent, but that it would be for the benefit of Mohammedans and Christians alike. It must always be remembered that the rule of Turkey has been as intolerable to her Arab as to her Slavic subjects.

The combination of these influences, therefore, freed British policy from what had in truth been a constant hindrance and limitation. The change did not necessarily imply any active enmity to Turkey or active coöperation with Russia; what it did was to render it possible to take a free and unprejudiced view of circumstances at any particular moment. It must not be supposed that the older influences completely disappeared; they subsist indeed even to the present day; they naturally long remained in the Foreign Office and the diplomatic service, and even now no one will find in England anything but a real and strong personal good-will to the Turks as individuals. England does not quickly give up an ally of many generations.

II

Great Britain has then resigned the post of the protector of Turkey. Germany has stepped into the vacancy, and she has done so with characteristic energy and ability. Her Eastern policy shows a clearness of conception, a recognition of real possibilities, which forms a great contrast to the vague, ill-defined, and visionary motives which have been apparent in her colonial policy. She saw that in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia there was a great field open for German influence, organizing power, and capital. The key to this was in the hands of the Turkish government. Germany would give her support to the maintenance of Turkish power; Turkey would grant the necessary concession for the railways by which her Asiatic possessions would be opened up to German enterprise. And behind was a more grandiose conception: Germany, the ally and patron of Turkey, might become the organ for

a general reassertion of the power of Islam which would be the strongest weapon against England and France. Here at least was a field for expansion in which sea power would be useless; once let a reorganized and powerful Turkish government, with an army disciplined and trained by German officers, be established in Syria and Bagdad, and then would come the time for a move from the most vulnerable side on Egypt and on India.

The reasons which had brought about the weakening of sympathy between England and Turkey would not affect Germany. Rather was there a natural sympathy with Abdul Hamid. It is related of the Sultan that he, on one occasion, said that the worst of the English was that they always cared more for the welfare of the subjects than the prosperity of the state. His ideal, which he shared with the rulers of Germany, was the authoritative state, the power of which was based on the army, and which was held together by a militant and religious nationality. To it the subject nations must bow, and those who would not do so must pay the penalty. It is a principle of which the German Emperor has made himself the most eloquent exponent. We know the phrases, 'Suprema lex regis voluntas' — 'Him who opposes me will I crush.' As German writers have themselves pointed out, there was indeed a close affinity between Islam and German Christianity, for German official Protestantism is in truth a militant deism, and the logical expression of this belief in such acts as the massacres of the Armenians was no deterrent. Lest sympathy might be aroused among the people of Germany, the discussion of the massacres in the press was forbidden.

It was a result of this policy that German influence in Turkey always began by the reorganization of the army, for in the Germanic states the army was the foundation.

There was one obstacle to success. It was necessary that there should be secure and easy access from Germany and Austria to Constantinople; but the Slavic states interposed. If they became powerful, prosperous, and self-sufficing, then they might form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of these great plans. To these plans, therefore, they must be sacrificed; it was their part to be brought into the Germanic system; if any refused, then it would be destroyed. The ambitions of Germany were bound up with the Austrian supremacy over the Western Balkans.

And so it came about that just at the time when Britain, taught by a long experience, had been converted to the recognition that the future of the Balkans is with the Balkan peoples, the German and Austrian empires were ready to take up her discarded policy.

Whatever may be the result of the war, the British nation has no reason to disown the policy which has led to it.

III

This was the situation when two events took place, each of them quite unforeseen by European diplomatists — the revolution in Turkey and the formation of the Balkan League.

Nowhere was the revolution of 1908 hailed with more delight than in England and in France. There were many who believed that the dream of a liberal and enlightened reforming government in Turkey was to come true. The British government, while it did all that it could to show its sympathy, necessarily had to act with more reserve; and events were soon to show that the hopes which had been created were to be disappointed.

It required, indeed, only small his-

torical knowledge and political insight to show the difficulties of creating a strong and well-governed state in Turkey on the basis of a constitutional government, especially when the revolution was due to a secret conspiracy and owed its success to the support of the army. In a country such as France, which forms both a national and geographical unity, a popular revolution might become the foundation for a strong and effective government. In Turkey every such condition was absent. There were two directions which reform might take. The first was the greater development of local self-government, and the division of the Empire into half-autonomous provinces, each of them with its own representative assembly. This would give free scope to the different races and religions within the Empire; but it could be foreseen that in Turkey, as in Austria, the population of each of these provinces would aim at more and more self-government, and eventually at complete separation and association with the co-nationalists beyond the borders of the Empire. In Austria the progress of this tendency has been prevented chiefly by geographic and economic considerations. Bohemia, Hungary, and Croatia were each in a way necessary to each other. But what reason can be found, economical, political, or geographical, why the Arabs of Yemen, the Syrians of Lebanon, the Armenians, the Albanians, the Greeks and Bulgarians of Macedonia, should remain under the same government? There was only one, that which had brought them together, — the Turkish conquest, the Turkish army and the power of the central government at Constantinople. This was seen by the Young Turks; and indeed, from the beginning, the chief motive power among them was the strengthening of the Empire. Their chief ambition was to eliminate the control of the European powers, and to present Turkey to the world as a national and autonomous state such as is Germany or Italy or France.

In order to do this it was necessary to strengthen rather than weaken the central institutions, and to lay stress on those elements which bound the Empire together, — the army, Turkish nationality, and the faith of Islam. As this became clear, once more the influence of Germany became predominant, for Germany had carefully dissociated herself from the proposals for giving provincial autonomy, and the more the Empire was endangered, the more did the young Turks look to Germany for military advice and support.

IV

Great revolutions are always followed by civil and foreign war. Turkey was no exception to this rule. The effect of the revolution was at once to intensify every difficulty of government, and to bring about the dissolution of the Empire by internal convulsions and foreign attack.

We cannot recount the complicated events of the next years. In Crete, in Bosnia, Albania, and Arabia, fresh disturbances and fresh problems arose; the government, in its desire to maintain the integrity of the Empire, was driven to the most extreme measures in order to crush the forces which were driving to dissolution. This was particularly the case in Macedonia; in that unhappy country anarchy increased; it appeared to be the policy of the government, by settling Moslem refugees from Bosnia, gradually to diminish the weight of the Christian element in the population. It was probably this, rather than the massacres, that was the immediate cause of the formation of the Balkan League, the object of which was to rescue Macedonia.

There is no event in history on which we can look with such complete satisfaction as the Balkan War. It has in it a singular dramatic justice. After the long and wearisome troubles arising from the misgovernment of the Turks in Europe, after the dilatory and futile procrastination of the powers, always postponing effective action in the fear of their mutual jealousies, it was not from them that in the end the decisive and saving action came, but from the descendants of the Christian states which five hundred years before had fallen under the cruel bondage of the Turk. It is noticeable that of this aspect of these great events we find in Austrian and German writers no recognition, and the governments still represent the whole merely as a move of Russia in her struggle for influence with Austria.

As a matter of fact so far as our information goes, the Balkan Union was not definitely founded as the result of pressure exercised from St. Petersburg. It seems to have sprung from the Balkan peninsula itself. Help and encouragement were undoubtedly given by some of the able and energetic Russian diplomatists, as indeed they were given by at least one Englishman; and of course the Russian government was kept informed, for the programme was based on Russian approval; but the government seems to have maintained a good deal of reserve and avoided committing itself. Russian diplomatists are allowed and use a large amount of freedom. German and Austrian writers always ignore the possibility of spontaneous action on the part of the smaller Slav states, and indeed a student of German writings might easily forget that after all it was the Christian inhabitants of the Balkans who were primarily concerned; they consistently regard them merely as pawns to be moved about by the great powers.

If the foundation of the League was unexpected, equally unexpected was its success. In particular, Austrian and German opinion looked for an easy victory for Turkey. As a matter of fact, within a month the Turkish armies were crushed in every field, and the victorious Bulgarians were marching to Constantinople. This very success was to be fatal for the League, and the present war is the immediate result of its rupture. In truth the allies had been too successful. 'The war which had begun as a war of liberation ended in one of conquest and personal ambition.' The immediate cause for the rupture was the division of Macedonia; behind it lay the great ambitions of Bulgaria.

How this came about is well known. In the original treaties between Greece and Bulgaria, M. Venizelos, with much wisdom, had refrained from asking for any agreement as to the division of territory acquired after the war. Between Serbia and Bulgaria an agreement had been made; it was to the effect that Bulgaria should have the centre and south of Macedonia and all territory to the east; Serbia the north of Macedonia and all to the west and north. A small intervening strip on which no agreement could be come to, including Uskub, the capital of old Serbia, was reserved for the arbitration of the Czar. No sooner was the war over than it became apparent, firstly that the rival claims of Greece and Bulgaria to the coast of Macedonia, including Salonica, could with difficulty be reconciled; and secondly, that Serbia would not be content with that portion of territory assigned to her, and would have to ask for a revision of this treaty.

The request of Serbia for a revision of the treaty was not in itself unnatural. The conquest of the whole of Thrace and Adrianople had given to Bulgaria a large increase of territory,

including a commanding position both on the Black Sea and the Ægean. Had Serbia succeeded in her desire to gain access to the Adriatic, the gains of the two states would in these spheres have been commensurate. The intervention of Austria, the refusal of a portion of the Adriatic, and the establishment of an independent Albania completely altered the whole situation. Had the treaty been carried out, the result would have been that Bulgaria would have won the whole coast from Enos to Salonica and the interior as far as Monastir; she would have gained a predominance in the Balkans which would have permanently altered the relations of the two states. She would in addition have had an extremely favorable geographical position, for the nature of the frontier would have given her a very strong claim to the eventual acquisition, if not of Constantinople, at least of Gallipoli and the control of the Dardanelles.

Serbia, on the other hand, would have been placed in a most unfavorable position; with the exception of Montenegro she would have been entirely inclosed by Austria, Bulgaria, and the new Albania, which would have been under Austrian influence; she would, as before, have been completely cut off from the sea, and any alliance between Austria and Bulgaria would at once have threatened her very existence. Even the offer of commercial advantages in some ports on the Adriatic could not have remedied this, because in the case of war Serbia would have had no frontier by which she could establish communications with possible allies. The danger of this is illustrated by the present situation; at this moment the whole existence of Serbia as an independent state is threatened, simply because she has no means of independent communication with the outer world. This is the case even after the revision of the treaty, a revision which at least has given her a common frontier with Greece; by the original treaty even this would not have been secured.

We may, therefore, say that, even though there may be much to criticize in many of the proceedings of Serbia, her general claim was one which could in equity be maintained.

Bulgaria pressed her claims to the utmost; she refused to consider the Serbian request; she refused all concessions to Greece; she refused a claim made by Roumania for some rectification of the frontier, supported though it was by Austria; and it was to Bulgaria that the final rupture was due. Negotiations were still pending; delegates were actually starting to lay before the Czar the claims of the rival states, when suddenly, and without warning, the Bulgarian armies fell upon their former allies. The responsibility for this action has never been fixed; the council of ministers had never been consulted; so far as our knowledge goes, it was due to an order from the commander of the forces, General Sabof. It is probable, but it has never yet been proved, that he was acting under the immediate instructions of the King.

The result was an immediate attack upon Bulgaria from all sides; in a moment the great hopes that Bulgaria would become a supreme and dominating power in the Balkans were dashed aside, and the final arrangements made by the treaty of Bucharest saw her deprived of nearly all that she had won in the first Balkan War.

V

The treaty of Bucharest was a disaster; it left a sure basis for future wars. The unrestrained ambitions of Serbia and the enmity to Austria — which had been increased by the events of the

last year, and by Austria's unremitting opposition to all Serbian extensions toward the west — made war between Austria and Serbia inevitable. In any such war Austria could now hope for the assistance of Bulgaria, who was thirsting for revenge, and could reckon upon support from Germany. As we have seen, the establishment of the Balkan League was a fatal barrier to German ambition; now that it was destroyed, an opportunity was given for securing by one bold stroke control over the Western Balkans, which would bring with it the road to Salonica and Constantinople.

As against this, the policy of the Allies was clear. It was the restoration of the Balkan League, — if not in name, at least in fact, — and the consolidating of the Balkan League by the adherence of Roumania. If this could be established, even supposing these states remained neutral, an effective barrier would have been set up between Germany and Turkey, and a Turkey isolated was not a formidable enemy.

Equally important was it that in this way, and in this way alone, could be established the basis for permanent peace in the East. If a restored Balkan League were willing to join the Entente, then the forces available would have been sufficient to settle once for all those matters of nationalities which have been for centuries the cause of so many wars and disturbances.

We have then clearly defined the objects of the two groups of powers, and it is for these that a diplomatic struggle took place which has occupied the past year.

We must at once recognize that, admirable though the case of the Allies was, the attainment of their object was extraordinarily difficult. There was no ground for surprise if after many months of negotiations they failed. The Central Powers had good cards; they had three kings — and they had Fear. Whatever the feelings of the nations might be, the courts of Bucharest, Sofia, and Athens were bound by the closest ties to Austria and Germany.

The King of Roumania, himself a Hohenzollern by birth, had gone so far as to enter into a definite alliance with Austria. Had he had his way, Roumania would have given armed support to Austria on the first day of the war. He was prevented, for his ministers declared that they were not bound by a treaty which had been entered into without their consent. The King of Bulgaria, who had himself once been an Austrian officer and holds large estates in Hungary, had little cause to share the gratitude to Russia which his people still felt. The King of Greece, himself a brother-in-law to the German Emperor, though he had not actually entered into any binding agreement, had, if report is true, given a private pledge that his soldiers should not fight against the German army.

All these monarchs shared the feeling which is predominant in the higher staffs of nearly every European army. Soldiers by birth and tradition, they were held completely by belief in the invincibility of the German army. This is probably the strongest element against which the Allies have had to contend. At least for Bulgaria and Roumania, the naval power of England had little meaning; France was far distant. There was little belief in the efficiency of the Russian army. Germany and Austria were near by.

And so, it was rather by fear than by wisdom that these states would be guided. And who will blame them if in fact fear was the strongest motive? They had heard of the fate of Belgium; they knew, almost as eye-witnesses, something of what happened in Serbia during the Austrian invasions; war,

always ruthless, takes a peculiar complexion of cruelty in these lands which have been so long acquainted with the Turkish customs.

The truth of this was well understood in Germany. So far from wishing to cast a veil over what happened in Belgium, they welcomed the circulation of the fullest reports; they hoped that they might profit by the fear which their deeds would cause, and that the destruction of the Belgian towns would serve as a deterrent to prevent the Roumanians from embarking on a war against them.

We shall, therefore, not be surprised that throughout the first part of the war the chief desire of the Balkan states was to maintain neutrality and not to commit themselves to either side until victory should have declared itself.

Against these influences the Allies had to contend. Their object was clearly not an agreement with one or other of the states; for this would have brought about, at the best, a slight military diversion that would have perpetuated the disastrous situation left by the treaty of Bucharest. The object was an agreement with them all. Now an agreement of all the states depended on the action of Bulgaria. To bring Bulgaria, still sore and smarting from her humiliation of a year ago, into an alliance with her late enemies, Greece, Serbia, and Roumania, was a task of profound difficulty; it could be performed only by a complete revision of the terms of the treaty of Bucharest. This would have implied, as regards Roumania, the restoration of Silistria and Dobrudja. This Roumania could assent to only if she received from Russia that part of Bessarabia which she had lost in 1879, and also a promise of those large portions of Austria-Hungary inhabited by Roumanians. A promise, however, would not be sufficient. She would require the immediate cession of Bessarabia, and she would require evidence that the Allies would be able to impose their will upon Austria. But a victorious Russia was not willing to hand over Russian territory; and a defeated Russia could not give any effective hopes of the acquisition of Austrian territory. All depended on the campaign in the Carpathians. Had the Russian army descended on the other side of these mountains Roumania would have been won; it failed to do so, and she maintained her neutrality.

The negotiations with Serbia were probably more important; there was a time when it is possible that Bulgaria would have given way, if she could have recovered that part of Macedonia which she lost by the treaty of Bucharest. This, however, required the consent of Serbia, and this consent was refused. And just at the moment when these negotiations were being carried out, a new difficulty arose on the side of Italy. During the critical months, in fact, the diplomacy of the Entente powers was chiefly occupied with the arrangements by which Italy would come into the alliance. Italy, however, required a considerable extension of territory in the islands and on the coast of the Adriatic; this naturally created some apprehension in Serbia, for the latter state could not view with indifference any suggestion by which her access to the sea would again be endangered. It will be obvious that the discussion on this point would make it all the more difficult to procure any concession as to the Macedonian question.

And as to Greece: the Allies would bring strong pressure to bear on Greece to surrender at least a portion of the coast of Macedonia and Thrace. In return for this they could open out glorious prospects of a maritime development of great power over the shores and islands of the Ægean. Greece had to make the choice between two lines

of development, — on the one side the Byzantine idea of extension on land and supremacy over the Slavic people, on the other a great future in the ancient home of the Greek race. M. Venizelos, himself an islander, would gladly have seized the opportunity for what we may surely call the true development of the Hellenism. It is not the first time in history that a great statesman has seen his plan frustrated by an alien king.

VI

And so the precious months went by until the tide turned. The Russian advance was checked, the great German assault took place, and on August 5 Warsaw fell. Then indeed the negotiations were continued with a new urgency, but then it was too late. One hope there was: had the English forced their way through the Dardanelles and so balanced the Russian defeats, the diplomatists would have profited by the successes of the generals. They did not do so; the long delay opened the way for the fresh German advance into Serbia, and as soon as that began success was no longer possible.

It has even been said that the Allies, and especially England, depended too much merely on negotiations, and that their policy was not, as it ought to have been, supported by the offer of military assistance. It is indeed true that probably at any time the promise of the dispatch of a large force to the Balkans would have turned the scale. Had this country been in possession of a superfluity of soldiers, this might have been done; as a matter of fact, however, at least until far on in the summer of 1915, there were no troops available. Every man was required to strengthen the line in France, and military advisers, English and French alike, were unanimous in warning against the danger of the dissipation of strength. The issue of the war would depend upon what happened in France, and to risk success there by spending strength on distant and local expeditions was contrary to the whole teaching of strategy.

As regards England the accusation completely fails. After all, though she was not able to send soldiers, she did what she could and sent ships. There is much which still remains obscure as to the origin of the Dardanelles expedition; this, however, is obvious, that, even if on technical naval grounds it was rash, the very fact of its dispatch completely frees England from the accusation that she did not attach sufficient importance to the strengthening of diplomacy by naval and military support. Had the expedition been successful, it would probably at once have solved the Balkan problem. When started it was perhaps, as has been said, something in the nature of a gamble. We had a number of ships which we did not immediately require in the grand fleet; it was desirable to do something to support diplomatic pressure on Greece and Bulgaria; there were no men to be sent; it seemed then justifiable to use these ships in an attempt to break through the Dardanelles. The fault, if fault there was, seems to have lain in this: first, that it did not sufficiently take into account the moral effect of failure, and secondly, it will probably eventually be shown that the offer to send this expedition was not used with sufficient energy before the expedition started, as a means of strengthening pressure on Bulgaria.

Another criticism is that the Allies, and especially England, were not sufficiently awake to the danger that Bulgaria was, in fact, during the whole course of the negotiations only marking time until a favorable opportunity should occur of joining the Central powers. The danger was indeed an obvious one, and ample and repeated

warnings were given of it. The strongest and immediate object of Bulgaria would naturally be revenge on the Allies, by whom she had been deprived of the fruits of her victorious campaign against Turkey. She had every reason to hope that she would get good terms from Germany and Austria. To have her coöperation was, in fact, to them essential. Her geographical position seemed to give her the decision of the war in the East; for it was only by using the railway to Constantinople which passes through Sofia that the much-needed reinforcements and ammunitions could be conveyed to the Turkish army. It eventually became clear that, unless reinforcements were available, the Turks would be unable to maintain their resistance to the British. Bulgaria could therefore hope to get, as a reward for her coöperation, terms far more favorable than any which Russia or England could offer. After all, more could be won from Serbia crushed and dismembered than by a friendly arrangement preparatory to an alliance.

The danger must have been foreseen. There was no doubt a tendency to overestimate Russian influence in Bulgaria; men forget that in politics, gratitude is the rarest of virtues; the sense of an injury is greater than that of a benefit, and much had happened since 1878 which might dim the memory of the days of liberation. It could be foreseen that the King would pursue with an entire absence of scruple that policy which would open to him hopes of gratifying the great ambitions which had once already been disappointed.

It seemed, however, that there was always an easy method of meeting this danger. A treaty between Serbia and Greece bound each state to come to the support of the other in the case of an attack from Bulgaria. Any proposal, therefore, by Bulgaria to join Austria and attack Serbia, could be easily countered, for that would involve war with Greece, and Greece would have the full support of the Allies.

During the course of September, in fact, this situation arose. The new attack on Serbia was developing, and it became apparent that Bulgaria was preparing to join in it. Here again we see how the diplomatic situation was always governed by military results. The decisive influence was a failure in Gallipoli: this made it certain that there was no immediate prospect that the Dardanelles would fall. When this became clear, Bulgaria mobilized. As had been foreseen, the immediate answer came in the mobilization of the Greek army. The Allies at once assured Greece of their full and unconditional support with an army of 150,000 men. This would be amply sufficient to check the danger to Serbia.

It was at this moment that the dramatic change took place in Athens. The King refused to consent to the policy of Venizelos. The minister resigned; mobilization indeed took place, but no action followed; a new ministry was formed, and on their advice the King repudiated his obligation to Serbia. Greece would not embark on what she called an adventure; what this meant was that she would give her help only after victory was secured; she was willing to share in the profits, but not to participate in the danger. It was a lamentable position; it was one of those acts from which the reputation of the nation will not easily recover. It was an act of treachery and cowardice: treachery to her ally and treachery to her own future. She had been willing to share with Serbia the spoils won from Bulgaria; she refused her help when it was necessary to defend them. We can easily see that it was an act fatal to the future of the country; it

would deprive her of the support of the Allies; and even in the event of a German victory, what prospect would Greece have, placed between a greater Bulgaria and a Turkey reinforced under German influence?

It was not the first time that Great Britain had been disappointed by the failure of other states to maintain their engagements.

Greece, then, had failed; there was no alternative but to go forward without her; menace would have been useless. You cannot compel a nation to become a cordial and willing ally. One course only was possible: it must at least be required that Greece should not oppose the use of Greek territory as a base for an army which should march to the rescue of Serbia. For such action there was ample justification. Though Greece could not be forced to coöperate, she could at least be required not to offer any active opposition to a campaign in which she was bound both by treaty and by honor to take part.

An attempt has been made to argue that the use of Salonica by the Allies as a base for operations against Bulgaria is a violation of neutrality, similar to that of the violation of Belgium. The accusation, of course, is absolutely groundless. It ignores fundamental facts: first, that Germany had definitely and repeatedly plighted herself to respect Belgian neutrality; secondly, that Greece had in the same way bound herself to come to the help of Serbia. To state that the two cases are similar is merely to say that treaties and engagements are without force. In addition it is to be remembered that the landing at Salonica was only determined on after a definite request had come from M. Venizelos, who was then Prime Minister, — a request given probably with the sanction of the King. It has been said that this request was accompanied by a formal protest; this is a combination which no self-respecting government could accept; and if in fact any such protest were suggested, it is obvious that when once the definite and formal request had been made, the protest could not be received.

VII

Here we must stop. The future rests not with statesmen but with generals, not with diplomacy but with arms. Whatever the result may be, certain consequences will always remain. First, the creation of the Balkan League, short-lived as it was and sudden as was its fall, will never be forgotten, and its work — even if for the time it was destroyed — will reappear. Whatever may happen in the future, it can never be forgotten that by their own efforts the Christian states expelled the Turk and established the principle that it is to them that the Balkans belong, by the same right as that by which Western Europe belongs to the French, the Spaniards, and the Germans. Even though in the future there are long and cruel wars between them, though they may struggle for centuries for the borderlands of Macedonia, as Germany and France have struggled for Belgium and Lorraine, it is on the mutual recognition of these states that the possibility of any sane and orderly political system rests. And even if it should come about that for a time success in arms brought with it the establishment of foreign dominion, they would once more be driven together to reassert their independence in the same way that they asserted it against the Turk.

And if we look to the part taken by Great Britain and her Allies in these affairs, though it may be shown that there has been now and again a false step, that there has been some want of skill and insistence, and perhaps also

of local knowledge, and that thereby opportunities may have been missed, of one thing there can be no doubt: that Britain has from the beginning pursued with the greatest perseverance and patience a policy success in which would have restored all that had been gained by the First Balkan War and lost by the Second. The real tragedy of the Balkans is this: each of these states — Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece — has legitimate objects which it wishes to attain; each of them represents a genuine national feeling; and though they still show much of the primitive and barbarous passions which are the inevitable consequences of their previous history, the solid establishment of each one on a national basis would at once give a possibility for peaceful progress which has hitherto been denied to them. In a large sense the aims of each are in no way incompatible with those of the others. Apart from a few districts in Macedonia, there is no real difficulty in the apportionment of the territory on a racial basis. But such an apportionment would be accepted only when Serbia and Roumania are enabled to reunite to themselves the Serbians and Roumanians now living in Austria-Hungary. For the attainment of this there is one sure means, and that is union between them. It is this union that Great Britain attempted to bring about; and even if she has failed at the moment, it is the policy she will continue to pursue.

CAN SEA POWER DECIDE THE WAR?

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE progress of the German armies has raised insistently in the minds of those of us whose traditions, beliefs, and training cause us to feel with the Allies, a fear that the worst may come, that the Germans may win on land, and that only Great Britain's sea power will be left to oppose them. We are assured of its potent might: Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill declare it 'will finally decide the fate of the warring nations.' That such was its influence in past crises we know. That its part in the present war has been striking and significant we do not so readily accept. But it is already clear that its achievements — the quiet closing of the seas to the Central Empires, the prompt transportation of colonial and Indian troops whose presence was of incalculable moral value, the steady stream of food and supplies from America, the arrival of which may prove eventually to have been the decisive element of the first months of the defensive campaign in France — have been as truly important as they have been lacking in dramatic appeal. Yet, after all, the real issue before us to-day is not the importance of sea power as an element in the situation never to be underestimated and least of all forgotten, but the ability of Britain's sea power to decide the war ultimately in favor of the Allies. We are really comparing the relative offensive strength of sea

power and land power. We wish to know whether the sea power, easily able to protect Great Britain, can also save France and defeat Germany.

We have been accustomed to speak in what was perhaps an unwarrantably loose fashion of Great Britain's sea power, when we have really meant the totality of effort which Great Britain has exerted directly or indirectly through the sea power. The navy has been only one element in a number of factors whose action and interaction have produced the offensive and defensive strength of the sea power.

So peculiarly are the British Isles located in relation to the Continent, so extraordinary is the play of winds and currents around them, that the commerce of the world has been practically forced to use the English Channel as its highway. Chance located nearly all the available harbors on the English side; chance made it necessary for sailing ships to hug the English coast and utilize English harbors in case of storm; chance provided winds and currents so variable that large fleets seldom found conditions favorable for the crossing of the Channel; the result being that only three of about fifty attempts to invade England succeeded, and the majority of the fleets never left the Continental harbors. The interrelation of the Channel weather and the British fleet made England invulnerable. Yet this invulnerability was in large measure dependent upon the limitations of wooden sailing ships. Scarcely less important was the fact that adequate supplies for the construction or repairing of wooden fleets were to be found only in the Baltic. The French and Spanish fleets, once demolished by Nelson, could not be rebuilt because overland transportation was not capable of providing the necessary materials.

A scarcely less important arm of the sea power has been Great Britain's merchant marine. Two centuries ago it became clear that England could not feed herself or consume the swelling bulk of her own manufactures. Her merchant marine must be capable of carrying, under any circumstances, and without assistance, her food and her exports of manufactured goods. For the successful performance of this defensive duty, the merchant marine must have access to the source of the needed supplies. It must be protected by the fleet, which must therefore control the water routes leading to these supplies. The defensive aspect of the sea power became subtle and complicated — the interaction and interrelation of a number of factors, only a few of which were primarily naval.

The great offensive strength of England's sea power in the past lay primarily in its control of the foreign and domestic commerce of Europe. Until very recently the transportation of bulky goods overland was difficult and expensive, and the bulky goods, which were all that Europe then produced, were exchanged necessarily by water. Western Europe, however, has no east-and-west water communication. Commerce between the Rhine and the Elbe, or the Rhine and the Seine, proceeded down the river, through the North Sea or the Channel, and up the other river. This reliance upon water transportation, and the routes it necessarily took, made it possible for the British fleet to control the greater part of the commerce of Western Europe, domestic as well as foreign. Not in the fleet itself lay the true offensive strength of Britain's sea power, but in the river system of Europe, the peculiar position of the British Isles, the formation of the English Channel.

The strength of Britain's economic position in the past, her comparatively greater wealth, her more highly developed commercial fabric, were all impor-

tant factors in the sea power, and their coöperation with the navy has at times made the latter irresistible. True, these coöperating factors were themselves the legitimate children of the sea power. Whence else came the early attainment of domestic peace and security, the opportunity to develop the Industrial Revolution behind the secure wall of Channel and fleet? But the many forms of this economic strength became, none the less, themselves indispensable members of that bundle of factors, each century more numerous, complex, and subtle, which we have become accustomed to regard as Britain's sea power. They, and not the fleet itself, enabled her to furnish her European allies with money, food, manufactured goods, and munitions of war. For this reason was her influence decisive in the Seven Years' War; for this reason was it conclusive in the defeat of Napoleon. The more carefully we analyze the history of Great Britain the more tightly do we find the sea power interwoven in its development, the more we become accustomed to find its unmistakable traces where at first we least looked for them. Yet the more we study, the more conscious we become that the sea power itself has been a complex tangle of interrelated forces, whose conjunction and interaction have been themselves essential elements of the subtle but potent institution.

Although the British navy has never been more efficient or adequate, although the British have to-day as great a natural superiority in seamanship over other nations as they ever had, the sea power is to-day defensively different, and in it the fleet itself and the seamanship of its admirals and men play a preponderant part where before their rôle was at best secondary. Old factors, vital in the past, have disappeared — changes not necessarily fatal, but vastly significant. The Channel as an almost impregnable defensive barrier, requiring only occasional aid from the fleet, has succumbed to the steamship, with whose movements the winds and currents so long fatal to sailing ships are unable to interfere. The fleet is now itself Britain's primary defense. Nor can the annihilation of an enemy fleet in battle have ever again the same results as at Trafalgar. Fleets are now built of materials which no nation can monopolize, and by processes which no country controls. Seldom, in the past, did enough ships for a successful coalition exist in the combined European navies; to-day such a potential coalition is already afloat. Never again will fleets be defeated by preventing their construction, nor coalitions made impossible by Britain's existing control of the approaches to the Baltic supplies. Here are significant changes in the old sea power's most fundamental elements, whose disappearance or alteration cannot fail to exert a potent influence upon its subtle and intricate structure.

With its secondary factors, which fleets originally did not create and which they are powerless to maintain, the nineteenth century has also been busy. The natural difficulties of internal communication, which gave the sea power for so many generations such peculiar offensive strength, have disappeared. The railroad has conquered the geographic obstacles to overland communication; and a wonderful network of canals also affords Germany and France adequate water communication from one end of the country to the other, entirely out of reach of the British navy. Hardly less significant has been the disappearance of the artificial obstacles to overland trade in the customs lines which restricted commerce by enhancing the ultimate cost of the article to the consumer. It used to be cheaper for the world to trade with

London than with Berlin or Munich, which had to be reached across many customs boundaries.

An important part of British influence in Europe was long due to her control of a part or the whole of the supply of sugar, coffee, tobacco, dyes, — the well-known colonial goods. It was this monopoly which Napoleon found it so hard to combat. Europe declined to go without sugar, tobacco, and tea, and refused to observe, wherever they could be broken, his commercial regulations. The sea power was of course a main element in the monopoly, but the monopoly and not the sea power itself produced the important result. Great Britain no longer possesses any such control of these necessary supplies. Germany and Austria supply themselves with beet sugar, and contact with the Far East and its great supplies of such products is perfectly possible by rail, out of reach of British sea power.

Nor should we forget for a moment that a part, if not a major part, of Britain's decisive action against Napoleon was due not only to her monopoly of colonial goods, but to her monopoly of the then new manufacturing processes. She was the only nation in Europe able to produce anything like an adequate supply of manufactured goods for the European market, and she was able therefore, not merely to blockade European ports, but to control the stream of importations at its source. To the extent that Europe did buy British goods, Napoleon's own subjects were financing the campaign that Great Britain was prosecuting against him. Her isolation from Europe by Napoleon's regulations did little harm, for she herself was the source of supplies.

She is not to-day as independent of the rest of Europe, nor is she, by any means, the only adequate source of European supply. A boycott of Europe against Britain would be far more detrimental to her than any boycott of Europe that she could enforce by sea power. In the old days when she could put an end to all cheap domestic transportation and force the continental countries to trade with one another overland, she wielded a weapon of the utmost potency. To-day the overland communications in continental Europe are as normal as was water transportation in the days of Napoleon, and they are infinitely more adequate. Moreover, as the British have frequently pointed out to the Germans, to prove to them that colonies are unnecessary, the trade of nearly all the continental countries with each other is far more lucrative than their trade with the Americas and Asia, and forms in fact the major part of their business.

When, now, we address the issue of the ability of the present sea power of Britain to decide the war in favor of the Allies, we must admit that the changes of the nineteenth century in the component parts of the sea power and in their relation to each other, have lessened its chances of deciding the issue. Certainly it can no longer decide it by use of the old weapons. As a military asset, it is practically limited to the moving of troops of its own or another nation from one part of the world to another, or to the supplying of armies by water. Its influence on the military situation will therefore be directly proportioned to the necessity of these operations to the armies. Formerly both were vitally important. Then water transportation was much swifter than any pace at which an army could march, and frequently enabled the British to outdistance their enemies or to land an army in a place inconvenient to defend; and the supplying of armies by sea power was incomparably more important still. An army of any size can remain together only so long as it can be fed; and, when it must

live off the country or be sustained by overland transportation, its size was in former wars seriously restricted and its operations circumscribed. The armies supported by sea power did possess a significant advantage of real military importance, and an army which could be augmented by the sea power had a still greater advantage over one which must depend upon reinforcements proceeding overland.

To a very large extent, the railroad has robbed the sea power of its importance as a military adjunct. Armies are now moved and fed by rail with greater ease and certainty than they ever were by water; and they are also free to campaign wherever they wish, without regard to the configuration of the country or the location of the rivers. Even the ability of the sea power to land troops in unexpected or inconvenient places is of doubtful value to-day; the British ability to transport troops to France and to the Near East has not yet proved decisive, nor has the stupendous feat of moving armies from India and the colonies yet had military significance, though its moral effect has been striking.

The sea power must to-day prove itself a military factor by limiting the importation of supplies by its enemies and by preventing their exportation of their own goods. It will be quite obvious that this factor will be decisive only when the enemy imperatively needs imports, or when that country is itself incapable of consuming its own manufactures or of providing its own raw materials. The measure of the sea power's importance will be solely the result of this interference upon the efficiency or size of the enemy forces actually in the field; the suffering of the civilian population, which does not impair the power of enemy armies, will be neither decisive nor important. If importation or exportation are vitally necessary and a commercial crisis follows the blockade, crippling the ability of the enemy to maintain the army in the field, and leading to its defeat, the sea power will then have been the decisive element in the military campaign. On the other hand, should the enemy country be self-sufficing or able to readjust its industrial organization in time to produce itself what had previously been imported, and to consume what had been exported, the offensive weapon of the blockade will not exert any considerable influence. The offensive strength of the sea power will then be reduced to its naval forces, which in turn will be important only so far as naval operations are essential to defeat the enemy armies.

Such a decisive economic result the British blockade of the Central Empires has not yet had. Not only has it failed to impair noticeably the size or efficiency of their armies, but most observers, even in Great Britain and France, hold that it has yet to affect seriously the prosperity of industrial Germany. The war itself, the necessary shift of industry from a peace to a war basis, has been in Germany as elsewhere the chief economic difficulty. Its paralyzing effects upon industry and the difficulties caused by the blockade have both been obviated in large measure by forethought and coöperation between the government and business men, and by the inventive ability of German industrial scientists. The blockade has annoyed the Germans, compelled a somewhat more extended transformation of industry than would otherwise have been needed, postponed its completion for some months; but the principal losses directly resulting from the blockade have been borne by neutral nations. That any serious economic blow can now be inflicted upon the Central Empires by the present British sea power under existing cir-

cumstances, seems improbable; and that there can now be dealt a blow sufficiently telling to result in a victory for the Allies, seems almost incredible. The readjustment in Germany to the blockade, as to the war itself, will become more and more perfect month by month; the worst problems have already been solved, and the rest are even more capable of easy solution.

Indeed, the unexpected has happened. It has been German and not British sea power which has exerted decisive influence upon military operations. The German control of the Baltic and of the Black Sea has been vastly more significant in a military sense than the much more difficult feat performed by the British navy of blockading Germany and of driving her commerce from the seas. Russia's grain would be of immense value to Britain, and ability to export it would provide Russia with an outlet for produce which she cannot herself consume, and enable her to buy with it manufactured goods which she desperately needs and which she is not capable of producing. The Russian industrial fabric is still weak; her munition factories are even more inadequate than was feared before the war; and her needs are truly imperative. The Germans claim, probably with some truth, that the economic straits of Russia will compel her to export food and oil to the Central Empires and buy their manufactured goods. She will thus be forced to relieve the worst straits of the latter's civilian population. There are indications already, despite the censorship, that the leakage into Germany and Austria through the blockade, from both Great Britain and Russia, is very considerable and is constantly increasing. Not improbably, if the Germans can maintain their hold on the Baltic and the Dardanelles, Russia will be compelled to trade freely with the Central Empires or face economic ruin. The longer the war lasts the more imperative will her need be, and the more completely, therefore, this trade will relieve the pressure upon Germany of the British blockade. It may indeed assume proportions which would go far to offset the effects of the war itself upon German industry. A monopoly of Russian trade in manufactured goods is a thing to conjure with.

There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that this war, like most previous wars, must be ended on the battlefield. If the Allies are to win, there must be another Waterloo. It may be that the British control of the seas will blaze the path of her Allies to victory, as it has done before, but it will probably not accomplish that feat without the assistance of powerful non-military and non-naval factors, among which can be reckoned few of those so potent in the past. Meanwhile, the armies of the Allies must avoid a second Sedan or Sadowa. Those of us whose hopes are with the Allies need not as yet despair. Because the old props beneath the sea power have fallen away, because its very nature is changed, it does not at all follow that its power has disappeared, or that it has not already sunk new foundations in the very factors and forces which undermined the old. It has been in just such moments of dark tempest, when apparently all was lost, that the genius of the English people shone the brightest. What European predicted victory for England against Spain in 1588? What conservative men in 1796 thought the worst could be avoided? What inefficiency and gloom preceded the days of Blake! If the evidence of the past proves beyond contravention the disappearance of some of the most significant factors of Britain's strength, it proves as indubitably the ability of the British to adjust themselves to changed conditions.

We have still to ask of Britain's fate should the Allies be decisively defeated on land while she still retained her present hold upon the sea. Can she, single-handed, decline to accept the settlement of the Central Empires? Can the sea power alone maintain a war against a land power supreme in Europe? It has never been able to do so in the past. It has never yet won through against land power without the aid of armies. Frederick the Great and Wolfe were needed to supplement the victories of Boscawen and Hawke. After Trafalgar had given the British a supremacy on sea as complete as any in history, at a time when the difficulties of land transportation and the structure of the Channel enabled the fleet to throttle the domestic as well as the foreign trade of Northern Europe, when the Industrial Revolution gave Britain a practical monopoly of manufactured goods, Napoleon maintained himself triumphantly for eight long years. Even then his downfall had to be compassed at Leipzig and Waterloo by armies. There is little reason to suppose that the sea power can now succeed unaided in accomplishing a feat which it could not earlier perform without the aid of powerful armies and an almost unparalled juxtaposition of economic factors.

The weapons of the sea power against a victorious military power are solely economic, and are powerful only when the victors' need is imperative for what the sea power can exclude. What the blockade cannot accomplish during the war, it will hardly be able to do when trade is resumed after the war between the Central Empires and the rest of Europe. The greater part of the European nations are now leagued with the sea power, closing by their own administrative action their harbors and railways to trade meant for the Central Empires. These a military victory will open, and through them will pour a stream which the sea power cannot stop without throttling the commerce of the world itself. And even if it should successfully do so, it could at most compel the victors to retain somewhat longer their wartime expedients for coping with the present blockade. Indeed, business circles in Great Britain are viewing with concern the new German inventions and substitutes, for fear that they may permanently meet the old demand. In any case, the Germans could then close to the British continental markets far more indispensable to the latter than are the British and colonial markets to Germany.

Isolation of a victorious military coalition by the sea power is no longer possible. Waiving the many naval potentialities, and assuming that the British fleet could in very fact maintain after the war an absolute control of the world's waterways, England could not use it without compelling all nations to join with the victors to deprive her of such an abuse of the sea power. Before 1815, England was the only nation really dependent on a continuous stream of sea-borne commerce. Long-distance trade was chiefly in luxuries, and the continent easily supplied itself in time of peace with most bulky produce and raw materials. No country's prosperity, to say nothing of its economic existence, then was threatened by British control of the ocean highways.

To-day the world is interdependent. The commercial prosperity of every highly developed community rests literally upon access to the ocean routes to the international markets. The economic structure of the world is too closely interrelated and interdependent to permit the sea power alone to interfere with the freedom of international exchange. To-day, its ability to interfere depends upon the potent aid of

France, Russia, and Italy. Were their interests those of the Central Powers and of the present neutral states, an attempt to put economic pressure on the Central Empires would risk the formation of a general coalition to destroy the sea power which the latter could not resist. A boycott executed simultaneously by the land powers would rob the sea power of its own necessary imports and bring it to terms. This very isolation has been the bugbear of British statesmen for three centuries, and they too will accept terms when their allies are driven to sue for peace. They must all stand together; Great Britain will be the last to try to stand alone.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

EAR-TRUMPETING WITH FRIAR JUNIPER

This little paper begins uninterestingly enough with the ear-trumpet, — and with me; but courage, reader! it is soon to blossom into Friar Juniper, and his words which were like 'flaming sparks.'

In the first place then, I did not like it, and it never for an instant occurred to me that anybody could like an ear-trumpet. Whenever I appeared with it in public, the consciousness of it rasped my pride all up and down on its very tenderest spots. It seemed to me that nothing that was in progress on stage or platform was of sufficient interest to distract attention from me and my trumpet. Though I never actually caught them at it, still I was sure I could *feel* people staring buttonholes of curiosity in my back. It looked like a small warming-pan, and made me look elderly and vague, and as though I should be certain to interrogate, 'Hey?' or 'What say?' if any one were ever brave enough to address me. 'But no one's likely to speak to you,' I told myself bitterly, 'for you know perfectly well that even people who lead forlorn hopes, or win Victoria Crosses before breakfast, shake like a leaf at the mere sight of an ear-trumpet.'

But all this was before I met Friar Juniper, and discovered how the trumpet might be worn with a difference.

Does every one know Friar Juniper? He was one of the most picturesque and engaging of all those first 'little brothers' who followed St. Francis, and this in spite of the fact that some of his exploits are open to criticism. One can hardly smile, for instance, upon his method of obtaining a pig's trotter for a sick brother. The invalid certainly got the delicacy he craved, but the poor pig was left alive with only three trotters on which to trot. Neither can one approve Friar Juniper's habit of indiscriminate giving, because, unfortunately, he never paused to consider whether what he gave was his to give or not. Indeed one of the severest reprimands which he ever received was administered to him on the occasion of his 'plucking certain bells from the altar and giving them away for the love of God.'

Yet this very indiscretion serves to make manifest that particular characteristic which has so endeared him

to me. 'Friar Juniper,' we are told, 'cared nothing for these words,'—that is, the scolding,—'for he delighted in being put to shame.'

There you have it! He *delighted* in being put to shame. This is an absolute fact, the simple and magnificent truth. He was forever seeking ways in which to 'abase himself.' Here we read, 'how, to abase himself for the glory of God, Friar Juniper stripped himself of all save his breeches, and got himself to the public *piazza* to be jeered at'; and again, 'how to abase himself, Friar Juniper played at see-saw.' 'And for what,' perhaps you ask, 'was he such a fool?' Well, he was willing to be such a fool — nay, was glad to be — for the reason best expressed in his own simple words: 'Alack!' he cried. 'Wherefore are we unwilling to suffer a little shame if so be we may gain the blessed life?'

As I reflected on his delight in 'suffering a little shame,' it came to me on a wave of laughter, how Friar Juniper would have welcomed an ear-trumpet. What a glorious new way of abasing himself! He would never have tried to dodge it, to turn his back upon it, to look as though it belonged to the next fellow. No indeed! he would have looked upon it as a truly Heaven-sent opportunity, and in sheer delight over the possibilities of pride-humbling and soul-strengthening which it offered, he would have seized upon it with all the eagerness of a happy child, and gone gloriously ear-trumpeting through the world. Indeed I experienced a sudden inward vision of this ecstatic brother dancing along the dusty highways, rough habit flying in the wind, ear-trumpet brandished, and he himself shouting forth a new and characteristic psalm.

'Praise the Lord with ear-trumpets, and with shawms,' he cried in my vision; 'praise Him upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the harp; now let all the ear-trumpets praise the Lord!' And therewith he blew such a blast of praise upon his own, that, to my fancy, it went ringing down through the ages, to teach a timid world for all time the splendors of an ear-trumpet, and the spiritual possibilities of physical defects.

O mad, fantastic, sublime, 'God-intoxicated' man! One is moved to cry with St. Francis, 'Would to God, my brethren, that I had a great forest of such Junipers!'

To rejoice in one's own confusion! Why, that sets one free from at least one half of the pin-pricks of the world! But Friar Juniper had other and greater gifts than this added unto him. We are told, for one thing, 'that the demons were not able to endure the purity of innocence and the profound humility of Friar Juniper . . . wherefore St. Francis, when demoniacs were brought unto him that he might heal them, if the devils departed not immediately at his command, was wont to say, 'If thou dost not forthwith depart from this creature, I will cause Friar Juniper to come against thee.'

It is doubtful if any one of us in our pink tissue-paper worlds (I speak of America; one imagines that Europe is not overburdened with the tissue-paper life at present) ever exercises himself in humility with sufficient robustness to be able to terrify so much as a kindergarten devil, to say nothing of those full-grown specimens that gave St. Francis trouble.

But besides Friar Juniper's power over devils, think of the gay courage of the man as well. In imminent danger of being hung, he was honestly amused, and spoke with 'merry countenance as if joking.' Faced by hanging it requires more than a sense of humor to be really merry. It requires, I think, a sense of God. His was that gayety which sur-

passes all other gayety; that mirth of the saints which has its well-spring in eternity, and therefore bubbles joyously forth in spite of all the troubling of the surface waters of time.

But most of all, think of the simple and sublime account of Friar Juniper at the deathbed of St. Clare. '"What is the news of God?" she asked him cheerfully, and he sat down beside her, and spoke flaming sparks of words.' It seems to me that there could scarcely be a more beautiful death than the flitting of St. Clare; nor a more beautiful gift from one human being to another than the news of God as presented to her by Friar Juniper.

Alas! I shall never rejoice sufficiently in being abased, nor ear-trumpet gloriously enough to have the shining privilege of speaking such words to a dying saint; but at least I have seen how splendidly an ear-trumpet might be worn, and I trust Heaven may forgive me my pale egotistical timidities, and grant that when I come to die I may have one friend beside me who will take my hand, and speak to me of God in words like flaming sparks.

THE EATEN CAKE

Is there any land for lost and lovely things: sunsets and jeweled nights and emotions that have been perfectly beautiful, and that just are n't alive any more? If there is n't, there ought to be; some Heaven where they could go on living and forever fulfilling their loveliness. This is not a personal sorrow, and yet I ache with it. As I sit here in my old maid's corner I am as tranquil as if I had realized matrimony; I am busy and happy and just as much alive as most of my married friends. Of course they pity me; they feel as if Life had passed me by, and, in a way, it has; but I am infinitely sorrier for them, for they have lost something that I never had, and most of them don't even know that they have lost it. That's the real tragedy of it. Does n't anything ever last? Or were Francesca and Juliet eternally happy because they could die — and keep their dreams? I wonder!

Now, there is Natalie. She is married, she has three children, and she must weigh at least a hundred and eighty both in body and mind. She is placid and tranquilly content. Yet I remember her a thin slip of a thing, all big eyes and emotion, restless as the wind, and consumed with a wild passion for her lover. She haunted the post-office daily for letters and more letters; she glowed with feeling, and she was happy, torrentially happy, as she has never been since.

'How does it feel to be in love?' I once asked her curiously.

'Oh, until you are sure He loves you, it's fearful,' she replied earnestly. 'It's as if you were all raw around the heart.'

If I should remind her of it now she would probably die of mortified modesty—if she had n't altogether forgotten about it.

Why are people so ashamed of having once been terribly alive? They are, you know. I suppose that's the worst of it; you can't eat your cake and want it, too.

And Annice and James, friends of my youth, what about them? It was all most romantic, I remember. He fell madly in love with her picture; he met her and his madness increased. He dogged her footsteps; his jealousy was epic, primeval. He used to say, 'I wish to Heaven I could carry you off to a desert island and never let another man look at you!' We girls used to thrill with a sort of sex-triumph when we brushed our hair after 'parties' and talked it all over. It had happened to a girl we knew, this great adventure of tremendous love. Would men ever want us like that? Well, instead of carrying

her off to a desert island, James bore his bride away to a suburban street, and there, a little bald, a little fat, and very prosperous, he lives snugly to this day. The strange thing is that Annice is much lovelier than she was; the years have rounded all her angles, mental and physical, and given her a kind of radiant softness. You'd think he would be far madder about her now than when she was a thin, rather awkward, wholly willful girl; but he is n't at all. His passion has settled itself into a sane, robust, and steady affection, but the magic has vanished. She is 'a gentle wife but fairy none.'

Now they say, the wise people who discuss all these things, that every good woman's love for a man is fundamentally maternal. We have Madame Maeterlinck's word for it. If this is so, then ours is the more blessed sex, for, after all, life is what we feel; we gain proportionately as we give ourselves, and a mother can be generous forever. But I have never by any chance heard it said that a man feels fundamentally paternal toward the woman he marries; so what does he get out of it? What are his emotional resources when the glow is gone?

Perhaps it does n't matter. I'm only an outsider; how can I tell? If the marvel had ever come to me, the Love that cried at dawn, 'Awake, Pendennis, I am here!' spurring him relentlessly to the Fotheringay's door; the flaming feeling that makes you the slave of the telephone's ringing and the postman's knock, — why, I'd have taken my chances. But Life never promised me anything more than the comfortable companionship of similar natures. And I always felt that there should be something else, at least at first, even if it had to go. Maybe it was not meant to stay, this tempestuous guest, and Robert Louis Stevenson said that you cannot expect to make a domestic pet of a roaring lion. But what becomes of all the enchantment — the pink lights and the band playing and the desert-island feeling! Where *does* it all go, anyhow?

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FEBRUARY, 1916

A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF THE WAR

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

THE intrinsic significance of Life's fundamental facts cannot be grasped from the point of view of the individual. Death seems absurd, yet no mother ever gave birth to a child but in pains and pangs, and many diseases are inherent in normal growth; vicarious suffering seems supremely unjust, yet it is blessed. In the course of ages, man, through his efforts to understand life and himself, has worked out correspondences between the individual and the universal and codified these in dogmas, laws, and rules supposed to express absolute right and truth. But even the best-tested of them are not wholly true; several alternatives for judgment and action remain open in every case. It is impossible to settle the question once and for all as to which is better for the soul, wealth or poverty, comfort or suffering. Early Christianity decided for the latter, New Thought for the former, in agreement with the ancient Greeks; but classic optimism could not endure through an age of dissolution, and the denials of Christian Science sound blasphemous at a time when the brute force of high explosives rules supreme.

Again, Law is the guardian of Right, but there are bad laws more than enough; none meets all cases, and to the best, the Roman sentence, *Summum jus summa injuria*, only too often applies. The fact is, that man can think only as an individual, while life's essence is supra-individual, so that no system of set beliefs may claim to be wholly right.

This fundamental truth has become clear once again to the few reflective among those citizens of the belligerent states who espoused the cause of their country unreservedly. They find that in doing so they have lost themselves and are now nothing but cells in the body of their nation, wholly ruled and controlled by forces and motives supra-individual; that this has made them fit to commit deeds (both bad and good) altogether alien to their individual character; and that, diminished though they be as personalities, — having lost in particular the capacity of impartial thought, — they live a life fuller than ever before, because consciously sharing that of a greater whole; they find last, and generally to their intense surprise, that they deem perfectly right and natural now the state and way of war.

The passive onlooker is, as a rule, unable to understand this. According to him, war is a beastly business all

through, and no noble deeds of sacrifice and courage can redeem the essential atrocity of manslaughter. But then he judges as an individual, and war cannot be understood from that point of view, being, as it is, an expression of supra-individual necessity. It is no normal event and should be avoided by all means, just as disease should be; but the latter also cannot always be avoided, and once it is caught, it must follow its own particular course; its symptoms, however hideous, have to be taken as natural; the phagocytes must fight until all microbes are killed or eliminated; and sometimes it appears that temporary ill health means the threshold of a permanent state of better health.

Well, wars like this world-war *are* constitutional diseases; evil in themselves, they are yet inevitable at times as phases of growth. In any case, whether they are or are not inevitable, once entered upon they have to be got through with; no medicine can change the general character of their course, and the cells of the national bodies can do no better than perform their abnormal functions with the utmost devotion.

This being so, the question of right and wrong as usually posited by neutrals is not to the point. Some cell, or group of cells, may, of course, be called responsible 'for the fact that the infection was caught'; but then, bacilli never get hold of an unpredisposed body and this predisposition cannot be fairly called 'quiet.' If think you must of right and wrong in connection with this war, then the Greek idea of Fate seems nearer the truth than the modern one of responsible freedom. Œdipus was wrong in what he did, and had to bear punishment, but his career was preordained. Just so were and are the respective wrongs of Germany and her opponents truly fated,—which does not excuse them, but gives them a meaning transcending by far their immediate moral significance.

II

All great wars are truly fated. It is of little importance what immediate set of causes occasioned them. Had Germany's conscious intentions been never so kind and her official morals never so exemplary, the mere fact of her gas-like expansion within a world packed with aggressive traditions, whose equilibrium depended on opposition instead of collaboration, would sooner or later have caused conflict; which in turn would inevitably have expanded into a world-war, because in this age of universal interdependence any serious shock to one larger part of the whole must needs upset the whole. Germany's ambitions were no more the *primum movens* of this catastrophe than were Bonaparte's dreams of world-power the first cause of that of a century ago.

It is certainly true, that Napoleon always maintained that his was not a premeditated career; it is surely as true, that the Germans never strove consciously to set the world on fire: both were driven to act as they did by circumstances over which they had no command. Again, in both cases the revolutions would have happened, in some form or other, if the immediate causes we perceive had not been acting; the *ancien régime* would have fallen, in all Western Europe, without the Corsican's sword; the European equilibrium of yesterday would have upset without the pressure brought to bear from within by German armaments, because both events were due in any case as inevitable stages in evolution.

International life is as concrete and real an entity as the life of nations and individuals; its particular charac-

ter and course result from milliards of seemingly incoherent single actions, each of which yet contributes to predetermine the next, and the resulting general tendency is, owing to the enormous number of determining factors, so strong that no conscious will can counteract it. The great men of history are accordingly those who realize a given tendency completely and embody it in their personal initiative; while the failings of a particular nation at a given time are always due to causes deeper than the inability of a particular statesman or general. This greater life runs smoothly sometimes, like that of an individual in normal health; more often jerkily, like that of a nervous person; yet steadily on the whole, the local disturbances not upsetting the general balance. At intervals it traverses a crisis and this issues, as often as not, in acute disease; any bacillus happening to be present may induce it. Then we have wars like those between the Greek and Latin worlds, between antique over-culture and savage Teutonic health, between Louis XIV and his neighbors, between revolutionized France and the whole Continent.

The inmost *raison d'être* of all these was a state of organic crisis; they were only *occasioned* by the factors immediately discernible. What causes were men fighting for in each of these cases? None really knew; every ideology was proved false in the end, no initial ideal has even been attained; a disproportion truly monstrous has always been apparent between the motives acting and the aims reached on the one side, the efforts made and the havoc wrought on the other. But then no organic crisis *has* ideological reasons and definite ends, nor can it have; all correspondences established between what it may mean to the body as a whole and to the particular organ or cell must needs be arbitrary. A crisis like this war intrinsically and essentially means the state of disease accompanying the breaking up and renewing of forms of life which have been outgrown.

This was the real purport of that period of ebullition which began with the French Revolution and ended with the Congress of Vienna; the same is true of the present cataclysm. Life will get through this crisis as it got through the last, according to its immanent law, the general shift of history, and the opportunities of the age, and in spite of all ideologies and prejudices. Contemporaries, unable to overlook the whole, can naturally do no justice, as a rule, to any particular phase, and stumble, only too often, from disillusion to disillusion, until they satisfy themselves with Talbot's tragic outcry in Schiller's *Jungfrau:* 'Unsinn, du siegst!' But only a hundred years hence, and possibly less, this world-war will be as full of meaning and seem as fated as the Napoleonic wars seem to the present generation.

It is no doubt deeply deplorable that mankind, in its normal evolution, must pass again and again through periods of inhumanity; but there we are! So long as individuals and nations will not recognize superiority before it has fought itself through, and modifications in the distribution of forces before they have proved their worth; so long as they will stick to their written rights and fail to realize that any order of things, as in treaties, privileges, and laws, becomes obsolete some day and must give way to a new order; so long as individuals and nations are not sufficiently well developed, spiritually and morally, to anticipate in spontaneous offers and renouncements the results of revolutions and wars, and not only to consent freely to, but to take the initiative in, those changes which are due at a given time, so long those changes must *happen.* And they can happen only owing to violence.

Now the way of violence is necessarily inhumane. You cannot overthrow governments or wage war without committing deeds which everybody considers criminal under ordinary circumstances; it is as absurd to talk of humane execution and humane warfare as of humane rapine, murder, and rape. What may or may not be done on this line is a matter of convention, and although it seems highly desirable that as many as possible should rein in the impulse of the brute, there is little, if any, fundamental change.

Recent experiences illustrate this truth only too strikingly. Apart from all casual atrocities, and in spite of all *observed* conventions, there seems no doubt whatever that war is a much more destructive and cruel business today than it was in the Middle Ages, simply because the means of destruction have inordinately increased in power; the more man progresses in civilization, the more terrible becomes war. And this change for the worse appears only partly compensated by the higher personal morality of the warriors: it seems, on the contrary, that in the atmosphere of war the most cultured revert to savagery. But I see no cause for wonder in it. International life, during a crisis like this, is in a state of disease, which necessarily affects most individual cells, the fighting men. Now man in a state of fever is not himself: he is ever, whether civilized or not, like a suffering animal. This leads one to think more kindly of the crimes committed, and to realize with gratitude that the horrors of these days do not, after all, bring European civilization to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

III

Here, then, is the point from which to get at the purport of this war's ideology, as professed by the Allies and most Americans. As everybody knows who has frequented intimately political circles, ideals and programmes mean to statesmen (at any rate to old-world statesmen) much the same as do the letters x and y to mathematicians: they use them as symbols for other more strictly practical values, without thinking much of their intrinsic meaning; and they use this or that ideal, they do so more or less frequently and emphatically, in correspondence to the state of public opinion. Frederick the Great and Napoleon talked much of Freedom and Right, but they could do without them as well, having little to fear from an opposition imbued with idealism. In our days, when the public conscience is wide awake, statesmen have to reckon with it very seriously; since no nation would take to and persevere in arms, unless she believed herself in the right and called to fight for some noble cause, their speeches are so many professions of idealism.

Now, at the beginning of this war, the Germans made things extremely easy in this respect for their enemies. Having declared war, invaded and run down neutral Belgium, applied the rules of their war-code all too strictly at first, and said, through the mouths of their statesmen, several things which would have been better left unsaid, they themselves laid the foundations of that theory which has proved to the Allies such an admirably moral working hypothesis ever since. Henceforth nothing could sound more plausible than the pretense that fighting Germany meant fighting war in itself, — unrighteousness, aggressiveness, bad faith, — and for the freedom and right of small nations.

This ideology still rules most minds on the Allies' side. But as a matter of fact, however grave were Germany's initial wrongs, her enemies also deviated all too soon from the flowery path

of unselfish righteousness. No sooner had the struggle begun, than France took up the idea of *revanche* and made up her mind to conquer the left bank of the Rhine, although entirely German; than England undertook to acquire absolute supremacy on all the seas and to increase and consolidate her colonial empire; than Russia proceeded to found that Pan-Slavonic caliphate, which had been her dream of aye; and when Italy arose, her conscious object was to reconstitute as much of the Mediterranean Empire of ancient Rome as seemed possible at the time. Worse still: all these states agreed among themselves to make an end of Germany as such. No wonder, therefore, that the latter from the very beginning protested that in reality *she* was the attacked, from which belief, ever firmer the more numerous her enemies became, she got and still gets immense moral support. Little wonder, too, that since she fought for her own threatened independence and could hope to do the same, if luck was on her side, for some of the smaller nations of the East, — in particular, Poland, — she came to believe that she was the true champion of freedom, employing the same arguments against the Allies that the latter are using against herself.

Thus we assist at a show that would appear comic, were it not for the tremendous tragedy it involves: all contending nations are playing with the same ideals, like tennis-players with the same set of balls, and all have in reality a scope altogether independent of the ideal: they just want to win. This being so, it is hardly to be wondered at that most politicians are incorrigible moral skeptics.

Is there no reality, then, behind the professed ideals? There is indeed; and the very figure I was using will make clear at once, in what sense. Since all players are using the same balls, victory will belong to the balls, *whoever wins*. That is to say, the ideals for which we fight are sure to triumph, whatever be the material issue of the war. We are not essentially fighting against, but in common with, one another, for the selfsame end. During war, as Americans know only too well, humane notions have little hold on the struggling parties; *after*, none will be strong enough to withstand universal public opinion. To-day high ideals may no longer be frivolously evoked and gayly dropped again, when wanted no longer, as was the case before the conscience of the people awoke; to-day they mean forces of tremendous power which, once evoked, will work themselves out. The ideals at stake will have to be realized, one way or another; if the terms of peace do not provide for this, then new wars, new revolutions will follow, and this until they have been realized.

To what extent this will happen in consequence of this war, is a question of historical circumstance, impossible to answer beforehand. The ideals of right and justice, for which both the Allies and the Germans believe themselves to be fighting; in particular the right of nations to decide their fate for themselves, — which is actually in force up to now only on the American continent, in the shape of the Monroe Doctrine, — were first proclaimed by the French in 1793. For these they fought, and in spite of the fact that, too soon, owing to the blind momentum of victory, their warring degenerated into pure conquest and the most generous of nations enslaved Europe to a degree and on a scale never seen since the Huns, these ideals got incarnated in institutions to a considerable extent. Then, the same ideals became practical programmes once more in 1848; and although that revolution failed and was

followed by a reaction unusually strong, they gained some ground again. The third great actualization of the programme of European democracy is the present world-war, which undoubtedly will lead a long step further still.

History will probably consider this conflagration as the second chief act of that great drama of which the French Revolution was the first. The latter inaugurated the emancipation of all nations, notwithstanding the fact that at first it brought oppression and even slavery to many of them; this war, horrible though it be, means the prelude to a still more wide-reaching emancipation. And the latter's process has already begun; even now the ideals we fight for are shaping the world. Whoever may be eventually the master between the Vistula and the Bug, free shall Poland become; Austria, once the stronghold of reaction, is developing, for fear of losing her Slav subjects, a capacity for ruling on liberal lines, which may become an example to all states inhabited by diverse races. Russia has started full speed on a process of entire renewal, the ultimate result of which none can as yet foretell.

But nowhere will the ideals of democracy gain more ground than on German soil. For a good while already, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, the Germans have been tending toward a political and social state involving more *equality* (if not freedom, for which, in opposition to the Anglo-Saxons, they care almost as little as the French) than exists in America; all thoughtful observers know that if the practical part of the socialist programme is realized anywhere, this will be in Germany. Now the day when the soul of Germany will shape for herself an appropriate body is close at hand. It is to the Liberals, in particular the Socialists, not to the Junkers, that she owes her amazing strength and power; they, consequently, will shape her further destinies; there is no example in history to prove that those who did the things did not ask for and eventually acquire the corresponding rights.

Let none be prejudiced by the fact that a year ago Germany stood for oppression, conquest, and autocracy: soon she may stand where the Allies stood. No nation is *essentially* autocratic or liberal; both tendencies exist side by side in every nation, and the predominance of one or the other at a given time is due to circumstance. Looked at from above, the different peoples appear like so many figures on a gigantic chess-board, each keeping to a particular way of moving, but unstable as far as color goes. Each may be black, and each may be white; the momentary color decides its temporary fate. But History, the player, cares little about that; she considers the game alone, which is ideal progress, and if one figure be taken, if one party lose, this means to her the failure of an idea, not of a race; in the following game the same nation may carry a victorious banner.

Thus, even in this war the ideals at stake are by no means individually wedded to the one party. There is no doubt that the *cause* of the Allies will triumph; whether material victory will be on their side is not as certain. It may even happen that, during the fight or at the conference of peace, the Great Player, in one of his humorous moods, may suddenly choose to reverse the parts. This would not be the first case of this kind: at the Congress of Vienna, the same Prince Talleyrand who for so long had been negotiating Napoleon's usurpations laid the foundations of the new order of things, which was based on the idea of legitimacy. *The cause of the Allies will win*, somehow or other, sooner or later, immediately or mediately. It is unthinkable that that sys-

tem of international politics which made possible this catastrophe should survive; it is altogether unlikely that the new treaties to be concluded will not reflect the aspirations and hopes of the whole world; the purgatory of this war will have consumed the decay, transmuted old forms into new ones, accelerated their development, cleared the minds of the nations. Even a victorious Germany, in her ancient mood, would not dare to dictate peace on reactionary terms; it would never be accepted by public opinion, and could not possibly last if pressed. But the Germany of to-morrow will be very different from that of yesterday; the ordeal will have changed her much. Like France, like England, like Russia, she will have found her new soul or at least be near to finding it. And this will be the soul of an intensely democratic nation.

IV

There is no reason, therefore, for pessimism, in spite of the hideousness of the present situation. War cannot be other than hideous, if conducted on such a gigantic scale and with such intensity of passion as now happens; if the best intellects seem blinded and the best hearts crippled by hate, the condition of the majority must be appalling. But as I explained before, these facts, however distressing they be, *mean* very little, since men are not themselves during fever; and most of the horrors will be entirely forgotten afterwards, just as most healthy persons, after having safely got over a mortal disease, think little of the sufferings they have gone through. Let us never forget that this war means a constitutional crisis, and judge it accordingly. Only then shall we be able to understand its phases.

I said that the *cause* of the Allies is sure to win. This does not imply, however, that any of the particular concrete aims which it has put forth so far, will be achieved. It will be impossible to secure peace everlasting to prevent once and for all the violation of treaties; a single nation will no more be able to decide its own fate unhindered than an individual is able to disentangle himself from parental and social ties and follow exclusively his own sweet will; the nationalistic principle cannot possibly triumph, since most countries are inhabited in common by several races. But other improvements will take place instead. Very likely the traditional idea of a state, which justified one nation in oppressing others, will explode, giving place to a new idea, based exclusively on economic and military considerations and leaving full independence to all on cultural lines. Very likely Europe's future equilibrium will depend more than before on collaboration rather than on opposition, which in itself would render wars less frequent.

But there is no use prophesying unless one knows. The one thing certain is that this world-war, being a constitutional crisis, will accelerate those changes within the nations and their interrelations which have been needed more urgently every year but whose formulas none so far could find. There is purpose in the blind working of History. Most men think they fight for ideals, which, if they triumphed just as contemplated, would probably ruin the world; but they will not triumph in this form. Nothing turns out exactly as we had anticipated, but the result is on the whole better than it would have been if our schemes had been adopted unmodified. Germany complains of having the whole world in arms against her, and surely not all her enemies are inspired by noble motives. But now that her real strength is known, the most formidable the world ever saw, must we not consider it a blessing that things did happen as they did? Two oppo-

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nents would easily have been crushed and nothing would have prevented the German war-machine then from overrunning and subjecting the world. But on the other hand it is a blessing too that the Allies cannot annihilate Germany, for the end of that great nation would mean a cultural catastrophe.

I do not mean to pretend that all the results of this war must needs be good: far from that. Its immediate material effects cannot be other than disastrous. The premature death of millions of the strongest and best cannot possibly improve the living stocks. The hatreds and resentments sown will hamper for some time all international dealings. What Romain Rolland has said will prove all too true at first: 'Quelque soit le vainqueur, c'est l'Europe qui sera la vaincue.' Then, after the long and terrible strain a reaction must follow, — a temporary downfall all the more marked as the upheaval was great. We may temporarily lose again all we had gained morally in the hours of danger. (The unequaled patriotic revival of 1815 was immediately followed by a period of sordid egoism and pettiness.) A democratization that should proceed too quickly might dangerously lower the level of general culture. To anticipate the worst: if the struggle lasts too long we may witness all over Europe a repetition of what happened in Germany after the Thirty Years' War: all traditional, all hereditary culture may die with the death of its bearers. At first, all immediate effects of this war may seem frankly negative.

Still I do not take back, indeed would not even if I knew of events still worse in store for us, a single one of the hopeful words I have written. For the one path of progress that really matters is *progress in idealism*, and this is not to be arrested by periods of material regress, however long. In what sense did the advent of Christ, or of the French Revolution, work for good? Not materially at first, not materially for long; nay, it may be doubted, even to-day, if the improvement in the material condition of the world induced by either event is at all considerable. But they have changed the minds of men, they have changed their consciousness of things; and this is all-important, for only a changed consciousness of things is able to change intimately the things themselves. Mind moulds matter very slowly — this is all too true; but then nothing else moulds it at all. Law began to reflect righteousness only on the day that men began to realize what righteousness *meant*. Institutions as such are nothing; the most perfect imaginable are mere outward crusts apt to be exploded by the first outbreak of passion, if they do not express a corresponding degree of spiritual understanding. Thus, the perfect civilization of ancient Rome could not last, because it expressed a limited understanding; on the contrary, the germ of deep insight, sown by the gospel of Christ in barbaric souls, has rendered them fit for indefinite progress.

Never as yet have insight and its exteriorization stood on an equal level. In the beginning of our era spiritual insight was deep, but the state of outward culture was low; to-day the latter seems infinitely superior to the former. This explains the unequaled horror of this war. It has revealed the monstrous disparity existing between our outward civilization and the state of our souls. But this very horror opens our spiritual eyes. Never again will public opinion anywhere support the traditional, deeply immoral ways of international dealings; never again will it be consciously admitted that might is right. Our *consciousness* of things will change. And this is the one kind of progress which counts. This acquirement no material failings can annul.

Progress in idealism alone creates a secure basis for material advance. Nay, it inevitably expresses itself, sooner or later, as the outer plane. Well, this progress will unquestionably be ours after the war, no matter what course material events may take. Bitter experience will have shown to all what is wrong with us, what must be changed; experience, too, will have taught us all which of the forces and factors now alive may be relied upon as leading onward. Many truths, dimly guessed so far, will have become clear. Many new ways will lie open before our mental eyes. And once man knows what he has to do, he can achieve it. For it is of the very nature of the word to transmute itself into flesh.

We, the contemporaries of the most destructive war the world ever saw, think it often unjust that precisely our generation has been chosen for this dire experience. Let us comfort ourselves with the idea of vicarious sacrifice. Were it not for our sufferings, were it not for the woe we have both endured and wrought, those who come after us would know less than they will and not be fit to live a better life than ours. If knowledge inevitably becomes incarnate some day in action and life, it is true as well that only deeds performed give rise, as a rule, to new realizations. The Indian sages truly teach that all karma must be worked out. No idea ceases to operate until it has been refuted by life; no motive for action ceases to work before its noxious consequences become clear. A new world has never been born but out of the agony of its predecessor.

RADICAL'S PROGRESS

[The narrative which follows is made up of letters written by an officer of the British merchant marine to an American friend in close sympathy with the creed they formulate. These letters cover a correspondence of many years, the earlier dating from the South African War, where the writer distinguished himself by his courage in action, and some of the later from the Dardanelles campaign, which found him serving as chief officer of one of his Britannic Majesty's transports. The order in which the letters are printed has been designed by the person who received and arranged them to throw into relief the writer's Progressive views toward Socialism; but no liberties have been taken with the text. To an individualist, it is interesting to note that the degree of tense social control now exerted by the state in Great Britain may drive a Socialist into the kind of revolt usually associated with individualistic doctrine. We may add that the writer has been known to the editor of the *Atlantic* for many years through much correspondence and many talks. We can vouch for the genuineness of the letters. — THE EDITORS.]

I

BATTLE

LIVERPOOL, *July* 12, 1915.

YOU will be wondering where I am and what I have been doing all this time. Your letter was here when I ar-

rived home from the Dardanelles. I have been out there since the beginning, in February, as chief officer of a troop transport. We were under all kinds of shell-fire and rifle-fire, as well as being attacked by several aeroplanes daily, but we did n't get a scratch.

I am sick to death. I saw more men blown up in one hour out there than I saw killed all through the Boer War. I am cured of ever wishing to be a soldier again. You will appreciate why when I have finished my story.

After we landed our troops on April 25, we were turned into a distributing hospital ship. Over twenty thousand wounded passed through our vessel. It fell to my lot to sew up and bury the dead. To see the flower of the youth of Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, — and Turkey, too, for that matter, — mangled and maimed beyond recognition: not a man over thirty-five years and not one under nineteen years. . . . To see lines of men charging, with shrapnel blowing big gaps in their lines, makes one wonder if there is a living God who looks down and allows such things to go on.

I have a great liking for the individual Turk, and when I saw our Lancashire Fusiliers take a redoubt and pitch the Turks into the sea with the bayonet, I felt a great pity for the poor, honest Turkish peasant. Notwithstanding all that appears in the press about the cruelty of the Turks and their inhuman treatment of wounded, in all the twenty-thousand-odd wounded who passed through our ship I met no single instance of cruelty or of wounds not honestly got.

April 25 will stand out as the day of horrors in my life. I suppose the landing against such odds was one of the finest things in history. Some poor chaps never got ashore. Boatload after boatload of troops grounded on the barbed-wire entanglements which stretched from the shore under water for thirty feet and not a man in them was left alive. They floated away later, filled to the gunwales with their dead.

On shore the sight was worse. So congested were the Turks in their trenches on such small land space that every 12-inch or 6-inch shell simply sent heads, legs, arms, and trunks of bodies flying in all directions. I think there must have been at least fifty heavy men-of-war, — British and French, — as well as torpedo-boat destroyers as thick as gnats, banging away all day and all night without a stop. From the giant Queen Elizabeth down, every ship was searching the Turkish trenches with guns of all calibres. Above, aeroplanes were spotting and bomb-dropping. Every living person in a circle of twenty miles was bent on taking life or mangling some other person. This carnage was between men who had never exchanged a cross word; who had never even seen one another.

I don't know whether we as a nation can hate. I must say that, after taking aboard a couple of thousand wounded of our own men, I felt hot all over and cursed the Turks all I knew how; but when it came to taking wounded Turks aboard — well, I could n't but help them all I could, especially when I saw some of our own slightly wounded men carrying badly wounded Turks up the gangway. What treatment they had been led to expect I don't know. The poor wretches had fear and agony of wounds written all over their faces. . . . What I saw in the Boer War led me to believe that the British Tommy is a gentleman at heart. What I saw on this ship only strengthened that belief and assured me that the heart of the British workingman is sound and clean. Our fellows had nothing more bitter to say against the Turks than that they were doing their jobs.

There was little rest for anybody

either by day or night. If one was n't actually at work tending the wounded or receiving them, the booming of the guns and the vibration of the ship made sleep, or even rest, impossible.

What I saw and went through has knocked the bottom out of me. I believe that I just escaped the madhouse by a hair's breadth. And when I was told to go back again I refused point-blank. There is no danger to the ships now except from submarines. I refused solely because I could not stand the sight of so much battered humanity. I would shoulder a rifle if they would take me: you know that I have offered myself four times and have been turned down each time. I simply cannot stand any more seeing men between twenty and thirty years old with legs blown off, arms blown off, and great gaping wounds from shrapnel all over the body — youngsters struck deaf and dumb from shell-shock though not actually hit; and men stone-blind from the same cause.

A big Australian, six feet three, about twenty-seven, had a shell explode almost in his face. It threw him on his back and injured his back muscles. Just as he struggled to his feet, another shell, bursting behind him, threw him on his face and strained his stomach muscles. He was struck blind, deaf, and dumb. His mouth opened and shut continually, as fast as though he were eating. Two men had to be told off to keep his forearms quiet — they kept coming up to his shoulders as though he were at physical drill. His body shook all over.

We had him aboard one week. By that time his mouth had resumed its normal movement and he had got back the sight of one eye. Then he passed through us to another ship.

How would any one of your American jingoes like to be twenty-seven years old with both eyes shot out and both wrists shattered by shrapnel? The man I mean was a young Scot. I helped him up the gangway. He stood six feet three — a beautiful specimen of physical manhood. After a day aboard he suffered terrible torture from the heat of the weather and of the ship, and also from the swarms of flies attracted by the smell of blood. He could not lie on a cot, so we had to fence off a corner in the 'tween decks, carpet it with pillows and mattresses, and let him grope round in his agony. On the spots where the blood had soaked through his eye- and wrist-bandages the flies clustered in black clots. He moaned night and day and was scarcely conscious. He was totally blind, and even the sense of touch was denied him, because his wrists were so shattered that they would have to be amputated.

Another man — a Lancashire Fusilier — was shot in the intestines. His torture was frightful. He raved like an animal and died in agony.

The majority of the wounded men were unconscious, and died so.

One evening I buried twenty-seven of the best my country ever produced, all Scots Fusiliers. The words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep' are graven on my very soul. It is at this part of the service that the body is slid overboard. For full an hour after this first burial, the thought of these countrymen of mine being sewn up in blankets and dumped overboard like so many bundles of rubbish — I had a terrible craving to get at the throats of the capitalists and jingoes who are responsible for it all. Submarine commanders cannot be blamed for sinking Lusitanias. They are simply doing their jobs and obeying orders. Those who issue such orders cannot be got at; at least, not yet.

Day after day these burials went on. Later I refused to attend them. The finish came when one body stuck to the

stretcher by reason of the blood having oozed through the wrappings and congealed. The body had to be pried adrift before it would slide of its own weight into the sea.

I cannot tell you any more just yet. I sicken as I write.

The stupidity of it all! — the wrong men doing the fighting and bearing all the suffering. Kindly-hearted fathers killing other kindly-hearted fathers at the behest of — whom? One ceases to wonder if mothers in the future will ask why they should go through nine months of labor and then rear children, — for this. I should like to have had a few thousands of American mothers on the quay at Alexandria every time we discharged our freight of mangled humanity. Or, better still, those in your country who are clamoring for war: let them volunteer to come over as stretcher-bearers only.

It is horrible, horrible, too horrible. I have refused to go back. Come what may, I will have no more of it. My nerves are all in. Physically, I am not a coward. If my refusal to go back is moral cowardice I am content to let it go at that. There are no penalties attached to my not going back except the loss of my position with the company. My affair comes up in a day or two, and a few capitalists will sit in judgment on me, and perhaps without the least compunction they will damn my sea career of twenty-two years in twenty-two seconds. Well, let them do as they will. *I care nothing for the judgment of men who have never seen suffering or sorrow.*

I will take their dismissal if it comes to that. It will mean starting at the bottom again if I go to sea, but I will never do that. If I am dismissed from the company, then the sea and I have shaken hands for the last time. . . . I have turned the situation over in every possible way to see if I am lacking in patriotism. I find that up to the present I have done my job and served my country as few have done since the war started. Therefore I have made my stand, let fall what may.

And now let me speak of the United States. From what I have pieced together since arriving home, I gather that public feeling in your country runs high over the Lusitania affair. Many seem to be clamoring for war. *Who are these people and what do they know of war?* Who eggs them on, and for what reasons? Again I say, let them come over and serve as stretcher-bearers only. Or perhaps your jingoes are of the same breed as ours: do all their fighting in frock coats while the youth of the country do their dirty work for them.

I think the Lusitania dead would be the last, if they could, to cry out for vengeance, and to sacrifice scores of thousands of America's best youth for their sakes. There must be another way out. There must be thousands of other ways if only the nation would keep cool and think. An American who urges his country to enter the fight is a bad American. It is frightful to think of thousands of such fellows as I have met over on your side being torn to pieces with high explosives. Within twenty-four hours at the Dardanelles we had twelve thousand men killed and wounded. Our losses out there far exceed those published. From cottage and mansion they came, from university and poor school. They represented the best we had. Your ranks would have to be filled with the same material.

By the time this reaches you I may be sweeping the streets. I'm extremely nervous, not on account of what the company may do to me, but from what I have been through lately. I don't sleep too well. I see mangled bodies and faces all the time. I'm up against it every way I turn: I cannot get into

the firing line; I can't stand the job I've been on lately; and I stand practically condemned by the company. In the firing line one would n't see a tithe of what I saw at the Dardanelles, because there we had aboard the mangled of all fronts, whereas, in the trenches, one would only see the wounded of his own immediate front. — What a maze of contradictions I am in! I seem to be fighting my way through to something — what, I don't know.

I am intensely interested in what the company may decide, because if the decision goes against me there will be a new life opening out. I don't dread menial labor if I can work out my salvation that way. Of all the questions I have fought out with the company — and they are many — this is the most interesting and perhaps the most vital. If I am dismissed, I suppose many will say that I funked it. Others, who know me, will not say so much: they'll probably say, 'What a damned fool he was, and next in turn for command, too!'

Meanwhile, I am resting and playing with my kidlets, awaiting the judgment of the heaven-born.

The situation is ludicrous. Here I am, a man who fought through the Boer War; a man recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal; a man promoted from the ranks to troop-sergeant at one leap; a man who, plugging along with one kidney and minus two ribs, was mentioned in dispatches at the Dardanelles in April; a man who has been shot at with rifles, field-guns, howitzers, aeroplane bombs, and naval guns, and threatened by submarines; and yet I have to be judged by financiers who have never had a duck-rifle in their hands, to see if I funked going back to the Dardanelles.

If they want a plain answer to a plain question I'll tell them straight that I did funk going back to see so many thousand of my best countrymen mangled by devilish instruments of war. I know I have a wife and two children depending on me, but I am not afraid for them. I have been up against it before, and have won through, and I'll win through here somehow if I get sacked. I will admit defeat when I am in the grave, not before.

Excuse this letter. It is a disjointed affair. I am scarcely myself. You will hear again as soon as I have been judged by the heaven-born. Till then, do all you can to keep your country out of this mess.

LIVERPOOL, *July* 13, 1915.

The inevitable has happened at last. What I told you of in yesterday's letter came off to-day.

The money-bags tried me and found me wanting, and I have been asked to resign.

I went up without the slightest intention of walking back a peg. They seemed astounded at my refusal even at the price of dismissal.

So now I am out of a job, with a wife and two youngsters depending on me for the means to live. It has been the greatest fight of my life, and according to my way of thinking I have won out at the cost of my job. The opportunity was mine to walk a liner's bridge with a captain's tin hat on; but only at the price of keeping my mouth shut and my pen quiet. Your friend may be a fool, but he is honest enough to stand aside and take the blows when it comes to that, rather than to sail the seas hounded by capitalists and forced to do things which daily menace the lives of thousands of innocent travelers. I knew that I had to make my choice before the company would give me command. That was told me many moons ago.

The question that I have been asking myself since my dismissal is: Is it worth it all?

The only answer I can get from my inner self is: Yes, yes, yes.

My dismissal took place at 3 P.M. prompt. It is scarcely 5 P.M. now, so I've lost no time in letting you know.

What an intense sensation of relief I have! The cloud of years has cleared at last and left me once more in the sunshine — and with more fight than ever. The sea and I have parted at a time when command was in my hand. What I am going to do I don't know yet. I don't ask much of life if I can help my fellow man. Certain it is I won't go under. I am content to sweep streets or anything. I have confidence in myself now that I have been put through what was, for me, the supreme test; and I have confidence in the future even if, at the moment, I don't see daylight.

Your land-lubbing friend.

II

BONDAGE

[*The following passages from letters of a much earlier period will explain certain allusions in the foregoing.*]

You ask what started me on my course of radical thinking. Two incidents, both from the Boer War.

The thin end of the wedge entered my mind from seeing an old Boer farmer bayoneted. I myself had killed a man before that. But this day, as I was riding along, I saw a sergeant order an infantryman — a West Kent man — to capture an old Boer who was making for a horse, — his own, I fancy.

The man dropped out of the ranks and took after the Boer, who was an 'Eighty-Oner,' white-bearded, with black crape on his hat; they never surrendered.

'Halt!' yelled the Kent man.

The Boer kept on after the horse.

'Halt! you old beggar!' yelled the Tommy again.

The Boer paid no heed.

'I'll give you one more chance; up with your hands!'

The Boer kept on.

I saw the West Kent man take the step for the bayoneting — a purely mechanical motion. The old man reached round and gripped the blade tightly with both hands. The Tommy gave it a twist. All the Boer's fingers dropped off. The Tommy drew his blade out of the two bleeding stumps and stabbed the old man to the heart. The Boer fell dead.

Then the Kent man unfixed his bayonet, wiped the blood off on his sleeve, fixed it again, and fell back into his place in the column.

'You beast!' thought I, and waited for him to pass me, expecting him to have the face of a fiend.

As he came near, he turned his head my way and I got a good look at him. It was a worse shock than the sight of him killing the Boer.

In his face was everything that manhood holds best. He was a fine-looking fellow — a man of character.

Two days before, I had killed a man myself. It was in a skirmish. My regimental chum sang out at me, 'Step right!' I did so instinctively, and this fellow lunged past me, and fell with the force of his missed blow. I brought down the butt of my rifle on his skull and crushed it, as one breaks an egg.

All the rest of the day I vomited at intervals. Once I cried. I could not eat. Two days earlier had come a letter from my mother asking me not to take life if I could help it. . . . It was n't the letter. It was the physical shock of seeing a man's brains beaten in like jelly. I made up my mind then and there that I had had enough of patriotism.

Toward the end of the war I was detailed with forty-nine other troopers to act as escort to the present King and Queen. They were then Duke and Duchess of York. The honor was supposed to be ours.

Riding along the streets under the hot sun, between crowds of cheering people, and eyeing this undersized man, I fell to comparing him with the men of his body-guard, forty-nine fine, strapping fellows. I cannot begin to tell you the shock it gave me.

That, for me, was the beginning of the end. The contrast between this Duke and the men of his body-guard did the business for me. Later it dawned on me that I had been fighting an honest, hard-working Boer peasantry for the sake of a gang of London financiers.

If ever I take up a gun again it will not be in cold blood. But I'll fight for the poor against this rotten commercialism, even if I and my wife and children have to go down into the gutter for it.

April, 1914.

I have five men to work the lifeboats. According to the company's books I have fifty — the captain and five officers, the four quartermasters (who steer the ship), the boatswain and boatswain's mate, and his servant (a boy of ten), the carpenter, the carpenter's assistant, the joiner — and so on. Actually, however, I have five. Five to keep the ship clean and work the boats. The rest have to be on station. The result is that we have to clean ship all night and work boats all day; we can't turn the hose on the decks when the passengers are about. And the boats are in terrible shape, and getting worse all the time. I need fifty-five men instead of fifty men. Last trip I reported a raft with air-tank punctured, impairing its buoyancy. Nothing done about it. Capacity: thirty persons. She'd *drown* thirty persons. And yet I am expected to bring the ship in clean with her boats in working order. It simply cannot be done. And the money saved on extra men whom the company won't hire, the company is dragging out of our hides by overwork. I have a conscience. I won't let things go. So I work myself like a dog to keep things up. In Liverpool, after the last trip, I lay down on my couch for a nap, and slept twenty-five hours without waking. My wife and a neighbor put me to bed. Until I was told, I never knew how I got there.

We officers know what it is to be thirty hours on our feet. I have been forty hours without sleep or rest, living on my pipe. After a siege like that, we go to sleep while we are walking the bridge. Our bodies keep awake, but nothing under heavens can keep our minds awake. I have been waked by bumping against the binnacle as I walked, or by banging my head against a stanchion; or we even bump into each other. Heads soggy. Think quickly we could n't, not if we *had* to.

November, 1913.

On that trip to New York our Hungarian crew deserted. The Balkan War had broken out and they were afraid that on the return they would be seized and sent to the front. We had to go to sea with a crew of Italian peanut-venders from West Street, who did n't know the meaning of a nautical term, and could not even understand my language.

The first morning at sea I had to go down into the forecastle with a cudgel and drive them out. It was foggy and blowing a bit, and under such conditions the wind usually howls. No sooner were they on deck than she took the spray of a wave over her bow and drenched them; drenched me, too. With that they all fell flat on the deck, rais-

ing their hands and screeching 'Madonna Christi!'

To get one of them into the crow's nest on lookout, I had to rig a tackle, pass a loop line under his armpits, and hoist him up. They could n't even swing out a boat on its davits. We had to wait until dark before swinging out the two emergency boats which we always keep ready, and then we had to get the officers out to do it. Dared not do it when the passengers were about. With such a crew we were navigating a ship with two thousand souls aboard of her.

When we got back to Liverpool I told the general manager about this.

'What would you advise?' he asked.

'I'd advise, if you could n't get a crew in New York, to get one in Boston, and if not in Boston, then along the New England coast where they grow real sailors, even if it cost you £100 to the man. That would be better than carrying two thousand people at the risk of their lives, with a crew that can do nothing, not even understand what is said to them.'

'You are not a business man,' says he.

'No,' I said, 'I am a sailor.'

'It came out all right; it was good business,' was his remark.

But some of us have consciences, and such a reply as that does n't satisfy the conscience of an officer who is entrusted with the responsibility for those two thousand lives.

September, 1912.

For the past month we have been idle in London, owing to the strike. I sent for my wife to come down and we took digs right in the slums of the dock. We wanted to see how the very poorest live.

The striking dock laborers in London have been quiet and orderly. It was in Liverpool that the rioting took place — the Irish element. My wife and I went among them where they were gathered by the thousands, and not an ugly word were we offered. I have gone down aboard ship at one and two o'clock when they would all be out in the streets, — they had nothing else to do, — and no one offered to molest me.

They told me it was hardest on the kiddies. Whole families were starving. I was amazed at the pluck of these men. It takes pluck to tighten your belt another hole each day and say nothing.

These fellows and their families were sober and clean: a very good type. They expected the strike to last much longer than it did, and were prepared to suffer accordingly. Even when they began to starve there was no sign of yielding. That's courage, when you have nothing to back you.

. . . Don't think our new Association [a seamen's union] is going to confine its operations to the betterment of sailors' conditions only. The traveling public is to be taken into consideration also. If ever I reach the giddy height of command of a company passenger steamer, I feel, now, that I shall get sacked inside of a year. I'll be up against my conscience and the old order of things. I have now been elected a member of the Executive Committee in London. This may, very soon, bring my name into print; and it remains to be seen whether the company will have the intelligence to see in my actions a desire to remedy crying evils, or if it will look on me as a damned agitator and get rid of me as such.

April, 1913.

My career as a committeeman of the union was brief and stormy.

During the strike a meeting was called in London to indict the shipowners for certain practices. The leading journals sent their best pressmen.

The accusations were being read by a member of the committee.

I interrupted: 'Those charges are not true.'

'Are you with us or against us?' demanded the chairman.

'I am not with you,' I told him, 'when you make charges which are not true.'

'How do you know they are not true?' said he.

'I can go aboard my ship and within an hour bring back copies of the company's regulations to prove it,' I replied, 'and I warn these gentlemen of the press that if they go to print with these charges, knowing that they have been challenged, I will go over their heads to their editors.'

The meeting adjourned in confusion.

'Could n't you let this pass?' the committeeman said. 'Is n't it better for our cause to allow it to go unchallenged?'

'Nothing is good for your cause which is a knowing falsehood,' I told them, 'and I decline to have any share in a struggle conducted on such lines.'

July, 1905.

On that voyage we touched at Odessa during one of the pogroms. The ship lay directly in the line of fire from a height where the Cossacks were stationed. Sometimes the bullets would ping! against the vessel's side. We had to keep under cover. Close to the docks where we lay was a heap of the dead, — Jews, of course. To go ashore in the daytime was almost certainly to be shot. But at night we would crawl out, sneak ashore, and pull the half-dead living out from this heap of corpses and carry them aboard. Among others, we got out a woman and two of her children. I gave up my room to her. Two more of her children and her husband lay dead in the heap. She wept most of the time. . . .

Two years afterward, whilst I was 'second-extra' on the run between Liverpool and New York, on deck duty, I was walking through the steerage one day when some one without any warning whatever threw an arm around my neck and kissed me. I flung away and saw to my disgust that it was an untidy Jewish woman. She seized both my hands and kept repeating, —

'Odess'! Odess'!'

Then it all came over me. She was the same woman we had dragged out of that heap, and was coming out to New York with her brother.

III

LAND OF PROMISE

September 1, 1915.

You may be rather surprised to hear of my new venture.

The fact is, I had it out with myself after finishing with the company, and have taken to the land, farming. Your friend is now a farmer.

In my last letter I merely said that the money-bags had decided to dispense with my services. The chairman, in a very nice manner, told me that after long deliberation and thought the board of directors had decided that I was not a proper person to command one of their ships, as my line of thought and speech and my many unofficer-like acts had led them to suppose that company interests would suffer unless I altered my views to suit company traditions.

I merely told them that I did more than an honest day's work for a day's pay, and beyond that, I considered that my thoughts and actions belonged to myself and I would take care that they were not influenced in any way by company dictates.

That ended everything. Their decision was made final, and from that moment your friend ceased to be a sailor.

Certain of the officials were taken aback at my attitude and expressed surprise.

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'your decision leaves me undismayed, and the cloud that has been hanging over me for years has parted and left me once more in the light.'

Several offered me their services outside the company, but I declined them.

They asked me to remember my wife and two children. I replied that they were my care, not theirs.

They seemed staggered, and concluded that I must be possessed of private means, and could therefore afford to stick to my principles.

All that now seems a long time ago. Since leaving I have had a happy time. I have walked a hundred miles on this island looking for a suitable place, and at last I have found one. Let me describe it to you.

Compared to my house in Liverpool, the farmhouse is a hovel. It is perched up on the mountain side with a glorious view and glorious air; also, one can catch a decent glimpse of the sea. There are eighty-seven acres of land to the place, a good lot of it heather-clad. It is situated close to the highest mountain. The post comes three times a week, and to post a letter means a four-mile walk. Grub is awfully difficult to get until I have a horse and cart. I've had to make a six-mile walk for it to town, and six miles back, using the baby-cart as motive power. Water for the house means a walk up the mountain side about a thousand yards.

But we are all happy. I have started with a hive of bees, a fifty-thousand colony. In time I'll get about thirty hives if the bees do well up here during the winter. What worries us most at present are the fleas. The place is swarming with them. The people who had the place before must have been dirty. Is it true that country people generally are so?

When I get the house in order, I am going to buy stock and implements and start ploughing up a few fields. I have built a small wall already. The place now looks like a jail. In fact, I've called it 'B—— Jail.' But there are great possibilities in it. When I get really settled and known, I am going in for politics. Of course you will probably know that the island has Home Rule. In time, I think, I shall be able to devote quite a lot of time to having a spar with the feudal system which is so strong here. As an instance, a wife is a chattel. She cannot possess personal property: it all goes to the husband when she passes into the married state. There are quite a lot of such things that require modernizing. I won't be idle in the Cause.

It is going to be hard work for a year or so, and I have no illusions on the matter. So long as I have won my battle over myself and have had my scrap with capitalism, I am happy. The loss of social position doesn't cost me a wink of sleep. . . . Expecting this to happen some day, I have saved all I knew how, and I feel sure that I shall win over the critical period long before my savings are exhausted. We are out of writing paper and it means a twelve-mile walk to the nearest store, so I am using up sonny's scribbling pad.

October 3, 1915.

The pigs are fed, the goat milked, and I have just robbed the hens of an egg or two. So now I can sit down and thank you for your letter and book. I was painting the gate when the postman brought your letter this morning, just smartening the place up a bit before ploughing starts. Really, I am taking to work very kindly, though my hands are in a shocking state and my back gives me gip nearly all the time.

But it is glorious to feel that every clod of earth I break is not done for a man who thunders along at forty knots an hour in a motor car bought by the sweat of me and my like. Since I have been out in the wilds I have scarcely had the slightest headache. Before, I was all headaches, caused from threshing out the problems that meant either suicide or liberty. My position was untenable; more so than you can ever know. I had either to abandon my convictions and ideals, gathered in a life's journey, or get out. I was asked to accept company dictums, thereby strengthening my position and clearing all obstacles out of the way of future promotion. Fate — or something stronger — decided for me. I have lost friends and position, and according to many officers in the company, I have thrown away the substance to obtain the shadow. But you and I know which is the substance and which the shadow.

As I have told you, I knew long ago that I had to make my choice before the company would give me command. It may have been intention or it may have been accidental — the timing of it — after the Dardanelles, when I had reached the pinnacle of Chief Officership. Whether I would have been man enough to defy them if I had not been through the Dardanelles business I do not know; but I do know that no power on earth could have forced me to lend a helping hand at such wholesale slaughter again after what I saw and felt.

Whether my country is right or wrong in the cause of the war, I say that it is absolutely wrong to see countless thousands of its best youth slaughtered in such cruel ways. There must be other ways of settling such disputes, and to demolish monarchy and capitalism would go a long way.

Labor on our side is causing a lot of trouble. All unions are dead set against war profits, and friend Lloyd George more than anybody. It is practically impossible now for any concern to make more than an ordinary peace-day profit. And Labor is right. Why, in the first months of the war, when war spirit was at fever heat, the men lost sight of the fact that whilst they were sweating and cheering, some firms were making 60% profit; others, over 100%, and others again nearly 200%. The Welsh miners were, I think, the first to resume their senses and ask what the employers were doing. The country got quite a shock. Why, the company was making more than three times the profit of ordinary years; and this in a year of war, when food and necessities are nearly 30% higher than in normal times. Ships were run with four instead of seven officers. The extra work came out of our hides without extra pay. After the Dardanelles business I was nearer the lunatic asylum than, I hope, I shall ever be again. One cannot work seventy hours at a stretch in a broiling sun with guns roaring night and day, airships dropping bombs, and men being mangled into lumps of unrecognizable flesh and bone, without its wearing one out. It was not so much the overwork as the thought that stabbed me night and day, that no small part of the class that caused this slaughter are lounging in places where their skins are as safe as in peace times. I used to see red and want to get at their throats.

I feel now that I can never destroy life again. The beasts I have so far will never lose their blood by my hands. I have a she-goat that follows me around like a dog. I could never hurt her. Many a good dinner I could have killed here — partridge, hare, or grouse — but I find it impossible to do so. Why, when I went to the well the other day for water, out of it jumped a frog. I simply took it twenty yards away and

let it go, knowing full well that it would hop back in again as soon as I cleared out.

This may seem to you an extraordinary state of mind for a farmer to be in, but the fact is, I have promised myself not to take life in any shape or form again if I can possibly avoid it. The Dardanelles and my bees have cured me of all inclination to be cruel to man or beast. When the weather is dry and I have a minute to spare, I sit by my hive and watch the bees work. I have them all over my face and hands, and I seldom get a sting, and then only from a tired bee returning with its hind bags heavy with nectar from the heather.

The adverse judgment of your friends on my conduct is interesting. It would be impossible, I suppose, for them to see the case as I saw it. And again, the majority of men are against destroying a structure of which they are bricks, or even perhaps the props and builders. Give them a dose of bloodshed such as Europe is having and give them the same causes of it; then, perhaps, they would find it impossible, as I did, to carry on. Let some of them be tried, and see how they ring. It is so hard for men who have been nursed all their lives to comprehend what human suffering is and what causes it. One must get out and see it. To do this some men cannot pluck up enough courage; others do not dare for fear of social ostracism. Self, always. For a man to shoulder others' burdens and realize that he actually is his brother's keeper requires self-effacement, and I suppose no man can do good work until that self-effacement takes place.

At first it struck me as selfish and cowardly to bury myself out here. But what else could I have done? Even if I had the stomach for it now, the firing line would not take me. I have sworn never to serve capitalism again, and that means, of course, that I shall never again go to sea. As you see, I have simply been forced out of society.

. . . I'm scarcely myself even yet. In fact, I shall never be my old self again. The Dardanelles knocked that old self out of me, and has made me the bitter enemy of the titled and capitalist classes. I have always been opposed to them, but without hatred. To-day I hate them with a hate that will die only with me. Those thousands of maimed men and thousands of others being blown into the air by shrapnel have seared me to my very soul. I only ask now to be shown the way to fight the causes responsible for such wholesale butchery.

No, comrade. I can never again be as you have known me. I have suffered too much from what I have seen.

THE DISCOVERER

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

I

Charles Kingsbury Oare, in his chance and alien passage through the home of the Sheffords, caught Bridget in mid-flight (metaphorically speaking) from the schoolroom to the drawing-room. In other words, during one evening he had the disturbing experience of finding her a child and turning her — quite unintentionally — into a woman.

Charles was staying with his friend and publisher, Frederick Warley, and Warley had a placid, country-neighbor friendship with the Sheffords, which took him there to dinner three or four times a year. One of these times occurred during Charles's visit, and so Charles was asked, too.

There were no other guests, and Bridget was the only one of the Shefford children old enough to come in to dinner. Warley was rather morose with a cold, and Charles, glancing at Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, decided that, unless he could manage to be very amusing himself, he was going to have a dull evening. Bridget he dismissed as a child, which indeed at that moment she still was. He noticed that her tallness was a little awkward and weedy (though with the rather pleasant, supple weediness of youth), and that her large child-eyes were more darkly blue than any he had ever seen. He also observed that she was entirely tongue-tied with shyness, and likely to remain so. Then he forgot about her in the discovery that he need do nothing more than parade his ignorance of agriculture in order to amuse Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, and even Warley, to the point of tears. He clung to the fortunate subject, embroidering it with fantastic strokes of wit and occasional flashes of wisdom, so that it was rather like a scaffolding for one of his inimitable essays — and this indeed it eventually became, for Charles was not without his full complement of artistic frugality.

Altogether he had a very good time, and was surprised when he found, by the fact of Mrs. Shefford pushing back her chair, that the worst of dinner was over.

As he stood up his glance was attracted once more to Bridget, simply because she had not risen when her mother did. And then for one second he saw what he had done to her. Her eyes were still large and beautiful and darkly blue, but they were no longer the eyes of a child. Love, although innocent to the point of unawareness of itself, looked out of them, and Charles was horribly abashed.

Fortunately, no one else noticed anything; there was hardly time, and besides, no one else there had Charles's gift for reading eyes. Mrs. Shefford touched her daughter's shoulder as she passed, with a careless 'Wake up, Bridget!' and the girl flushed and followed her.

But Charles knew what he had done, and no kind of reasoning could relieve him of a sense of responsibility. Of course, other girls had fallen in love with him, and Charles had not felt a

need to minister to them in their sickness, but only dexterously to avoid them until they were better. This, however, was different: Bridget was not a girl but a baby! He ought not, before a baby nurtured in the Shefford atmosphere, to have succumbed to one of his inspired half-hours. For the Shefford atmosphere was of a prosaic density not to be pierced, and the baby (witness her eyes) was starving for the blue distances of dreams. Naturally, therefore, his half-hour had gone, by way of her head, to her heart.

Charles felt an urgent and chivalrous necessity to stand somehow between her and this particularly painful first tumble to which her babyhood would condemn her unless some one intervened. Why, she did not even know that she had a secret! How, then, was she to defend it from the eyes of mother, father, governess, brothers — Heaven knew whom — unless he came to the rescue?

'I will see her every day I'm here,' resolved Charles, in a fervor of remorse and altruism. 'I will talk to her like a father till she forgets I'm capable of being a lover. If that is n't enough, I will let it be understood that I am another's. I will — I don't know what I will do, but somehow I am going to save that child from wasting time by making dreams about *me* in the depths of her dark blue eyes.'

The intentions of Charles were excellent, and his devotion to the task he had set himself unflagging. The result, however, staggered him, for the one exception to the things that Charles could see was the obvious. At the end of an industrious fortnight, reviewing his activities, he came, astounded, upon the result, which was, of course, that he loved Bridget. Equally of course, without a moment's reflection he told her so, employing in the process vast reserves of that unrhymed poetry that was the secret of his already wonderful prose.

In return Bridget was as usual almost mute, but the blue of her eyes deepened and blazed (so that Charles was impelled, even at that critical instant, to liken them to phosphorescent seas). She clung to him fiercely, and for a moment looked as though she were really going to say something intimate that was long enough to be called a sentence. But nothing came of it. She buried her head suddenly in his coat-sleeve, and achieved, as though it were the most difficult sound in the language, the one word '*Darling!*'

Still, she achieved it with the pent intensity that was all her own, and Charles was entirely satisfied.

'You know, Bridget,' he explained later, 'you're always keeping me waiting for some pearl to drop from your lips. I must say that it hardly ever drops, but when it does it is a pearl, anyway. You've got some kind of mysterious cleverness — no, not cleverness; it's just chunks of unadulterated wisdom that you produce out of your inexperienced infancy. How do you manage it?'

Bridget looked at him. There was great variety in her looks, and this was perhaps one of his favorites. It expressed a sort of wonder and awe, he thought, as though she were spellbound before the depth and brilliancy of the things he knew and said. Not that this had been one of his brilliant flashes, but probably it had reminded her of one of them. And being, after all, still a very young man (albeit he felt so infinitely older than Bridget) and exceedingly conscious of his gifts, he liked to feel that she admired in him the things he admired in himself. He knew, of course, that there was nothing stupid about Bridget's silences; almost from the first he had recognized that her difficulty was not thought but ex-

pression. That difficulty, however, now as ever overcame her. After a moment of her pregnant dumbness she gave the subject up.

'I'm supposed,' she said instead, 'to be going to France for a year, to finish. Next month.'

She laid the practical situation, as it were, before him, and invited him to deal with it. It brought him down with a rush — to that and kindred considerations.

'The deuce you are!' he murmured, perplexedly, and fell into an absorbed silence. Suddenly he looked up and laughed. He had just swallowed a rather bitter pill, but he had a sense of humor.

'Do you know, I believe you'll have to *go* to France, then?' he said. 'It does n't show me up in a heroic light, does it? But, you see, I've got to find a way of earning enough for two, and I dare say it will take me quite a year to do it. At present I've got a certain income of fifty pounds, and a variable one, from writing, of somewhere about two hundred. Your people will probably point out that that was a thing I should have thought of before asking you to marry me. By the way, I did n't forget to ask you to marry me, did I? And you said yes? Good! Then it only remains for me to go in and take my licking like a man.'

'Oh, but daddy and mother won't be horrid,' Bridget said quickly.

'Won't they? What will they be, then?'

For things like this Bridget could find expression. 'Just sensible,' she answered rather forlornly; and thus in a word summed up the daily atmosphere in which Charles had found her perishing.

She was right. Mr. and Mrs. Shefford were eminently sensible over the matter. They were clear in their refusal to let Bridget marry Charles on his variable two hundred and fifty pounds and her dress allowance, but they made few other objections.

'Mind you, Oare, I won't have it called an engagement,' said Mr. Shefford finally; 'but if you still care for each other by the time you're earning five hundred a year, we shan't have anything more to say. It does n't harm any one to start on that. Meanwhile Bridget is too young, anyway. She can go to France as arranged, and in a year you can come and tell me how you're getting on.'

'I may write to her, sir?' Charles asked.

'Well — yes,' agreed Mr. Shefford after a moment's thought; for he was too sensible to add the spice of opposition.

'But not too often,' stipulated Mrs. Shefford, though not unkindly. 'Otherwise Bridget will have no time to learn French.'

Charles grinned youthfully at this tribute to his eloquence.

'Once a month,' said Mr. Shefford.

The grin faded. 'Once a —?'

Charles's forlorn echo died away.

'*Yes*,' Bridget's father insisted rather sharply. 'You're on your honor, if you please.'

Charles turned slowly to go. At the door he threw back a whimsical look. 'It is,' he reported, 'a hard bed,' and waited for a moment hopefully.

But neither of them softened, because neither of them understood; verbal gymnastics were alien to the Shefford atmosphere.

II

Charles and Bridget were scrupulously honorable, but they were also lovers. Consequently, although their letters were posted only once a month, the contents of them had usually been written day by day, and partook of the

nature of diaries. Charles in particular spent a great deal in postage. The thought of Bridget always stimulated his imagination, and his letters seemed to her (as indeed they were) wonderful and starry things. Later on she found, scattered among his essays and in the novel that he wrote that year, things that she recognized as having had their birth in these letters; but she was not resentful, as a smaller woman would have been. She believed passionately in his power, and was proud, though so inarticulately, that his letters to her should kindle his flame. Once kindled, she recognized that it could never be hers alone.

Of course she was not actually inarticulate. Her letters, too, were long, only she was unable, except by inference, to lay bare her heart in them. However, inference was always ample for Charles, and he saw, plainly and exultantly, how she received every impression of her days through a sort of medium of himself.

He worked very hard that year, but the result was not satisfactory. His first idea for doubling his income had seemed simplicity itself — to double his output. But in practice the simplicity disappeared.

Charles was by nature at all times his own sternest taskmaster. His habit was inexorably to put away each newly written thing for at least a month. Then, if he found nothing to correct, he sent it out; if he did, it suffered another period of detention. He did not depart from this rule now that he was writing more. But he found that on those second and third readings he destroyed a much larger proportion of his work than heretofore. His publisher and his editors, that is to say, still saw only his best work, but he himself saw a great deal more than usual of the second best. Before the end of the year the meaning of that had forced itself upon him: he could not increase the quantity of his output without decreasing the quality of it.

The quality! All the artist in Charles rose up and clung to the beautiful, elusive thing that was his quality. Perish the thought that it should be bartered for anything! It was his quality which had already hewn for him a tiny niche that he shared with no contemporary; his quality which, although his audience was still so small, saw to it that it was quite admirably fit. Not even for Bridget was he going to tamper with his quality.

What, then, was to be done? Fired by the news that Bridget was returning home six weeks earlier than arranged, to attend her grandmother's funeral, Charles's mind struck out another practical spark and elaborated it. Over the dinner that he was parentally permitted to share with Bridget before putting her into the train for home, he explained his scheme.

'Pot-boilers, Bridget. I've been reading the things, and I see what they're made of. Now I'm going to make them. Not all the time, of course, but about a third of it, I reckon; I've been collecting statistics. Ferguson, for instance: you might call him a king of pot-boilers, might n't you? Well, he writes about three a year, and his fifty-second has just been published. But a third of his income, or even less, will satisfy your people, so I shall write only one a year. Not under my own name, either, of course; I shall work up a separate and distinct pot-boiling name. What do you say to that for a scheme, my mute but magic maid?'

'I'm not mute!' protested Bridget, who could always be induced to rise to this if to no other bait. 'I'm only thinking.'

'You invariably are,' he pointed out. 'The trouble is to get the benefit of your thoughts.'

The trouble was apparently as great as ever. In a hundred subtle ways Bridget had grown, but this difficulty of expression was still with her. Partly, too, it came of her seeing so much in him, so little in herself.

'Make an effort, Bridget!' he implored extravagantly. 'Come! It's not so hard as all that to talk. A-B-C!'

'Donkey!' cried Bridget, beautifully flushed. But she made an effort. 'Well, it's only — Ferguson writes nothing else, does he?'

That was merely the beginning of her thought, but Charles pounced on it as it stood.

'He does n't,' he admitted. 'But I am cleverer than Ferguson. Do I understand you to sit there and deny it? (You see how I'm getting the Fergusonian touch already.)'

So the rest of Bridget's thought was lost in a smile. Charles, rhapsodizing over the smile, was unconscious of the loss. And Bridget could not have produced the rest of her thought except under the steadiest flow of encouragement; she could not yet believe it of sufficient value. Therefore, by the time her astounding news came, four days later, Charles was already valiantly wrestling with his first pot-boiler.

'Darling,' Bridget wrote, 'a wonderful thing has happened. Grannie has left me all her money; it is £750 a year, so now you won't need to write horrid old pot-boilers, will you? Do, do come soon. Your Bridget.'

Charles left his pot-boiler and went down to the Sheffords'. After the first surprise of it, Bridget's letter made him feel very old and practical and worldly-wise. What a child she was — to think that he could consent to live on her money!

He was quick to note a touch of coldness in his reception by Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, and attributed it to its right cause.

'I hope you don't misunderstand my coming down just now, sir,' he said frankly to Bridget's father, when they were alone. 'The year you gave me is almost up, and I've come to tell you that I'm no nearer fulfilling your condition than I was. But I just want to say, too, that I'm still not dreaming of asking Bridget to marry me until I am earning about what you expected. I don't mean to live on my wife's money, and though perhaps it would not, even now, be a case of that actually, I quite recognize that our incomes ought to be at least something more like equal before we marry. I've just started on some work now, however, that ought to put that right pretty soon, I think.'

Mr. Shefford's approval of this statement, and his increased liking for Charles in consequence, were obvious. Charles, in a glow of manly self-respect, went to find Bridget.

She listened carefully to a poetized version of what he had just said to her father, but Charles was not able, in her case, to observe any sign of approval or admiration. In fact, when he had finished her eyes filled slowly with tears.

'My lamb!' cried Charles, distracted, 'what is it?'

Considerable pressure resulted eventually in Bridget's saying what it was. 'I don't see — why we need — wait!'

Charles began all over again. When he had finished he found that he had effectually silenced Bridget, but he was still a little doubtful as to whether he had converted her. Her eyes, he thought, still entreated and even questioned him.

'Look here!' he cried, on an inspiration, 'I can't explain properly because I love you, and when you look at me like that I can't remember what comes next. It's not fair. But everybody knows, really, Bridget, except innocent

lambs like you, that a thing of that sort simply is n't *done*. I'll send you — let me see — he's a goner, of course, but I think he'll serve all right for this — yes, I'll send you a Stevenson, the one with his "Letter to a Young Gentleman" in it. That puts the thing in a nutshell. You'll read it, won't you?'

Bridget nodded submissively. In her eyes now was again that look he loved, a look of rather troubled wonder, as though with her beautiful young humility she were reaching up, trying to grasp and share his thought.

Charles kissed her adoringly and, much refreshed, departed to battle with his pot-boiler.

III

It was in town, six months later, that he told her the result. Bridget had been shopping, and they were having tea together.

'I could n't come down to tell you,' he explained gloomily — 'could n't face your people just yet. Pot-boiling, Biddy, is off.'

'Oh, my dear!'

Her little murmur of sympathy unloosed his confidence.

'You might think, perhaps,' he said, with young and bitter irony, 'that my pot-boiler is rejected because it is too good, but you would be mistaken. It has been rejected by seven publishers because it is not good enough. Think of it, Bridget: not up to standard — Ferguson's standard!'

Bridget winced in sympathy with his profound mortification, but she did not make the mistake of trying to comfort him. 'Tell me, please,' she said; and he told her.

'Warley began it. Of course I never expected *him* to publish it; pot-boilers of any sort are n't up to his standard. But he's been such a brick to me all along over my work, and I owe him so much, that I thought it was only fair to show him what I'd been doing. And I did expect that he'd at least commend my businesslike common sense and advise me where to send the thing. Well, if you'll believe me, Warley implored me to *burn* it.'

Bridget's eyes grew soft. 'He was thinking of your interests,' she approved.

'Oh, he wrapped his thoughts up beautifully in silver paper!' Charles admitted. 'I was hitching my star to a wagon — anybody could write pot-boilers, and so on. Well, I would n't accept his verdict; I thought it was just because he's such a — such a high-brow of a publisher; I thought others would jump at my pot-boiler. But in the end I've seen that what he meant is what all the others have quite frankly said.'

'And that?'

'And that is simply that anybody can't; *I* can't, for instance. Pleasant, is n't it? I've pressed them to tell me where I fail, but they won't or can't. They admit that I've got all the ingredients right, and mixed them properly; but I gather that there is a mysterious something, — genius, I presume, — failing which even a pot-boiler remains without form and void; and that something I have n't got.'

'The idiots!' flashed Bridget.

Then suddenly she leaned back and held herself very still. Charles received a curious impression that she was listening to some one else. Yet they had the room to themselves.

'So you see,' he continued with a miserable lightness, 'where we are landed once more — at the very beginning. I've got to find some other way. Biddy, are you tired, or will you wait?'

She met his eyes with a great resolution that struggled triumphantly against her young shyness. 'I'm tired,' she said, 'and I won't wait.'

But he knew that she did not mean what he had meant by the words.

'Charles,' she inquired abruptly, 'did you enjoy writing it?'

'Enjoy it? the *pot-boiler?* Did I —?' His unusual lack of eloquence was his most eloquent answer.

'Well, but,' she said thoughtfully, 'I expect Ferguson does.'

He was beginning to be able to fill in some of her always tremendous elisions. He achieved it now.

'By Jove!' he said in a stunned way. 'I see — I see! You mean that Ferguson's pot-boilers are successful simply because they're *not* merely pot-boilers — to him. They're — they're his high-water mark, low though it is. And so he can write them with a sort of — zest. It's that zest, you mean, that I can't supply?'

She nodded, coloring a little distressfully. It always abashed her to have Charles put into high-sounding words things that were to her very simple thoughts. But this, undoubtedly, was the thought that she had tried to communicate to him six months ago.

'Biddy — Biddy,' he said absorbedly. 'One of your pearls. That explains it, of course — but it does n't alter the facts. If I can't pot-boil and can't, without disaster, do more of my own work than I do at present, what, I ask you, is to happen next?'

'We can get married,' said Bridget, with astonishing new boldness, 'on a mere thousand a year.'

Charles reflected. 'Yes,' he conceded; 'put that way, it does n't sound bad. But it won't do, Biddy — it won't do. I sent you a book to read. Have you read it?'

'Yes.'

'"The first duty in this world,"' quoted Charles sternly, '"is for a man to pay his way." Did you happen to miss that sentence?'

'No. But you would be able to pay your way as well as you're doing now.'

'A disgraceful quibble, Biddy. I should n't, and you know it. Your way, on £750 a year, would be an altogether superior thoroughfare to mine on a third of that sum. Either I should have to sacrifice my self-respect by letting you help me out in your street, or cripple you to the point of living on a third of your income in order that you might join me in mine. And even then — I seem to remember another sentence. "Words cannot describe how far more necessary it is that a man should support his family, than that he should attain to — or preserve — distinction in the arts." I can't now, it is true, hope to support you, for your grandmother has made that impossible, so that all the more I really must cling to supporting myself. You do see that, my pearl-maiden, don't you?'

She looked back at him in mutinous silence. Charles professed to misunderstand it.

'It's consent, then, Biddy? You'll wait for me a little longer?'

'No — oh, no!' Before the threat of that she forced herself once more to the difficult point of words. 'It's all wrong, Charles — the whole thing.'

'The essay?'

'Yes. There's another sentence: he calls writing one of the "trades of pleasing." And — and the whole thing is written round the idea that it is the artist's business to amuse.'

'Yes?' he encouraged.

'Well, but it is n't.'

Again his mind was able to bridge every hiatus. '*Well, but it is n't!*' How on earth had he come to miss that obvious and fatal flaw in the Stevensonian argument, and everything that depended on it? It that were true — and of course it was —

'Pearl-maiden!' he murmured, but absently, for he was searching his pockets for pencil and paper. When he had

found them he made a note or two. Then he looked up. 'It appears,' he explained happily, 'that I've got to rewrite Stevenson's essay for him.'

'Oh!' she cried eagerly. 'Can you? Tell me.'

'Of course I can. Plain as a pikestaff — *now*. "An artist's first duty is to do his work." Is n't that the peg it has to hang on?'

'Yes, yes!' she agreed with relief. 'Oh, Charles, I'm so glad you're so clever.'

'Well, I'm —! What on earth has it to do with me? Is n't it one of *your* pearls?'

Positively, she thought he was laughing at her, and shrank a little. 'Charles! — when you know I can't write at all, or — or even talk.'

He was swiftly and tenderly grave. 'No, you don't write or talk much,' he allowed, 'but — the things you know! So that what really puzzles me is *why* you don't write my books.'

She perceived that he was serious, and so bent her mind to reflect on that.

'Why,' she said, feeling her way to the solution, 'I just know things, I suppose. There's nothing in that; I can't even tell which are the important things I know. But you —' She hesitated.

'Well?'

She made a diffident gesture. 'Well, you *discover* things, don't you? — the way you've just discovered that Stevenson is all wrong.'

He discovered things — of course! Bridget knew these same things, but her very familiarity with them put her at a disadvantage in describing them. It was he, the explorer, the discoverer, who could do that. For age-old truths came to him with all the shock of newness, of personal revelation, so that when he wrote about them they could seem, even to others, indeed new. He, in short, wrote about things because he could not believe they were less new to any one than to himself; Bridget did not write about them because she could not believe they were less familiar to any one than to herself. And suddenly, upon that discovery, came understanding of the look in her eyes that he had always loved — the look of troubled wonder. At last he gauged the source of her abiding astonishment: she was amazed, not by the things he did know but by the things he did n't. Charles made a wry face and then laughed; in that instant of comprehension a considerable amount of conceit had fallen from him forever.

'The bull's-eye again, Biddy — for you,' he said.

But Bridget, intent on her end, was superbly careless of her intellectual standing in his eyes. 'Then you do see, Charles? And it's all right — about us?'

He drew a deep breath on that. He did see; but only one thing could justify his acting on what he saw.

'I *have* got work to do, Biddy,' he said, with a sort of fierce yet shy challenge. If she ever reflected over that, he felt that he could no longer believe it himself.

She did not reflect over it, and she, too, could bridge gaps. 'Of course,' she answered simply. 'It's that that makes it all right. Then we will?'

'Get married? Ah, Biddy, I do see, and yet — it is n't easy to think of living even in part on your money!'

She gave that time to make on her any impression of which it was capable. Then she spoke. 'Do you really think it matters so much about money?' she suggested. 'As long as there happens to be enough?' She seemed to debate with herself, and then to decide reluctantly on a necessary addition. 'To bother so much about it,' she said, though still with her familiar self-distrustful hesitancy, 'is — rather vulgar, don't you think?'

Vulgar! He had been vulgar. It was amazing how instantaneously she made him see it. His gesture was of defeat.

'Yes, you're right once more, Biddy. I surrender!'

'But — but not against your will, Charles?' She flushed sensitively.

The room being still empty, Charles was able without words to answer that. Bridget put her hat straight.

'Charles! I must fly. I shall miss the train. But — have you thought? We'll have to tell mother and daddy what we've decided, won't we?'

He groaned in dismay. 'Heavens, yes! I'd forgotten that. And they *will* think I' m a rotter. Why, I'll have to eat all my words of a few months ago, Biddy! They'll be sick about it, won't they? And they won't understand.'

'*We* understand.' Bridget kept, with that simple unconsciousness of hers, to the point.

'Yes, but — you know, I'll never be able to make it intelligible to them,' he protested ruefully. (Nevertheless, he expected her to hope great things of his eloquence.)

She did not. 'No, you won't,' she admitted. Then the ghost of a smile visited her. 'But, Charles —'

'Yes?'

'It's *our* wedding.'

He made a dash for her hands, but they were swiftly in her muff. 'Charles, I *must* go.' She was on her feet, rosy and exquisitely shy once more, like an escaping dryad. Charles took her to the station.

There were, after all, two or three minutes to spare. Bridget leaned out the window of the railway carriage, and her lips parted. She was wondering whether she might, without seeming to convict him of a lack of care for her, say a word about dates. Things were going to be rather difficult for her after this, while she lived at home. But that was one of the discoveries Charles had still to make — that, while he was to have the brief discomfort of breaking their decision to her parents, she would have the longer one of living in an atmosphere of misunderstanding and disapproval until her marriage. She hesitated, and Charles, who had been a little preoccupied, too, spoke first. It was that brief discomfort of the morrow that had been engaging his attention. For if there was one weakness to which Charles was more liable than another, it was a love of standing well with robustly practical people like Mr. Shefford. Just because he was above everything a poet, he was vain of the small successes that he had in any realm removed from poetry. In such a realm he had made Mr. Shefford like him, and now he was called upon at one blow to destroy that liking. Charles's imagination summoned up the impending interview, and he felt that, while he could bear to lose Mr. Shefford, he really could not bear to see him go. So, in a moment of base cowardice, he spoke.

'Biddy — about your people. I suppose it would n't do for *you* just to — just to —'

'Tell them?' Bridget lowered her eyes swiftly, fearful of their candor. 'I will, of course — if you like.'

And then, to his dismay and annoyance, Charles found that he did n't and could n't like, for it would mean that he lost thereby, not, indeed, Bridget's love, but most surely something of her respect — as well as all of his own.

'No, of course; I did n't mean it,' he murmured, ashamed. 'I'll come down to-morrow.'

Here was another and a disconcerting discovery: that the things you discovered had to be acted upon — lived up to. His thoughts raced along new avenues, dismissing now the particular for the general; as ever, his discovery seemed to him a remarkable novelty,

and his mind began to clothe it in the new images that would presently give it, for others too, the charm of Charles and of newness.

The train jerked forward, and Charles started into awareness of it. But still there clung about his eyes the slight bewilderment of one too swiftly transported from dreams.

'Good-bye, pearl-maiden!' he said, walking beside the train. 'To-morrow!'

And Bridget, leaning a little farther out of her window, smiled at him with her beautiful, wordless comprehension of him and his needs.

'Good-bye—*darling!*' she whispered, and dismissed without misgiving the matter of dates. Somewhere between his discoveries, she decided, she would be able to sandwich their marriage.

A GOSSIP ON CRITICISM

BY EDWARD GARNETT

I

ONE morning, when I was reading Mr. Owen Wister's pungent paper on 'Quack Novels and Democracy,' my maid entered the room and said that she had been told that 'an English transport had gone down.' I gazed at her, but her words did not pierce the quick till she added that 'the dead bodies of men in uniform had been seen floating on the water.' It was that concrete phrase, intuitively artistic, that stirred in me the very emotions that the chronicler sought to evoke. (I say *sought*, since it was asserted later that the news was fabricated, and instead of coming from Dutch fishermen had been put about by German agents!) Anyway, the man who penned that little phrase achieved his aim, which was to bring the scene before one's eyes. A touch too much or too little and the scene would not be visualized so clearly or directly. Why do 'official reports' commonly convey so little to one's mind? Because they are dryly and inartistically written, as in this specimen from Petrograd: —

'Thanks to the efforts of our valiant regiments of the Caucasus and Turkestan, the resistance of the enemy was shattered. His rear-guards which were covering his retreat were annihilated,' and so forth.

How flat and misty is the generalized outline here. We do not see the scene, because there is no sharp image of life in the phrase, 'the resistance of the enemy was shattered.' Nor do we need to be told that the regiments were 'valiant' or that rear-guards cover a retreat.

But though this dispatch, being inartistic, will not live, as a piece of favorable news it pleased the Russian public more, no doubt, than did the grim little *chose vue* by a war correspondent who wrote that he saw the Turkish prisoners fighting like wild beasts for scraps of food in the cattle-trucks, and that he had noticed one prisoner hold a wounded comrade down on his hands and knees, and then mount astride his back

to eat the crust he had torn from him! This vivid vignette of the horrors of war, truly artistic in its pregnant force, is of the order that our English editors strike out of their columns. Why? Because the public is afraid of knowing things as they are. The artists strive to make men understand what forces move in human life and character, but the heedless public averts its eyes from the great poets and artists of our time such as Tolstoï and Whitman, and feeds on the vulgar sensationalism of the newspapers, and the fiction of Mr. Harold Bell Wright. This is not merely because the average citizen is both uncritical and superficial in his insight and taste, but because the particular self-interest of each generation conspires to obscure the beauty in truth.

What have these discursive remarks to do with criticism? my readers may inquire. Well, they introduce my little thesis: that the recurring failure, the ancient failure of American criticism, is its inability to recognize and appraise what the artistic force in literature achieves, and that while this remains so, its standard of critical values rests upon sand. It is not that I wish to exalt English standards. I make the admission frankly that our criticism suffers, though in less degree, from the same evil. But the traditional interest of the English leisured class in literary classics, and some measure of travel and liberal education, have combined to keep oases of taste above the muddy floods of mediocrity. The Englishman is practical-minded to a fault, and his excessive respect for social prosperity, worldly power, and strong character, have kept him vaguely intolerant of the life of ideas, and prone to rate too low the disinterested appeal of art, science, and letters. Being a bad psychologist, he responds very slowly to those profound, witty, or subtle analyses of life and conduct which distinguish the masterpieces of literature. But being independent in his instincts and judgments he resists the contagion of shibboleths and spiritual shams which, as Mr. Wister and others tell us, afflict American culture and life. Our social atmosphere of a mild good-tempered Philistinism therefore leaves the writer and artist in England free to go his way, and assert himself as he wishes, and his pursuits and work are recognized and ministered to by some score, perhaps five score, 'critics' in our press.

It is really on the catholicity of taste and mental responsiveness of these latter that the public reception of works of cultivated talent depends. They form an indispensable bridge between the talent and the public at large, and on their measure of insight and sincerity it rests whether a man of original genius can fight his way through to favoring recognition. Such a journal as the *Manchester Guardian*, for example, with its long tradition of critical integrity and intellectual breadth, serves as a rallying ground for everybody in the North of England who has a living interest in the humanities and in spiritual values. One suspects indeed that if the *Manchester Guardian* were to lower its standard of taste and to pursue, to-morrow, a purely commercial policy, not one reader in ten would make an active protest. Therefore it is the proprietor's conscience, and the critical intelligence of a handful of men on the staff, that may be said to keep this intellectual beacon burning in the North. In many respects this Manchester paper is in advance of its public. It directs its taste. Thus the *Guardian's* dramatic criticism is the best in the country, and it is no mere coincidence that Manchester is the home of the Repertory Theatre, a movement which has challenged effectively, though it has not overthrown, the commercialism of the London stage.

II

To pass on to the inquiry into the state of American criticism, one notes the divergent views of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Owen Wister. Can they be reconciled? Mr. Howells, after wittily remarking that 'the production of bad fiction' became 'a germ disease which began to be epidemic shortly after the Spanish War and raged with an ever-increasing virulence,' declares that American criticism is not to blame, 'having shown a very notable fidelity to its duty.' Mr. Wister, on his part, asserts that as regards literary criticism, America is still in the provincial stage. He states pointedly, 'Until the genteel critic gathers heart not only to brand the bad but to celebrate the good, I doubt if there will exist any word too contemptuous for American criticism.'

A casual observer may adduce his impression that the staunch fortresses in America, where critics take their stand in defense of good literature, have the air of being beleaguered by the inhabitants and shut in by immense wastes of wild, uncultivated territory. One notes admirable criticism appearing here and there in the columns of weekly and monthly organs, but these voices seem confused and drowned in the thundering roar of the great flood tide of mediocrity sweeping past. And the attitude of the rank and file of reviewers in the daily press (with honorable exceptions) reminds one of the triumphant Ephraimites at the passages of Jordan. If an unorthodox artist or poet or novelist who would pass over with his work does not frame the four great shibboleths aright, he and his book are banned and cast in derision on the rocks. These four shibboleths, tests for literary righteousness, which, taken together, appear to exercise the tyranny of a great superstition over the modern American imagination, might perhaps be classified as (*a*) the commercial-success shibboleth; (*b*) the moral shibboleth; (*c*) the idealistic or sentimental shibboleth; (*d*) the optimistic shibboleth. I shall not touch on them separately but conjointly, while discussing the seeming incapacity of the American mind to recognize what the artistic force in literature *is*, and what it does achieve.

To glance for an instant, however, at the all-pervasive influence of (*a*) the commercial or market-place test,[1] one may suggest that it is time for American satirists to undermine its triumph by humor and ridicule. The spectacle of a great nation justly proud of its lavish resources of material refinement and secretly uneasy as to its spiritual taste and culture, might to-morrow inspire a great national humorist. And the critics who scan the horizon for the arrival of another Mark Twain may be reminded that he would probably have humble beginnings and hail from some obscure provincial district. Let me say here, before going further, that I believe firmly that American literature will count many great, original achievements within a couple of generations. All the pith and sap of a great literature are there, now inchoate in the social body, a ferment of spiritual force which sooner or later must burst into flower. The blend of buoyancy and gravity in the American temperament, of rare audacity and questioning conscientiousness, enriched by the foreign ingredients lavishly cast for generations

[1] 'Our civilization is still predominatingly commercial. We all dress, we all live, in competition with the well-to-do. . . . The American has no social tradition to sustain him. The social tradition is all the other way: he must be a commercial success, or he is a recognized failure. . . . It is a disgrace not to make one's works justify one's self by providing a living as good as one's neighbors.' — 'Current Comment.' *The Century Magazine*, June, 1915.

into the national melting-pot, will find expression by and by in multiple free-running springs of original genius, in works of conquering vigor and triumphant energy. But American critics, in their aim of hailing and supporting a native American literature, must make a continuous and sustained effort to penetrate the blank, rolling mist of conventional valuations, which ever threatens to veil and smother the works of original power and beauty.

Why is it that the American mind as represented by its literature is so prone to accept conventional, stereotyped valuations in place of first-hand, fearless analyses? The peculiar vice of commercialized civilization, and especially American civilization, lies in the association of what is useful and profitable materially with what is mean and ugly spiritually and æsthetically. The sin of ugliness is predominant in the cities. It is reflected in the mental atmosphere of the newspapers, with their unending stream of drab or sensationally colored reports of life's multitudinous happenings. The ordinary man who eagerly accepts his newspaper's superficial commentaries and its jumbled scrawls and transcripts of news, served up at lightning pressure by the pressmen on the trail, does not ask that these reports shall be palpably idealized, or moralized, or grossly conventionalized. But when the poet — Whitman yesterday, or Mr. Robert Frost to-day — shows us the essential beauty or force of life, working in the familiar scene, in the characteristic human impulse, the American reviewer applies instinctively his shibboleths: Is this piece of literature commercially profitable? Is it morally useful? Is it idealistically watertight? Is it happy in its ending?

This is the attitude of mind of people who will not face truth; and the artist in literature, it must be repeated, is known by the peculiar truthfulness of his insight, as well as by the original manner, style, and atmosphere in which the forces of life and nature, men's passions and appetites, their characters and ideas, their impulses, motives, and actions are reflected back to us by the mirage of his art. Let us take, for simple demonstration, the direct description we first quoted, — 'The dead bodies of men in uniform were seen floating in the water,' — and reflect, how any lurid, sensational, sentimental, or rhetorical account, contributed by a vulgar mind, would cheapen the human appeal of the same, the appeal to our taste and feeling. But reflect further with what infinite variations artistic creative genius would stamp, in permanent lines and hues, the essential force and features of the tragedy in the minds of those relatives who waited and watched for the bringing to land of the bodies of those drowned men. The critic does not ask that the artist shall conceal anything significantly human in the scene. The latter selects, and emphasizes as he selects it, the characteristic and vital. That is what we mean when we speak of the peculiar truthfulness of the artist's insight: he illumines, he shows us the essential qualities of things, the character of life in meaning perspective.

We all know what a reporter would make of the situation described in Crane's *The Open Boat*, which is a masterpiece from the lightning-like vividness with which Crane flashes before us the tranquil indifference of nature to the struggles of four men shipwrecked on the coast of Florida. The American reader can enjoy this little classic because its tragic irony is shot through and through with a humorous zest. He is not enthusiastic over it, however, because the story is disconcerting to his pathetic belief that things must come right in the end. But let us suppose that a commonplace writer

were to compose (*a*) a pathetic story of the oiler's death, or (*b*) a sensational description of the landing of the bodies of the Lusitania victims. Let us suppose, also, that a creative artist of the rank of Crane or Maupassant, handling the latter theme, were to put the narrative in the mouth of a callous reporter, who, greedy after 'copy,' was inquisitively probing into a mother's anguish. An uncritical audience would be highly affected by tales (*a*) and (*b*), but the majority of reviewers would greet the tale (*c*) with a chorus of condemnation of the 'sordidness' or 'brutality' of its realism, not perceiving that its remorseless exposure of heartlessness would be a far more powerful appeal to an understanding of good and evil, and so to our sense of the beautiful, than would the rather sugary pathos of tales (*a*) and (*b*). The commonplace mind, disliking to face the truth, would style tale (*c*) 'repellent,' forgetting the Biblical tale of King David's evil dealings with Uriah the Hittite (II Samuel, 41). And had Maupassant given us a variant in his best manner, of the story of Amnon's rape of his sister Tamar, and of his murder by his brother Absalom (II Samuel, 13), the American press and public would indignantly protest that the subject was 'indecent' and was indeed altogether outside the pale of art! But nothing is outside the pale of art. And all such critics would be in the wrong did they fail to recognize that the remorseless tale of Amnon is great by its stern outlines, by the stern truthfulness with which it mirrors the destructive passions of the deceitful heart of man.

Observe that the common failure of the ordinary man to recognize great art when he sees it arises at root from his own weakness. When he sees a base act in life, the normal man reacts against it, and knows very well where to place evil in the scale of his human judgments. Nay! he even becomes a good artist himself when he has known a terrible or brutal experience, and when he recounts to others a narrative such as tale (*b*). But the very same man who, reacting thus against the cruelty of living fact, would indignantly burst through the network of conventional shibboleths, did the critics try to close his mouth, will employ these shibboleths himself to close Maupassant's mouth! Why? It is owing to his own mental simplicity that the ordinary reader grows confused and unhappy when Tolstoï or Maupassant bids him watch in the mirror of art the nature of evil or the strands of cruelty in life. He is then made to realize acutely that cruelty and baseness are not merely incarnated *there* in the enemy's figure before him, but they are forces *here*, latent in his own heart and interwoven in the whole scheme of nature; and being now, not active in doing, but passive in receiving, he feels his faith disturbed and grows distressed. It is the artist's cunning force, the intensity of the Biblical artist's or of Tolstoï's unsparing analyses of the devious springs of men's impulses and actions, that attacks the reader's naïve wish to see merely the 'presentable' surface, the idealized exterior of life.

And, correspondingly, the parrot cry for conventional values that to-day dominates the popular mind in America is largely the fear of commercialized society lest it should be told unpleasant truths about itself; lest the unpleasant gulf between its own daily practice and its 'ideals' should be sounded by the artist. Similarly the puritan's confused fear of sensuous beauty, and his desperate shutting of the eyes to the interdependence of body and soul, of flesh and spirit, is a sign of his own weakness, of his lack of truthfulness. In such an atmosphere of make-believe, there is and can be neither real art nor

real beauty, dominated as it is by considerations of utility and material profit and 'ideals,' and divorced as it is from mental sincerity and the beauty of truth. The only art that is possible is the art of the parlor, with its polite appearances and polite conversations; and indeed the art of a typical 'best-seller' is one that goes with the best parlor, with its neat carpet and gilt-framed pictures and easy chairs and airless atmosphere. The people who thrive there have no conception of what art is, for they imagine that art should sustain them in their narrow ideas of 'good,' and their sugary sentimentalism and their restless gospel of 'getting on.'

This would not be worth emphasizing if for three generations the great majority of American critics had not sheltered themselves behind the fence of mild academicism and conventional verdicts. They have never associated art with the simple enjoyment of life as a spectacle, never hailed with understanding such pure pieces of art as Crane's *An Experiment in Misery*, where his description of a vagrant's misery in a grimy lodging-house infects one with all the artistic joyousness that is traditionally associated with Botticelli's Spring.

But it is unnecessary to adduce instances to drive home our contention, that if the artistic force in literature is that force which reproduces and transmits to us the artist's temperamental sensations of life or nature, any *parti pris* in the shape of conventional valuations, or of prejudices, social and moral, is, *ipso facto*, fatal to good criticism. All *a priori* valuations must be directly in conflict with critical catholicity of taste and a disinterested, intuitive response to the *original manner, quality, and atmosphere of the author's method.* The critic's duty is, first, to lend an attentive ear to what the new artist is telling us, and how he is telling it, and then to determine his rank according to the original force and beauty of his achievement. That is all, but the critic knows well that it is precisely because the new creative vision, be it Poe's or Whitman's or Crane's, is so original, that it affects the contemporary mind as something strange and disturbing and excites the hostility of the commonplace person.

III

The commonplace person! — the secret is out. The failure of modern criticism generally and of American criticism in particular, is that it instinctively defers to and exalts the commonplace view. It has a taste for mediocrity. I take up a novel by Mr. W. D. Howells, and I see that the quality of his literary work is peculiar to himself and is unmistakable. No one ever wrote precisely like this, and no one ever will again. And so with the stories of, say, Crane and Frank Norris and O. Henry, or the works of Grace King and Robert Frost, *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard* and *North of Boston;* they have added by their quality of vision to the stock of artistic riches; they are sharply unique, with a particular subtlety of their own. But when I take up, say, *The Harbor* by Mr. Poole, *The Titan* by Mr. Dreiser, or *The Far Country* by Mr. Winston Churchill, if I perceive that their experience and sensations of life do not add this fresh beauty in quality of vision or style, I know where to place *them.* Where? In a different, a lower category. They deserve an honorable place. They are to be welcomed and prized, but — and this distinction is vital — their creative imagination only multiplies patterns of insight and feeling of masses or groups of cultivated minds round us. The works — showing indeed talented observation and insight — of this latter class of writers,

however much they diverge as individuals in experience and outlook, are not sufficiently rich in creative originality, and so they belong to the cultivated mass. That is their value and their limitation.

'But wait a little,' the kind reader may exclaim, — 'now you contradict yourself. You first asserted that the sentence "The dead bodies of men in uniform were seen floating on the water" was intuitively artistic. Well, is there anything "sharply unique" in the quality of that description? And does not *The Harbor* offer us many admirable descriptions on this broad level of "artistic" excellence?' To this the answer is that genuine artistic force is certainly in evidence in the planning and execution of *The Harbor*, and this has enabled Mr. Poole to give pleasure and instruction to scores of thousands of American readers, and to Mr. Howells himself; but that the artistic force diffused throughout the book nowhere bursts into the fire of genius. His art acts as a good steady illuminant of his theme, and is turned on like gas in a chandelier, nicely regulated by his skillful care and judgment; but his art is never fused by exquisite touches into the flame of inspiration. As art it is on the highest level of mediocrity. Observe we say the highest level; for could Mr. Poole take one step upwards, only one step, he would attain the rank which is denied to thousands of highly talented men.

And — to repeat a criticism that we have offered elsewhere — first let us consider his strength and weakness. A novel that is planned on symmetrical, powerful lines, that aims at picturing in just perspective the struggle between the shipping companies and the captains of industry, with Wall Street behind them, and the exploited mass of dockers, stokers, laborers, — a novel that has breadth of vision and atmospheric actuality, — for this one ought indeed to be grateful. It may be owned frankly that the novel of large social vision, in which the life of modern types is shown as conditioned by mass movements and the pressure of economic forces, is rarely offered us. The Anglo-Saxon novelist, unlike the Latin, has little aptitude for generalization, is weak in the architectural sense, and departs from the individual, particular unit, achieving national significance or epical breadth by accident, as it were, as in *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair*. Indeed, in most of the exceptions to this rule, as Frank Norris's *The Pit* and Mr. Galsworthy's *The Man of Property*, one detects very quickly the influence of the French naturalists. No doubt Mr. Poole not only has a natural gift for viewing society in the large, but his philosophic sense has been stimulated and trained by the study of good models. His canvas, ambitious in size, is not grandiose; his central purpose, the delineation of the great Harbor as a tidal way of human energies, changing with the generations, focusing and radiating, receiving and giving forth new forces and forms of the nation's development, does not dwarf his characters. In fact, so far as clarity of design, structural skill, descriptive talent, and faithful observation can prevail, *The Harbor* is conscientious and spirited. It is a novel that holds one's attention by the interest and variety of its scenes, one that is instructive, one that rarely falls in execution beneath a certain level standard of excellence. What more do you want, then? the American critics may ask. It seems ungrateful to reply that *The Harbor* is lacking both in imaginative intensity and in artistic originality.

Mr. Poole's audience is not indeed affronted by a strange vision, by a style peculiar in quality, by characters, spiritual atmosphere, or æsthetic force in-

tense and self-centred. Any intelligent person can understand and appreciate *The Harbor*, which is, indeed, primarily a work of sound intelligence, and not one of artistic inspiration. The wiry, quick-witted young hero, Billy, who 'makes good' at college, and later as a magazine writer wins success, and marries a sweet and capable girl, Eleanore, has no individuality; neither has Eleanore, who is an amalgam of feminine virtues. His father, who typifies the out-of-date American ship-owner, with his belief in a big mercantile marine; and her father, Dillon, the masterful engineer, who concentrates on the economic problem of organizing the port and the traffic of the railways and the shipping lines on a scientific basis, are no doubt representative, but are almost devoid of personal features. Even Joe Kramer, the fiery Socialist, whose life work it is to champion the sweated worker against the forces of capitalism and commercialism, is at best a silhouette, living in his energetic gestures and fighting power, but never intimately portrayed in his idiosyncrasies. Joe's revolutionary activities in Russia and on European battlefields are as obviously imaginary as Billy's view of Paris is 'made in America.' The people are not distinguished one from another by those subtle inflections of manner and feeling by which character declares itself. So with their personal relations — they are generalized, not particularized. Thus, one knows nothing more of Billy's and Eleanore's married life than that they are affectionate with one another, that she is any good wife, and that he is any hard-working husband. Better, in its suggestive touch of surprise, is the sketch of the relations of Marsh, the strike-leader, with the disillusioned, bitter Mrs. Marsh. This shows more artistic cunning, precisely because it discloses the fresh gesture of a snapshot from life. If we are not much interested by the fugitive episode of Joe Kramer's and Sue's love-affair, it is not because it is unconvincing, but because the author has not shown us in intimate detail how this man and woman affected one another. The general lines of their actions and behavior are there, but not the revealing minutiæ.

Mr. Howells suggests that an analogy may be drawn between Mr. Poole's epical aim and that of his predecessor, Frank Norris. Between their aims, certainly. But turn to the first chapter of *The Octopus* and note the nervous, resourceful, and sure handling of the characters of Presley, Harran, Annixter, and Varamee. What suppleness, dexterity, and intimacy of touch! You know the men through and through, — their shaping circumstances and the laws of their being. You feel the impelling force of their temperaments in their gestures and voices, as they halt or go forward, constrained by their aims, and by the winds of their destiny. But there is nothing of this psychological force and nervous creative intensity in Mr. Poole's characterization. His people are impelled and controlled, so to say, each by a separate automatic switch, visible in the author's grip, which imparts to them each one set of motives, one manner of feeling, and one way of affecting the spectator. The photographer has posed them in one special attitude, and bade them look straight in front, while he takes the likeness. They do not change and fluctuate, and ripen before our eyes, like Norris's people. Again, note in *The Octopus* how the sense of personal contacts, of the shock and hurry of incident, of daily accident, of the coming and going and pressure and surge of life, all blend into the epic force of the drama, which moves in actual heat and energy before the spectators' gaze, there in the teeming Californian arena.

But Mr. Poole's drama, again, is largely static. The confusion and surprise of life are not conveyed in his studied, cinematographic arrangements which carry on his story, indeed, and us with it, from point to point. Only in his strike scenes do we gain an actual sense of movement, collision, interfusion, and intricacy.

But how ungrateful to draw this invidious comparison between *The Octopus* and *The Harbor!* Mr. Poole has never claimed that his work ranks with Norris's, and he would be the first to admit that in subtlety of touch, as well as in its richness of artistic illusion, it is inferior to that youthful master's. We should owe him an apology for, Procrustes-like, stretching his valuable, carefully wrought novel on the bed of a genius, did not the critics so constantly fail to draw the line between the novel of skillful talent and the novel of creative genius. It is with fiction as with that large majority of modern works of art in our galleries, works which, however excellent in design and technical skill, are deficient in temperamental originality. Talented as they are, they are, in fact, 'brain-spun.'

IV

When the critic turns to *The Titan*, he is faced with the old dilemma. Ought he to insist on the particular significance for society which a novel may possess as a document of life? or ought he rather to lay stress on its æsthetic shortcomings? This critic has observed elsewhere: 'To subject a piece of contemporary literature to high æsthetic literary standards is often simply to suppress its significance. As the majority of new works are but the age's ephemeral children, they can only make an appeal to their parent age; the critic's duty is therefore to fix, in the significant documents of the life of his time, the *character* of his age; and to the majority of literary works he will do justice by treating them as revelations of the contemporary mind, knowing that though the inner individual spirit of these documents may be of little significance, its testimony to the overlordship of the age may be of very much.' And Mr. Dreiser is very significant! Very unrepresentative he is in his honest, set determination to tell his countrymen all those sinister, ugly truths concerning the national life, with which their newspapers teem, but for mirroring which in fiction the novelist is boycotted.

And yet how representative is Mr. Dreiser in his disregard for beauty, for beauty of form, for the fine shades of living subtlety! How is one to account for this curious contradiction in the author's attitude? One hazards the suggestion that Mr. Dreiser has been seduced by Balzac's example — Balzac who was defined as being 'a sociologist rather than a novelist.' If only our author had studied Horace instead! It is not a question of 'realism,' for Horace's descriptions of the daily life of the Roman citizen are quite as intimately 'realistic' as are Mr. Dreiser's descriptions of the life of his Chicago financiers. But while Horace selects the essential detail and rejects everything superfluous, Mr. Dreiser rejects nothing! Everything goes into his pot!

To quote here a former criticism, 'We see a bold American hand in the encomium blazoned on the book's wrapper — "The size of this man, Cowperwood, genius of finance, protagonist of great business combines, art patron, light o' love, and the scope of Mr. Dreiser's ability are united in this new book, totally unlike fiction as we have come to know it — a book big in matter and a long book too," and so forth. There you have it! the national conviction that size counts for more

than quality, that a big book or a big business must necessarily dwarf the appeal of books or businesses of lesser scope or compass. . . . We cannot concede the claim that the multiplicity of the titanic Mr. Cowperwood's love-affairs invests them with more interest than does the solitary infidelity of the little grocer in the back street round the corner. On the contrary the grocer's conjugal lapse is likely to mean more to him and his family. All Mr. Cowperwood's *amours* run much the same course, and as soon as we have grasped this we become comparatively uninterested in the identity of the next candidate for his affections or the fate that awaits her. Indeed, these ladies, Aileen, Rita, Stephanie, Claudia, and so forth, till we reach the last of the cluster, Berenice, are not much more interesting than are a set of chairs in a "parlor suite."

'So with the millionaire's lavish dealings as an "art patron." We are told that "in London he bought a portrait by Raeburn; in Paris a ploughing scene by Millet, a small Jan Steen, a battle-piece by Meissonier, and a romantic courtyard scene by Isabey"; and later on, that the fascinating American girl, Berenice, when she saw the Greek frieze in his splendid New York mansion, "knew that he and she had one God in common — Art; and that his mind was fixed on things beautiful as on a shrine." Gammon! The Titan's knowledge of art only reflected what his dealer and his check-book told him, and he would have purchased with lavish enthusiasm that vulgar series of Fragonards that have recently passed and repassed, at fabulous prices, into the possession of his fellow American millionaires. The real shrine at which Berenice and her magnate worship is the shrine of money-power, and that is why Mr. Dreiser's detailed exposition of his Chicago boss's career has national significance, although its value as art is intrinsically small.

'No, Mr. Dreiser's eulogistic wrapper hits the wrong nail on the head when it claims that "the book is totally unlike fiction as we have come to know it." On the contrary, its merit is that in its heavy, lumbering, conscientious way, *The Titan* presents, *à la* Balzac, a detailed picture of Mammon-worship in the States a generation back: a picture of the swamp of public corruption, of "graft" and "boodle" and private greed, in which the jungle of "financial interests" are enrooted. Frank Cowperwood, the financier, just released from a Philadelphia prison, makes a fresh start in the rising city, Chicago; and Mr. Dreiser traces with unrelenting, praiseworthy frankness the sordid maze of intrigue, bribery, and corruption which the Titan threads to gain his throne of money-power. It is the story of a human jungle and of financial beasts of prey stalking and striking down "a democracy groveling and wallowing, slowly, blindly trying to stagger to its feet." The author is to be congratulated on his exposure, not only of the intricate web of intrigue, financial and political, which the "masterful" Cowperwood spins in order to secure his "controlling interests" in the gas companies and street railways of Chicago, but of the atmosphere of hypocrisy which the wealthy citizens, the bank presidents, and directors of trusts and combines generate for their own purposes.

'Of course, there is nothing particularly new in the picture, but Mr. Dreiser is one of the very few American novelists who have dared to dispense with the idealistic veils under which, in fiction, the unpleasant truth gracefully hides its features. The pity is that, obsessed by the idea of bigness, the author insists, so to say, on dragging us up to every floor of his giant hotel, and

making us peep into all the offices and suites of apartments.

'Now this method is a clumsy one in art and defeats its purpose. Mr. Dreiser rarely introduces a character without giving a comprehensive sketch of his past and his social position, and we soon grow bored by the multiplicity of explanations and conversations, all of equal significance. There is no play of light and shade in the novel, but everything is exhibited in the hard, level glare, so to speak, of an enormous chamber lit from the ceiling. Crowds of people come and go, and one remembers little more of them than of a file of faces passing in an interminable procession. The artist, above all things, needs so to select and concentrate his details that his figures contrast and his scenes interest by dramatic surprise. But there is no surprise and no relief in Mr. Dreiser's human drama: everything sweeps past our eyes at the same level pace, as on a train journey. It is a pity, for at times one suspects that the scenes closely crowded together are like pictures in exhibitions, which kill one another by numbers and by mere proximity. But this is the logical effect of the worship of Bigness, whether in art or commerce or civilization; the charm of individuality is crushed down till it is lost in a mass of ponderous uniformity. The colossal ends in the insignificant.'

Whereas Mr. Poole's failure lay in lack of intensity of creative imagination, Mr. Dreiser fails in his inability to show his human drama in its true spiritual perspective, and to stamp it in in permanent lines and hues of beauty. In both cases the rich stuff of the teeming national life is before us, in both cases the treatment is ambitious and highly conscientious, but in neither case is there born anything unique in quality of vision or style. We may therefore repeat that the creative imagination of each of our two authors only multiplies general patterns of insight and feeling of masses or groups of cultivated minds. And the critic, passing on, will search all the more eagerly for authors who, whether representative or not, stand out more clearly in vision and insight from the mass of cultivated minds. Such an author, it seems to me, is Miss Cather, whose delightful picture of the life of a family of Swedish immigrants in a Nebraskan homestead is no doubt known to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I shall not therefore offer here any appreciation of the freshness of its individual charm, or of the calm strength of her portraiture of the Bergsons, of Alexandra, the large-hearted heroine, of Frank and Marie Shabata, of Emil, Ivar, and Amédee. This work, *O Pioneers*, with its record, so typical, of a network of immigrant roots which are thrusting deep into American soil, and fructifying the national life with its ramifying human energies, belongs to a precious, if small, class of American novels which it is difficult to praise too highly.

Even higher, in its literary art, must we rank Grace King's *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard*, a story rare in its historical significance. This poignant lament for the South, at the close of the Civil War, rehearses a woman's lingering memories of the charm and grace of the New Orleans atmosphere, and of the poignant humiliation suffered by a ruined family. Will not its exquisite shades of feeling, delicate in vibrating sadness, give this novel a permanent place as an American literary classic?

V

To recapitulate: as regards fiction and poetry no subject or theme is outside the pale of art. The literary artist is known by the spirit of his treatment; and fresh beauties, fresh forces are gen-

erated in a greater or lesser degree by the work of creative spirits.

It is by this unique temperamental quality, something peculiar to himself as expressed in the fresh intensity, power, or charm of his imagination and insight, that we assess the rank of a literary artist.

It is from the perception of the significant relations of the living parts to the general scheme of nature and life that new pieces of art are continually being born.

Any conventional valuations, social or moral, as to what is 'good,' 'beautiful,' or 'useful,' or any stereotyped academic or æsthetic formulas are necessarily inimical to the powers of art.

In mediocre art the public sees its own face as in a glass, and loves to see mirrored back to it its own familiar features.

The critic may aim at showing what significant light a piece of indifferent or bad art may cast on the life of society, but his main object is, first to lend an attentive ear to what a literary artist is telling us, and then to make clear anything false, commonplace, or weak in his outlook or treatment, and to hail any elements of original power or beauty.

It is time to bring to a close this gossip on criticism, but before doing so the writer would like to direct his readers' attention to the work of a novelist of rank, Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan — work which, we fancy, has curiously almost escaped the attention of Americans. This is probably due in great part to the fact that Mr. O'Sullivan has spent many years abroad. His last novel, *The Good Girl*, the story of the victimization of the American hero, Vendred, by an English family, the Dovers, who sponge and prey upon him, finding their weapon in his infatuation for the beautiful Mrs. Dover, is one of accomplished psychological skill. The portraiture of Mrs. Dover, a self-indulgent and sensuous nature, is a triumph of artistic veracity, and the relations of both husband and wife to their victim, relations which are veiled by a mask of sinister shadowiness, are painted with true subtlety. One could wish that the author had replaced some of the discursive episodes of his detailed narrative by a bolder and intenser dramatic handling of his main situation. One may add also that the analysis of the character of the weak hero, Vendred, is wanting in sharp precision. But whatever be its artistic flaws, *The Good Girl* is one of the most accomplished novels of its year, one that entitles its author to a place among the first twenty modern American novelists.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY SIDNEY MERRIMAN

I

Ghosts everywhere!
At the entrance-door greeting,
In the passageway meeting,
Not with the joyous welcome once heard,
But silently, stealthily —
Without a word,
Although the glad looks are the same,
And lovely child-lips form my name.
'*Mother-dear*,' they seem to say
In the old familiar way;
'*Mother-dear! Mother-dear!*'
But never a sound I hear.

From upper regions where he used to play
On rainy afternoons, and have me stay
To help the game, down to the sunny street
Where he came in and out with eager feet,
The empty house echoes and throbs
With bygone boyish laughter turned to sobs.

Everywhere ghosts!
A call comes to me though I know not where
Or whence — '*Mother! Mother!*' —
Meant just for me and no other.
I hasten and upon the stair
Meet my own little lad, with tender eyes
And smiling mouth, who turns and flies
As I draw near.

I cry to him in anguish — '*Wait*
For me, O little son!'
It is too late:
The vision vanishes:
The child is gone.
And yet — that was his merry whistle heard
Just now, like bird-note from an unseen bird,
Above, below, coaxing, — drawing me on, —
Always escaping; for the child is gone.

II

Everywhere ghosts!
Through the dim silence of the rooms, waylaid
By an elusive presence that withdraws
At my approach and leaves me half afraid,
And most bereft, I pause
To watch a quiet girl who seems
Absorbed in her own pensive thoughts,
And uncommunicated dreams.

I hear faint music. A piano softly played
Draws me anon; and there I see her sitting,
Her figure by the sunny window framed
In that remembered poise as of one flitting;
The sensitive proud face half turned away;
Her hands on keyboard lingering,
Musing over the fingering,
As though she listened for some hour of fate
To strike, and set her spirit on the wing.

Rapt, I stand in the door and wait.
But from the mute piano comes no sound,
While all the house with silence aches
And every quivering memory wakes.
Slowly she turns around,

Looking at me as though she saw me not:
Then — then — I know I am forgot.
She is not there, nor anywhere
In the warm circle my two arms can span,
But gone upon some quest that others share;
And left to me who wait only long days
Of memories that drag like years,
And lonesome nights of futile tears,
A prey to sorrow and her kin despair.
Ghosts everywhere!
Beleaguered in attic, in parlor, in hall!
Ghosts — ghosts!
And I — haunted — am mother of them all.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

DURING the last twenty or thirty years there has been an enormous increase in the United States of what may be called 'institutional' music. We have built opera houses, we have formed many new orchestras, and we have established the teaching of music in nearly all our public and private schools and colleges, so that a casual person observing all this, hearing from boastful lips how many millions per annum we spend on music, and adding up the various columns into one grand total, might arrive at the conclusion that we are really a musical people.

But one who looks beneath the surface — who reflects that the thing we believe, and the thing we love, that we do — would have to do a sum in subtraction also; would have to ask what music there is in our own households. He would find that in our cities and towns only an infinitesimal percentage of the inhabitants sing together for the pleasure of doing so, and that the task of keeping choral societies together is as difficult as ever; that the music we take no part in but merely listen to, is the music that flourishes; that our operatic singers, the most highly paid in the world, come to us annually from abroad and sing to us in languages that we cannot understand; that, in short, while music flourishes, much of it is bought and little of it is home-made. The deduction is obvious. This institutional music is a sort of largess of our prosperity. We are rich enough to buy

the best the world affords. We institute music in our public schools and display our interest in it once a year — at graduation time. We see that our children take 'music lessons' and judge the result likewise by their capacity to play us occasionally a very nice little piece. Men, in particular, — all potential singers, and *very much needing to sing,* — look upon it as a slightly effeminate, or scarcely natural and manly thing to do. Music is, in short, too much our diversion, and too little our salvation.

And to form a correct estimate of the value of our musical activities we should need also to consider the quality of the music we hear; and this, in relation to the sums we have been doing, might make complete havoc of our figures, because it would change their basic significance. For if it is bad music, the more we hear of it the worse off we are. If a city spends thirty thousand dollars a year on bad public-school music it is a loser to the extent of some sixty thousand dollars. If your child is painfully acquiring a mechanical dexterity (or acquiring a painful mechanical dexterity) in pianoforte playing and is learning almost nothing about music, you lose twice what you pay and your child pays twice for her suffering. What is called 'being musical' cannot be passed on to some one else or to something else; you cannot be musical vicariously — through another person, through so many thousand dollars, through civic pride, through any other of the many means we employ. Being musical does not necessarily lie in performing music; it is rather a *state* of being which every individual who can hear is entitled by nature to attain to in a greater or less degree.

Such are the musical conditions confronting us, and such are the possibilities open to us. The purpose of this article and those which will follow it is to suggest ways of improving this situation, and of realizing these possibilities; and, as a necessary basis for any such suggestions, to consider first the nature of music itself. Is it merely a titillation of the ear? Are Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert merely purveyors of sweetmeats? Does music consist in an astonishing dexterity in performance? Is it, as Whitman says, 'What awakes in you when you are reminded by the instruments'? Or has it a life of its own, self-contained, self-expressive, and complete? These questions need to be asked — and answered — before we can formulate any method of improving our musical situation.

Any discussion of the art of music, — of its significance in relation to ourselves, of its æsthetic qualities, or of methods of teaching it, — to be comprehensive, must be based on a clear recognition of the one important quality which is inherent in it, which distinguishes it from the other arts and which gives it its peculiar power. Painting and sculpture are definitive. It is not possible to create a great work in either of these mediums without a subject taken from life; for, however imaginative the work may be, it must depict something. In painting, for example, the very soul of a religious belief may shine from the canvas, — as in the 'Sistine Madonna,' — but that belief cannot be there presented without physical embodiment. And when the physical embodiment is reduced to its simplest terms, as in some of Manet's paintings, there is still the necessity of portrayal; Manet's wonderful light and opalescent color must fall on an object. Turner paints a mystical landscape, a mythological vale, such as haunts the dreams of poets, but it is impossible for him to produce the illusion *by itself;* the vale is a vale, human beings are there. Sculpture, which makes its effects by the perfection of its rhythms around

an axis, and by its shadows, — effects of the most subtle and, at the same time, of the most elemental kind, — it, too, must portray; the emotion must take form and substance, and that form must be drawn from the outward, visible world.

In poetry the same limitations exist. It, too, must deal in human life with a certain definiteness. But the greatest poetry is continually struggling to slough off the garment of reality and free the soul from its trammels. It trembles on the verge of music, seeking to find words for what cannot be said, and attaining a great part of its meaning by a sublime euphony. The didactic is its grave.

Before I attempt to describe the peculiar quality which distinguishes music, it will be well to state quite clearly what it cannot do. This can best be understood by a comparison between it and poetry, which of all the arts is nearest to music, because it exists in the element of time, whereas painting and sculpture exist in space. Poetry is made up of words arranged in meaning and euphony. Each of these words signifies an object, idea, or feeling; the word *chair*, for example, has come to mean an object to sit upon. Now while notes in music are given certain alphabetical names indicating a pitch determined by sound waves, the use of these letters is arbitrary and has no connection with their original hieroglyphic and hieratic significance. The musical sound we call *a*, for example, means nothing as a sound, has no common or agreed-upon or archeological significance. Combine the note *a* with *c* and *e* in what is known as the common chord and you still have no meaning; combine *a* with other notes and form a melody from them, and you have perhaps beauty and coherence of form, — a pleasing sequence of sounds, — but still no meaning such as you get from the combination of letters in a word like 'chair.' Combine *a* with a great many other notes into a symphony, and this coherence and beauty may become quite wonderful in effect, but it still remains untranslatable into other terms, and without such definite significance as is attained by combining words in poems. So we say that notes have no significance in themselves; that musical phrases have no meaning as have phrases in language; that melodies are not sentences, and symphonies not poems.

If we compare music with painting or sculpture we find much the same contrast. Just as music does not mean anything in the sense that words do, so it has no 'subject' in the sense that Turner's The Fighting Temeraire has, or Donatello's David. It does not deal with objects. It cannot portray a ship or a star. It may seem to float, it may flash for a moment, but it does not describe or set forth. Furthermore, it cannot, strictly speaking, give expression to ideas. It may be so serious, so ordered, so equable — as in Bach — that we say its composer was a philosopher, but no item of his philosophy appears. Above all it is unmoral,[1] and without belief or dogma. Too much stress can hardly be laid on this negative quality in music, for it is in this very disability that its greatest virtue lies. I shall refer later to the frequent tendency among listeners to avoid facing this problem by attaching meanings of their own to the music they hear. I need only note in passing that these so-called 'meanings' seldom agree, and that the habit is the result either of ignorance of the true office of music, or of mental lassitude toward it. 'It is not enough to enjoy yourself over a work of art,' says Joubert; 'you must enjoy it.'

[1] It may, of course, be used with words of definite meaning; but we are speaking of pure music.

Now the one distinguishing quality of music is this: it finds its perfection in itself without relation to other objects. It is what it is in itself alone. It is non-definitive; it does not use symbols of something else; it cannot be translated into other terms. The poet seeks always a complete union of the thing said and the method of saying it. Flaubert seeks patiently and persistently for the one word which shall not only be the exact symbol of his thought, but which shall fit his euphony. The painter so draws his objects, so distributes his colors, and so arranges his composition as to make of them plastic mediums for the expression of his thought, and the greatness of his picture depends first of all and inevitably on his power of fusing his subjects with his technique. In sculpture precisely the same process takes place. Neither of these arts actually copies nature; each 'arranges' it for its own purpose.

In music this much-sought union of matter and manner is complete; the thing said and the method of saying it are one and indivisible. It is, as Pater says, 'the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression.'

II

The primal element in music is vibration. Sound-waves in some ordered sequence — silent till they strike our ears — are formed by our ingenuity and sense of order into patterns of beauty. They exist in time, not in space. They are motion. And these vibrations are the very substance of all life; of stars in their courses, of the pulse-beats of the heart, of the mysterious communications from the nerves to the brain, of light, of heat, of color. The plastic arts are static. Painting has the power

to give
To one blest moment snatched from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

Sculpture is motion caught in a moment of perfection. Music is motion always in perfection. This rhythm exists also in literature and the other arts. Poe would be nothing without it; Whitman uses it in long swelling undulations which are sometimes almost indistinguishable; the composition in a great painting is a rhythm; the Apollo Belvedere is all rhythm. But in music rhythm is a physical, moving property; rhythm in being, not rhythm caught in a poise. The possibilities of rhythmic play in music far exceed those in poetry, for in the latter the sense or meaning would be clouded by too much rhythmic complication. It would be impossible to do in poetry, for example, what Beethoven does at the beginning of a movement in one of his string quartettes,[1] where the cello, entirely alone, repeats one note fifteen times in two rhythmic groups; there is no melody and no harmony — merely one reiterated rhythmic sound. It is also impossible for poetry to present three or four different rhythms simultaneously, as music often does; nor can poetic rhythms carry across a complete rhythmic disruption whose whole æsthetic sense lies in its relations to a permanent rhythm which it momentarily violates, as is the case in the first movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony. In short, rhythm in music has a diversity, a flexibility, and a physical vigor quite unparalleled in any other art.

Melody in music consists in a sequence of single sounds curved to some line of beauty. Whereas rhythm is conceivable without any intellectual quality, — as a purely physical manifestation, — melody implies some sense of design, since it progresses from one point in time to another, and without

[1] The Scherzo of opus 59, no. 1.

design would be merely a series of incoherent sounds. In this design rhythm plays a leading part, and the themes having the most perfect balance of rhythms are the most interesting. Examples of diverse but highly coördinated melodies may be found in the slow movement of Beethoven's pianoforte sonata, opus 13, and in Brahms's pianoforte quartette, opus 60, the synthetic quality of which is like that of a finely constructed sentence. Folk-song was the beginning of what we call 'melody,' and the best specimens of folk-songs are quite as perfect within their small range as are the greatest works of the masters. Their contour and rhythm are sometimes as delicately balanced as the mechanism of a fine instrument. And when we remember that these melodies were the spontaneous utterance of simple, untutored peoples who, in forming them, depended almost entirely on instinct, we realize how intimate a medium music is for the expression of feeling. People who could neither read nor write and who had little knowledge or experience of artistic objects could, nevertheless, create perfect works of beauty in the medium of sound.

We postpone, for a time, the consideration of the connections between music like this and ourselves. Our purpose here is merely to state briefly the properties and functions of the art, so that there may be a clear ground for that discussion.

Melody, being design, gives conscious evidence of the personality of its creator. Schubert, for example, is like Keats and represents the type of pure lyric utterance. Bach, on the contrary, is essentially a thinker, and his melodies are full of vigorous and diversified rhythms.

Harmony is an adjunct to the other two elements. It is in music something of what color is in painting. As contrasted with the long line of melody and the regular impulses in time of rhythm, harmony deals in masses. Melody carries the mind from one point to another; harmony strikes simultaneously and produces an immediate sensation. Its effect upon us is probably due to a subtle physical correspondence within ourselves to combinations of sounds that spring direct from nature. The whole history of music shows a gradual assimilation by human beings of new combinations of sounds, and it is probable that only the first chapters of that history have been written.

We have spoken of the synthetic quality of melody, and it is obvious that the larger the scope of music the more important this quality becomes. When a composer creates a sonata or symphony he must so dispose all his material — rhythms, melodies, and harmonies — as to give to the work perfect coherence. A work of art expressed in the element of time needs this synthesis more than one expressed in space. For although there is in music no 'subject,' yet beauty is being unfolded and the need of a cumulative and coördinated expression of it is quite as great as it would be were the music 'about' something. There are various ways of arranging musical material so as to attain this end. The chief principle of its synthesis is derived from the volatile nature of sound itself. It is this: that no one series of sounds formed into a melody can long survive the substitution of other series, unless there be given some restatement, or at least some reminder, of the first. The result of this is that in the early music there was an alternation of one phrase or one tune with another; and this in turn was followed by all sorts of experiments tending to bring about variety in unity. (These simple forms somewhat resemble what is known in poetry

as the triolet.) The most common form in music is threefold. It is found in folk-songs, marches, minuets, nocturnes, and so forth, and — expanded to huge proportions — in symphonic movements. In folk-songs this form consists in repeating a first phrase after a second contrasting one. In minuets, nocturnes, romances, and the like, each part is a complete melody in itself. In a symphonic movement the first part — save in such notable exceptions as the first movement of the 'Eroica' of Beethoven — contains all the thematic material, the second contains what is called the 'development' of the material stated in the first, and the third part restates the first with such changes as shall give it new significance.

It is in this synthetic quality that much of the greatness of symphonic music lies. No other quality, however fine in itself, can take its place. Schumann, for example, created interesting and beautiful themes in profusion, but his compositions in the larger forms lack a complete synthesis. Bach was the greatest master in this respect. So perfect is the ordering of his material that it gives that impression of inevitability which distinguishes all great art everywhere. It is obvious enough that parallels to this form will be found in literature, for it is a part of life and nature. It is youth, manhood, and old age; it is sunrise, noon, and sunset; it is spring, summer, and winter. So it must be; for art is only life in terms of beauty, and human life is only nature expressing itself in terms of man and woman. This then is the thing we call music: rhythm, melody, and harmony arranged into forms of beauty, existing in time. It is without meaning, it is without 'subject,' it is without idea. It creates a world of its own, fictitious, fabulous, and irrelevant — a world of sound, evanescent yet indestructible.

III

Music deals first of all with feeling or emotion. But since emotion may be guided by the mind and transfused by the imagination, — since emotion is not a separate and isolated part of our being, — so music may be so ordered by the mind and so transfused by the imagination as to become intellectual and imaginative. It is true that the greater part of the music produced and performed deals only with emotion, but this is equally true of literature. The popular novel is nine tenths emotion, one tenth mind, and the rest imagination. So it is with music, though such illogical invention as one constantly finds in many popular novels would be intolerable in any music. Since there seems to be an incongruity between the statement that music has no definite meaning and the statement that it is intellectual, let us take a specific illustration and see if we cannot reconcile the apparent confliction.

We must first of all distinguish between the quality itself and the expression of the quality. A person may have a mind stored with wisdom and be completely what we call 'intellectual,' without ever expressing himself by a spoken or written word. His wisdom exists by itself and for itself, entirely separated from its expression. If he expresses himself, and with skill, we call that expression literature, but, in any case, it remains wisdom. And what is wisdom? It is what Mr. Eliot describes a liberal education to be — 'a state of mind'; it is the fusion of knowledge with experience, with feeling, and with imagination.

Now words are symbols which diminish in their efficacy as they try to compass feeling and imagination. If the wise man is cold, he can say, 'I am cold'; but if he wishes to tell you of his idea of God, he has no words adequate

for the purpose, because he is dealing with something which is not in the domain of knowledge alone — which he can feel, or perhaps imagine, but cannot define. The reason alone never even touches the far-away circle of that perfection which we believe to exist, and the subtle inner relations between man and the visible and invisible world refuse to be harnessed to language. For these he finds expression in some form of beauty. 'The beautiful,' says Goethe, 'is a manifestation of the secret laws of nature which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.'

So we say that in wisdom the qualities we call insight, feeling, and imagination must find for themselves some more plastic medium of expression than language. And when that plastic medium, though non-definitive, has those qualities of coherence, continuity, and form which are essential to all intellectual expression, we are justified in calling it 'intellectual.' Let us take for our specific illustration the first movement of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. It is impossible to imagine this as an expression of feeling only, untouched by thought or by imagination. The inevitable conclusion arrived at by any person who understands it is that the feeling is absolutely controlled by the mind, and that it is imagination that gives it its extraordinary effect. Compare it with the first movement of Tschaikovsky's 'Pathétique' symphony where emotion runs riot; the difference is as great as that between *Victory* and *The Deemster*. Compare it with a symphony by Mendelssohn, and the contrast is as vivid as that between a novel by Meredith and one by Miss Braddon. Beethoven's music contains, in the first place, themes whose import all completely receptive persons feel to be profound. (That these themes do not so impress others is due either to atrophy of the musical faculty, to mental lassitude, or to lack of experience of great music.) These themes are presented in such design as not only to make the whole movement entirely coherent, but to give it a sense of rushing onward to an inevitable conclusion. So intensive is their treatment that almost the whole five hundred or more measures grow out of the original theme or thesis, some fifteen measures long. So imaginative is it that it seems to gather to itself all related things in heaven and earth and fuse them into one. In short, we must say that this music emanates from the mind of a great man, who has subjected emotion to the control of the will and who has exercised that highest function of the mind that we call imagination.

May we not say then that this is wisdom? Shall we deny it because it cannot be spelled out word by word? Shall we not rather say that music is a means of expressing the deepest wisdom, that which defies categorical expression? May we not accept Schopenhauer's saying: 'Music is an image of the will'? Are we not justified in stating that music is even an expression of the deepest relation with the visible and invisible world which the soul of man is capable of experiencing, and that these relations, inexpressible in more concrete manifestations, are expressible in music? The pathos and resignation and courage in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven are not his or yours or mine; they are the qualities themselves in this infinite being, more true, more noble, more pure than his or yours or mine. May we not, then, even go so far as to say that music tells us the deepest truths of human life; that 'it comes,' as Symonds says, 'speaking the highest wisdom in a language our reason does not understand because it is older and deeper and closer than reason'?

IV

I have already stated that the other arts have for their ideal that fusing of subject and expression which in music is complete, and I have further stated that the purpose or object of music is to present emotion ordered and guided by the mind and illumined by the imagination. In this latter respect all the arts are alike. It is in the very nature of their being that they seek to find the heart of the great secret. The purpose of painting and sculpture is not to present objects as objects, but to set them forth in such harmonious perfection of line and color and rhythm as will reveal their deepest significance. The greatest examples of the plastic arts cannot be understood through sense-perception of objects. Rembrandt is a greater painter than Bougereau, not only because he has superior technique, but because he has deeper insight. This is why the 'subject' in painting is comparatively unimportant.

It is the same with literature. In *Jane Eyre* the 'subject' is more tangible and vivid than in *Villette*, but the latter is the finer book, because the technical skill is greater, the insight deeper. 'There are no good subjects or bad subjects,' says Hugo; 'there are only good poets and bad poets.' Any subject is interesting when a master-mind presents it in full significance. A custom house is a prosaic thing, and one that has neither exports nor imports but only a few sleepy old pensioners dozing in the sun might be thought a dull subject for a writer; but Hawthorne's imagination and subtlety of literary expression clothe it with both beauty and significance. Even the noblest and most tragic deeds find their best justification in a sublime harmony of beauty. The Greeks knew this well. Euripides, in *The Trojan Women*, puts on the lips of Hecuba these words: —

'Had He not turned us in his hand, and thrust
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,
We had not been this splendor, and our wrong
An everlasting music for the song
Of earth and heaven!'

Deeds, monuments, cities, and civilizations fade into nothingness, but a few words, or a strain of music turned by an artist, will live on forever. Gettysburg will become merely a paragraph of history, the causes for which it was fought will be as nothing, but the words spoken by Lincoln will be preserved for all time, because they were not only wise, but wise and beautiful.

There is no escape from this condition. An occasional great writer has railed at beauty, only to prove finally that his own permanence depended on it. Carlyle, for example, was more caustic than usual when he discussed poetry. His comment on Browning's *The Ring and the Book* ran thus: 'A wonderful book, one of the most wonderful ever written. I reread it all through — all made out of an "Old Bailey" story that might have been told in ten lines, and only wants forgetting.' Yet the best part of *Sartor Resartus* is its beauty, and there are in *The French Revolution* many passages of quite perfect poetic imagery and characterization without which it would lose much of its value. What we call 'Carlyle' is no longer a man; nor is it a philosophy, or a history; it is nothing but a *style*, a manner of saying things — an individual, characteristic, and strange blend of hard and soft, of high and low, of rugged and tender, all struggling with a Puritanical conscience. So we say that beauty is the lodestone by which all life is tested. No game can be perfectly played unless the physical motions are timed in beauty; no machine will act save in perfect synthesis; no character is strong until it attains a harmony within itself. Beauty is the matrix in which life shall be finally moulded.

All forms of artistic expression, then, require that we shall see the object not as fact but as art. If it is fact — that is, merely an isolated object or event — it remains insignificant until some artist catches it up into the wider realm in which it belongs and sets it forth in some form of beauty. If we accept this conception of all the arts as seeking the inner sense of things, as portraying life in its essence rather than in its outward manifestations, we shall be able to understand the peculiar power of music. It becomes then, not merely a series of sounds arranged so as to be euphonious and pleasing to the ear, but a book of life which contains the ultimate expression of our instinct and of our wisdom. The Third Symphony of Beethoven, for example, gives us a more convincing presentment of heroic struggle than is to be found in the other arts or in literature, first, because it has the power to present it in the element of time, which is an essential part of any heroic deed; second, because it presents it as a quality disassociated from a particular heroism and therefore elevated into a type and made eternal; and third, because it presents it in conjunction with those other qualities without which there can be no heroism at all. (For no quality in life or element in nature exists for us save as the opposite or reverse of something else. What we call light is comprehensible only as the opposite of darkness; love is the opposite of hate, cold of heat, and so forth.)

Each of the other arts has one or two of these qualities; none has all of them. The novelist, for example, can use the first and last but not the second. Meredith's *Vittoria* is an ideal presentment of the struggle for Italian unity, but the heroism which constitutes the essence of the book has to find expression through actual persons. So the greatest virtue of music lies not alone in its peculiar unification of matter and manner, its artistic perfection, but in the power which that gives it to create a world not based on the outward and the visible, but on that invisible realm of thought, feeling, and aspiration which is our real world. For if there is any one certain historical fact, it is that from the earliest times until now man has continually sought some escape from reality, some building up of a perfect world of ideal beauty which should still his eternal dissatisfaction with the imperfections and inconsistencies of his own life. It is in the very nature of his situation that he should seek some perfection somewhere. So he has tried to paint this perfection on canvas, idealizing life and nature into a satisfying form of beauty; or he has carved a physical perfection in marble to deify himself and give himself a place in nature; or he has built up for himself a world of magical words in which all his noblest dreams strive for expression. Everywhere and always he has had this dream, which has saved him when all else failed. And the noblest of his dreamers have been those whose imaginations have transcended the limitations of the actual and brought it into relation with the unknown.

Music, obeying the great laws that underlie all life and to which all the arts are subject, having for its means of expression the most plastic of all media, depending on intuitive perception of truth, not compelled to perpetuate objects, dealing with that larger part of man's being which lies hidden beneath both his acts and his thoughts, — that which Carlyle calls 'the deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious,' — music is the one perfect medium for this dream of humanity. In its expression of human emotions it enjoys the inestimable advantage of entire irrelevance. It does not have to develop a character or person, but only an attribute or quality. The 'Eroica' sym-

phony, for example, has all the force of a mythological epic in which the heroes are pure spirit-types of humanity, of no age or time — Gods, if you will, and above human limitations. This is the quality of music that makes it precious to us. It builds for us an *immaterial* world, not made of objects, or theories, or dogmas, or philosophies, but of pure spirit — a means of escape from the thralldom of every day.

[Mr. Surette's next paper will discuss 'Music and Children.'—THE EDITORS.]

CONSTRUCTIVE TEMPERANCE REFORM

BY JOHN KOREN

I

THE cupidity of liquor-dealers, the stupidity of legislation, and the misdirected zeal of reformers are responsible for the American saloon. Its evolution from the old-time tavern or inn in which drink-selling was an incidental if important function, to an institution having no other reason for being, proved swift. In the days when the Atlantic border marked the frontier, and until post-colonial times, neither the law-making nor the law-enforcing power seemed to be greatly disturbed over excesses by the innkeepers, who were, so to speak, the community hosts at the few places of public refreshment. No doubt there was room for complaint, but the innkeepers of that period were rarely local freebooters even in regard to illicit traffic in rum with the Indians.

The first great outcry against the drink evil which arose in the fore part of the last century did not expend its force in denouncing the sellers of intoxicants. As strong drink at that time was an article of pernicious daily household use, both on glad and sad occasions, the problem as then viewed was one of influencing personal habits rather than of repressing the drink-seller. The driving force of the primitive temperance movement was a semi-religious enthusiasm for abstinence which could not indefinitely be maintained at fever heat. Gradually it began to cool, but the drink-selling institution remained, and before long it became the object of reform. This shift in the point of attack (one may date it from the early thirties of the last century) gave a direction to temperance activities that not only has persisted, but has become more and more accentuated in the course of time. Some of the unlovely traits commonly associated with drink-selling (other than that of intoxication) had surely cropped out; they became full-blown, however, only after the saloon had been declared a social outlaw.

It is fallacious to regard the saloon as a peculiar outgrowth of rough pioneer life, with its self-made code and ready forgiveness of debauchery. Perhaps the American tavern had deviated from its English prototype; but the real departure began when its extinction was declared to be the ultimate goal of re-

form. The frontier had not pushed far beyond the Alleghenies before the drink-seller was forced into a fight for legal existence which since has been incessantly waged in different parts of the country. He entered it primarily for defense; soon, however, he found it advantageous to attack, and thereby hangs the long unclean story of the saloon in politics over which good men so often have moralized. As drink-selling privileges were apportioned and supervised by local authorities, it was inevitable that the saloon-keeper should seek to make them his political creatures; and having obtained safety, his next step was to utilize the position for gain and non-interference. When fateful threats of prohibition impended, the saloon-keeper reached out into the wider field of politics. The point of vantage was often his, for the saloon offered a natural meeting-place to those who were troubled about local political destinies. The taste of power fed the cupidity which the saloon-keeper shares with most men.

The domination of the saloon in many places, its shameless perversion of local government, its open defiance of law and the rapacity accompanying it, are ugly chapters in our civic history; but let it be remembered that it was not the saloon at its worst against which the early reformers rose, for this is a growth of latter days; and one who wishes to understand its gradual deterioration must carefully inquire how far this resulted from the environment created for it by legislation and reform efforts. This statement involves neither an apology for the lawlessness and political chicanery laid to the saloon, nor a reflection on the motives of reformers. Of course, in many instances, a callous public permitted the inherently dangerous traffic to go on unfettered in spite of legal prescriptions, and with the usual bad results. But the large view to be kept in mind is that the whole trend of temperance legislation has been repressive, with absolute prohibition as the final aim, on the assumption that general moderation throughout the land cannot be attained by any other means.

Yet is temperance so fragile a virtue that it will not thrive unless shielded by sumptuary legislation? Such is the working hypothesis of its strenuous advocates. They ignore the improvements that have taken place, not in consequence of repression or force, but through a complexity of influences that draw a community up to the higher levels. Therefore they heap contumely upon constructive efforts and hold out the strait-jacket as symbolizing the highest form of appeal, wholly suited to win a self-respecting nation. Failing its voluntary or compulsory acceptance, they recognize but one principle in liquor legislation, that of repression. Herein lies the reason for the disappointments of temperance reform as exemplified in the United States. This broad assertion requires some explanation in detail of the workings of our legal restrictions other than state-wide prohibition.

II

The finest fruit garnered from a multitude of experiments in curbing the liquor traffic is the right of local option. If not an original discovery, we have patent-righted it and furnished examples of its proper uses as well as of its abuse. The right of the local community to decide for itself whether the sale of liquor shall be licensed or not is no longer in dispute. The applicability of this right, however, is distinctly limited. In rural districts and smaller urban communities, local prohibition can be made a success and has vindicated itself in many instances, in response to the public sense that the saloon has no

place in villages and at country cross-roads, because it does not meet an irrepressible want. The utility of local prohibition in larger urban centres is generally conditioned by their proximity to some place under license which operates as a 'safety valve' to the purchasers of intoxicants who will not be denied; and upon easy access to drink very often depends the willingness to accept local prohibition.

But where repeated trials clearly show that no decided majority exists for local prohibition, and that there is a constant shift from it to license, the actual gain for temperance is infinitesimal. The laws themselves are at fault because they permit local prohibition to ensue from a mandate of a majority, no matter how small it is and how unrepresentative of public sentiment. That it is easy artificially to propagate votes in the name of morality is as common an experience as it is disheartening. If the adoption of this or that policy did not derive its value from the force of conviction back of it, the situation would be different.

In some states local-option elections occur annually, on the ground that they serve to keep alive the temperance interests. The grave circumstance that neither one policy nor the other can get a fair trial in the course of one year, and that the opportunity for frequent changes serves to perpetuate an element ready to embark in the liquor traffic by legal means when possible, or to some extent by illegal means during dry periods, is ignored.

Some local-option devices — for example, regulations as to petitions in pursuance of which elections are held — make it possible for adroit manipulators to lay dry a community against its will. An excuse for such a prostitution of the local-option principle is found in political expediency, since each victory is held to be a step toward state-wide prohibition. County local option particularly lends itself to this purpose, on account of the legislative representation which may be secured.

If rightfully applied there can be no quarrel with the choice of the county as the unit in local-option elections, provided it is populated chiefly by rural inhabitants or by village folk. But when a county contains a municipality of considerable importance, and the extra-mural vote is utilized for the purpose of overcoming the known majority for license in the city, the very essence of the law, the right of choice, is violated. Then hateful transgressions of prohibition begin and persist until abated by a return to license. Meanwhile civic virtue generally, as well as ardor for temperance, is certain to have suffered. A counterpart of the folly of coercive prohibition enactments is the wanton campaigning for license in a community which is clearly opposed to the liquor traffic. On the other hand, liquor-dealers can hardly be censured for seeking to regain territory which has been won for local prohibition by devious means and contrary to the known wishes of its citizenship.

It belongs to the *credo* of the prohibition confession that all beverages with alcoholic properties are equally harmful. The suggestion that, if some distinction were made, greater continuity might be gained for a no-license policy will, therefore, be scorned as a subterfuge for undermining the very object of local prohibition. Scientists, to be sure, agree that beverages containing less than two or two and one fourth per cent of alcohol are non-injurious; and in countries whose progressive liquor legislation is largely shaped by teetotalers, beverages of this kind are exempted from taxation and declared non-intoxicating.

American laws forbid the use of certain liquors even if they are not in-

toxicating! Thus, in West Virginia, all malt-brewed drinks, 'whether intoxicating or not,' are prohibited. The State of Washington, in its new prohibition law, bars all liquors 'which contain any alcohol and which are capable of being used as a beverage.' North Dakota defines among the forbidden drinks, not only malt liquors of any description, but 'all so-called fruit "ades," imitation ciders, and beverages under whatever name or description,' and forbids them to 'be manufactured and sold to be used as a beverage or a substitute for intoxicating liquors.'

The same sort of legislation is made to apply to the dry areas of license states. For example, in Indiana it is not lawful to sell any malt liquor in local-option territory even if it is non-intoxicating. In Iowa long ago the courts upheld this view: 'A beverage containing alcohol is an intoxicant, regardless of whether the quantity of alcohol contained in it is or is not of itself intoxicating.' In Wisconsin the sale of malt liquor containing alcohol is made an offense in local prohibition districts, 'though the beverage is non-intoxicant.'

The assumption of the law is that there cannot be any proper substitute for intoxicating liquor, regardless of its percentage of alcohol, or even when it is minus any trace of alcohol, so long as it is labeled by the terrifying name of 'malt.' Presumably, the singular theory is that even harmless drinks must needs create an appetite for alcohol provided they suggest an affinity with the intoxicating kind. Current legislation thus systematically repudiates the lesson of experience, — namely, that by forbidding non-injurious fermented drinks one invites the use of the most dangerous intoxicants. Hence the disquieting rise in the production of distilled liquors during the years in which the most notable victories for state and local prohibition were won.

Like prohibition legislation, our efforts to develop effective systems of license control are vitiated through false concepts. Under favorable conditions two motives struggle for mastery in shaping license policies: one is the desire for as much revenue as the traffic will bear; the other, the desire to prevent intemperance. As the two motives are hostile, if not mutually exclusive, a poor compromise results.

We have steadfastly clung to the inherited conception of the liquor traffic as a singularly profitable business and therefore to be taxed heavily, altogether subordinating the consideration of taxation as a possible means of promoting temperance. The Federal government sets a bad example. In declaring every beverage containing more than one half per cent of alcohol subject to taxation, it confuses the definition of intoxicants and makes difficult the substitution of the lighter for the more alcoholic drinks. In levying taxes on the usual alcoholic drinks, the Federal government makes a distinction as to kind between distilled and fermented liquors, but solely for the purpose of revenue and based upon the amount that production will stand. The idea of employing the tax-levying power to discourage the use of distilled liquors as the real generators of alcoholism is foreign to our Federal legislation. The true reason why spirits escaped the latest war tax was the fear that an extra impost would curtail production! Furthermore, fermented liquors are taxed merely according to quantity, not according to kind. The least alcoholic and most wholesome beers are made to share the same burden as the heavy ales. Doubtless the Federal government would be severely put to it were it deprived of all income from the manufacture and sale of liquor; but must the good of society be wholly divorced from systems of laying taxes?

The fatuous pattern of Federal legislation is more or less reflected in state laws: the desire for revenue has been allowed to dominate. Self-evidently, the liquor interests fight for low taxes. Their natural opponents have proceeded on the theory that, since the traffic does so much harm, the greatest possible number of dollars should be extracted from it in reparation; and legislators generally are eager to grasp at an excuse for seeking additional revenue. To be sure, the system of high license has been evolved on the ground that a heavy fee would serve to weed out superfluous saloons, facilitate supervision, eliminate the less responsible and unsubstantial dealers, and thus elevate the whole tone of the trade. But experience has not vindicated this theory except in minor details.

A fundamental defect of the high-license system from the taxation point of view is that a uniform fee is exacted, and not one based upon the amount of alcohol sold. Another just as fatal defect is that high-license legislation fails to recognize the taxing power as a means of promoting temperance by encouraging the sale of the least alcoholic beverages. The suggestion that there could be any choice between alcoholic 'poisons' is extremely repugnant to extremists, who regard all liquors as equally typifying the 'demon alcohol,' and refuse to recognize a mid-road between prohibition and excess — moderation — to which a rational license system should lead.

That high license puts many saloons out of existence is not an inherent merit, for this can by done by statutory limitation of licenses such as exists in several states, and by a proper regard for reasonable public demands in granting selling privileges. Meanwhile, the resulting concentration of the emoluments from the traffic into fewer hands tends to unify an undesirable power.

As at present operated, the high-license system acts as an incentive to push sales in order to show profit, and, unhappily for temperance, under the usual method of classifying licenses the temptation is particularly to push the sale of distilled liquors. Indeed, saloons given over solely to fermented drinks lead a precarious existence in high-license places, for the big profit lies in selling whiskey. This neglect of elementary but far-reaching principles, which characterizes most of the license legislation, must be weighed against the largely illusory advantages supposed to be incident to high fees — the simplification of control, the close observance of rules on account of the cost of the privilege, the greater inducement for men of substance, and therefore of responsibility, to enter the trade, and so forth.

Of the endless variety of restrictive measures drafted upon license systems, it may be said in passing that a few are obviously useful, many trivial, some stupid, and still others merely irritating. Whatever makes for concealment invites circumvention of the law and should not be permitted; and no one can sensibly advocate relaxing restrictions against selling to minors and intoxicated persons, or those governing hours of sale, or regulations generally intended to hold the traffic in check. But laborious enactments prescribing whether drink may be consumed standing or sitting at a table, with or without food, and excluding the most harmless forms of diversion; and a multitude of others which aim, in brief, to make the saloon a drink-shop pure and simple, not only belong to the unessentials but directly hinder constructive effort. They are merely the expression of the extreme view that drink-selling is in itself an immoral occupation.

Some hold the crux of liquor legislation to be the choice of authorities

vested with power to grant and revoke selling privileges. A sense of this is reflected in the numerous experiments with different already existing or specifically created bodies to whom jurisdiction in licensing has been entrusted. From the diversity of legislation upon this subject as illustrated in different states, and from the experience it has led to, some general conclusions can be drawn.

Local political bodies such as city councils or county commissioners are often tempted beyond their strength when awarded control of liquor licenses, which in a peculiar way requires freedom from approach and a desire to set public good above self-preferment. Locally appointed boards have been found to be too easily 'reached.' To give elective police officials the authority to confer privileges which they are set to watch over is merely an insidious invitation to graft. Licensing boards appointed by the governor of a state for specified localities have given a measure of success, of which perhaps Boston furnishes the most notable example. Of course this method appears to be a perversion of accepted principles of local self-government.

In some states the courts grant licenses notwithstanding the reasonable theoretical plea that executive functions should be absolutely divorced from the judicial. In practice, this plan is perhaps of unequal value; but where best developed, as in Pennsylvania, it has on the whole proved an efficient method of licensing, and it has been adopted in a few states. The hearing of applications for licenses as well as of remonstrances in open court is helpful, particularly when the law prescribes that in granting licenses the needs of the community shall be a primary consideration.

Probably no system of licensing authority can be devised that will wholly satisfy grasping dealers and prohibition zealots. Dissatisfaction with the numerous experiments, except that involving the judiciary, — which had not been tried, — finally led the state of New York to adopt its present tax law which practically eliminates the judicial function in granting licenses. The weighty objection to it is, however, that it tends to over-emphasize the importance of the liquor traffic as a source of revenue. The more a state is made to realize the ease with which millions in tribute can be levied on drink-selling, the less it will be disposed to subordinate the desire for a low tax-rate to the application of measures wherewith to conquer alcoholism.

III

This hasty review of some of the principal elements in our liquor legislation but inadequately portrays the chaotic conglomeration of statutory provisions which from year to year is accumulated in the name of temperance control — which is never really achieved, since it proceeds on outworn and mistaken principles. The crude output is a logical result of current methods, for the persons chosen to draft liquor laws seldom need qualify through general fitness or knowledge of many intricate questions. It is a hit-or-miss job amid the distracting bustle of a busy legislative session.

To complicate the situation there are always two outside elements to be reckoned with: First, those who reform for hire, abetted by well-meaning obstructionists whose wisdom in liquor legislation is bounded by a desire to harass the traffic which the law assumes to protect when it is legalized; secondly, the liquor interests, which fight obstinately, partly to hold their own, partly to ward off new financial burdens or irksome regulations.

It is highly significant that the outcome of legislative effort commonly is hailed as a victory for the 'drys' or the 'wets,' as the case may be, and that when new statutory regulations have been adopted we almost studiously refrain from searching out their effect. The inarticulate public, the long-suffering patient upon whom this or that legal nostrum is to be tried, usually remains dumb, from fear of incurring the enmity of either side, or from indifference, or because it does not see that, as between license legislation of proved incapacity to promote temperance, and prohibition, there is a third choice — the choice of tried experiments based upon a rational conception of the many elements that constitute the whole problem.

Progressive temperance reform demands that the patchwork of rusty principles underlying our present liquor legislation in part be discarded, in part rebuilt from the bottom up. The following paragraphs indicate summarily the objectives in law-making adapted to our needs.

1. In dealing with the liquor traffic, the desire for revenue must give way to the employment of the tax-laying power as a means of minimizing the drink evil. Since the 'curse of alcoholism' flows from spirits and not from beers and light wines, the heavy hand of the tax-gatherer should in the first instance be laid on distilled liquors to the point of their utter repression. So drastic a measure would defeat its own purpose unless legislation at the same time encouraged the substitution of fermented drinks in place of the distilled, through a system of carefully graduated taxes upon fermented liquors in proportion to their alcoholic strength.

Physiologically, there is a wide gulf between the possible injury from the ordinary use of pure light beers, and the indubitable damage to the individual as well as to society through a habitual indulgence in distilled spirits. The recent Alcohol Commission of Norway says on this point: 'At the outset it must be conceded that the danger to society from alcoholic drinks differs utterly according as their alcoholic strength is large or small. Furthermore, it seems clear that while the strongest of them — that is, whiskey — must be subjected to particularly severe regulations, the opposite is true of the weakest drinks of this sort. Quite on the contrary, the latter should be subjected to lenient regulations, since an increasing extension of their use will serve to replace the stronger beverages, and therefore, in the opinion of the majority, represents an essential means in the warfare against the abuse of alcoholic beverages.'

This view has obtained recognition in the laws, not only of Norway but of Sweden and Denmark, where beers containing 2.25 weight (= 2.8 volume) per cent of alcohol are exempt from taxes. The result has been greatly to stimulate their production and gradual substitution for stronger alcoholic drinks. In Denmark at one time the manufacturers protested against this innovation as a ruinous experiment, declaring that wholesome beer of such a low percentage of alcohol could not be produced; but experience proved them wholly wrong. Their chief energy now appears to be directed to the manufacture of the tax-free grade of beers. In Norway, malt beverages for purposes of taxation are divided into three classes, the lightest being exempt from imposts and the others taxed in proportion to their alcoholic strength, with a limit of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, above which no beers may be manufactured.

It is interesting to observe that even the prohibitionists represented on the Norwegian Alcohol Commission con-

ceded the wisdom of freeing the lightest malt beverages from imposts, but would limit the exemption to those not exceeding two per cent in volume of alcohol. The consensus of opinion therefore is that certain malt drinks must be regarded as non-intoxicants and should be dealt with accordingly. Only persons whose vision is wholly blinded by prejudice or obscured by the cobwebs of ignorance are expected to enter a denial.

In any scheme of liquor-tax reform the Federal government must necessarily lead the way. Is that an insuperable circumstance? Congress has not shown itself impervious to a consideration of the moral aspects of the drink question, and may be persuaded to employ the one safe method of counteracting the use of the real intoxicants. The suggestion that the Federal government can best accomplish this by monopolizing the manufacture of distilled liquors seems perilous under our political conditions; but an expropriation of the distilled-liquor interests might be effected without a direct burden on the government, through an extra tax on beer, covering, however, a definite period of time.

The principle of taxing liquors with the object of promoting temperance must be carried into the liquor legislation of each state, particularly in respect to the classification of license privileges and the fees exacted. Locally, the makers of beer should not pay a uniform license fee, but one based upon the nature of their product, always exempting malt drinks under a specified strength. Selling-places should pay license fees in proportion to the amount and kind of liquor sold. The prevailing inelastic methods of imposts virtually make it impossible for the vender of fermented drinks alone to subsist. In a perverted enthusiasm for repression, we have thus actually put a premium on the sale of 'hard liquors,' since under high-license systems they are the really profitable articles of sale. As the constant object should be to discourage the use of distilled beverages, they must be placed under exceptional restrictions, and might conceivably be altogether forbidden as an article of consumption on the premises; or the number of places in which they could legally be sold might be restricted to the lowest limits consistent with the suppression of an illicit traffic.

Although we are not yet a wine-drinking nation, it is likely that a gradual suppression of the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors would lead to an increasing use of wines. Special regulative measures would have to be enacted governing the production and sale of vinous products. There is no reason in equity why wine production, including the so-called fruit wines, should not be subject to taxation after the manner of other fermented drinks. Governmental supervision is needed to prevent adulteration and the manufacture of spurious articles.

As wines enter the retail trade, they must be subject to restrictions placing the heaviest sorts in a class with distilled liquors. For the rest, taxes should be levied, as in the case of beers, according to alcoholic strength. The displacement of whiskey would fail of its purpose unless the substitution of noxious imitation wines is prevented.

2. The employment of the tax-laying power in the interests of temperance would be a vain endeavor under loose or inadequate apportionment and supervision of the privileges to sell intoxicants. The essential details of an ideal licensing system cannot be developed in a few sentences. The starting-point is the selection of licensing authorities. In general the choice seems to lie between the local judiciary and a state

agency. As between the two, in view of the extraordinary complications into which state machinery may be thrown through political manœuvres, it is likely that in most states the judiciary would render the better service. The system should, so far as possible, be uniform for the entire state. Local licensing bodies through their almost inevitable entanglements with politics respond poorly or not at all to their duties.

The control of the retail traffic by producers of liquor is directly harmful and makes for a tied-house system comparable to that of England. The retailer should not be the slave of a master whose one motto may be to push sales, but a free agent responsive to public influences. Besides, the temptation to use saloon control for political purposes must be eliminated in every way. That some producers insist upon decorum and strict obedience to law in the saloons owned or controlled by them does not in the least prove that proper observance of public welfare can best be obtained through their proprietorship. One notes with interest that brewers round about the country are beginning to realize the unsoundness of a policy which not only puts the odium of bad saloon conditions on their shoulders, but provides an incentive to antagonize efforts for betterment.

Aside from the few ancient methods of keeping drink-selling within legal bounds, mention must be made of a wholesome device of individual licensing which lately has come into use in Europe. Briefly, the plan consists in 'blacklisting' all persons known or found to be alcoholics, and strictly forbidding all sales of spirits to them; all others must present official credentials before being permitted to purchase distilled liquors in limited quantities. So far the plan has yielded highly promising results. That an inquisitorial procedure is necessary can hardly be more repugnant to the individualist than prohibition with its incessant 'Thou shalt not.' Whether this manner of individual licensing is practicable in connection with our present selling system, which leaves so many loopholes for law-evasion, is another question. Its institution under the company system of liquor-selling is comparatively simple.

3. The local-option privilege must be maintained, but the legislation that has grown up around it needs to be recast in important respects, so that in practice local option shall mean what the term implies, and not become a subterfuge for seeking political ascendancy or coercing the local community to adopt a given policy against its will.

Three things seem to be especially needful in order to make local prohibition successful. First, the vote should be taken at intervals of not less than three years, so that the plan decided upon may be thoroughly tested. Second, much more than a majority, perhaps a two-thirds vote, should be required to determine the issue. It is instructive to observe that the Norwegian Alcohol Commission in its recent report recommends that in all local-option elections those who abstain from voting shall be counted as against prohibition, on the theory that its advocates will be sure to appear at the polls, and in order to prevent a stampede against license contrary to the desires of most of the voters. Third, the units in local-option elections must be so defined that urban (not village) communities may get their preference respected. It is mere travesty of the local-option principle and a perverted use of power when, for instance, under the county-unit system, an important municipality within the county finds its wishes in licensing matters overridden

by the rural population from remote parts.

A fourth element might be recognized in legislation, — namely, giving the voters a choice between absolute local prohibition and the exclusion from sale of all alcoholic beverages above a specified strength. It means a logical extension of the principle upon which the taxation of liquors should be based, and would insure a continuity of the no-license policy now lacking in many places, besides offering a safeguard against the too common violations of prohibition. The suggestion naturally will be regarded as dealing a death-blow to local prohibition by those who conceive that all alcoholic liquors are equally of the devil, harmful to use and sinful to sell; and the commonplace but wholly unsubstantial objection will be raised that the slightest relaxing of prohibition conditions would soon destroy the whole structure.

4. One cardinal principle in liquor legislation unfortunately has not yet intrenched itself in our statutes, — that of permitting the local community to award a monopoly of drink-selling to a private organization or company which shall undertake it, not for private gain, but for the public good. It marks the one long forward step in drink-regulation of a century. Rudimentary experiments with this method of control have taken place, to be sure, in certain of our Southern states, but under imperfect regulations or practically under no law at all.

In Sweden and Norway and already on a considerable scale in England, as mentioned in a previous article, the company system has vindicated its usefulness in several fundamental respects. It has shown itself to be the only arrangement for selling under which the consumption of distilled spirits gradually diminishes and alcoholism to that extent is lessened. It places the responsibility for an inherently dangerous traffic on citizens of high standard and integrity, who by law are made disinterested in sales, and against whom not a breath of scandal or suspicion blows. The company system, instead of being inimical to progressive liquor legislation by serving to perpetuate an undesirable industry, step by step clears the way for restrictive measures of increasing intensity, without denying due personal liberty, and permits far-reaching experiments because it substitutes the public good for the motive of private profit.

To call the company system un-American and repugnant to our sentiment about drink-selling, and to say that good people could not be induced to direct it, is merely to beg the question. The bald truth came to the surface some years ago when a permissive act, which would have enabled experiments with the company system, came within one vote of passage by the Massachusetts legislature. A coalition of prohibitionists and liquor-dealers defeated it. Indeed, the prohibitionists can claim the credit, for they protested loudly and incessantly against the essential unmorality of doing aught to prevent alcoholism, so long as it included the perpetuation even under the severest restrictions of the sale of liquor of any kind and in any form. How rarely our theoretical squeamishness translates itself into practice, conditions in the prohibition states show.

To what extent the company system, or a modified adaptation of it to American conditions, is applicable to large centres of population cannot be decided offhand. But its desirability for smaller urban communities can no longer be doubted. At the outset we should be content with permissive laws enabling one community after another,

voting license, to award a private company a monopoly of all selling privileges. Once the system had vindicated its effectiveness on a modest scale, the demand for its wider application would become irresistible.

Opponents of the company system have argued that its logical sequence is the eventual nationalization of the drink traffic. The objection is fanciful; even in the home-lands of the system such an event seems very remote. For us, whose government is often strained to the breaking point by simpler affairs, it would be the rankest folly to seek national control of drink-selling. Other things aside, the difficulties of adjusting our dual form of government to the work would be almost insurmountable.

IV

The suggestions offered toward a programme of constructive temperance reform bear the hall-mark of experience gained through generations, and of respect for human nature even in its frailties. The general adoption of this programme — and so happy an event is conceivable — would not make the nation proof against alcoholism. There are no legal formulæ by which men can be made sober. The prohibition doctrine of coercion has failed because it postulates that the habits and appetites of mankind are amenable to regulation after the manner of some inanimate mechanism; and mistaken attempts at wholesale reform entail more social breakage than salvage.

Why should an almost infantile helplessness and despair about the liquor problem possess so many minds? We have learned that laws defective in design as well as in execution cannot cope with it. Truly constructive legislation we lack. It remains therefore to adopt better ways, although they be not easy and will cost bitter struggle into which men are loth to enter. The extremists so easily make us cowards, by branding those who venture to disagree as dangerous to society or as henchmen of the liquor interests.

Measures for the effective control of the liquor traffic require collective effort and support. There is no excuse for delegating the whole question to the self-elected body of reformers who undertake to represent a public sentiment largely fictitious or of their own creation. On a closer view the real enemies of progressive liquor legislation are found to be a compact group of men who live not only for but by the advocacy of prohibition; who are given irresponsible control of sums so large that they must sow corruption; who are not oblivious of earthly ambitions in their solicitude for temperance; and whose own reason for being is unending: national prohibition would not terminate it, for that opens endless vistas of occupation in enforcing the law.

The public is alive to the claims of temperance, yet weary of the age-long strife over the means whereby it should be promoted. The idea of more repression fills thoughtful men with troublous forebodings, for they know that willingness to abide by unpopular laws is a frail human endowment. To many, temperance reform spells merely a frantic and unwholesome endeavor to gain the unattainable; but it takes on a new meaning when constructive effort lies at its base.

[Mr. Koren's final paper will deal with 'Liquor and Government.' — The Editors.]

GIRLS, BOYS, AND STORY-TELLING

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

Our own time, like every other, is quick to dogmatize upon the mind of man and of woman. We have assertion and denial — not always free from passion — of an important contrast in their thought and in the tone and temper of their feeling.

Although it should be admitted that we know far too little of so obscure a field, yet we have the beginnings of knowledge acquired by the scrutiny and report of many, here using cold instruments of precision, there gathering in other ways. And it is with the thought of dropping, like an ant, some awkward bit upon this common store, that one is tempted to offer what has come from a fresh burrowing into the hearts of boys and girls. Such a study may have the virtue of questioning human nature neither too early nor yet too late. For in the babe the difference of mind between boy and girl is much obscured; then is the dawn when — as at dusk — all things are gray; while at maturity, expectation and the moulding power of custom have produced or exaggerated a contrast, and we may hardly say how much really is of nature. Let us then hope for some narrow though right view of man's and woman's character in the making, before habit and social life have won the victory over all that is inborn.

I

If I may then at once relate some simple experiments, the children were first asked to write a story of their own composing and of anything they pleased, that there might be the freest conspiring of genius and imagination, and boy and girl in fancy might wander as they willed.

The subjects chosen by the children sweep from centre to circumference of the world, — through football, bear-fights, haunted houses, automobile accidents, runaway cats, orphans in the snow; these and countless more swim before one's astonished gaze. But as our wits slowly gather, we find that some of the tales seem to describe without change an actual experience — a vacation journey, a home festival, or other like event. And in this uninventive art, the boys in larger number find a refuge.

Where signs appear of some creative power, there is of course much common ground chosen by the boys and girls; but there is also some partition of the territory. The boys' stories appear to move more easily toward situations that promise free roving and the neighborhood of wild beasts, as in the hunt, — although to soldiering and war the girls' taste seems not to be averse; and thoughts of travel strongly draw the boy. Or again, conflict may be softened into teasing or into argument. Hearken to these lads, marshaling in the woodshed the rival ideals of ease and of labor and the undaunted will.

"'Don't you hate to chop wood?" said Sam one day when he was in Tom's woodshed. "No, I rather like it," said Tom. "When I get a tough piece I say, you think I can't split you, but I will.

Then I get a firm hold on the axe and c-c-r-ac-ck goes the piece of wood." "Ha-Ha," laughed Sam. "Why I would rather be in a bank and have nothing to do but separate some money and things like that." '

The girls look rather to activity that is less exposed and more domestic, as in play or quiet work. Almost as from some old canvas out of Flanders is this household scene, pictured by one of the littlest maids: —

'The baby stood looking at the clock not knowing when she would learn to tell time. I was sitting in a chair sewing. Mother was packing her things in her trunk. You know we are going to Asia in a week. Mother called me and said to put the baby to bed and to come and help her pack the trunk. And so I put the baby to bed and gave her her doll so when I went out she would n't cry. After we were through we went to bed.'

Or the situations, if not so peaceful, are those where life is affected passively, — persons are carried away by force, or led to fairyland, or are orphaned, aged, or infirm. What honeyed melancholy must have gathered at the heart of the little artist in the youngest class, from whom comes this dirge of 'the old old man' who had a 'sawor leg': —

'Once upon a time there was an old old house in the woods and a old old man lived in it and the old old lady and he had a sawor leg and he could not go out and so he sat at the window and thought how nice it would be if he could go out and play but think of the poor old old lady that had nothing to do and think of the old old lady and the old old man and how they had nothing to do. But sit at the window.'

Besides these different centres around which the imagination plays, there is a clear contrast in its scope and range. The girls have more characters on the stage, and these characters come with more variety, being less confined to children; grown men and women are oftener than with the boys the central figures. The girls show an interest less bound by their present estate, show a hunger and a foretaste of what has not yet been experienced. And they, too, as we might expect, have a warmer place for sympathy, — for sympathy at least with human beings; the difference between boys and girls is far less clear when we look to pets. The boy makes larger use of hate and retaliation; and, as we have seen, there is felt by him the fascination, with its mingled dread and drawing, of fierce beasts. By this door fears enter his tale, as well as by the way of darkness and of wandering until lost. Yet in the girls' stories fear comes even oftener and in more varied forms: from storms, witchcraft, monsters, ghosts, besides all the things that cause the boys to shudder. And in the emotional issue of the tale, there is a difference in those stories whose subjects were freely chosen. The end in the boys' tales more often than with the girls is unhappy for some or all of the characters. This is perhaps but an aspect of the freer play of sympathy in the girl; the boy is readier to take pleasure in some disappointment even to his hero.

II

In the first experiment the child was given perfect freedom; in the second, shades of the prison-house began to close: he was asked to tell a story of a dog that broke his leg, and how this accident befell.

And now, since all our infant authors are dealing with a like subject, but with quite unlike results, let us view side by side two fair examples from among the best, by a boy and a girl of like age and grade of schooling, nor shall any pedant's hand smooth out the wrinkled places. And first by the boy.

'It has just been two weeks since I came to Camp Cone and to tell the truthe Bliss, a little bull terrier, has been my best friend and companion.

'Just the day after I arrived Bliss and I went out hunting for squirls. We only got one, and that with a sad story. We were just above the falls when I shot one on a branch above the creek.

'The squirl fell into the creek and was floating toward the falls when Bliss leaped in to bring it ashore. But he was too late the squirl had gon over the falls.

'Bliss was too near to turn back the current threw him out in mid air and he lit in the pool where the water was shallow and broke his right fore leg on a rock.

'Of course we got the squirl but I must say that Bliss dusent want to go with in a mile of the falls.

'When we got home gratest care was given to Bliss especaly from Jimy Blisse's master. Bliss is just recovering but can't do much yet.'

Though the lover of our established spelling well may wince, this is a good story for a boy, with a sound setting for his vacation; it presents in all seriousness the facts.

But now for the girl's free handling of fact and more, imaginatively heightening the experience of a college town's most choice society, gained in a home where (as I happen to know) there is entertainment of lions if not of mice.

'One day Spuds my little dog got his foot caught in a mousetrap. He was roaming about in the cellar when his eyes came upon a piece of chese lying upon, which looked to him like a harmless piece of wood with a lot of unnecessary screws and hinges. He walked tryumthuntly over to it and put out his foot to hold it while he took out the chese, when snap his foot was caught and Spuds was a prisoner. He ran around for some time and then flew up the stairs. It happened that evening that my mother was having a dinner party. One of the guests was a highly magnified Duke. When the yelping was heard the Duke's eyes were as big as sawcers, and he was shaking all over. Just as he was thinking what to do next the door flew open and in rushed Spuds. The Duke percieving the dog one of thing he disliked the most. His hair stood on end and he almost flew to the piano and climbed to the most loafty part and there he sat looking down upon poor Spuds thro his moocle.

'My sister who idolized the dog soon came in to see what the trouble was. Her eyes fell upon poor Spuds with the trap on his foot and she set up a howl as lowd as the dog's. She grabed the yelping pup and ran out of the door to the room where the guests wraps were and laid him down on the Duke's new coat. The next Process was to take off the trap which was not so easy. But when it was done she tore off a piece of a lace handkerchief that she found on the bed. Then she wrapped the aching paw up and laid down beside him and fell asleep. In the mean time the Duke had not stirred from the spot but he now saw that his victim was gone and he got down very caucioulY his patent leather shoes squeaking all the time. When the guests went up to put their things on you can imagine their surprise when they saw the sleeping buties. But the dog and the child were soon removed to their own beds. The guests went home laughing all but the Duke and he thought he had had enough for one night. Spud's foot was broken, but it soon got well and he was as gay as ever.'

Now if one can bring himself to look with knitted brow upon a number of joyous things like these, he will notice that the boys are in earnest about the dog. With the girls, we catch glimpses of the dog through a cloud of witnesses

and all the miserable impedimenta of human life. We are distracted from him by the highly magnified duke with a 'moocle' and patent-leather shoes. And how hard it is to remember what is our errand, when lace handkerchiefs can be picked up at the instant there is need of bandage or absorbent cotton! But with the boys, not so: there stands the dog four-square, with all eyes fixed upon him. We know his breed at once, — bull terrier, or just 'bull'; fox terrier, Scotch collie, or Newfoundland. At least as often as the girls do the boys thus look upon the dog with knowing eye. Yet the girls are readier to give to him a 'personal' name; to make him, as 'Bob' or 'Spuds,' or 'Judge,' or 'Wiggles,' an individual almost ready for the franchise, rather than a mere animal and generic breed. The boys see the very pain of the dog direct, noting his whine, his limp, his evident suffering. The girls, too, may see this, but they are more inclined than are the boys to make us aware of the dog's suffering indirectly also, by its reflection in others' conduct, — in the suffering of persons in sympathy with the dog; thus it becomes an occasion for depicting human feeling. But the absorption in the dog himself leads more than one boy-narrator into something like a full biography of the dog, in a train of events perhaps so loosely bound together and to the accident, that the story may trickle off into reminiscence of some other dog the boy has possessed, or that has possessed the boy. Yet it is absorption and knowledge not always softened to sympathy, for here again we find an unhappy ending. Only in the boys' tales, among those I have read, is the accident fatal to the dog: after the injury, in one, the dog is chloroformed; in another, he is 'barried in the backyard.' The writer feels it not as tragedy, but as fact, to be told with a gray and tearless pen.

The girls, as I have said, are your true humanists; for them the dog is often a mere 'property,' and the real actors are the men and women, the boys and girls. They understand less the animal's acts and more the acts of men. Wherefore it is characteristic of the boy's art that 'greatest care was given to Bliss especaly from Jimy Blisse's master,' and that we never know in what that care consisted. With the boy-author the dog is carried home and possibly a 'veteran' is called in, and there's an end on't. But in the girls' stories the stricken animal is laid on the Duke's new coat; we know what costly gossamer binds his paw; and we see him as one of two 'sleeping buties' in the guest-room. Or, with less command of the comedy of high life, the dog is carried home in his mistress's arms, he is put to bed in the doll's cradle, and the sick-room is there before us. And when health and strength are returning, he is wheeled in the doll's carriage, and is given a brand-new collar. All of which lies beyond the boy's horizon.

It is but part of this elevation of what is human, that the girls more often than the boys have the dog suffer in a cause essentially human and heroic: the dog is hurt while fighting for his master; he saves the life of his mistress struggling in the water; he rushes into the street to rescue a babe endangered by a speeding 'Winton Six.' The girl's eye may be less single for the dog's true breed and nurture, but surely the muses and graces attend her story-telling.

III

In the third experiment limits again were set, but of another quality: the beginning — and of a different kind of story — was told, and the child was to bring it to any close that seemed inviting. If the suggested story of the dog

may perhaps have favored the boys, the subject now offered might be thought to give the girls some like advantage. Thus it began: —

'Once upon a time there was a little princess who was very beautiful. And her father, the king, wished that she might never know of her beauty and become vain. So he commanded that no one should tell her how fair she was, and he even would have no mirror in all that part of the palace where she lived.

'But there came a day when the king must go upon a long journey. And while he was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and —'

Here a few minds — wholly boys' — stuck, and could or would do nothing. Rising up through the lower circles one comes at last to this, perhaps the best of the boys' stories.

'And while he was away a young prince came riding by the castle and, saw her. He at once fell in love with her, and, he came to visit her several times while her father was away.

'One day the king came home, while the prince was there, then the prince asked her father for her hand. At first he did not know what to say, but after awhile he told the prince to come the next day and he would tell him. The prince went away and, thought whether he would get his love or not. The next day when he came everything was bright and gay at the castle. When he went in the father was there and gave him his consent.

'They celebrated the wedding the next day in a great banqueting hall. The wedding lasted for a week. All the kingdoms for miles around were invited to the feast.

'After the wedding was over they went to the princes kingdom and lived happily for a long time.'

Looking next at the girls' tales, one finds among the youngest and least schooled this dialogue which sets forth a wise yet ardent maiden's creed. What spirit in the princess, and how she cross-examines her headlong wooer!

'And while the king was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and he saw the princes out in the garden and thought her the most beautiful princes in the world. So he went up to her and siad After you are a little biger will you be my wife.

'The princes said I cannot tell you that you must ask my father.

'But I want to know why you want me to be your wife when this is the first time that you have seen me.

'I think you are so beautiful

'Yes, But how do you know I am a good house keeper

'I don't you are But you look like a good one.

'But anyhow you won't have to work in my castle

'I won't have a castle I want a little house and a boy & girl and my husband. You shall have what you want

'But I want to know why you call me beautiful no one else has call me beautiful befor But you

'They think you are if they don't say so

'The princes said I have never seen myself so I don't know if I am pretty or not.

'But won't you be my wife

'I can't my father has to tell you that

'He has gone away and won't be back till June 23. I will be your wife if he will let me. So you come back 23 of June if you want to

'The prince said he would.

'After that he went home.

'At the 23 her father came home

'And she told him what he said.

'Her father said she could if she love Him

'At the 23 the prince came back and got the princes and they were marry

and then taken to there house. [To no *castle*, mark you!]

'They had two dear dear children that were very beautiful

'They live very very happy all there lives and every boby love them.'

And who would not love a princess in a setting such as this — a whole chapter is needed for these gardens of the girls — and with this simple outcome of the tale, true to the child's present life!

'And while the king was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and saw the little princess smelling the fragrant violets and roses and all the pretty flowers, and picking some beautiful sweet-peas. The prince became in love with the princess, and thought he would like to meet her.

'One day the prince was taking a ride and he met the pretty princess in the end of the woods crying, near a pond and the prince went up to her and said, "what are you crying for little princess." and she said with a sob. "I have lost my ball in this pond and I can't get it. The said, "if you dont mind I will get it for you." and at the he dived in to the pond, in a few seconds he came up with the princess'es ball and he gave it to her. and she said, "oh thank you." And she ran home to the castle and she lived happily ever after.'

With the older girls fancy clambers and blossoms and comes to such fruitage that there is no time even for its owner to gather it all.

'And while he was gone the young prince came riding by the castle and saw the lovely princess in her window. Imediately he fell desperately in love with her and wished to speak to her. This was difficult because the king had all suitors put to death.

'Being an active person, the prince managed to scramble over the stone wall of the castle garden. He hid in a rose bush [thorny choice!] and waited. He waited for the head gardener who was working near, to go away. Then he quickly took a piece of scented note paper, which he had taken from a satin bag, that hung around his horse's kneck. He then took a jeweled pencil from his pocket and wrote a message to the little princess. He drew a small gold arrow from his quiver and tied the note to it, and shot it through the open window of the princess's room. Just at that time the princess left her room and did not read the note.

'Soon a maid came to clean the room and she saw the arrow. She read the message and wickedly thought that she would answer it. She took some of the princess's note paper and . . .'

For one of the girls, the meeting of the prince and princess does not occur until the prince — the princess at a distance sees him repulsed from the castle, and by letter suggests to him the ruse — disguises himself as a doctor and is called in when the princess feigns illness. Two girls, in these stories, hold in reserve the surprise that the prince is really the king's own son, the long-lost brother of the princess. Another girl has the marriage come before the king's return; and when he hears the news it is to him such a shock that he dies of 'heart failure.' But this seems not to have delayed the bridal journey — first, to the prince's home, then to China for two years, and finally 'they both took a year and a half of painting.' Yet in spite of this somewhat Bohemian existence, 'they were very happy together and for the rest of their lives they lived happilly together.'

Yet the boys, too, are not without invention. For one of them also, the meeting of prince and princess is brought about by guile: the prince is disguised as a peddler. Another boy-author has the king, in his anger at the princess's pride, give her to a beggar;

with whom a three years' sojourn is so chastening that she now obediently weds the prince. But for cumulative surprise and hairbreadth 'scapes and final tragedy, I find nothing to exceed this web from a boy of nine, just able to scrawl big letters: —

'A young prince past the castle and told the princess of her beauty. He showed her a mirror in witch she saw herself. When the king came home he put the prince in prison. The princess got the keys from the guard and set the prince free. The they ran and got on horseback and road away to the princes castle. The princess father too many men for the prince father. So then the prince and the princess take a ship and sail away but the ship hits the rocks and sinks and the fish eat the prince and princess up.

'THE END'

Here is an infant Dumas, preparing to hold his own even in an art where women show such skill.

A lumbering awkwardness in many of the boys' tales gives them their own attraction. One cannot but take delight in a story where there is breathless proposal and acceptance at sight, and where the sole occasion of delay is that the princess must first pack her 'things,' whereupon she will 'be rite out.' And there is humor perhaps not wholly unconscious — the writer is a lad with a rich Irish name — in this story where the 'wash jap' gives a glint of Californian color: —

—'dismounting his horse he stepped into the castle.

'He at once saw the princess and said, "O maid you are so beautiful, that I am compelled by my father to carry you off."

'The princess would not believe this until she had looked at her image in his bright buckle.

'But she then put her chin high in the air and with a "Get out," ordered him out of the castle. And then she walked up the stairs but did not notice a great tub of water which the wash jap had placed there, because her chin was so high in the air and she fell head-first in the tub of water.'

Yet if we can straighten our faces and summon judgment, we shall find the girls' tales — in spite of flashes from the boys — showing an imagination richer and more vivid, with a more delicate feeling of congruity. In the many stories read, but three of the girls' seemed wholly bare; while of the boys' full thrice this number bore these negative signs. More of the girls' tales seemed highly imaginative; and their stories, here as in the earlier experiments, have more of dialogue, with its sense of the speaking presence of the person. And if we note the characters beyond those given, we find that here again the girls give us the fuller stage: beside princess, prince, and king, there come trooping in from rear and wings the mother of the princess, the prince's mother and father, maids of honor, huntsmen, guards.

There is with them also an unthinking penetration into the secrets of emotion; a nicety, a sensitiveness, which is rarer in the boys. Your male child too often has his prince blare out his passion headlong from the road. But hearken to this cooing, this seemly hesitation, from a maid of nine.

'A young prince came by the castle and stop. He rong the door bell and said let me come in. Why? said the princess. I am very tired. I wish to stay here this night. All right said the prince[ss] in a sweet voice, you my. Night came, in the middle of the night the King came home, the prince was waiting for hem to come. The princess said, in a sweet voice a prince is here. A prince, said the King? The next day the king died, and she said in a low

voice. Will you stay with me every day. I am feeling Blue. Yes said the prince do you love me said the princess in a sweet voice. Yes I love you. Oh? do you love me. The next day they were marry they rode on White horses to the castle.'

Nor do the girls show ignorance of the fiercer and less sympathetic emotions, like anger and revenge. Yet the thought of war as the fruit of the prince's boldness here came solely from the boys. And quite in keeping, they more often imagine the prince to obtain the princess by some violence to law and order — they alone have him elope with her or forcibly abduct her. With the boys, furthermore, and as we might expect, marriage plays a somewhat diminished part; the boys can more readily than the girls accept some other ending for their tale, — perhaps some comic retribution to the princess for her vanity, possibly the death of the prince and his betrothed before their wedding day. Yet with the girls, too, the tale may close not with marriage, but with the cure of the princess's vanity; not in farce, however, but by a means in keeping with a tale of chivalry — by her imprisonment. And in one of the girls' stories already given, we had an idyllic outcome: the princess plays in the wood, and the prince recovers her lost ball, there by the quiet pool. But beyond romantic love and marriage, the love of little children is deeper in the woman-child; for to many a little girl, but not to a boy, the tale is unfinished until the babes have come.

If there is still a moment before we weary, the contrast in the ways of the imagination can perhaps be further shown almost as by touchstones; and first by the incident of the mirror. Until the princess stands before a glass, after the prince's coming, it will be remembered that she had never seen herself or any face or object thus reflected. Now with any approach to life and understanding, the situation here is conceived by but few of the children, and these are always girls. In several of their stories, but in none of the boys', the princess fails at first to recognize the face seen in the glass, — fails to recognize it even as a reflection. She sees it as a *picture*, a strange and beautiful picture, and nothing more.

And beyond, though close upon this incident, comes a triple test. There is at the very opening of the story a suggestion of three events to come: the princess's discovery of her beauty; some consequence of this discovery — perhaps vanity in her, or a simple and unchanged mind; and the return of the king. It is uncommon for the story to be carried to such completion that all three of the motives come to their fruition. But among those who do thus round out the tale, the girls are in greater number. They more often seem to feel the still-unsatisfied interests in the narrative, are aware of its interlacing parts; consequently they may be said to be more sensitive to an important element of form.

IV

And now as we turn homeward on our lingering way, which — if we have looked only to the children — has been as through some bee's meadow where flowers still are dewy, would it not be well to part without contention? 'Have we not brought with us some shadow of proof that woman's mind, before it is touched by custom, is readier and richer than man's?' some member of our company may say. And another might answer, 'Proof, rather, that she is swayed by feeling, and cannot reason.' But quieting these restless ones, let us defer to the later afternoon — or to another day — all questioning. For the wider judgment calls for a wider

survey. And even of the imagination in the realm of story, it must not be thought that we have seen what comes of the flight of the one rare bird in a myriad; for we have been looking, not at genius, but at the general, and what is met on any morning stroll.

Yet we have seen that near life's opening there is a clear contrast in one aspect of the mind. In imagination directed to form a story the plain and common girl excels the boy. But, it will be asked, is not even this due to externals? In part, perhaps, but hardly altogether. For while there are outer influences to make the boy and girl unlike in taste for color and dress and in their games and in fortitude, yet we commonly find little or no pressure from elders nor any canon framed and honored by the children themselves that aside from their own endowment and impulse would cause them early to differ in so secret a possession as the power to weave a tale. Minor influences from without there doubtless are; but in the main I believe we have here an important and a natural contrast in the minds that later are to belong to women and to men.

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS

BY E. NELSON FELL

THE scene of the tale which follows is laid in the Kirghiz Steppes, part of the Central Asiatic plateau which is the ultimate birthplace of all our Western modes of thought and culture and religion. Here the writer was engaged for several years in directing the operations of a large mining company. This sparsely settled territory came under the sway of the Russian Empire about fifty years ago. Villages are scattered through it at rare intervals, some settled by Russian peasants, others by Cossacks (Kirghiz); the two classes are not mixed.

The Cossacks are a nomadic people, more nearly self-governing and independent than the peasants, and proportionately better off. Their system of land-tenure is interwoven with the privileges and the obligations of caste, which are passed down from father to son with care and pride. In the brief summer the Cossacks lead a life of enchantment. All winter they live in filthy, ill-ventilated, subterranean one-room hovels; yet, strange to say, they are scrupulously clean about their persons, never eat without washing the hands first, and always remove their outer boots on entering a tent or house.

The peasant is in a class rigidly defined by law. Once a peasant always a peasant. He is one of a community whose members own their land in common. Each man has the use of a certain plot of land for a few years and then exchanges it with some one else. Under this deadening system the land is doomed to inevitable impoverishment. In spite of the fatherly solicitude with which the peasant is treated by the Imperial government, his lot is not likely to improve.

The Russian women are a thing apart from the men. At table they prefer to sit together at one end while the men cluster at the other. There is no sustained conversation at the women's end, but among the men there is a continual stream of talk. The woman's function is primarily to be the mother of children and secondarily to care for the house, which means the kitchen, as the rest of the house is seldom cared for.

Here, as elsewhere in Russia, rank is inevitably insisted upon; but this is part of the machinery of law and order. Humanly each man feels himself on an equality with the next. You are Ivan Ivanovitch (John, son of John) alike to the commonest workman, to your personal friend, and to the Governor General; and so are they to you.

There is no beauty to the eye in this strange, flat land, diversified by rocky areas and forests, and to the south by rough hills, but there is a beauty which can be felt and to which one cannot remain indifferent. In speaking of the country I usually call it 'the desert,' for though it is not the desert of shifting sands that we all know, I think the word describes it better than any other.

With these few words of introduction I pass on to one of my clear recollections.

I

It had been a long, tedious winter. All winters are tedious when they are seven months long. The first dash of the frost giants over the hills in the autumn is inspiriting, and the first jangle of sleigh-bells over fresh snow makes the blood tingle, but before the first of May has come, the fierce winds have swept bare the level places, and where the snow lies it is driven into ice-drifts and glazed and polished by the blasts of the ceaseless storms. The landscape looks tired and is tired, and so are you. Your fur coat and felt overshoes are hateful burdens; the storm doors and windows oppress your house with an airless grasp; each year it seems as though spring were delayed and would never come.

It was toward the end of April, 1906, that Henry Fordham and I were sitting in the company's office, lamenting the slow progress of the seasons, and wondering whether the weather was showing any signs of change. The old Kirghiz, Baijan, was making up the stoves for the night; in the next room could be heard the ceaseless click of the counting boards, as the clerks added the interminable pay-rolls.

Outside, a camel transport train had just arrived from the mines, — heavy two-humped beasts, with their long fur knickerbockers, and humps lying flabby on their backs; the only living animal that can look an icy blizzard in the face without quailing; each camel lashed to a small pair of runners to which was fastened a basket, in which was piled about seven hundred pounds of rich copper ore. Inside the carrier's office, the Kirghiz drivers were thawing out and chattering in shrill voices: 'Aksha kerek, aksha kerek, Bai!' [Give us our money, boss.] And we could hear the invariable answer of our transportation clerk: 'Aksha ajok, aida!' [There is no money; go away.] But this did not satisfy them at all, and the hubbub rose and fell till Fordham yawned and murmured something about sending the cashier to Akmolinsk for cash, and then, rousing himself, called in a loud tone, 'Ivan, O Ivan!' and the felt-lined door opened and Ivan Korde came in, a large Esthonian, of the Guild of Accountants of St. Petersburg, bonded to the company by his guild.

'Ivan, can you go to Akmolinsk tomorrow?'

'Yes, I can.'

'How much money do we need?'

'Twenty thousand roubles.'

'Well, make out a check on the Imperial Bank, and get ready to go; we need the money for pay-day next week; and — O Ivan — send Tokai for the stables foreman.'

And in due time the *starosta*, or stables foreman, appeared.

'What are your orders?' said the starosta.

'I want the cashier to leave to-morrow morning at four o'clock for Akmolinsk. Send the chestnut horses forward at once to the Noura River for a relay, and the bays to Badpak, and let him start with the piebalds: he can hire horses at Beresovski for the last stretch to Akmolinsk,' said Fordham.

'Your honor knows,' replied the starosta; 'but I have lived in this country many years and know the signs, and if the cashier leaves to-morrow for Akmolinsk, he will not return for at least three weeks: the thaw is beginning and the rivers will soon be in flood; he may reach Akmolinsk, but he will have time to drink much vodka before he can return.'

'But the money, the money!' said Fordham; 'we must have the money; he *must* go to Akmolinsk.'

'Your honor knows about the money,' cooed the starosta, 'but I know that if Ivan leaves for Akmolinsk to-morrow, he will not return for many weeks.'

Fordham's face was troubled; we had of late frequently disappointed the workmen through lack of cash, and we dreaded to think of another payless pay-day. But the starosta was right, and already, as we left the office, the air had a tender feeling. The next morning, there was no doubt; a warm wind was blowing, the ground was soft, little rivulets were trickling down the gullies; the starosta was right, spring had come. But, in spite of spring, there was no joy in Fordham's face when we met.

'What can we do?' he said. 'We cannot face our men again when pay-day comes, if we have no money; it will be a scandal.'

And the situation was serious; we were absolutely cut off from the world, without apparently any possibility of securing cash for at least a month. We inquired here, there, and everywhere; we could not scrape together a thousand roubles from all sources. And then the Kirghiz Kusain appeared and said, —

'Your honor needs money?'

I was provoked and answered hastily, 'Of course I need money; every one needs money; you need it too.'

'Ah, but your honor needs it worse than I do.'

'And if I do, can you supply it?'

'No, your honor, I am a poor man; but there are Kirghiz who are rich, very rich; who keep their money in rouble bills, locked in their tin-bound trunks; there is Adam Bai, brother of Djingir, whose herd of mares you saw when we crossed the Noura together the other day: Djingir is rich, very rich, but he has not much money; Adam Bai is rich too, and he keeps his riches in money; perhaps he may lend you some of it, but he will charge a great deal. Oh, he is rich, he is very rich!'

'Kusain, we will go and see him — where is he now?'

'He is now in his tents on the Ilinski River behind the Kisil Tav mountains, thirty miles from here.'

'We will leave to-morrow and go and see him.'

'You cannot leave to-morrow to see Adam Bai. Your honor is a great lord and Adam Bai is a great lord; to-morrow I will send two messengers on horses, who will tell Adam Bai that you are coming, and the next day you can go yourself and Adam Bai will be ready to receive you.'

So on the third day, arrayed in our

most beautiful clothes, with our best teams harnessed three horses abreast, each with his attendant interpreter, and with numerous mounted guides and escorts, we dashed off at full gallop through our little village, out on to the rolling steppes. Three days of spring had worked a miracle. The air was balmy and moist, and a mat of flowers chased the snow as it fled up the hills. Spring on the steppe is an ecstasy of nascent life; flowers, birds, animals, all know that their day at last has come.

As we came near to Adam Bai's encampment, an escort of horsemen rode out to meet us and led us to the tent which had been prepared for us. It was a beautiful *yurta* or circular tent, about twenty-five feet in diameter, with an outside covering of snowy white felt supported on a light wooden trellis with dome-shaped roof. As there are no poles inside, the whole floor space is clear. The floor was covered with gorgeous rugs and the walls were hung with silk mats. We took off our shoes and entered. The *tunduk* or cover was partly thrown back, and the setting sun filled the tent with red light. Around our tent were those of Adam Bai and his followers. They were arriving from all sides, driving in the herds before them: great herds of camels and sheep and goats and some cattle, which sorted themselves without confusion, the sheep lying down by themselves, the camels by themselves, the goats by themselves, and the cattle by themselves. Nature is so harmonious when she is undisturbed. They lay together and waited patiently for the rest which comes with darkness. The old men were gathered by the doors of their tents. Rachel was drawing water from the well; so they had been doing for forty centuries and more. The cradle of our race had been rocked under these stars; here had our childhood been spent.

Adam Bai came in with his sons and his friends, his secretary and his bard, Izat by name. We sat in a circle on the rugs, and the huge skin of *koumiss* was brought in, which was ladled out to us in painted wooden bowls. A colt was led in and Adam Bai explained that he was about to slaughter it for us; but to his chagrin, we begged him to substitute a sheep. After the koumiss was finished, the samovar was brought in, and tea and sweets were served, with rock-like cheese and *bursaks*, little pellets of bread fried in tallow, the only food these people eat which is not either meat or milk.

The evening wore away in unceasing chatter, and I frequently asked Kusain whether the propitious moment for a business talk had arrived, and the answer was always 'No.' Finally, when our enfeebled western natures could absorb no more sour milk, several huge platters of boiled sheep were brought in; a young Kirghiz brought round to each person a copper kettle and bowl and poured water over our hands, and the real business of the day began. I never felt my inferiority so keenly before. Full to the high-water mark with tea and sour milk and sour cheese, I dipped my hand in my dish and made bold passes at the hateful meat; but all my ruses were detected and Adam Bai reproved my restraint, and, picking out with his fingers the eye of the sheep, which was lying lustreless in the sodden mass, he thrust it into my mouth — a compliment of peculiar meaning. Never have I felt so helpless! The power of swallowing seemed lost to me forever. It seemed to be hours that I turned that horrible eye round in my mouth. Somehow the merciful end came at last, and Adam Bai seized a huge lump of tallow and crammed it into the eager mouth of Kusain. What a delicious morsel to chew during the silent night!

Next morning we prepared to go, and I was growing alarmed lest the overwhelming hospitality of our host should thwart the business on which we came and which was so urgent; but at the last moment Kusain and the secretary had some conversation, and it was explained to me that Adam Bai, considering the watchful care which we had always taken of the poor unfortunate Kirghiz who were compelled to work for money, would lend us the sum of twenty thousand roubles, provided we would repay him twenty-two thousand roubles within one month. Visions of the successful trades which Jacob had made on these very hills flitted before our minds, and, bowing with profound respect to such historic precedents re-enacted for our benefit, we invited this successful son of the desert to visit us at our office one week from that day and bring with him his treasure. But there was not one word from Adam Bai himself. He sat stolid and unmoved. Not tall, but very fat, as all rich Kirghiz must be, — a mass of wadded and embroidered clothes, squatted cross-legged on the floor, his small well-kept hands folded in front of him, his face without the shadow of any expression. And he said 'Kosh' [good-bye], and we said 'Kosh,' and so we rolled away in our carriages, determined to take at least a correspondence-school course of desert training, before again attempting to enter the paths of high finance.

II

The days passed and pay-day was drawing near. The memory of the horrible meal we had made haunted us, and still more, the dread lest Adam Bai should fail us. As the workmen passed us they would ask, 'Will the money come?' and we set our teeth and replied, 'The money will come'; and with 'Glory be to God' on their lips they passed on. But one fine day the word reached us that to-morrow Adam Bai would come, and we killed the sheep and prepared to receive the wily financier. And the next morning he came with a rush; with a cloud of outriders, tearing at full gallop through the street, the drivers shouting and lashing their horses. In a disreputable-looking carriage, with impossible harness, Adam Bai was sitting like a Chinese idol with his poet by his side. And after he had divested himself of numerous fur coats, we escorted him to his seat of honor, in which he sat and grunted loudly, for it was a chair and he detested chairs, for they made his fat old body ache. But we felt a malicious delight in making him sit on our chairs, as the stork felt when he fed the fox from a long-necked bottle in return for the hospitality of the fox, which had fed him soup from a shallow platter.

Tea was brought in and conversation went on for an hour or more; and in the first pause, I said to Kusain, 'Ask him if he has brought the money.'

'Hush,' said Kusain, 'he might hear you.'

Then the poet sang: —

'Life is like a road; if you lose your way,
It is not your enemies who will show you the path,
But your friends.

'The true friend is like the oaken stick upon which you lean and rest,
But the false friend is like the reed upon which you lean and it breaks and the splinters pierce your hand.'

I ask Kusain, 'Is Adam Bai the oak or the reed? Has he brought the money?'

And Kusain replies again, 'Hush, he might hear you!'

After the poet has finished, dinner is served, and several sheep rapidly disappear; but the only expression which Adam Bai's face betrays is anger with his hateful chair. He is fed by his at-

tendants and consumes many dried cherries, the stones of which he emits with great force and explosive sounds, and those which do not fall on our plates fall on the table-cloth around us. And the day wears on and we are growing convinced that the chances of money are vanishing, when the secretary begins to talk Russian and Adam Bai sinks lower and lower in his chair. And we send for the notary, and the local policeman, and the judge; and the Russian manager, and the attorney, and all the other officers of the works arrive, and Baijan the stove-tender, and all our servants, and the room is filled to suffocation. It is the most solemn and important transaction which has ever taken place at the works. Ink is brought, and green sand and long pens and sealing-wax and seals, and everybody begins to write, and nearly everybody to sign, while the policeman threads the papers on red tape and seals them. Only Adam Bai is motionless; he is almost lying in his chair now.

I say to Kusain: 'Everything is nearly ready now; ask where the money is.'

'Hush,' says Kusain, 'you must sign these papers.'

'But I won't hush; tell Adam Bai to make his servants bring the money.'

But nobody seems to care about the money except myself, so interested are they all in the legal formalities; and the notary ties up his bag, and the policeman buckles on his sword, and the whole ceremony seems to be over.

But I begin to lose my patience, and I tell Kusain that something else must happen pretty soon, and Kusain whispers to the secretary and the secretary whispers into the wadded clothes, and the wadded clothes grunt. And then a most extraordinary scene begins. The old man is lying in the chair swaddled in countless layers of wadded cotton coats, his fat arms dangling over the arms of the chair. Two of his men rush at him, one from each side; they plunge their hands into the recesses of his clothing, and grope and pull; and now one pulls out a bundle of notes and now another, and Adam Bai lies grunting, and as each bundle of notes is dragged from its hiding-place, he emits a groan of despair; and the last bundle is a particularly big bundle, and his groan is the most pitiful of all, and he sinks down in utter collapse.

So much money on the table fascinates the spectators who stand speechless with awe. The policeman takes charge of the situation and assigns the different bundles to different persons to count. The abacus is brought in and the little balls begin to click.

Adam Bai begins to stir in his chair; his attendants begin to search for their coats and caps.

'Nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven roubles,' said the policeman to me.

Everybody was putting on his coat.

'Kusain,' I said, 'there is a shortage of three roubles.'

Kusain apparently did not hear and began a search for my hat.

'Kusain,' I said, 'tell the secretary we are three roubles short.'

'Tut, tut!' said the secretary. 'I must help Adam Bai; the business is concluded; he wants to go.'

'Kusain,' I shouted, 'tell the secretary to tell Adam Bai that he has given us three roubles too little.'

The secretary turned to Adam Bai, who sat up in his chair and motioned for his boots. Nobody was paying any attention to me.

'Three roubles,' I shouted. 'Three roubles short!'

'Impossible,' said Adam Bai; and he seemed to have waked up; 'it must be under the blotter, or it may have fallen under the table.'

'No,' said I, 'it is not under the blot-

ter nor under the table; it is short, and I must have it to make our bargain good.'

At this, the secretary began to look under papers, and Adam Bai assumed great interest in all the out-of-the-way corners where a stray three-rouble bill might lie, and they all looked at me in an injured way with their mild innocent eyes, till I felt ashamed of my insistence. But I waited while they hunted and every one hunted, until we were stopped by a cry from Adam Bai. 'See here,' he said (he was looking into his sleeve), 'is it not strange, I have found a three-rouble bill up my sleeve; perhaps this is the one which was lost; I wonder how it got up my sleeve.'

O Adam Bai! Well art thou named Adam. Thou hast carried down to this generation the glorious tradition of original sin untarnished. Go in peace. Jacob's secrets are safe in thy hands.

And a deep silence fell on the room, and Adam Bai gathered up his clothes and left. And during the years which followed, he never forgave me our three roubles.

THE POET

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

ONCE in my garret, — you being far away,
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied, — brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and gray
Dapple my desk, too tired to labor more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

OUR DIVIDED COUNTRY

BY HENRY J. FLETCHER

I

DURING the first century and a third of our existence as a nation, it was the policy of the United States to encourage the settlement of our vast public domain as rapidly as possible, and we urgently invited immigration from every European country. In order to hasten the Americanization of the millions accepting our invitation we invented the theory, then perhaps new in the world, that every man has a natural right to throw off his old allegiance upon emigrating from his native land, and to accept citizenship in any country he may please to choose for his domicile. Every enterprising politician understood the advantage of bidding for the support of the new citizens by being most warm in welcome, most active in conferring the rights of citizenship upon them, and most eloquent in explaining how the European peasant, who never enjoyed the slightest participation in the government of his native country and was therefore utterly inexperienced and as ignorant as a child of the principles of civil government, was nevertheless abundantly qualified to exercise all the prerogatives of popular sovereignty. Now that we have a population of a hundred millions, so dense that migration to Canada on a large scale has been going on for years, so dense that Iowa in the last decennial census period lost so much population as to cut down her representation in Congress, the question of immigration and naturalization takes on a different aspect; especially so when we turn from an anxious study of a world at war to consider the resources upon which we can rely for defense, in the event that the conflagration should ultimately reach us.

It is becoming every day more and more clear that, in time of war, that state is relatively strongest which has the most homogeneous population, and that state is weakest whose population is most heterogeneous. When it comes to marshaling the energies of a country for attack or defense, the spiritual forces to be mobilized are at least as important as the material, perhaps more so; and whatever influences are at work to disintegrate the unity of the state must be taken into account in making an inventory of its available strength. Few nations suffer so much from divisive influences as the United States. Its citizenry is a mixture of all the races of the earth; and there is increasing evidence that, as respects many of the elements which compose the mass, they are imperfectly assimilated, and as respects many others, they have not undergone the slightest change in being transported to our shores. Allegiance to one's country is not a matter of words or declarations. It cannot be put on and off at will. If a Mongolian were permitted to be naturalized in the United States, he would be as much a Mongolian after naturalization as before; and he would continue to be a Mongolian in his sympathies, his instincts, his political and social conceptions, until he had lived here through

generations enough to take the Mongolian character out of him and his descendants. His declaration on oath that he was attached to the principles of the Constitution, and that he renounced allegiance to any other prince, potentate, or sovereignty, and particularly to the Republic of China, would have only the slightest effect upon him when his adopted country came into conflict with the land of his nativity. The United States is unquestionably wise in refusing naturalization to Oriental races, whose allegiance in the nature of things could only be skin deep. Naturalization should be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual transformation — not merely a vaccination-mark to be carried by the wearer as a proof of his immunity from foreign military service.

There are not enough citizens of Mongolian descent in the United States to make the question from their standpoint interesting; but if there are nine millions of German birth or descent, three millions of Scandinavian, one and a half of French, more than two of Italian, ten of English, the extent to which their presence weakens the country becomes a matter of the first magnitude. The strength of the tie of allegiance to the United States as against the country of their origin, in case of life-and-death struggle between the two, is something which the individuals themselves are wholly incapable of estimating in advance. It depends upon the extent to which the old ties have been weakened and new ties formed here. It depends upon the extent to which the German, French, Russian, Italian, English characters have been erased and American traits developed in their place. It is measured by their unconscious recognition of the claims of family relations in the old country, the claims of the church which for centuries has exercised dominion over them and their ancestors, and the claims of the government of the country which still asserts its sovereignty over its subjects in whatever part of the world they may have their domicile. Allegiance is a matter of psychology, quite as much as of law. In short, it is simply a question of the thoroughness with which the melting-pot has done its work. Until the nationality of the immigrant and his descendants has been melted and recast, he is still at heart a foreigner; he is an element of weakness and disunion, and to that extent he will be a traitor to his adopted country whenever that country comes to death-grips with the land of his birth. The instinct of nationality, which it has taken centuries of suffering and sacrifice for his native land to breed into him, cannot be obliterated by a superficial ceremony of naturalization and a few years' residence here. The only patriotism that is worth anything, or that can be relied on to give its life to save the life of the state, is one that has been mellowed by time and wrought into the spiritual fibre.

Just now the German-American part of our population is glorying in its Germanism, and is organizing itself in all sorts of ways to resist as stubbornly as possible the process of Americanization and to preserve as perfectly as possible its national characteristics. This is not mentioned as a fault, but merely as a fact. It is the more interesting because it is not true of any other section of our naturalized citizenship to the same degree. There are organizations of Danish, Bohemian, Welsh, and other nationalities, the purpose of each of which is to keep alive among its members and their children the memory of their native land, its history, language, art, and literature, and a just pride in their ancestry; but it is among the German-Americans preëminently that societies are being formed to promote in

this country the interests of their fatherland, and to intensify and perpetuate the sense of an undying fidelity to it. The invincibility of the German instinct is one of the chief proofs of the depth and strength of the German character. But the feeling is strong in varying degrees among our naturalized citizens of many European nationalities.

The intensity of this feeling among their subjects at home is the mightiest factor in the strength of most of the states now at war; it is the source of that indomitable fortitude which places every drop of blood and every dollar at the disposal of the state. But it is precisely this sense of indelible allegiance among our citizens of foreign birth, this recognition of an allegiance which survives naturalization, that is one of the most alarming sources of weakness in our own country.

II

A state's claim to the obedience of its subjects after their naturalization in a foreign country goes only one step beyond the claim, made by nearly all countries, of criminal jurisdiction over their subjects wherever in the world they may happen to be. The United States, almost alone among the nations, disclaims any right to punish American citizens for crimes committed within the dominions of other independent states. This right of a state, in the exercise of its sovereignty, to take jurisdiction of crimes of its subjects committed in foreign countries, and to inflict such punishment as it may think fit, is quite generally recognized; some states even go to the length, in certain cases, of asserting the right to punish the subjects of other countries for crimes committed abroad against its own subjects. This is an assertion of criminal jurisdiction by a state, not only within its own territorial boundaries and upon the high seas and in uncivilized places where there is no law adequate to punishment of crime; it is an assertion of criminal jurisdiction within the boundaries of other independent sovereignties. Speaking broadly, this pretension is denied in the United States, and all right to so extensive a jurisdiction is denied here.

The position of the United States is briefly stated: the penal laws of a country have no extra-territorial effect. Jurisdiction is founded upon the idea that every state is supreme within its territorial boundaries, and the correlative doctrine that beyond those boundaries its penal laws have no force. Hence, if an American citizen should murder another American citizen while traveling in Europe, he could be punished by the government of the country where the crime was committed; but if it should for any reason neglect to proceed against him, he could not be punished upon his return home. Porter Charlton, who has been convicted in the Italian courts of murdering his wife, returned to America after the crime and was sent back to Italy upon request of the Italian government, notwithstanding the fact that that government would not have surrendered an Italian subject upon the request of the United States in a similar case. But if Italy had not demanded him, or if the government of the United States had refused to extradite him, there is no law in the United States under which he could be tried here.

This disclaimer by the United States of extra-territorial jurisdiction over its citizens is not an element of weakness, because comparatively few Americans permanently emigrate to foreign countries, and fewer still become naturalized there. But the steadfast assertion of such jurisdiction by foreign governments over their subjects domiciled

here has a very marked effect in delaying the process of Americanization, and in weakening the sense of American citizenship even after naturalization here. If an Austrian knows that, while residing in Ohio, he may, by working in a factory, commit a crime against the laws of Austria for which he may be executed if he should ever return to his native land, or for which his inheritance there will be forfeited even if he never returns, he is made to realize very vividly the ties that bind him to the fatherland. The act may be perfectly innocent in the United States, but treasonable in the eyes of Austrian law. After committing such a crime, should he go through the solemn rite of naturalization, and thereby become theoretically entitled to the protection of his adopted country, the knowledge that the United States neither can nor will try to protect him must sadly weaken the force of his new allegiance.

The newspapers on September 26 printed an account of the proceedings at Youngstown, Ohio, in which one Ciepelowski, an Austrian subject, was brought into a court to answer questions propounded to him at the instance of the Austrian government, regarding alleged treasonable utterances here. It was stated that he refused to answer the questions, and proposed to resist any attempt to extradite him to Austria, and that the depositions taken were to be forwarded to the Austrian consul at Cleveland. The Dumba incident clearly showed the purpose of the Austrian government to notify its subjects working in American munitions factories that such acts would be considered as treason, and would render them liable to prosecution in Austria. Whether that government would try them in their absence, find them guilty, confiscate any property of theirs which could be found, forfeit their rights of inheritance, persecute their relatives, — or exactly what steps it would take to punish them, — is not disclosed. Once guilty of such a crime, it is clear that no subsequent naturalization in this country could save them from the appropriate penalties.

The following advertisement is said to have been published in many Austro-Hungarian newspapers in the United States: 'The Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Embassy, acting under orders from the home government, gives notice by this announcement to all Austrian and Hungarian citizens, including the men from Bosnia and Herzegovina, in conformity with Paragraph 327 of the Austrian Military Criminal Law, that all workmen who are employed in factories in this country which are making either arms or ammunition for the enemies of your country are guilty of a crime against the military safety of your fatherland. This crime is punishable by from ten to twenty years' imprisonment and, in especially aggravating circumstances, by the penalty of death. Against those who violate this order, the whole force of the law will be invoked in the event of their return hereafter to their own country.'

In the case of the more ignorant foreigners, imbued with a deep sense of the ability and willingness of their native country to punish relentlessly any violation of its laws, even when committed in this country, it is not likely that the ceremony of naturalization, whose significance is but feebly grasped and whose legal effect is at the best obscure and doubtful, can emancipate them from the dominion of a sovereignty which claims the right to follow them to the ends of the earth.

Lately a number of applicants for citizenship in the courts at Minneapolis were examined by an officer of the

United States Naturalization Bureau. He put to each of them this question: 'I have been told that Germany and some of the other nations of Europe have passed laws permitting their native-born to enlist in their armies and enjoy all the privileges of full citizenship even though such native-born may be naturalized citizens of the United States. I have also been told that there are laws in those countries aiming to affect the actions of the native-born even while they are in the United States, and aiming also to hold them to observance of the laws of the European countries. Now I want to know, if such laws exist, whether you intend to obey them or be governed by them in any way?' The applicants are said to have answered that they would pay no attention to any such laws, and all said that they did not know that the laws had been passed.

They were also asked: 'You may some time be called upon to pass the supreme test of citizenship and loyalty; you may be asked to bear arms against the land of your birth. Will you do it if you are called?' And they answered that they would take up arms against their native land if called.

Those promises may or may not have been sincere; the questions may or may not have been clearly understood. The applicants may believe to-day that they would fight against their native land if called upon; but when the crucial time comes, and the summons of his adopted country sounds in his ears while the call of his ancestral country rings in his heart, nobody knows which call the German-American will answer.

This assertion by European states of jurisdiction to punish crimes committed by their subjects abroad, though recently brought home to us and having a sound of novelty, is not new. The English courts have repeatedly tried, convicted, and executed men for murders committed in foreign countries — in Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere. There is nothing surprising in a state's assertion of the right to punish its own subjects for treason or other crimes striking directly at the safety of the state, though committed within the jurisdiction of a foreign power. Nearly every country punishes such crimes if the offender can be caught, no matter where they were committed.

In a few countries the right is claimed to punish the subjects of foreign states for ordinary crimes committed abroad, if the victims are the subjects of the punishing state; but most European countries disclaim so extensive a jurisdiction. No self-respecting government could tolerate the prosecution of its own citizens in the courts of a foreign country for a crime alleged to have been committed at home. It would amount to an invasion of the territorial sovereignty, and very few countries would at the present day venture upon so offensive a course unless prepared to affront the country whose citizens were endangered by it. There are such laws in Russia and Greece, and such jurisdiction is provided for to a limited extent in Norway, Sweden, Austria, and Italy; but cases involving the question must be of very rare occurrence. But many foreign nations would punish American citizens for acts injurious to the safety of the foreign state, though they were committed here and the citizens were innocent under our laws; and it is very certain that they would punish their own subjects, though naturalized in the United States, for such offenses committed before naturalization; that is, they would not admit that naturalization could purge the crime, any more than it could relieve the immigrant of the obligation to perform military service to which he became liable before he left his na-

tive country. Their definition of acts against the safety of the state would be whatever they chose to make it. Working in munitions factories, failure to return to the army upon call, persuading another not to return, and many other acts or omissions might easily come within a carefully worded definition.

The right of a state to punish its citizens for crimes committed in foreign countries is well recognized by the authorities in international law, and is a right with the exercise of which, in strictness, other states have nothing to do. It is founded in the right of sovereignty, which in many countries has a personal as well as territorial character. Continental Europe not only asserts exclusive jurisdiction within its own territory, but also claims a right to hold its subject within the grip of its laws wherever he may go, and to enforce them against him when he returns. This doctrine is not peculiar to the states whose system is founded upon the Roman law. The doctrine of exclusive territorial jurisdiction and the corresponding doctrine that the penal laws of a state have no extra-territorial force, must therefore be taken with this important qualification. The personal jurisdiction of a state over its subjects may follow them abroad and expose them to the possibility of being doubly punished for the same offence, or to the risk of being punished when they return home for an act which was innocent where it was performed; and if the laws of their native country provide for trials *in absentia*, their estates there may be confiscated and their rights of inheritance forfeited in any manner the sovereign pleases.

Even the United States recognizes the possibility of crimes being committed by its citizens in foreign countries and punishable in our courts. According to section 5335 of the Revised Statutes, 'Every citizen of the United States, whether actually resident or abiding within the same, or in any foreign country, who without the permission or authority of the government directly or indirectly commences or carries on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof, with intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the government of the United States,' and so forth, shall be fined not more than $5000 and imprisoned. Section 1750 provides for the punishment of the crime of perjury when committed by a person making a false oath, affidavit, or deposition in a foreign country before a secretary of legation or consul of the United States residing there; the person is to be tried, convicted, and punished in the United States courts in the same manner as if the act were committed here. Both of these statutes, however, concern the functions of United States diplomatic and consular officers, and are designed to protect those functionaries and the government against any acts which might impair their efficiency. They strengthen the fiction of ex-territoriality, according to which persons in the diplomatic service of their country carry its territory with them.

That the claim of European nations to control the actions of their subjects while residing in foreign countries is not a mere theory, is illustrated by the action of the German government in enacting a law on October 21, 1915, by which every German subject owning or having a share in any merchant vessel was forbidden to sell or in any way dispose of his interest, this law applying to German subjects residing in foreign countries. The principle is not different from that under which Germany

and Austria hold their subjects, working in American munitions factories, to be criminals or even traitors. In view of the fact that any person violating such a law will never dare go back to his native land, it would be a waste of breath to explain to him that the penal laws of a country have no extra-territorial effect.

Thus the United States is in the unfortunate position of having conferred all the privileges and immunities of citizenship upon multitudes of persons who, in spite of a perfunctory and often farcical renunciation of their foreign allegiance, are bound to their home land by ties of blood, of language, of religion, of law, of sentiment, all woven together into character and rooted in the deepest facts of human nature. And we face the possibility of confronting a nation whose perfect unity has been cemented by the blood of a hundred battles, while our own citizenship is diluted with millions whose allegiance is a legal fiction. Had they not been clothed with citizenship, we could in the hour of need expel them or confine them in concentration camps; but as citizens, until they commit some overt act of treason they are entitled to all the rights of the native-born.

It is most unlikely that any considerable part of our naturalized population would in the event of war take up arms for our enemies; beyond a doubt the vast majority to-day think that in such an event they would fight for their adopted country; but in a state governed by public opinion there are a thousand ways in which the arm of the state may be paralyzed without the use of actual force. It is reported in the papers that the Russian government has caused the execution of two hundred German officers in the Russian army, whose presence there, while they were nominally fighting for Russia, was an element of weakness rather than of strength. The fact that Austria has been obliged to mix Bohemian and other partially disaffected troops in her armies with those of Hungarian and German blood, is doubtless one of the reasons for the poor showing Austria has made in this war.

It would be interesting to speculate on the influence which would be exerted on the conduct of the war if there were in Germany millions of naturalized men and women of English birth, owning their fair share of the wealth, holding many of the most important posts in church and state, in schools and universities, constantly preaching the superiority of everything British over everything German, denouncing the government, prophesying disaster, dissuading men from enlistment, maintaining secret correspondence with the enemy, doing their best to infect the army with locomotor ataxia and neurasthenia. But (one hastens to add) it is unthinkable that Germany would ever be guilty of the imbecility of allowing so dangerous an element to intrench itself so near the sources of power and authority. Our danger is the natural concomitant of a loose democracy, of a political philosophy which refuses to take thought for the morrow, and of an unheard-of prosperity, so widespread and long-continued as to breed an individualism utterly blind to the deeper interests of society as a whole.

III

The weakness of the United States as compared with other countries in the mobilizing of its spiritual forces, is further shown by the different views taken here and abroad of the right of voluntary expatriation. The attitude of the American government, at least of the legislative department, was expressed in the Act of Congress in 1868 declaring it 'an inherent right of all people,'

and declaring that any 'declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision of any officer of this government which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions the right of expatriation' is 'inconsistent with the fundamental principles of this government'; and that all naturalized citizens should, while abroad, be entitled to receive from the United States the same protection of person and property that is accorded to native-born citizens in like circumstances and conditions.

This idea of the inherent right of expatriation, however, is not generally recognized, and it requires something more than an act of Congress to give a subject of a European state the right to divest himself of his native allegiance on becoming an American citizen. The government of the United States has not, as a matter of fact, attempted to extend its full protection to naturalized citizens who have gone back to their native countries and have there been seized and compelled to perform military service. The completeness of the exemption from foreign allegiance depends entirely upon the consent of the foreign government to the expatriation of its subjects, and European governments have generally not consented to the emancipation of their subjects from obligations incurred before emigration. The extent to which these obligations still hang over the naturalized American is vague and difficult to state in anything like intelligible form; and even highly educated and intelligent naturalized citizens have often been caught in the meshes of European military rules on their return to their native land. It is altogether probable that over the vast majority of the uneducated the old allegiance hangs like a huge shadow, incapable of statement in definite rules, portentous by reason of its very indefiniteness, and exercising a dominion over the imagination from which no process of naturalization can absolve them. Our government in actual practice recognizes the possibility that a naturalized American may owe military duties to his native state whose fulfillment it is very likely to demand in case of his return; and it has repeatedly endeavored in vain to extricate such citizens from the clutches of their former governments.

A naturalized citizen who realizes that his adopted country cannot and will not protect him against the claims of his native government, and whose heart still yearns for the land of his birth, is only half a citizen; he is as useless to his country in its hour of need as a sword with a steel blade and a hilt of clay.

Our country furnishes many examples of that curious phenomenon, double allegiance. All persons born within the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are declared by the Constitution to be citizens. This is true of the children of non-naturalized aliens domiciled here. But the children of aliens have the same nationality as their parents, according to the laws of nearly all foreign countries, and such children are therefore subject to a double allegiance. In this way, if a German living in this country chooses not to accept the citizenship which we so generously urge upon him, his children born here may, when they grow up, disclaim their American citizenship. A young man born here of alien parents may, if he goes to Europe for study, be forced into the army, and the United States will be powerless to protect him, even though he intends to return and reside here. Even if the alien father be naturalized here, the minor son born here before the father's naturalization, if he returns to his father's native country, is liable to be seized and compelled to perform military service, and his American citizenship will prove to be a mere

fiction. If a German domiciled here is so attached to the memories of the fatherland as to refuse the proffer of American citizenship, and his children while growing up are diligently nurtured in the same sentiments of loyalty, they cannot be relied on by the United States in time of war as Germany and France are now relying on their subjects at home. If in addition to this consciousness of divided allegiance, there are family ties and expectations of inheritance in the old country, it is clear that the Americanism of such persons, considered as an asset in time of war with Germany, must be charged off as worthless, if it be not an actual liability.

IV

Heretofore, most of the questions arising under the naturalization laws have had reference to the duty of the United States to extricate its newly made citizens from difficulties into which they get themselves upon returning to their native land, or in other countries; but the great European war is forcing us to look with some anxiety upon the millions whom we have thus invested with the privileges of citizenship, to see whether their duties and their privileges are reciprocal. We find that many of them seem to think they have conferred a favor upon the United States by accepting its citizenship, with little or no conception of its obligations. They have now two countries instead of one, and are at liberty to evade the burdens of one by seeking shelter under the wing of the other, or to respond to that call which on the whole is most appealing. Germany and France are not fighting this war with soldiers of that kind. Their armies are filled with men whose patriotism is at white heat. So long as all is peaceful the quality of patriotism is not strained; but when the cannon's roar calls every man to his duty, no man can love two countries: for either he will love the one and hate the other, or else he will cleave to the one and despise the other. A country that will not protect its citizens abroad and on the high seas is certain to be despised. A man may have two citizenships in law, but not in his heart of hearts.

Roman citizenship commanded respect wherever in the world it was asserted; American citizenship seems to mean little either to the great Republic which lightly bestows it or to him who casually accepts it. When St. Paul declared himself a Roman citizen and appealed to Cæsar, it created something of a sensation among his persecutors. When the American flag was displayed during the shelling of the Ancona, to inform the Austrians that there were American citizens on board entitled to protection, it was quite naturally disregarded.

Aside from that large number of naturalized citizens who have taken the oath of allegiance honestly, and who fully believe they have cast off the old ties, there is evidently a considerable number who treat their naturalization as a mere convenience, glory in their loyalty to some foreign country, and would embrace the first opportunity to betray us. Warmed at our hearth, accorded all the privileges and opportunities of a free and too generous republic, they would rejoice at a chance to sting us. We trust they are few in number, but we have no means of knowing. We have conferred the boon of citizenship with such undiscriminating recklessness, we have so neglected the culture of the spirit of patriotism, we have so dulled the sense of duty to the state, that the number of those ready to betray us may be larger than we think.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota, as late as 1909, held a man fit for citizen-

ship who, though forty-six years of age, did not know whether the President of the United States was George Washington or Theodore Roosevelt, but thought it was Washington; did not know where the capital of the state was located, but thought it was probably Minneapolis or Duluth; did not know who was governor of Minnesota, the state in which he had lived for twenty-four years, or where the laws of Minnesota are made, or who makes them, but guessed it was the governor; did not know what it means to take the oath of allegiance to this country; did not know anything whatever about the Constitution, although he had heard of it; admitted that if he took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States he would not know what it meant. The court, with these facts in mind, considered that this man was 'attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States.' With courts of last resort holding such views respecting the sacredness of citizenship; with presidents vetoing every proposal of Congress to adopt a literacy test for immigration; with every corrupt political machine eager to increase the mass of stupid, ignorant, purchasable, criminal, and generally indigestible electors, it is high time we began to look at the matter with a different eye.

In some countries, patriotism has become almost a disease; in the United States, since the inflated Fourth-of-July oration went out of fashion, love of country has become almost a jest: any one who uses the phrase is suspected of spouting. There, its abnormal growth has made it the instrument of a monstrous militarism; here, its neglect has exposed us naked to the depredations of any nation which makes war the supreme science.

It is the spiritual resources of a nation that give value to its material resources; of the two, the spiritual are the more important. There never was a moment during our Revolution when England could not have crushed the Colonies had she been united and determined; what made the outcome of our Civil War dubious was the presence in the North of a vast number of Southern sympathizers, pouring cold water on the national enthusiasm and declaring the war a failure. Success in our next war may be jeopardized by the presence of a large foreign unassimilated element, which, though finding freedom and prosperity among us, is anything but American.

Two lessons seem very plain. The first is that we must reverse our policy in regard to naturalization. Instead of thrusting it upon reluctant immigrants before they have shown any appreciation of its meaning or any desire to become genuine Americans, we should withhold it from the unfit, and when it is mistakenly granted, we should cancel it as having been fraudulently obtained. In the era that may be approaching, we dare not leave the keys to our house in the hands of persons who, while taking advantage of our hospitality, are meditating how to let in the enemy. We must begin to treat American citizenship as a boon, to be conferred only upon those fit to receive it, capable of appreciating it, and willing to assume the sacred obligations that attend it. Hitherto we have degraded it and rendered it contemptible by bestowing it upon multitudes who had no conception of its meaning; and we have made it seem cheap and worthless by hesitating to afford protection to those entitled to claim its shelter. Having bestowed it as a precious thing upon the deserving, instead of timorously and penuriously shirking its national obligations, and counting the cost of making good its promises, we must make it respectable in the eyes of the whole world.

The second great lesson is that the government, state and national, and every person connected in any way with education, should strive by every means to mould the youth of foreign ancestry into true Americans as fast as possible; to stimulate in them the spirit of nationality, to inspire them with intelligent pride in our history and political institutions; above all, to implant in their deepest consciousness the truth that their country may justly demand of them the supreme sacrifice, and that patriotism is the noblest of the virtues.

CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE HUNDRED DAYS

BY E. BRUCE MITFORD

WHILE the nations of the West have been raging furiously together, for all the world like the Psalmist's heathen, the East has had an affair of its own, — a by-product, as it were, of Armageddon. To the long list of their differences, dating far back into the past, China and Japan have added one more. Unlike all that went before, however, this quarrel, originating in the action of an Occidental power, has stirred the West almost as profoundly as the East. So close has become the interdependence between those who — the poets have assured us — can never meet.

Peking, headquarters of Orientalism of the age-old type, was the theatre of strife. Ever the home of intrigue, the Chinese capital, on this occasion, excelled itself. Never was such a maze of contradictions, recriminations, imputations, and hard swearing. Men are still asking where lay the rights and wrongs of the matter. What, in truth, was China's attitude? Which of the European powers pulled the strings? As for the aims of Japan toward her vast, lethargic neighbor, must they be written down as selfish and sinister, or altruistic and benign?

The trouble was not of yesterday. In the late nineties, Germany, established in Shantung, menaced the Middle Kingdom from the south; Russia, with a trans-continental railway behind her, was coming down from the north. Clearly a danger to China, this 'forward policy' was also a challenge to Japan. The Western powers aimed at the political and commercial domination of the Middle Kingdom. Like a lion in their path lay the Island power, which had just won its naval and military spurs. So with a cry of 'Hands off!' Japan was hustled out of her fairly won position in Liaotung. But 'the little people' (as the globe-trotter loves to call them), undaunted by the odds, rose to the crisis of their history. To insure the keeping of the ring, they allied themselves with Britain — never more truly great than when she extended the right hand of fellowship to the yellow man. Then, with a sublime audacity, they measured themselves with the colossus, and, at an all but ruinous cost, stayed the Muscovite advance. That was in 1905. The danger from the north headed off, there still remained the reckoning with Germany

— the power which, posing as the Heaven-sent champion of Christendom, sought the ostracism of the Japanese as 'yellow barbarians,' enemies of civilization. The opportunity came last year, when the invitation to retrocede Kiao-Chao, conveyed, with such delicate irony, to Berlin, was sullenly ignored. As the result of naval and military operations, conducted with the skill and thoroughness which have become proverbial of Japan's war-work, the Far-Eastern outpost of Germanism, beloved of the Kaiser, is no more. The signatories of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, posted at Wei Hai Wei and Port Arthur respectively, remain the deliverers of China and the joint guardians of her integrity.

Thus, for the second time in a single decade, China had been laid under a great obligation to her neighbor. What was Japan's reward? Glory, a 'special position' in Manchuria, and — from those whom she had succored—the winter's wind of ingratitude. It was little enough to show for an outlay of a billion dollars and half a million lives. When, therefore, by their third war in twenty years, they had rid Shantung of the incubus of Germanism, it seemed to the statesmen at Tokyo that, with the ex-German lease on their hands, the time was ripe for a general settlement of outstanding questions. Such a settlement, it was hoped, while satisfying claims old and new, would remove all future cause of friction and set the peace of the Far East upon a permanent basis.

Let us try to realize the Japanese point of view. By virtue of their military achievements, the Island people have attained to the status of a great power; but in material resources they are far behind. To the commercial eye — however it may delight the æsthetic — Japan is no land of promise: only the eighth of it has been, or can be, redeemed from the unprofitable hills. In no other way can a national competence be acquired than by a large development of oversea trade. Near at hand lies China, with well-nigh illimitable possibilities from this very point of view. Japanese commercial circles believe that, in open competition with the West, — thanks to their twin advantages of position and cheap production, — they can hold their own, or more, in that vast field of activity. Thus, they believe, can be remedied the chief weakness of their national economy. But, with all this, there is no idea of 'peaceful penetration,' absorption, or territorial expansion of any sort. Japan recognizes that China is not only the greatest, but the freest, of the world's markets; that practically every Western nation has a stake therein; and that, were she fired with the insensate ambition of acquiring the whole for herself, she would speedily lose that general good-will which she prizes and has long sought to win. Nay more, she would find against her a world in arms.

Commerce without amity soon runs dry. This industrial expansion in China which the Japanese consider of such vital importance to themselves could never be achieved in the teeth of Chinese ill-will — and they know it. So, conquest being out of the question, coöperation must take its place. The concessions for which Japan asked in February of this year were expressly designed to meet this end. They may be said to fall under three heads: (1) the encouragement of commercial intercourse in general; (2) the introduction of the principle of joint Chino-Japanese enterprise; (3) the prevention of future causes of dispute.

The demands were arranged in five groups, officially designated 'articles.' The first four related, in order, to Shantung, South Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, and the Han-Yeh-Ping

Company — an important railway and mining concern largely supported by Japanese capital. They had for their objects, respectively, the adjustment of the new conditions arising out of the expulsion of Germany from Kiao-Chao; the extension of the leasehold privileges already enjoyed by Japan in her specially recognized sphere; trading and other facilities requisite for the opening of Eastern Inner Mongolia; and the confirmation of the joint status already in existence at Han-Yeh-Ping. Next followed a proviso that China should not 'cede or lease to any foreign country any harbor, bay, or island' on her sea-coast — a stipulation clearly suggested, and rendered expedient, by the events of recent years. The fifth group, or article, — to which the strongest exception has been taken, — embraced all the three principles enumerated above. Concessions for railway construction were asked for in Southern China, subject to the assent of other powers; China was urged to agree to the establishment of a joint Chino-Japanese arsenal, to the propagation of religion by Japanese missionaries, and to the formation of a joint Chino-Japanese police force; and, finally, the Peking Government was requested (*a*) to engage Japanese advisers 'in case of need' (I quote from the revised text); (*b*) to pledge itself not to permit the establishment of a naval or military base on the coast of Fukien, opposite the Japanese island of Formosa. Far-reaching though these demands were, they must be viewed in the light of history and of the unique conditions prevailing in the Far East. China's weakness has led to so much trouble that that very weakness is, in large measure, their justification. Nor is there anything in them incompatible with a sincere desire to set China on her feet in a world where she is still a stranger — to the advantage, not only of the two neighboring peoples but, ultimately, of the West.

Confronted with this new situation, what was China's attitude? She resorted to the policy which has so often stood her in good stead — that of playing off one power against another, in the hope, Micawber-like, that something would turn up. Thus predisposed, she fell among evil counselors, only too ready to work upon her prejudices — the German intriguers at Peking and the representatives of the foreign commercial interests in general. Among the latter, anti-Japanese sentiment is perennial. The Japanese are their most dreaded rivals, and any and every extension of Japanese influence, commercial or political, is opposed to them as a matter of course. In the German minister at Peking, Von Heincke, they found an able coadjutor. Skillfully utilizing the favorable circumstances, German agents, under the direction of their minister, caused the dismissal of the editor of the only paper published in English at Peking, — for no other reason than that he was English, — and, by substituting for him a pro-German Chinese, secured control of its policy. A similar manœuvre in Japan, carried through with the aid of German residents there, was promptly countered by the Japanese authorities — the paper was suppressed and the entire staff deported; but the Peking journal was permitted to pursue its mischievous work unchecked. Here, as elsewhere, German gold was freely used for German ends. Circulars, *printed in Chinese*, were sent *gratis* to all parts of the country, containing accounts, on the one hand, of dazzling German victories, and, on the other, of such disasters to the Allied cause as the total destruction of the British fleet. Exaggerated and distorted versions of Japan's demands were spread broadcast. With Machiavellian

cunning it was made to appear that these demands were specially aimed against Britain and America. Thus, British advisers throughout China were to be dismissed and replaced by Japanese; while a sort of Monroe Doctrine was to be set up by Japan with regard to China, as a check to American enterprise in the Pacific area. It was useless for Sir Edward Grey, on the one hand, to declare that Japan was keeping well within the letter of the law, and for Mr. Bryan, on the other, to aver that 'neither Japan nor China' had suggested anything which could involve the surrender of American treaty-rights. The stream of misrepresentation continued to flow, and, merely because of its provenance, held the field. Even journals of repute were found complaining, with touching *naïveté*, that the versions of the situation cabled *from Peking* did not tally with those officially communicated by Japan to the governments concerned!

The results of the German-inspired anti-Japanese campaign exceeded the wildest hopes of its propagators. The humane onlooker is wont to side with the weaker combatant, irrespective of the merits of the case. So the assumption became general that the Japanese were taking advantage of the preoccupation of the powers to set up what amounted to a hegemony of the Chinese Republic. As a matter of fact, moderation in the conduct of the negotiations was all on the Japanese side. After the accepted Oriental manner, they had begun by asking more than they expected; but concession after concession on their side brought no response from the other. Among other modifications, the proposals for the propagation of religion and for the formation of a joint police force were withdrawn. Twice the entire list of the demands was revised in accordance with the wishes of the Chinese; but when presented afresh, they were pronounced as unacceptable as ever. Even the Tokyo government's offer of the voluntary retrocession of Kiao-Chao was met by Peking with a counter-demand that Japan should pay for all damage suffered by the Chinese in the operations undertaken for its capture.

It at last became evident that the Chinese had no intention of coming to terms of any sort. And the explanation of this extraordinary attitude is not far to seek. So successfully had the German agents at Peking done their work that the final victory of the Teutonic powers in the Great War was believed, by the Chinese, to be assured. In that event, of course, Kiao-Chao would revert to German hands, and there would be nothing for China to disburse. Japan, indeed, would have to look to herself. So, they argued, it was obviously unwise to make concessions — whether for the purpose of gaining Japanese good-will or not — over an issue not yet decided. Pro-German Chinese went so far as to suggest that the Japanese, well aware of this, were merely making haste to secure in advance what they might be unable to get if they waited till the war was over.

Thus a matter for the adjustment of which a few weeks should have sufficed, was dragged on into months. No less than twenty-five meetings of the plenipotentiaries took place, with no practical result. Others arranged for had to be postponed through the illness of one or another of the Chinese officials. Popular opinion in Tokyo, well accustomed to Chinese dilatoriness, rose against this unprecedented and unmistakable delay. The staff of the Foreign Office, remembering the assassination of Mr. Abé, not many months ago, for alleged weak handling of Chinese affairs, went in fear of their lives. In these circumstances, the Cabinet called to its aid the Supreme Council of the *Genro*, or

Elder Statesmen, — a measure resorted to only in times of grave national crisis; and it was decided — though not without the greatest reluctance — to use the final argument.

At the eleventh hour Chinese opinion showed a cleavage. Some, foreseeing the next Japanese step, were in favor of yielding before an ultimatum could be sent. Others were for yielding to the threat of force, and to that alone. This, they urged, would have the effect of placing Japan in the worst possible light. While under no delusions as to obtaining armed assistance from the West, they would thus insure the largest measure of sympathy from that quarter. Yuan Shih-kai, there is good reason to believe, was not with the extremists. But the sands of Japanese patience had run out. Upon all this strife of tongues Mr. Heki, the Japanese minister, broke with his government's ultimatum, on May 6. To make its acceptance less difficult, in the interests of Far Eastern peace and in deference 'to the wishes of a certain power,' Article 5 — comprising, in the main, questions not directly concerned with the situation in Manchuria or Shantung — was separated from the main body of the demands, to be held over for future discussion. As to the remainder, a reply was requested within forty-eight hours. It came — in the shape of an unreserved acceptance; and the crisis was ended. The war of patience against intrigue, of progress against reaction, had lasted just a hundred days.

Whether viewed from the historical standpoint or from that of modern political development, Japan's position with respect to China differs radically from that of any Western power — with the exception, in part, of Russia. The motives which govern her policy are not altogether altruistic; this, as we have seen, she cannot afford to be; but neither are they sordid. It is true that, were the Chinese market to be closed against her, she would suffer irreparable ruin — and she knows it. It is no less true that she takes a higher view of her relationship with China, as of her *rôle* in the Far East. In the words of her venerable Prime Minister, Count Okuma, uttered years ago, she has a mission in the Oriental world. It is a mission calling for a new way of life. China has been saved from external enemies; she has yet to be saved from herself. Corrupt, weak, and lacking in national spirit, the whilom Celestial Empire is in danger of disintegration and decay. Such a collapse (which to Japan would be a calamity) can be averted only by China's regeneration on Western lines. Yesterday Japan trod that path; she would have China tread it now. But, as the task is infinitely more difficult than in her own case, she would advise, guide, coöperate. Who, indeed, more fitted for the work? Could she accomplish it, future generations of a transformed Cathay would yet arise to call her blessed.

Such, in spirit, is the policy of Japan toward her Chinese neighbor. It is a great and worthy policy. And, because it is both great and worthy, her statesmen may be trusted to pursue it, as far as in them lies, through good report and evil, to the end.

BLACK SHEEP

POSTSCRIPT: THE LAST JOURNEY

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

MEJUN, WEST AFRICA, *July* 17.

I AM about seventy miles southeast of Elat, in a forlorn little town of the Yemvae tribe; got in this afternoon after a run through the forest from Ekwen. Left Miss Eick at the crossroads. She is having a good time, I think. The people are devoted to her; the path she is going is an Elat path; many Christians are in the towns, simple folk who love her. These new people have something to give the black people that we older missionaries have lost — a kind of personal response to their wonder, and a pleasure in their wonder that is worn away in time. Many of the people here have never seen a white woman before. The women laugh at us so much. One clapped her hands with pleasure and said, 'The little talk of her and the little voice and all!'

There are rats 'too much' in this house, and I shall be hearing the little talk and the little voices and all as soon as I turn out the light. Gracious sakes, my dears, they begin already and *b'aduñ ane bôt!*[1]

A girl asked me to-night if I knew a charm to give her a child. I have been asked this several times lately.

MASAN, Saturday, *July* 19.

Another rather dreadful town where I shall stay until Monday. When I get into a dreary town like this, I think how satisfied Miss D. would be to see me in surroundings as low as she suspects them to be.

Two women have been standing at the door looking at me. I am lying on my cot. They double up with laughter. One says (she is eating), 'Here I stand and my plantain cannot find the path to my mouth for wonder!' And when I told them my mother had borne six children, she said, 'All with bodies like you? Not a black one in all?' They surely would have thought themselves cursed with such a brood.

Wednesday, *July* 23.

On Monday night we slept in the Ntum town of Wo'o. A large town full of waggish old men, full of interest in sex and the humor of that interest, like old French libertines. The men do not wear the headdress any more, but the women are all coiffed. A very beautiful art, I think, very becoming and curiously modifying to the face, so that the face of a Ntum woman, under its casque of brass studs and bead fringe, bridled through the nose with strings of blue or rose beads that pass back of the ear, and strapped across the forehead with a band of beads, — the face of the Ntum woman has a curiously disciplined and softened aspect, a kind of touching submission. I notice this very generally, and Miss E. notices it too. At this town we had quite a success of curiosity. Miss Eick's bicycle was a great wonder. 'And so the white man

[1] 'They are as noisy as people.'

has white women,' cries one silly; 'I thought the tribe were just men, men!'

Sunday, *August* 3.

Three old ladies sit watching me where I lie on my cot. One says, 'So new!' Another says, 'So fresh!' The last says, 'Like a thing newborn!'

I am staying under the eaves of a very grand house. There is a kind of porch fenced in with slats of bamboo, and there are twenty pairs of eyes looking through the slats, children on their hands and knees and bigger ones higher up. I am tired of weeks of this.

I want to write very particularly of Wednesday, July 23, for I suppose I shall never pass another such day. We slept Tuesday night near the fork of the Ntem and the Kom, in a very quiet little settlement. We had a little town to ourselves and rested. Walked to a village in the afternoon, where I had a meeting. On Wednesday we walked through two hours of forest, real forest, but good walking, — a trail, not a path. Lots of elephants had passed within a few days, and we saw the fresh tracks of a gorilla. Afterward we heard from the people that the gorilla, or more than one, had been seen that day. At about ten o'clock we came into the deserted villages of Mengama. In the palaver house a man sat by a bit of fire. My funny Ebolo in his tattered, his really catastrophic trousers, found an old harp in a house. He put aside his load, — the kitchen load, all pots and pans, — and was a new man. He sang our adventures in a beautiful voice — a mock sentimental voice, all laughter and bathos, and mellow, mocking tremolo. I loved him for it. It was a purple patch, a ragged purple patch in the garment of the journey.

Another stretch of forest and we came into the new clearing of Asok. Later in the day I came back to this place. In the middle of the leafy disorder of his clearing the headman sat in his little shelter — a young man, heavily braceleted with ivory. There were lots of men in this settlement, and presently many women gathered, all bustled and coiffed, and some rubbed with red powder. Every one was busy: men making furniture for the new town, women knotting little nets, shelling peanuts, grinding corn; and all this individual industry going forward in a kind of common gayety. I think I never saw so — how shall I give you an idea — so harmonious a scene. As I spoke to these people about the things of God there came a pause in the industry. The tool was arrested. The hands of the women bruising green leaves in wooden troughs and the grinders at the stones were idle. Men laughed with a kind of wonder. One woman flashed with interest behind her mask of purple tattoo and bright beads. Another bridled young thing gazed in a great stillness. I see this thing in my heart like a thing shut in from time and change, and I wish that I may never forget it.

We spoke of the new Tribe and of its Chief. Mba came to take me home, for he had heard tales of gorillas. The women followed me to say good-bye; they ran ahead shouting about the Commandments — these people dote on commandments. And these brown creatures headed like flowers were crying to each other, 'Don't steal. Don't commit adultery. Don't kill.' I have seen so much that is sordid, so much that is vile, that I cannot think when I have seen an hour so unspoiled as this, though in 'those days and in those streets,' as Galsworthy says, there must be deeds of horror.

In Wo'o, where one felt the horror very near, there was a beautiful creature, a young woman with four red pompons in her headdress. Her body was rubbed with red powder; it was

young and fine. There is a bloom of light on the outline of a body so covered, and in the shadows there is something luminous too. Strange, morbid beauty!

I am scribbling beside a wood fire in our little camp. A plantain roasts in the ashes for your child. An animal, some frightened little thing, has just crashed through the underbrush near by.

LOLODORF, Monday, *August* 11.

Well, my dears, I am back since Thursday from what I think to have been a good trip, as good as I could have wished. Gone forty-six days, and traveled four hundred and perhaps forty miles. I think I wrote from Ekin, where we camped three nights; left there on Monday morning and were glad to leave, after the ungrateful fashion of transients. We walked until one o'clock the next day, part of the time in the forest, but mostly now on a quite open path, for we were coming out at Ambam, the government post for the Ntum. We slept at Kulezok. We were awfully tired that day. In one of these settlements near Ambam we came on some Efulen people, who were mighty glad to see us, and called one to the other, 'Ah Obam, Ah Bilo'o, come and see the faces of home!'

Now that we had got back to the neighborhood of the white man, the people were ruder, but as curious as ever. In the afternoon I went to see Frau Mülling, the wife of the military officer in charge at Ambam, about an hour's walk from the town in which we slept. I sent Mba Esone to tell her that I would call; in such an out-of-the-way part of the world she could not be looking for callers. Ambam is a cluster of bark houses on a long hill; the houses lie along the crest, a rather noble and leisurely effect. The dwelling house is quite one of the most satisfactory I have seen in Africa — big windows let into the bark walls, no curtains, the floor covered with a coarse bamboo matting. Frau Mülling came half way down the hill to meet me, pretty and friendly. Her husband was away looking after the disorders across the Ntem; he was to be gone the night. She showed me into a room where there was a real bed, my dears, made up with an extravagance of linen. My room, she told me, and was much disappointed because I could not stay. She took me part of the way back, "a mile and a bittock," with a soldier to follow us because dusk was closing in and she was afraid of leopards.

The road west of Ambam to the beach is beautiful, open but not too open. In a village by the way I had a half-hour session with a proud blacksmith, — the Ntum are great blacksmiths, — and we parted with tears, or nearly. 'We men,' said he, 'love to tell tales in the palaver house, and when we are telling our tales, where is the ring I will be showing the other men to prove that the white woman and I, we are friends?' 'If you speak of tales,' said I, 'I love to tell a tale myself, and where is the present you will be giving me to show my friends when I say that I and the blacksmith from Akumbetye, we are friends?' More of such gentle hints, followed by an exchange of keepsakes. Brass for ivory, and some magic in the ivory too.

When we came out of the forest at about three o'clock, into the sunny upland valley of Nyabet, I met a happy man who had killed a monkey. He carried the most beautiful crossbow I have ever seen, and he carried it with the most noble gesture. 'T is a grand thing to kill a monkey; you rush home in a little wind of victory. I bought that crossbow the next day.

I spent Sunday at Mesamba. On Monday we cut up through the forest to Mfenda, and from there to Nkotoven,

all day in *bilik* and *bekotok* — that is, old deserted clearing; nothing so hard to go through. And it rained. I got into Nkotoven, Bululand, at five o'clock. 'Zamo Ntem,' I call, and old Zamo sits up in her house.

'That little voice,' she says, 'where have I heard that little voice before?'

'Zamo!'

And Zamo comes out slowly, blinking, and then quickly and puts her arms around me and cries on my sleeve, because old Minkoe Ntem, her sister and my friend, is dead. And they told her at Efulen that I was gone beyond the seas. The owner of that little voice is embraced by many old friends. Zamo cannot sit down to chat; she has guests to feed. She leaves plantains in the kettle for my carriers, and is off to beg a chicken for her dear child. Poor old woman — she goes far for her chicken; at ten I put out the light and go to sleep, Zamo still away. The young wives of her husband lie down and sleep too. They are Christians, children of the childless Zamo. She is a wonderful person, with hundreds of converts to fill her heart.

In the morning we parted and I had a chicken all my own. She was going to show me a great piece of path, but the old legs got tired. She went too far for the chicken. That day we went through the Mebem bilik, not bad. Ate fine pawpaws in a little clearing about a palm tree. Spent the night at Minkan in our own territory, where the people came far to hear us through the night and the rain by the light of reed torches.

I think I shall never see old Zamo again.

(*The End.*)

GUESTS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

In his essay on 'Character' Emerson points to the mutation and change of religions and theological teachings, and then thunders characteristically, 'The moral sentiment alone is omnipotent.' Now, Emerson never takes away anything traditional and cherished, but he puts something nobler into your hands in place of it. Hear him: 'The lines of religious sects are very shifting, their platforms unstable; the whole science of theology of great uncertainty. No man can tell what religious revolutions await us in the next years.' Then with thundering assurance he gives us the coveted reassurance. 'But the science of ethics has no mutation. The pulpit may shake, but this platform will not. All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment.'

I wish it were given me to speak with some such force and truth of what we are wont to call education. Theories are very shifting; the whole science of instruction is of great uncertainty. No man can tell what pedagogic revolutions

await us. But the educational value of life has no uncertainty. Schools may come and go; this, the school of life, remains — the greatest of them all. The highest attainments of mankind are due to its teachings.

In still another essay Emerson, depicting, we suppose, the ideal not the academic scholar, declares with the same tonic forcefulness that 'his use of books is occasional and infinitely subordinate; that he should read a little proudly, as one who knows the original and cannot therefore very highly value the copy.' Always, life is to Emerson the greater art, and learning, literature, and all other arts whatsoever, but lesser things. 'You send your child to the schoolmaster,' he flings out, 'but it is the schoolboys who educate him.'

Precisely. When shall we have taken wholly to heart the so obvious truth? It cannot be but the author of the 'Greatest Show on Earth' was right. The world *likes* to be humbugged; else why all this elaboration of educational systems and theories, educational forms and creeds, this multiplication of modern methods and 'didactic material'? These are, indeed, but things that change and fluctuate, and already are on the way to being superseded. Meanwhile the older and larger schoolroom of Life never closes its doors, makes no bid for patronage, retains its old teachers, changes its methods not at all, and still turns out the best pupils.

My own education is generally thought to be above the average. It is my belief that it would be far less considerable but for those various circumstances which in my childhood denied me much schooling, and accorded me a good deal of staying at home.

The home of those days had, it is true, a far greater educative value than can be claimed justly for the home of the present day, owing mainly — I hold it almost beyond dispute — to the fact that it was more given to the practice of hospitality and the entertainment of guests.

Of the homes of my day my own was, I believe, fairly typical. Though a full description of it and of the men and women who frequented it would make a colored recital, so would a like description of the homes of many others besides myself who were children also at that time. I do not mean that such homes were entirely the rule; yet there were enough of them certainly to constitute a type.

Such homes were not luxurious; those of people of less position nowadays are far finer. The old house was a large and comfortable one, with low-ceilinged, well-proportioned rooms, and wide verandas. Its furnishings were in taste, and contributed greatly to its character. The big Holland secretary, with its bulging sides and secret drawer, was a very piece of romance; the tall clock with its brass balls and moon face, the old clawfoot mahogany tables, the long scroll sofa, the heavy scroll mahogany sideboard, were as mellow in tone as the old Martin guitar on which men and women, beaux and belles of a past generation, had played; or the harp that stood in a corner, all gold in the afternoon sunlight; or the square Steck piano of the front room, a true grandee in its day. Several really well-painted portraits looked down from the walls and added a certain stateliness to the warmth of every welcome.

Many people, recalling that home, have spoken to me since of a peculiarly warm and beautiful light which on sunny days was present in the three lower rooms — parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room — that opened one into another.

This light, which had first to make its way past maples and a few pear trees, entered, it seemed, with an especial graciousness, touching softly and

lingeringly the old mahogany as it went; and from morning until late afternoon abode in the rooms with a kind of mellow gentleness hardly to be described. There was something well-mannered, unobtrusive, in its coming and going, as though it were conscious of being a guest there; a kind of gracious enjoyment it seemed to take in the place, noticeable in its gentle behaviors among the dark colors and the old books, and in its manner of moving about delicately from object to object, and pausing at last, as it always did, before the tall pier-glass, as though it pleased it to reflect on the three long rooms, doubled to twice their length, before it slipped away again past the western windows and departed across the hills.

I have mentioned carefully the perpetual coming and going of the sunlight because it seems to me symbolical of that coming and going of guests which perpetually lighted the old house, lent it its chief charm, and gave me my most memorable schooling. The educative value of life has no uncertainty. These men and women who came and went as guests were my first memorable lessons of life, and, as I take it, they were lessons marvelously well adapted to the understanding and needs of a little child.

I would not seem to undervalue the silent influence and worth of that material loveliness which was often found in the old houses of that day, and was evident in my own home; but I believe this alone could have done little to educate me. Such loveliness was but a means to an end. I would be loath to give great credit for my education to the furniture, old and interesting as it was. The real credit is due first to the customs of that time, which made hospitality one of the first virtues, and, second, to the guests who coming there furnished the house with its best opportunities, and incidentally — I beg you to note that word — afforded me, there can be no doubt, the better part of my education.

How far have we gone, 'progressed' as we say, in a short span of years! I am still a young woman, yet guests are not indeed what they once were. There were poverty and riches in those days, too, but the 'high cost of living,' that phrase forever turning up nowadays, was a bad penny not yet coined, and guest-discouraging 'flats' were anomalies that my old home town rejected.

Guests came and stayed then as they do not now. Visiting was still in those days one of the accomplishments of life; a gracious habit not yet broken up by ubiquitous hotels, ten, fifteen, twenty stories high; not yet rendered superfluous by trains every hour on the hour, or old-fashioned by scudding automobiles which, like Aladdin Abushamut's magic sofa, snatch up whole parties of people and in the twinkling of an eye set them down in new lands, with hardly time for greeting or farewell.

Life may be more provident, compact, convenient nowadays. I am not prepared to dispute it. But of one thing I am certain: the modern child in this almost guestless age has no such chance to acquire a broad education out of school hours as had I whose childhood flourished when guests were the rule and the tinkling of the doorbell was more likely than not to be a summons to a fine adventure in visitors.

Ah, there was an education! An education indeed! Its A-B-C was that every child of the house should be delighted to be turned out of his or her bed, to sleep four in a four-poster or on a mattress on the floor, so that one more guest might be given welcome. Its simple mathematics were concerned mainly with the addition of guests, the eager subtraction of one's own comforts, the multiplications of welcomes, and the long divisions of all delights

and pleasures, which by some kind of calculus miraculously increased the meaning and richness of life. Its geography, if any, was no geography at all beyond the fact that the guest-room was the sunniest and largest and best room in the house, and that exports from all the other rooms flowed into it and rendered it the most desirable and the 'most important city.' As to history, it consisted of people at all times and of all ages, and the traditions of men and women of many types. It concerned itself, not with the succession of kings and durations of dynasties so much as with a succession of visitors and the probable length of their stay.

I cannot say what enlightenment or learning or benefit the guests themselves derived from these visits; though if measured by the frequent length of their sojourn, these must have been very considerable; but I do know that we, the children of that household, gained high benefits immensely educative; I know that we assimilated much knowledge, and attained to much learning of a very high order, intellectual and spiritual; and what is best of all, I know that in that old home, antedating and long anticipating Madame Montessori and her 'Houses of Childhood,' we learned with neither desk, blackboard, nor semblance of schooling, and never for a moment so much as dreamed that we were being taught.

II

This is not the place to enter on a discussion of the Montessori method. Briefly Madame Montessori's chief tenets may be stated thus: Liberty for the child; a careful education of the child's senses, resulting in an extraordinary sense-control to which the child attains without consciousness of learning.

The 'didactic material' (frankly so called by the author of this new system of education) is material by means of which the child's senses are trained. It consists of many parts. To name only a few, — there are one hundred and twenty-eight color tablets; thirty-six geometrical insets; three series of thirty-six cards; the 'dimension material' consists of nine cylinders, each differing from the rest in height and diameter, ten quadrilateral prisms, ten four-sided striped rods, and so on. This and much more is the equipment daily used in the 'Houses of Childhood.'

The home of my childhood was bare, bare of such things. Neither cubes nor cylinders were there that I remember, nor thermatic tests, nor color tablets, nor quadrilateral prisms; and yet —

What was there of especial value? There was first of all the household. 'The household,' to quote Emerson further, 'is a school of power. There within the door learn the tragi-comedy of human life. Here is the sincere thing, the wondrous composition for which day and night go round. In that routine are the sacred relations, the passions that bind and sever. Here is poverty and all the wisdom its hated necessities can teach; here labor drudges, here affections glow, here the secrets of character are told, the guards of man, the guards of woman, the compensations which, like angels of justice, pay every debt; the opium of custom, whereof all drink and many go mad. Here is Economy, and Glee, and Hospitality, and Ceremony, and Frankness, and Calamity, and Death, and Hope.'

Didactic material enough, if one chooses to call it that. But, besides all this, there were guests; guests who came and lingered, guests of an almost incredible variety. By recalling a few of them I can best explain somewhat of their influence on my life.

The first one I remember very clearly was a beautiful young lady, — beau-

tiful to me — who spent I believe about six months with us. I might have been a trifle over five years old. I remember her with great exactness. Certain sparkling characteristics that she wore as noticeably as the several heavy rings on her white hand, shine still with surprising clearness in my memory.

She was slender. She affected overskirts. She wore elbow-sleeves, and trains, though she could hardly have been over eighteen or nineteen. Her hair was plastered on her fashionably high forehead in what were then known as 'water waves.'

On a collar of box-plaited lace she often wore a jet necklace, set in gold, a kind of jewelry much in fashion at that time, I believe. Also I remember that she had a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves; and on dress occasions she wore heavy gold bracelets.

But these were all as trifles to the fact that she sang. That was her crowning glory. My mother sang sweetly, too, the beautiful songs of 'her day': 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' 'Lightly the Troubadour,' 'Ye Banks and Braes,' 'The Gypsy's Warning,' 'Roll on, Silver Moon,' 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms' — and many more. When she sang them she played on the old Steck piano or softly plucked the strings of the old Martin guitar, — simple and trill-less accompaniments.

But you, Miss Lou Brooks! You, oh, you! — compounded of every creature's best, — could sing the old and simple songs, if you chose, and very graciously, for any one who asked for them; but better still, if left to your own preference, you could take your seat how languidly at the piano, how gracefully play a prelude in which the white jeweled hands followed each other up and down the keyboard, over and under in what moods and fancies, in what rippling runs and rapid arpeggios; now lighting to flutter in a twinkling trill, with jewel-flash, like whirring humming-birds; now resting humble, two meek white doves, in the long and waited-for preliminary pause. *Then*, you could break forth at last into what burst of passion and fire of song!

I can close my eyes still and see her. I have not a good memory, but the words come to me almost unerring across the past (and I have to remind you that I was a little over five years old): —

The stars shine o'er his pathway!
(*Long pause, with the white hands quivering on the pressed keys!*)
The trees bend back their leaves,
(*languid softness*)
To guide him to the meadow
Among the golden sheaves;
(*trills and expectancy!*)

Where stand I, loving, longing,
And list'ning while I wait
To the nightingale's sweet singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.
Singing! — Singing! (*the last soft like an echo*)
Swe-e-eet singing to-oo its mate!

(*More trills and arpeggios to send shivers of delight over you — then in a new measure,*)

Come, for my arms are empty,
Come for the day is long,
Turn the darkness into glory; —
The sorrow into song!

(*More pauses of which you were glad — then a beginning again of all delight.*)

I hear his footfall's music;
I feel his presence near,
All my soul responsive answers
And tells me he is here!
Oh, stars, shine out your brightest!
(*this with eyes cast to where the stars should have been*)
Oh, nightingale, sing sweet; —
To guide him to me waiting
And speed his flying feet; —
To guide him to me waiting,
And speed his flying feet!

This was what they did in a world outside the walls of my childish experi-

ence! — they sang like that! — of such things! I did not know what it meant save in some incomplete half-lunar way; but its effect drew me, and, like the seasons and tides of the moon, changed the face of the earth for me.

Further, it should be noted that I heard this song not only on one occasion, not detached, isolated, as at a concert. Here was nothing paid for cold-bloodedly at a box-office, here was something all woven in with the daily chance of life. I heard the song many a time. I might come upon it unexpected when I woke from my nap. I might be drawn from my toys by it to the more desirable pleasure of standing big-eyed by the piano while such glory as this rolled round about me; or eat my bowl of bread and milk in the early evening to the accompaniment of it; or try to keep the Sandman on my pillow from throwing the last handful of sand until the final note of it was sung.

Miss Brooks was, I believe, the daughter of an army officer. She had lived in various parts of the world; common on her lips were tales of a life wholly different from that which I knew.

To my eyes, water waves and all, she was incredibly beautiful. Moreover, — and here you see the fine discriminating points which children make, — she was engaged; already selected; chosen; set apart! I cannot tell you what glamour that lent her in my eyes. Child psychology is not a thing that always can be reduced to measurement of reflexes and the like. I responded to all this by some unmeasured law of the soul. This knowledge and appreciation of her, or of her type, if you prefer, was as distinct and yet intangible a thing as the light of the prism. The sun fell on her and was changed to color. I could not touch or define her charm, but it was there; and the color and wonder of it seemed to fall across me too as I sat near her, and upon my sun-browned hands, if they touched her, until I could see colored jewels of rings on them too, as there might be and as I hoped there would be some day.

I thought then that I was fond of her. Certainly her word was law to me. I know that I used to run my little legs tired to wait upon her. Her smiles and favors were precious to me as only the favors of the beautiful and the gifted can be to a little child. The tap of her fan on my cheek or my hand satisfied me altogether with life.

But I was too near her then to judge of her fairly. I know now the truth of the matter. I have never seen her since. The glamour of her presence no longer colors and impedes the white truth. She was *not* the most beautiful young lady in the world, as I so generously took her to be. She was *not* the only person in the world who could play dazzling accompaniments, and sing to melt one's soul, and make one a stranger to one's self. She was *not* the only one in the universe who knew the dim and lovely secret chambers of a little child's nature. She was after all, only, indeed, by courtesy Miss Lou Brooks. For she was less and more than all this: she was a guest; a passing influence; an ineffaceable impression; a glorious experience; a far adventure in new lands; a glimpse into other worlds unknown; a new planet swum into my ken. She was a magic mirror held up to me — one in which I could for the first time clearly see myself as I might be; she was a glass of fashion, a mould of form. In her I saw moving evidences of a world more wonderful than any of my fancy; she was a passing guest in the house, yes, but a permanency in the scheme of things — a very piece of life itself; and the knowledge of her, an acquirement in learning and an acquisition in education. The educative value of life has no uncertainty.

Let Montessori children in Houses of

Childhood feel of wooden circles and quadrangles and be taught with care the words 'round,' 'square'; let them touch sandpaper and know thereby 'this is rough,' or linen and apprehend 'this is smooth.' I, a child of the same age, needed nothing of such information. I knew smooth and rough more nearly by the mere chance touch of my play-roughened hand on her fine satiny one; I, of a like age, wholly lacking in cubes and cylinders, and color slabs, was learning nevertheless to discriminate between short and long, heavy and light, were it but by dread of her departure, or the length of her train.

Put beside Miss Lou Brooks and all that she taught me and revealed to me, any didactic material you may choose and I wonder if it compares with her. Place beside her most of the lessons learned from books. The rule of three is useful, but I would not exchange her for it. I might do without my multiplication tables, and indeed do get along without them fairly well, never having learned the seven, eight, and nine tables properly. But these I take to be but subordinate things,—pawns, or at the very best but bishops and knights of the game, limited to move in certain lines without deviation, and not to be compared with a queen who can move here or there at will, taking, disconcerting, winning, and setting the whole of life into new relations.

III

I have named Miss Lou Brooks first because she made the first strong impression on me; but she was only one of many not less memorable. She was indeed but one star in a certain notable constellation of guests, which shone in one quarter of my heavens.

Belonging to the same constellation, though of a different magnitude, was the young German army officer, for instance, who came all the way from Germany, where my brother in his *Wanderjahr* had met him. His visit was short but the glory of it enduring. I was not yet seven. I remember how he rose out of respect for me when I entered the room; how he clicked his heels together and stood formal and attendant; how he drew out my chair for me at the table, and saw me seated with all the respect due an empress. To be allowed to come and sit in my brief piqué dress at table with him and his shoulder-straps was an essay in form and a treatise on self-respect.

As brilliant a star but of a steely blue radiance was the physician-scientist, Doctor Highway. He would be classified readily now as a Christian gentleman of highest honor, brilliant gifts, and scientific attainments. But the name scientist was not in those days worn so easily. Huxley and Darwin were old but yet alive, as were many who still believed them to be emissaries of the devil.

Doctor Highway loved truth, he hated falsehood, and this with so much fervor and so little compromise that he was pointed out by some as an atheist. He was perpetually inviting argument, but he, or she, had courage who accepted the invitation. Once, when he expatiated on the marvels of mechanical music-boxes, an older sister of mine, in her early teens, ventured boldly into the open with the tentative remark that wonderful as such music might be, might it not nevertheless lack soul?

I can see him still. He jerked sharply in his chair. He flung his penetrating glance at her and at her only. He said, with a sharpness that had all the effect of anger, '*What do you mean by* SOUL!!'

You have seen a too bold rabbit scuttle into a hole at the near sound of a gun. My sister to outward appearances was still there; but to outward appearances only. She was indeed gone, van-

ished, obliterated, annihilated, — disappeared as effectually as though the earth had swallowed her up. I have no record of the time when she again ventured into the open, but I would be willing to think it was not for years.

I remember supper tables at which his conversations and brilliancy presided. I remember sharp revolutionary statements that fell from him as to Jonah and the whale, the flood; geological testimony as to the length of time consumed in the creation of the world; all given with his fine clear face lit up with a kind of righteous indignation, and his hand brought down at last so that the glass and silver and myself jumped suddenly.

No thunderbolt fell on the house those nights, though I watched for it with anxious waiting. Sometimes I think his was the beginning of my own courage; for whatever moral bravery was in me rose, I think, to honor this greater courage of his, — a subaltern saluting a superior officer. When he was by I listened fascinated. In these long years since he is gone, I too have loved truth; and I could wish for him now sometimes, that the too-complacent guests and cutlery and glassware of our modern dinner-tables might be so startled and shocked by the thunder of as righteous a sincerity.

There was also — how warmly contrasted with Doctor Highway ! — the young Byronic musician with the extraordinary tenor voice. He was the pride of his family, and to their dismay was resolved to go on the opera stage. He treated me as an equal and, dispensing largesse, wrote in my autograph book one day, in a fine stirring hand: 'Music my only love, the only bride I'll ever claim.' Later, it is true, he seemed to have repented his resolve and forgotten the album, for I believe that he claimed some two brides besides music ; but this did not alter his educational value; that remained unspoiled.

There was, too, that great flashing fiery star, Mrs. Rankin, at work at the time of her visit on a drama, *Herod and Mariamne*. She had a mannish face; she wore heavy rings on somewhat mannish hands, and was, no doubt,— it is now revealed to me,— an unclassified suffragette, born untimely, denied, cut off by the custom of those days from the delights of militancy, foredoomed to pass out of life with never the joy of smashing a single window.

She talked much of injustice. She had a big voice and a small opinion of men. This it is not unreasonable to suppose they reciprocated with a still more diminutive opinion of her.

One might think from all this that she should have been a pamphleteer. She was not. She was by all odds and incongruities a poetess, driven by the inexorable muse to daily sessions with Mariamne. Mariamne! Ah, what a subject for her, — for *her!*

She must have absolute quiet. She must be undisturbed. During her stay we would romp in from our play to find my mother with a finger on her lips. Above stairs Mrs. Rankin might be pacing her room, declaiming to the hearing of her own judicial ear only, the speeches of Mariamne, delivered in the voice of Herod, and the speeches of Herod, in a voice that should have been that of Mariamne. I can still hear the long pace and stride overhead.

Lest her type seem too strange, perhaps, it was explained to us what Plato explained long ago, that a poet is rapt wholly out of himself and is as one possessed of the gods.

Then, too, which brought her nearer to our sympathies, my mother conveyed to us the more homely knowledge that Mrs. Rankin had had much unhappiness in her life; some Herod of her own, I believe. This secured to her

our more willing respect and laid on us more than the ordinary obligation of courtesy. This virtue on our part was obliged to be its own reward, for there was no other that I can recall.

These people, you will note, were not bound to us by ties of blood. They were rather relations, rich or poor relations, of the spirit. I am bound also to tell of other guests than these: of those who by virtue of tradition and blood we more wontedly call 'our own'; men and women of my mother's and father's families; aunts and uncles and 'relatives' as we say.

But before I pass on to these, there is need to mention one more, at least, of the relations of the spirit — that one to me most memorable of them all; the young dramatist-poet, with his flying tie and his heavy hair, to whose romantic name — Eugene Ashton — I would how gladly have prefixed the title 'Cousin' had I but been entitled to it; who was nevertheless cousin-german to the spirit of me, or closer still, a kind of brother-of-dreams. He had been into distant countries of the soul — that was clear by a far-away look in his eyes. I used to sit wordless and well-behaved in his presence, but I slipped my soul's hand in his, very friendly, the while; I wandered far with him into realms of fancy, and counted his approval and the merest glance he gave me as very nearly the most desirable thing I could attain to.

I can see him still, and those gray eyes of his, as young as the young moon and as many centuries old; I can still hear his very noble voice, reciting from time to time, as he was wont to do, some of his own verses. Or I can see him leaning forward, his gracious body bending into the firelight, to talk over with my sympathetic mother his plans for recognition and fame.

How little we guessed that his life was even then near to its setting. When one sees the morning star in the dawn, or Hesper in the twilight hanging limpid, golden, one does not wonder will its glory be long or short: so much it holds one with its immortal loveliness, little thought is given to the near-by day, or the night which shall quench it.

The other stars, Miss Lou Brooks, Mrs. Rankin, and the rest, shone long and high in the firmament of my childhood; but the mellow light of the gifts of Eugene Ashton, like the more splendid Hesper, hung low, already low on the horizon.

I shall not forget that morning we heard of his death. 'Eugene Ashton is dead!' The news was not kept from us children. Yet I remember, too, that beyond the first sorrow and shock of such news lay a pardonable pride. He had loved our home; he had found comfort and rest of spirit there. I could still see his gray eyes looking into the firelight, and the bend of his gracious body, every inch of him a poet. There with us, he had dared to be his best and had shared his gifts; his personality had lighted up those very rooms and his voice had sounded in them there where still my daily lot was cast. He had been our guest — to me the most memorable of them all. And now he was gone. Where? A kind of glory followed the thought. He was gone down over the rim of the horizon of life to the land of Death, as splendid there as here. We had lost him, whereas he, you see, had only lost us. It was our lives that were darkened, not his. It was on our lives, not on his, that the night fell. So he also, having been as a 'morning star among the living,' now, having died, was

> 'as Hesperus giving
> New splendor to the dead.'

(The second part of 'Guests' will deal with the author's blood-kindred.)

THE PATHOS OF AMERICA

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

THE American people are unconscious of their pathetic situation. Yet to perceive it requires but a moderate knowledge of the laws of life. We are the only prosperous people in the world at present. We alone are not weighed down either by war, by mobilization, or by extreme anxiety. Nor is it clearly our fault that we are fattening while the rest of the world grows lean. It is, nevertheless, portentous.

During our Civil War, some men in the North rapidly grew rich; but sacrifice kept the people chastened. Now throughout the European world an enormous castigation and, it may be hoped, purification, is taking place in which we have no share. We are not exhausting our resources for a cause, or draining our blood. Instead, we are making huge profits.

How can we help it? Are we to blame? We did not bring on the war; nor do we clearly owe to any other country a duty to take part in it. France and England cannot reasonably reproach the United States on this ground. We have no army, and but a questionable navy; there really was no way in which we could attack a foe across the ocean. And the citizens of the United States are a mixture of many peoples, with different traditions. They are, however, what they are, living in a certain organized way, through a complicated social organization, of which they are somehow part, but for which they do not seem altogether responsible. They are equipped and fitted to do the things they do; but neither fitted nor equipped for lofty sacrifice, unless, perhaps, in case they should be obviously driven to it. The machinery of their life enables them to fulfill some generous and unsacrificial instincts, and give, say, a tithe of a tithe of their profits to Belgium and France.

Let the imagination bestir itself: might not the American people have thrown a propitiatory sop to the fatness of their fate, by presenting five hundred million dollars to England and France, instead of loaning it at a good interest? Such a gift was impossible. There exists no machinery for making such a gift, but very ample and efficient machinery for making such a loan. Does not the exchange of commodities depend upon the expectation of profit? There literally exists no machinery for producing and shipping exports in requisite quantities — wheat or leather or munitions — save in the hope of profit. That hope enters into the entire process; it is an essential part of the machinery — part of our institutions, of our society, of our ineradicable motives, and of our fate. Under present conditions, the world is our oyster, and we must eat it. We must grow obese, with belly distended for some thrust of retribution, which will equalize us with humanity at large. That retribution will come in lowering of character, in loosening of sinew, perhaps in giant calamity, or perhaps not. But it will come; for we have lost our share in the strength which arises through denial and sacrifice. An Isaiah might point this out more definitely!

Conceivably some great power of motive might save us; but only a power of motive as much beyond us at present as it is a necessary part of our salvation. Above the stomach this nation scarcely exists as a nation. One must pity the United States in this world-crisis for lacking a vital motive sufficient to lift them into something above a digestive and nutritive organism. Spiritually they are footless and formless. And that there is no visible means at hand for making us other than we are, is one element of the pitifulness and pitilessness of our situation and our fate.

Again, it is not clear that we have been specifically culpable. We are netted in dilemmas of the flesh. They make our fate. And should we turn from 'fate' to God in upward yearning and in prayer, what could we pray, unless a prayer like this: Grant and fulfill, O God, the prayers that we should pray, were it not for our ignorance, and the impotence of our swinish natures. Praying thus, we should add a prayer to be made able and prepared to accept — the granting.

ON UNDERSTANDING THE MIND OF GERMANY

BY JOHN DEWEY

I

MANY psychologists are now saying that the wish is uniformly father to the thought. Above the surface of consciousness rise intellectual structures of which we fancy ourselves the lords. Some are more spacious, others less so; some rickety, some solid. But all, we imagine, have been built by the master-builder — cold reason. But these psychologists tell us of vital instincts, obscure inclinations, imperative preferences at work below the surface of consciousness and shaping the systems of belief, seemly and unseemly, which show themselves above. As unseen forms build up islands of the seas, these hidden stirrings of hope and fear create our thoughts. These psychologists may exaggerate. But the intellectual outgivings of the present war look like a demonstration of their thesis.

Emotional perturbations are so deep and general in war that any one who keeps himself outside can behold the suborning of intelligence in process. The native partisanship of thought and belief becomes flagrant. These glory, naked and unashamed, in their simplicity of bias. Impartiality and detachment of mind are suspicious traits. A loyal and serious soul, so it seems, does not weigh evidence too closely or reach conclusions too scrupulously when his country's fate hangs in the balance. A once philosophically minded Englishman now writes 'on the peacefulness of being at war.' For an emotion which sweeps all before it, so undivided as to leave room for but one kind of thinking and one form of belief, affords a sweetly complete sense of certainty. In it the discriminations and doubts which always accompany the efforts of a critical intelligence are submerged.

It is characteristic of emotion to develop only those ideas which support and reinforce their own operation. Their subtlest work is to produce intellectual structures which effectively mask from view whatever would trouble action were it recognized. To suggest beliefs which feed desire is a simple matter. To build up beliefs which prevent perception of what is undesirable within desire is a more complicated affair. Men are profoundly moral even in their immoralities. Especially do they in their collective and persistent activities require the support of a justifying conscience. Nothing is so paralyzing to action as prolonged doubt as to the justice of one's cause. The notion that men can act enduringly and deliberately at the expense of others, in behalf of their own advantage, just because they perceive it to be their own advantage, is a myth — in spite of its currency. Ideal ends and moral responsibilities are always invoked. And only uninstructed cynicism will assign conscious hypocrisy in explanation. Men must be stayed in their serious enterprises by moral justifications — this is a necessity which knows no law but itself. We may learn a lesson from the prevalence of the doctrine of the divine rights of kings. As long as absolute monarchies had the sanction of contemporary events, they did not appeal for justification to supernatural sanctions. Only when their rights became humanly questionable was recourse had to superhuman buttressing.

In times of peace it is possible to idealize war. Imagination, left to its own devices, forgets the disagreeable and dwells upon glory. In times of war, suffering, misery, the agonies of destruction, are too immediate and urgent to permit this course save to the hopelessly callous or the hopelessly romantic. Hence idealization is transferred to the cause for which the war is fought. Even the most righteous of wars involves many illusions of this sort; the less justifiable the war, the more surely do the emotions develop ideas and beliefs which may disguise the lack of justification. The vehement conviction of each warring nation of the absolute righteousness of its own cause is the whistling of children in the awful unexpectedness of a graveyard. But it is this only superficially. In its depths it represents the labor of desire to procure a moral justification which will arm action. Only the most placid or the most trivial of existences is endurable without some belief in its own moral necessity. How can the horrors of war be borne without conviction of moral justification?

Each nation naturally expresses its own moral grounds in the terms which its history has made familiar and congenial. The formulæ chosen are appealing and convincing to other nations — say neutral nations — in the degree in which they are uttered in a familiar and understandable tongue. The average American understands the moral defense of Great Britain readily. It is couched in the terms which we should naturally employ in our own justification. So far as distance permits us to judge, France has been the least clamorous of all the nations at war; but her justifications, also, are uttered in a language which we understand, even if it be not so naturalized among us as the moral speech of England. But it is noteworthy that Americans — except German-Americans — who sympathize with Germany do not explain and justify her cause in the language which the Germans by preference employ. The former assign reasons of expediency and practical political necessity, — not the broad sweeping moral reasons which the latter put forth.

The case of the invasion of Belgium is signally in point. American apologists sought for technical and legal justifications — the origin of the treaty in a Prussian, not an Imperial, guaranty, and so forth. They ignored the plea of the justification by a superior national mission, by the doctrine that the day of the small nationality is past since it obstructs the required organization of humanity. The true Germans ignored the legal technicalities of their American apologists. The only point upon which the two agreed was that of the right conferred by military necessity. And this proffering of the doctrine of necessity was to most Americans a sign that the intellects as well as the sympathies of their compatriots had become Germanized. In a most literal sense the mind of Germany is foreign to us; it is not to be understood without an effort.

II

Each nation, I repeat, expresses its justification through the ideas which its past history has made most intelligible to itself — in terms, that is, of its own national philosophy. The English are traditionally Protestant, evangelical, and individualistic in their consciousness. Their moral defense instinctively takes a personal, a moralistic, form. The blamelessness of their own conscience, the virtuousness of their motive — such as the defense of the sanctity of treaties and their pledged word — support them. Since their activities, as distinct from their consciousness, have been largely commercial and imperialistic, it is not surprising that the hypocrisy, the unctuous pharisaism, of the British have become proverbial among nations with another cast of thought. But since the emotion of good intent is a perfectly genuine phenomenon, the English are truly puzzled by the accusation. Nothing is more remote from their all too hearty and bluff straightforwardness than conscious double-dealing. America has been educated too largely in the English tradition to get the full force of the Continental charge of hypocrisy. But it should be possible for us to see that every nation has its peculiar self-interest, and hence its own mode of partly disguising and partly justifying the operation of that self-interest.

The devotion of the French to general ideas, to impersonal formulæ, is as marked as that of the English to rectitude of personal motive. Their justifications are congenially expressed in the ideas of reason, humanity, and civilization. The reaction of the English to these abstract notions — in the past — has been the charge of childish vanity and love of glittering rhetoric. The accusation, from the Continental side of the Channel, of perfidy was met by the counter charge, from the insular side, of incredible levity. But an intelligent outsider will find, I think, only a divergence in the manner of seeking and finding the mental sanction required for effective action.

In any event, the English and the French have long been in contact with each other. They have learned each other's catchwords of defense and recrimination. One can hardly imagine them, so far as international intercourse is concerned, taking each other by intellectual surprise. But the self-justifying consciousness of the German was, up to the time of the war, practically an unexplored territory to the Englishman. He noted, of course, the practical activities of the former. Up to the period of the achieving of German national unity in the early seventies, nay, up to the time of the naval developments of the nineties, these activities met mainly with his acquiescence, even his approval. At all events, the

activities were quite explicable to the English on the basis of principles with which they were quite familiar. They were characteristically incurious as to whether the same principles animated the German understanding of Germany's activities. They took no occasion to acquaint themselves with the bulwarks of moral explanation which had been erecting in Germany since the day of the Napoleonic wars. If account was made of them, they were not taken seriously. They seemed to be innocently speculative, or an evidence of the peculiar interest of Germans in introspective metaphysics.

Hence the intellectual unpreparedness of the English for the war — their unpreparedness for understanding the meaning which the Germans assigned in justification of their activities. They had no forewarned mind about the German mind. This explains the rapid growth and spread of the Nietzschean myth. Nietzsche had urged, so it was thought, that all reference to moral ideals and sanctions was a sign and a source of weakness. Well, here was an entire people which had become exemplars of that doctrine: a people which had quite consciously thrown off, in their international politics, the last vestige of need for any moral basis and aim; a people which had deliberately adopted the doctrine of force as its own justification.

The only thing which might have given a clew to the mind of Germany — the mind, I say, not the activities — was the greatest stumbling-block. I refer to the professed idealism of Germany — what I have elsewhere called its self-conscious and self-righteous idealism. To most Englishmen who thought of this idealism at all, it seemed to be a weakness — rather amiable though futile — for an introspective and sentimental philosophy. Since the sole approach to an understanding was ignored or misconceived, there was a frantic clutching for any explanation, and a unanimous cry of relief when Nietzsche was laid hold of. That anti-Prussian individualist, that rebel against any philosophy of regimentation and subordination, figured along with Treitschke and Bernhardi as a war-god of the tribes of the Huns. That Treitschke had assumed a philosophy of the state and history distilled by Hegel and Fichte from idealistic philosophy, and given it an acrid positivistic application to contemporary affairs, was unnoted. In vain were the allusions of Bernhardi to the categorical imperative and the idealistic mission of Germany spread over his pages.

There are scores of illustrations of the hiatus between the German conception of themselves and the English reading of their mental and moral temper. *Kultur*, the catchword of the war, is as good as any. It is readily comprehensible that the English, after what seemed to them the extreme German braggadocio about superior *Kultur*, should have adopted Louvain, Rheims, and the Lusitania as emblems of *Kultur*. As things go in war, this was a fair hit. But they also went so far as to believe that these events meant to the Germans just what they meant to themselves: deliberate assertion that might is the only right, and a claim of absolution from duty and humanity. How far this was from the German state of mind may be seen in the following words of an influential German newspaper respecting the sinking of the Lusitania:—

'We base that deed on the claims of the higher humanity which is the foundation of every national life. What appears inhumanity to the Americans was in the higher sense humanity. . . . National self-respect demands that a state shall not lay aside its holy du-

ties, even if their fulfillment seems to involve harshness or cruelty. Would that the Americans could grasp this conception of humanity.'

It is not easy to take in fully the meaning of such words. Presumably a German would hardly use them save in the emotional stress of war. But only if we forget for the time being what we have heard about Nietzsche *et als.*, and put ourselves in the atmosphere of these words, can we put ourselves in the path which leads to an understanding of the German mind. For the *Kultur* for whose preservation the war is waged is (to this mind) a sacred necessity for all humanity. The ideal is not force; it is the systematic organization of all forces, natural and social, by means of devotion to science and to honest patient work, in behalf of the victory of the ideal of organization over the ideal of chaotic individualism; of science over blind muddling along; of thorough work over superficial display. To fail to employ force, of every kind and in every way, to defend such a possession would be treachery to the German ideal and hence to the cause of humanity. Such spiritual sloth may be left to other nations.

Even those of us who retain enough impartiality to recognize that efficient organization, detailed application of science, and patient work have been marked traits of German life, may fail to see that the present war is one waged in defense of these admirable qualities against the attacks of outside greed, envy, and desire for revenge. But if we are to achieve an understanding of the German mind about itself in general, and itself in this war in particular, we have to get a vision of Germans seriously and sincerely holding ideas which we can hardly present to ourselves without an element of irony and caricature. Just as we take it for granted that the French should conceive themselves as especial guardians of rationality and civilized intercourse, the English as filled with a sense of the virtuousness of their motives, so we must learn to think of the Germans as convinced of their superior idealism and universality of outlook. Just because their *Welt-Anschauung* is superior, it is a duty not so much to themselves as to humanity itself that they should have made every preparation, scientific and technical as well as personal, to defend it and win acknowledgment for it: such is their mind about themselves.

III

The English, I repeat, were conspicuous in unpreparedness to understand the mind of Germany. The French outcry, in spite of their greater suffering, has been restrained. Not only have the Latin races long conceived the Teutons as still only partially civilized, but the French were specifically instructed as to the German temper of mind. The defeat of 1870 had turned the mind of a generation to ideas and things German. Their lucid curiosity, their unequaled ability in *Comptes Rendus*, had borne fruit in a multitude of informing studies. A dozen, probably a score, of writings in French could be named (published mainly since 1890) for which no parallel can be found in English. In the latter tongue there are excellent political histories, admirable studies of government, administration, domestic and civic life. But it is hard to find any accounts of German ideas, of the specifically German temper of mind, which compare with a multitude of French books. If one wants to know about their national psychology, about the background and development of their beliefs in social and political philosophy, about not merely their economic activities and theories but the

mental disposition which attends them, about their religious ideas, about the way in which they have conceived and written history, one goes to French studies. And one finds a record of fact, accompanied with insight into the emotional and moral temper implied in the fact. The foreigner is not well able to judge as to the military preparedness of the French; as to their intellectual preparedness there can be no doubt. The accounts are not only clear and objective; they combine with a subtle irony an equally subtle admiration for many German ways.

Only a mental unreadiness on the part of the English would have made possible the rise of the Nietzsche myth. Strange to say this unreadiness was increased, not diminished, by the immense interest taken in professional German philosophy in the generation after 1870 — the generation of revolt against the empiricism that reigned in Great Britain from Locke onwards. It is even true that to all appearances the classic idealism of Germany flourished more in England than in Germany during the decade of the nineties. Admirable books were produced about Fichte and Hegel as well as Kant. But the interest in German philosophy was of a kind to close the eyes to the characteristically German temper which gave edge to it.

In part, this was merely a result of the unfortunate way in which the history of philosophical thought is too usually written. It is only too customary to discuss systems of thought apart from their social context; it is only too customary to write gravely about them as if they were like unto mathematical systems, and the only question was of their absolute truth or falsity. This habit, of course, leads to expositions which may be scholarly and technically accurate, but which ignore everything which is symptomatic of the national mind. It is a matter of indifference whether the system arose and flourished in Greece, Turkey, the moon, or Mars. But this general cause was reinforced at this juncture by a special need of English thought. To all appearances the traditional philosophy of Great Britain had more than served its time. Its empirical character was allied with a somewhat narrow individualism. In the later nineteenth century extreme individualism was a source of danger.

German philosophy was seized upon as a weapon with which to attack the former official philosophy of England. It is more than a coincidence that the reign of German idealism in Great Britain coincided with the revolt against *laissez-faire* liberalism in economics and politics, and with the growth of collectivism. In religious matters it coincided with an increasing failure of dogmatic Protestantism, combined with a desire to preserve the moral and emotional content of a faith which was no longer accepted literally. In religion the older liberalism had proved rather thin; German idealism added substance. Consequently the English attitude was not concerned with what German idealism meant at home, but with what it could do in Great Britain. Everything which did not contribute to this end was ignored, or else treated as a mere technical blemish without serious import.

German philosophy was taken not only innocently, trustingly, but eulogistically. It supplied 'organic' constructive principles with which to contend against the manifest defects of historic English particularism. The 'categorical imperative' appeared in a halo of glory, due to its contrast with a mechanical profit-and-loss theory. The Hegelian conception of the state was transfigured in its contrast with a

police conception of government. The German notion of history as an immanent evolution of an Absolute Idea shone in contrast with that absence of a sense of the moral value of historic continuity which John Stuart Mill noted as the weakness of his own spiritual forbears.

No atmosphere could be less conducive to an appreciation of the standing of German idealism as an instrument of national apologetics. A too critical attitude toward German thought would have weakened its fighting value in England. The obvious course was followed. German thought was abstracted wholly from its own social setting and bias. It was conceived as it would have been if it had been an indigenous product adapted to the especial needs of contemporary England, It was a balm for social wounds; a medicine for religious ills; a tool of educational and political reconstruction. No point of view could have been more unfavorable to understanding what Germany itself found in its *a priori* and absolutistic idealism and in its own philosophy of history. The continuity of the German mind of 1914 with that forming in 1814 in the struggle for national existence was lost from sight. The thinkers who should have been the ones to interpret the German mind to England were just the ones most taken by surprise. That a philosophy so obviously desirable and needed in England could suddenly appear as a weapon of offense aimed at the peace of Europe and the well-being of England was impossible. A spiritual revolution, symbolized by the Nietzschean will to power, must have overtaken the Germany of idealistic philosophy. Mr. J. H. Muirhead, one of the English disciples of the classic idealism of Germany, has no recourse save to consider its present philosophy as 'the great apostasy.'

IV

It is interesting to speculate whether England has not suffered grievously because, at a turn of its social and political tide, it could find no alternatives between persisting in an outworn native philosophy and entirely abandoning it for a foreign importation. In spite of the professional vogue of the latter, it never made its way into the popular mind. Since the eclipse of John Stuart Mill, England has had no native philosophy. Is this fact possibly connected with its muddling along? The speculation is interesting, but it belongs to another story save as it is connected with the difficulty of the English (and of Americans who have followed the English clew) in understanding the mind of Germany. In contrast with the fiction of a complete rupture between the older and the present thought, Professor Francke speaks the words of soberness and truth in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, when he argues for the essential continuity of German mind in the imperial Germany of the present and the cosmopolitan Germany of Kant, Schiller, and Goethe, and makes his appeal to Fichte and Hegel instead of to Nietzsche.

Continuity, observe; not identity. Continuity permits of development, even of transformation. Continuity may be understood from either end. We may employ the earlier stage to interpret the later; we may employ the later to appreciate and understand the earlier. Thus it is that the fact of continuity may seem to some the condemnation of the classic philosophy; to others the justification of the present mind of Germany. We are on safer ground when we ask after the ideas which have conferred continuity upon the German moral consciousness, and ask what changes of color they have

undergone in the century between Jena and Liége.

I find nothing to subtract from the formulæ of Professor Francke. Unconditional submission to duty, salvation through ceaseless striving of will, the moral mission of æsthetic culture — so far as they go, these seem to me the ideas which have formed the continuing mind of Germany. If anything is to be added, it is an idea which in no way conflicts with the three ideas cited. It is the idea of historicism — to employ an expressive if barbarous locution. And for present purposes it makes no difference whether one connects the idea with Herder, or Lessing, or with Fichte (in his later period) and Hegel. By historicism I mean the notion of an Ideal, a Mission, a Destiny which can be found continuously unfolding in the life of a people (at least of the German people), in whose light the events which happen are to be understood, and by faithfulness to which a people stands condemned or justified.

This fourth conception is not, however, so much an addition to the other three factors as it is an expression of the way in which they are to be understood. For during the nineteenth century the ideas which were first applied to individuals were transferred to the state as itself an individual, and so gained a new meaning. The transfer is obvious in the case of the Kantian idea of duty. With Kant duty marked a connecting link between the individual and humanity; it expressed what was truly human and thus universal in man. But 'humanity' is not yet organized. There are no social institutions in which humanity, as distinct from local or national citizenship, is embodied. It expresses a mere rational ideal; something which is not realized, though it ought to be. Consequently Kant himself proclaimed that while men are to act from the motive of duty, duty is an empty notion. It has to get its filling, its specific subject-matter, from empirical circumstance.

This may sound like a mere philosophical technicality. But it turned out otherwise. Kant thought of duty as a command; as, in his own words, an imperative. The essence of morality is obedience. That Kant thought of it as obedience to an abstract law of reason representing an ideal of an unrealized humanity, is evidence of his own noble aspirations. But human beings at large can hardly guide themselves by such remote abstractions. An identification of the essence of morality with obedience to law lends itself to an implicit acquiescence in whatever laws happen to impinge upon the individual. The modern age inherited from mediæval thought the notion of morality as obedience to a sovereign command. As late as the seventeenth century, the central question of all political moral theory, even in England, was the legitimacy of resistance to constituted authority. In the eighteenth century thought in England and France moved away from the mediæval notion of obedience as central in morals. Kant was a means to fastening the idea upon German thought. The fact that he gave the idea a singularly elevated tone was just what enabled the idea to survive against the forces which everywhere else had undermined the identification of morality with obedience to the command of authority.

The merging of the idea of moral obligation into that of political obedience was furthered by the Germanic exaltation of the state. When the authority which demands acquiescent obedience is thought of as 'the manifestation of the divine on earth'; when, as in Professor Francke's words, the state is thought of as 'an organism uniting in itself all spiritual and moral aspirations,' it is only too easy to identify

moral duty with political subservience. The ideal of a collective nation embodying a divine purpose in its historic development took captive the Kantian idea of duty; it replaced the endeavor of the isolated individual to realize in his own humble sphere the ideal of a law as broad as humanity. A cosmopolitan ideal, evolved in an agricultural, quasi-feudal, weak, and divided Germany, became an intensely nationalistic reality in a united, imperialistic, industrial, and prosperous Germany. Thus I think that Professor Francke is entirely right in saying that in the Germanic exaltation of the state as a supreme ethical entity, the line of moral regeneration which took its start from Kant reached its climax. But there are also opportunities for degeneration when moral obligation is found in political subordination and subservience.

At all events, the fact that German thought still entertains a type of moral conception which has well-nigh evaporated in the cultures of other modern nationalities, throws light on the difficulties the non-German world has in understanding the language in which intellectual Germans formulate their ideas and justify their practical policies. The Germans are always saying that the American lack of sympathy with the German cause is due to the fact that we get our information from British sources, and hence do not understand the Germans. Well, it is not a matter of the source of our information, but of the source of our ideas. And it is not a matter of the past year or the past twenty years. For over two hundred years our minds have been educated in English political ideas to which German thought is foreign; for over a hundred years, our ideas have been fed upon an even more disparate social philosophy, that of the French struggle for *liberté*. There can be no disguising the fact that our American conception of freedom is incompatible with the idea of duty as that has developed in Germany. I make no attempt to decide which is right. I only say that they are so incompatible that minds nourished on one ideal cannot readily understand the type of mind nurtured by the other.

V

The second element in the continuous tradition of Germany is said to be the ideal of ceaseless, restless striving. The gospel of the strenuous life, of the value of energy of will for its own sake, has sometimes been thought to be peculiarly American. I think Professor Francke is right in believing it to be distinctively German. An American must after all have an end to call out and centre his activities. Results are needed to justify an activity. Otherwise his restless striving, his taut energy, becomes neurasthenic. I fear we are not sufficiently particular as to the character of the end or the quality of the results. Almost anything will do, from winning a ball game, or forming the biggest business corporation in the world, to converting a community to Billy Sundayism. But some end there must be to account for the expenditure of energy. Otherwise the cult of will never lays hold of us. Consequently when we find the example of Emperor William cited as a 'particularly conspicuous evidence of this spirit of striving,' as an example of 'universal and impassioned impulse of achievement,' our reaction is cynical rather than admiring. That, we say to ourselves, is just about the sort of example we should expect to find. We have difficulty in understanding it as other than a semi-pathological love of the limelight. We may be wrong, but we cannot, it must be admitted, understand how and why we are wrong. For it is

ingrained in us that some end there must be for which energy is exercised. Towards activity merely as ceaseless striving we react in what is perhaps our most characteristic national slang: Give us a rest.

To the German, on the other hand, this inability of ours is another evidence of our utilitarianism, our Philistine culture. But even Germans recognize, I think, that this idea of universal striving as an end in itself is a child of Romanticism. Similarity of words is often a bar to mutual understanding. The Germans say *Wille;* we say *will.* Hence the easy assumption of a community of meaning. But our word is affected (or infected, if you please) with the spirit of a Puritanic morality, and of struggle for political liberties and economic savings. The word suggests personal resolution and endurance in the face of disagreeable odds. But *Wille* suggests an impersonal, an absolute energy striving through personal channels for manifestation. It is affected by the Romantic movement. The conception is calculated to impart a tinge of enthusiasm to deeds otherwise prosaic; it colors with emotional universality (or mysticism) the specific jobs which have to be done. But it also is admirably calculated to serve as a protective moral device. Activities which are 'all too human,' activities which have a definite practical goal of advantage in view, seem to lose all taint of self-seeking and to gain a sacred character when they are felt to be manifestations of a universal Over-will. Materialistic things look quite different when they are viewed as the necessary consequences of an idealistic devotion to the gospel of ceaseless striving; when they are looked upon as the conquest of spiritual will over matter. The doctrine lends itself, assuredly, to intellectual confusion and to self-deception.

Moreover, this conception has also been invaded by the nationalistic idea — by the conception of the German state as a peculiar incarnation of a spiritual force unfolding in history. The older Romanticism was at least confined to superior personalities striving for wide cultural achievements in their own private spheres. Transfer the habitat of spiritual energy from the strivings of the private person for the enrichment of his own life to the organized public state striving for the expansion of its own powers, and you get something like the current Teutonic apologia for the present war. I have no doubt that there are some German statesmen who know precisely what the present war is about; what particular concrete gains are at stake. But to the 'intellectuals' of Germany — *vide* the manifestos they have showered upon us — the object is that utterly Romantic thing: the expansion of Kultur, the spread of distinctively German ways of thinking and feeling. In short, the war is a part of the ceaseless striving for realization on the part of the *Wille* embodied in the German people. That the French and the English should have *specific* objects in view, particular advantages to gain and disadvantages to avoid, seems to many highly instructed Germans (if we may trust their language) something peculiarly base. It is no wonder that German rulers frequently speak with contempt of the political capacity of German subjects. But one must question whether there is anything but a diversion of what might have been political capacity into the channels of Romanticism.

VI

The extraordinary revival of interest in the Middle Ages associated with Romanticism is a familiar fact. To it we owe most of our modern appreciation

of the real life of that period. One may ask, however, whether we are dealing with a revival or a reversion. The affection of the Romantic spirit for the Middle Ages seems to be an expression of its own mediæval quality. I am not ambitious to characterize the spirit of Romanticism as that has shown itself in Germany. But certainly one of its marked features is an exuberance of unchastened imagination, and an introspective reveling in the emotional accompaniments of such an imagination. How largely German philosophy has sought refuge in an inner world, a world of consciousness; how largely it has made traits of this inner life a measure of reality! From the standpoint of one who is not a subject of Romanticism this means but one thing. The Romantic spirit has deliberately evaded the testing and sifting of emotions and ideas; it has declined to submit them for valuation to the tests of hard and sober fact. It has avoided the test of attempted execution in action. To those who believe that human consciousness is a wild riot of imagination until human beings act upon it and thus bring it to the test of reality, Romanticism can mean only undisciplined imagination, immaturity of mind.

It sounds silly to say that Germans, with their devotion to science and their habits of subordination to authority, have brought into the modern world of politics the untried and unchastened fancies and feelings of mediævalism. But I mean only what the Germans themselves say when they tell us that they combine with supreme discipline in the outer world of action supreme freedom in the inner world of thought. I mean what they mean when they themselves say that the German people as a people lack the political sense, the political capacity of the self-governing nations of our day. For this is in effect an admission of unripeness, of immaturity of thought with respect to the supreme concerns of human action. We live in a period of political disillusionment. The tree of political liberty, watered with blood and tears, has brought forth many bitter fruits. In our disappointments we overlook what the struggle for self-government has done for those who have participated in it. At least it has chastened the unbridled imagination of man; it has developed a sense of realities; it has brought a certain maturity of mind as its outcome.

Now, when not only the Bernhardis but the Bismarcks and the Von Bülows tell us that the Germans are marked by absence of political sense and capacity, that they have not the gift of self-government, that they accomplish great things only under the leadings of authority from above, what are they saying except that the Germans, with all their achievements, have missed the one great experience in which the national minds of Great Britain, France, and America have been educated and ripened? With all our defects, is any measure of technical efficiency, of comfortable ease, in a 'socialized Germany,' a compensation for the absence, I do not say of political democracy, but of the experience which comes to men only in a struggle to be free and responsible in their moral and social action? Compared with such freedom, the irresponsible freedom of inner consciousness seems, I repeat, an extension into a modern world of the undisciplined mind of the Middle Ages.

If there be truth in this conception, — and unless there be truth in it, the struggle for democracy lacks intellectual significance, — we have probably the root of the difficulty of mutual understanding as between the German mind and that of other peoples. Politically we do not speak the same language because we do not think the

same thoughts. My final word would not be one, however, upon this discouraging note. It is rather a word of hopefulness regarding what has given Americans so much cause for perplexity — the 'hyphen' problem. It is natural in a time of emotional stress, and in a time when those of German ancestry find hard things said on all sides about their ancestral land, that German-Americans should indulge in idealization of their older country, should bring forth with emphatic fervor the numerous fine things which current criticism is ignoring, and should in their irritation seek out the weak things in their adopted land and speak with harshness of its institutions. But I cannot believe that any large number of them have remained here without being profoundly influenced by the struggle for responsible and self-respecting common management of common affairs.

War brings with it a recrudescence of the spirit of Romanticism, a reversion to the undisciplined mind, among all peoples. To be in an unsympathetic land, a land which does not understand, is a stimulus to the most tense kind of Romantic fancy. But when the emotional strain passes, there will be an equal reversion to the light of common day, with its usual tasks and the illumination of these tasks by the thought that we are all engaged together in the greatest enterprise which has ever enlisted human thought and emotion: the attainment of a common control of the common interests of beings who live together. Whether German-Americans will then attempt to educate their countrymen at home to a perception of the inherent lack in any *Kultur* of a modern state not based upon the principle of self-government, I do not know. 'T is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But I am confident that all, except a few incurable aliens who merely happen to be physically among us, will respond with eagerness to any call which Americans who are longer acclimated may issue, to make our own experiment in responsible freedom more of a reality. And this response is, after all, the final test of loyalty to American institutions.

THE COST

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I

He was one of the men I had somehow believed could not die.

And when that May morning, with England at her loveliest, I read the notice in the always lengthening obituary of the *Times*, I was — amazed.

The torpedoing of the Lusitania, recorded in the same paper, seemed to me somehow as nothing beside that other intimate catastrophe.

Then I took up the paper and reread the notice.

It was not particularly to the point, for it dealt with him simply as an athlete. The real Ronald was clearly quite unknown to the writer; but there was

one sentence in those half dozen lines that lingered in my mind: —

He was probably the greatest Rugby three-quarter-back of all time.

He was; and he was much more.

And as I puzzled it all out — *our* hopes, *his* opportunities, this sudden catastrophe — I found myself dully butting my head against the hard wall of the simple facts: —

Ronald was no more. He had not died. He had been killed deliberately — this boy who never had an enemy, and who so loved his life.

'*C'est trop bête, la guerre,*' say the wise French peasants in their simple way, as they till their fields up to the very trenches. And surely they are right. It is the stupidity of the thing, and not its wickedness, that staggers the modern mind.

And of all the stupidities of the war this for the moment seemed to me the most crass.

Here was a beautiful creature —

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home,

with the youth in his limbs, the light in his face, the hope in his heart, stopped: dead.

As I revolved the matter in my mind, the occasion on which I had last seen him kept recurring to me.

It was at the time of the Welsh match in the April before the war. He was captain of the English team. I think the King was present. But I forget the King; though I have a hazy memory of seeing Ronald tripping down the steps from the dressing-room at the head of his team, and standing in his football shorts and blue jersey shaking hands with a little man in a round hat before the grand stand.

It was very much Ronald's game that day. The thirty thousand gathered to watch him were all agreed on that. His playing was, as always, original. It was as different from that of other men as he was different from them. It was spiritual; and its quality, effortlessness. The strain, the ferocity, the contortions and grimaces of others who indulge in that heroic and elemental tussle which is Rugby football were not for him.

Nobody ever saw him gnash teeth upon the football field; I doubt if anybody ever knew him cross; certainly nobody ever heard him swear. And I for one rarely knew him to issue a command — certainly never a hortatory one — though he was usually captain. A steady brilliance pervaded his play and personality alike. Always master of the game, he was consummately master of himself. And he handled his men with the same unconscious ease with which he swooped and swerved through the enemy toward the goal.

An incident in the game comes back to me. It spoke to me at the moment of Ronald and his capacity for winning men. He had tackled an enemy three-quarters in full career. The pack was on them in a moment as they struggled, and had smothered them. The two men emerged from beneath the worry at last; and the enemy three-quarters, as he withdrew toward his own line, gave an intimate little pat on the shoulder to the man who had wrought his headlong ruin and crushed in a moment the fruition of his plans.

I love you, it said.

And it was not only on the football field that his genius for government appeared. At Rugby, at Oxford, in those camps of workingmen by the sea which he loved, in boys' clubs in mean quarters of great towns, it was always the same. He led, I think as much as anything, because he never sought to lead. Authority clothed him naturally as the grass the field. Men and boys acknowledged allegiance to a power they could

not define and of which the user was unconscious. The root of the matter lay perhaps in this: that there was no egotism in the man. He was one of the humble of heart, without a trace of morbid diffidence.

Therefore some believed that he had in him a power for bettering the affairs of men which none of his more brilliant Balliol contemporaries, greedy of power, voraciously ambitious, wearisomely successful, possessed.

Three months after his last International, war was declared.

At Oxford he had joined the Officers' Training Corps; but when the authorities urged him to become an officer, he refused. Later, when he had left Oxford, it seemed to him his unpleasant duty to accept a commission in his county Territorial battalion.

The adventure and romance of war made no appeal to him. It was a dirty business that had to be got through.

It may have been because his mother came of Quaker and his father of Nonconformist stock; it may have been that he had been brought up in the academic and not the imperial tradition; whatever the cause, it is surely worthy of record that perhaps the greatest athlete of his generation hated soldiering from his heart, though he died in battle.

He hated soldiering and never took his sport in killing. As a tiny boy he protested against what seemed to him the wanton destruction of flies. Later in life, when he was one of the richest young men of his day, and the owner of a great estate, the pursuits of the *jeunesse dorée* only bored him. He never hunted, never shot; and never wished to do so. 'The horse was very fierce,' he writes in his simple way of a ride he once took.

It was not that he thought killing for pleasure wrong; it was that he disliked it.

He loved life himself and in his large and sunny way he wished others to enjoy what he found so dear — the lower creatures too.

And it is a bitter commentary on things as they are that this young man, whose heart was brimming with loving-kindness, never killed anything deliberately save other men.

All through the hot and terrible days of August, 1914, Oxford and Cambridge poured their best into the ranks of Kitchener's Army.

The Expeditionary Force was flung into France. The Territorial battalions were mobilized, and might follow at any moment.

Ronald was an officer in one of these. As such he had enlisted for home service alone, and had therefore the right to refuse to serve abroad.

At the outbreak of the war his father and mother were abroad; and two of his friends embassied half across England to urge him to consider his responsibilities and exercise his rights.

He was furious with them.

In fact his battalion did not leave for the front for another six months. And that six months did not make the profession that had been forced upon him any dearer.

'I had rather be making biscuits,' he wrote to a friend.

In those days he changed. Something of the old radiance was departing from his face, and little wonder. His friends were falling like autumn leaves. The boys who had stormed across Bigside at Rugby in his victorious wake, the men who had followed him to victory in many a university match, were going down in swathes. It was the platoon-leaders, the men of his own age, who were catching the full blast of lead and steel that was sweeping over Europe. And his turn would come. He never doubted it.

'It's not what I should have wished,' he admitted just before he went.

For he was happy in his life, happy in his opportunities, as are few.

His uncle, a great captain of industry, had made him his heir. And laboring as a common hand, among the workingmen he understood so well, in the immense biscuit factory which he was one day to control, he was quietly dreaming of the work to which he meant to devote his life.

He had the chance, and he had the capacity and the desire to make the most of it. For his heart was set, not on adding to his fortune or going into Parliament, but on adjusting the relations between master and men. Here was the task; and here apparently a soul supremely adapted by nature and opportunity to undertake it with success.

A casual bullet at midnight, as he stood on the parapet of a trench directing a fatigue-party, ended his dreams and our expectations.

'We shall win in this war,' said a soldier friend to me the other day, 'because in the end Love always wins.'

It does; and the price is Calvary.

II

And he does not stand alone.

In the minds of many his name will be recorded with that of another youth, so like him, and yet so unlike.

The two were at Rugby together; of singular beauty and athletic excellence.

I do not know if they were friends at school. I should say probably not. For Rupert from boyhood was a poet, and Ronald a man of action. The names almost betray the men and the difference between them.

After school-days I doubt if they ever met, for the poet went to Cambridge, and the engineer to Oxford.

And it was typical that the one became a Fabian and lectured on the Minority Report, while the other plunged into the practical labors of Boys' Clubs. Ronald remained a stout Churchman while Rupert was writing ironical verse about the creed of his fathers.

Again, after they had left their universities the one was sweating as a mechanic in the engine-room of a factory, while the other was sailing the South Seas and bursting into song in honor of dusky maidens.

Of the two youths it was difficult to say which was the more beautiful. Certainly I know no two young Englishmen who would have been more loved by the Greeks.

Rupert I saw but once; but I recall him well — his fair hair, rather longer than that of other men, his collar rather lower, his attire rather more négligé — sitting with his blue eyes and spiritual face in the window of a room overlooking the river at Chelsea, reading to a little Bohemian gathering a paper on what appeared to him the most urgent of social reforms — the guaranteeing by the state of a pension of five hundred pounds a year to every minor poet.

He was something more than a mere poetaster himself; though, apart from his personal beauty, — which gave him an unfair advantage, — for long he by no means outshone his multitudinous rivals. Men — and women still more — recognized in his face the poet of their dreams, read his verses in the light of that vision glorious, and trumpeted him as the master he was not.

The war touched him to immortality.

Contact with the brutalities of life stripped his fine spirit of its frills and furbelows.

It stood forth naked and radiant and unashamed.

He joined the Royal Naval Division; and the bombardment of Antwerp made a man and a poet of him. Be-

tween the declaration of war and his death he wrote a handful of sonnets that will endure as long as English poetry.

And he lived just long enough to taste his fame.

A few weeks before he died Dean Inge quoted from the pulpit of St. Paul's his incomparable lines, —

> If I should die, think only this of me —

He did die — almost immediately; perhaps a month before his school-fellow.

The one lad sleeps in a wood in Flanders on the hither side of our trenches; the other under an olive-grove on an island in the Ægean Sea, within sound of the guns wrangling over the Dardanelles.

And thousands of their peers — the boys they knew and sported with at school and university — sleep at their sides.

Let their just epitaph be: —

They went to war in the cause of peace and died without hate that love might live.

IN FRENCH HOSPITALS

BY ANNA MURRAY VAIL

Bordeaux, *June* 16, 1915.

The Fund [1] has sent out to me Mr. A., and he brings a powerful Panhard, a sort of two-seated car with big rumble accommodation — a hunting car, in fact. He brings with him a friend, Mr. N., who, if he thinks it advisable, will also join us with his car. Mr. A. is a land-owner and local magnate from near Oxford, and, not content with caring for twenty-five Belgian refugees, has offered to help us. He is not strong or would be at the front.

[1] The French Wounded Emergency Fund, established in London to aid the smaller and remoter French hospitals, but managed in part by Americans and largely supplied with money and commodities by the American Branch at 38 West 39th Street, New York City, and its numerous sub-committees in New England and other parts of the country. Recently this Branch has separated from the English organization. It is now called the American Fund for French Wounded, and has its own depot in Paris. — The Editors.

We are now getting some fifty-seven hospital bales through the customs, and will deliver to the places I have visited and then go on to others up and down the coast, in the Charentes and possibly Vendée. I visit hospitals, of which I have a big list: the poorer smaller military hospitals which are established and supported mostly by local 'little' people, and where, after all these months of war and strain, a friendly lift in the line of clothing or dressings or instruments will cheer the heart of many a weary nurse, surgeon, or *blessé;* and some big ones too, where they learn that I have permission to go into the wards, and confide to me that such and such things are a serious lack, and that, though the government is willing to give, it has not enough material to give everywhere, and waits are long.

Some of the hospitals are clean,

others less so; but through it all the health of the men is wonderful. The surgeon says that his records show seven deaths in 700 cases in his care, and that he has never lost an amputation. At the Croix Rouge in C. they have had eleven deaths in over 1500 cases.

At S. in a big hospital, 300 beds, there was a very able surgeon, but his amputation saw was old and worn and they needed shirts. We have sent the saw and the shirts and some other garments. At another place in the same town, 270 beds, the chief surgeon told me that he could send out twenty men, but could not secure crutches. They are made locally at Bergerac in the Dordogne; the government has placed an order for 30,000, which for lack of workmen could not be delivered; so my surgeon friend said that his hands were tied. He had some made in the town, but the wood was not suitable, and, being green, was dangerous for the men, and he did not like to let them take them away.

I wonder where all the artificial arms and legs and glass eyes are coming from! One officer after another in the government offices here has lost a leg. One sees strings and strings of men in the streets *pour prendre l'air*, and it is heartrending to see them. And all as cheerful as can be imagined. At C. in the Red Cross hospital a big burly man on a lounge in the open arcade (an exschoolhouse) bragged of having all his toes amputated (*gangrène gazeuse*, the result of frost-bite) that same morning, and said, 'At all events they have left me my feet. Vive la France!' He talked and talked to us and said he wondered whether, toeless, they would let him go back. They treat frozen feet now with hot air from an electrical machine.

COGNAC, *July* 3, 1915.

Off in the far countryside I went in the gate of a small country schoolhouse. An elderly woman and her husband — nice true people, ex-schoolteachers — and their daughter met me and showed me their twenty-bed hospital, in the two classrooms. They were lucky above others, for they told me *they had their pensions* to spend on the hospital, 1 fr. 25 a day for each man from the state, and what the villagers and peasants bring in kind, and a roast once a day from the butcher, or a *ragoût*. The mother cooked and served the meals and, you may be sure, did a good deal of mothering besides; the father did the hard cleaning, and a village woman cleaned the floors; the daughter got up early and did the dressings, and taught school a few hours in the little room in the village where it had moved, and then came back to the men and made dressings and clothes when she was not caring for them! I left them a bale of clothing, and I never felt more touched than when the old lady tried to kiss my hand. And it was all neat and clean.

Again, another place, dusty and dreary beyond description, down on the coast beyond R. A peasant, who was *M. le maire*, showed me his *mairie*, fitted out with beds and a few chairs, all loaned and of a nondescript type impossible to describe. '*N'est-ce pas c'est bien, madame?*' Impossible not to agree; but you should have seen the attic cobwebs, for I climbed a rickety stair and saw the last *salle* under the rafters, and a weird little room where a *contagieux* could be lodged awaiting removal to a separate hospital. The woman in charge of the linen was the schoolmistress, a rheumatic heavy person of the village, teaching in her class, whence I routed her and explained my errand. I left her a bale of clothing, some 200 items,—shirts, pants, vests, socks, towels, handkerchiefs and so forth,— and she burst into tears as she thanked me. The next one, a bit in-

land, I found to be a tidy little place, — fifty beds in another girls' school. The Protestant *pasteur*, in uniform under his *infirmier's* blouse, directs the place; his wife runs the house and the housekeeping; and there is an *infirmier* (with a diploma) and a staff of helpers. They receive only the two francs from the government for each man, and what they can get in kind from the place. Every week, on certain market-days, the peasants say what they will give, and the place goes on.

Contrasting with these, I can tell of a *château* where, in a long barrel-roofed gallery decorated with allegories by Nicholas Poussin, M. le Comte d'A. has fifty beds, and the soldiers fish for carp in the moats and go boating among the lily-pads and swans. The countess looks after the men, mostly convalescents, and the place is entirely maintained by them.

Again, in far M. there are forty or fifty beds in a small cinematograph theatre, rather musty, the beds single file even in the small gallery. I know two or three cinematograph hospitals besides.

As for the big hospitals, run by men only, with only a few women in the linen rooms, they are bare and woeful. . . . There is one where I go in and out a good deal — 300 beds in the big *lycée*. The classrooms have big windows and glass partitions dividing them from the halls, and, against all my expectations, there are always windows open and plenty of fresh air and sun. I distributed pencils and cards and soap there yesterday, and one would think I had given them a gold mine. They are so nice and friendly and grateful, and always have good manners. Everything is open; the postman comes in at ten and walks through the wards, — like as not bends over a dressing; so does the orderly; feels it, if he likes to — you cannot picture it all. The wounded belong to the people and they *will* see them, and when the head is a man like Dr. P. at R., they sit by their men at all sorts of hours.

COGNAC, *July* 13, 1915.

Do not let it appear that we in any way criticize France for not being able in a few weeks to house all the wounded in up-to-date hospitals. Before the war there were some 1200 military hospitals; now over 4000 are scattered over the country, and, besides, many more where convalescents are put up, which do not appear on the official lists.

At L. the other day I went into one of the big wards of one of the largest of its many hospitals with Madame L., the wife of the *préfet*. The men who were up stood at attention at the foot of their beds, and one man attempted to salute us with bandaged stumps. He had lost his right hand and all but the fourth and fifth fingers of his left hand, and cheerfully remarked, '*J'ai de la chance, madame, mes pieds et deux doigts.*' He laughed over his attempts at helping himself, and said he was in a great hurry to find out how much he will be able to do with what he has left. Later, when at the other end of the ward, I saw him pick up a newspaper with his elbow and take it to a man in bed and start reading to him. The surgeon hopes to save the two fingers, which are gangrenous at the tips. He has been an expert cabinet-maker.

The flotsam and jetsam of the war are so many and various! The American consul here asked me to go and see an American man in one of the hospitals. He had come over on a cattle-ship from Hoboken with horses for the French army; had caught pernicious bronchitis on the way, and now for several months had been in hospital with tuberculosis. I went with Madame L., who will look after him a bit and see

that he gets clothes. I took him a lot of papers. It was pathetic: a great hulking horseman, of a very low type, far, far gone, but thinking that, as he could stand, he might get home. He stood up and tried to pull his forelock when we spoke to him; but his language was primitive and crude, and he could only say that he needed nothing except some clean and new clothes to land in, and that seemed all we could do. He has learned a few words of French, and the sister in charge told me '*qu'il était un bon enfant, facile à nourir et toujours reconnaissant.*' They say they will discharge him next week, when a big steamer starts; but —!

It is strange to find one's self doing such things. The no-handed man; then this poor exile; then a Maroccan in fez and khaki insisting on shaking hands with us, and showing his fingers that he could move now after a shattered shoulder; another great splendid Tunisian, who has been tamed by delicate little Madame L. till he stands up and looks a man in his hospital garb — with a bullet somewhere unfound. Six months he has been there, and for weeks was in such a wild rage of lust of German blood that no one could dress his wounds. For *Madame la préfète* and for no one else would he eat: '*Moi bon petit pour madame, bon français moi, tuer Boche là-bas tantôt.*' But no '*tantôt*' in the trenches for him yet awhile; more likely Tunis and his little girl of six that he told us about in his picturesque mongrel French. Then the long rows of broken wrecks of men lying on their pillows (for this hospital boasts of white pillows), one or two of them visibly fading and others still able to smile at my little companion and the surgeon who is with us. And then here and there a face that we pass quickly by, for instinct tells that the very last battle is being fought. One wonders sometimes if they mind strangers looking at and speaking to them, and I was quite shy of it at first; but now I can talk to any and all if I get a chance, even if sometimes it is only a *bonjour* as I come and a *bonne chance* as I go.

La Rochelle, *July* 17, 1915.

Here there are many big, rather dreary hospitals that are well managed, though often lacking what we would think absolute necessities; and one sees such sights and hears such tales that I wonder sometimes if it really is life we are living, or just an ancient tale of ruthless and useless barbaric slaughter for the greedy conquest of a neighboring race.

And the long rows of men in all stages of illness! — those who are bright-eyed and eager for cigarettes and a talk, and those who look straight ahead and scarcely see me, and those poor bits of mangled humanity that one passes by silently because they are at the brink. And still they come; a row of beds are empty one day, the next they are filled. At E. the other day a nice peasant, *Monsieur le maire,* was so overjoyed at the bale of clothing that, as he told Madame L. the next day, he thought it too good to be true — as a gift — but had he done well to accept the things — from a lady whom he did not know? For if they had sent in a bill, never could the village have paid for such beautiful things. He was sent home happy that he had done right.

Cognac, *July* 24, 1915.

I have done all sorts of things since I wrote you on the 17th — among others visited a big hospital for blacks (Algerian troops) at R. and distributed personally cigarettes to every soldier. Most of them were bedridden, and I had a few words with each through two interpreters and the Guadeloupe French negro doctor in charge, who

with the Mohammedan doctor runs the place. Poor things, they seemed very exotic and out of place, but I am getting used to seeing them about, though exactly here they are not very numerous. Many were badly done up, one or two done for; and one splendid Arab, stone blind, sitting up in bed, all alone in a little ward, trying awkward fingers on a strange mandolin. But he was cheerfully pleased and thanked me courteously, salaaming and kissing his hand Bedouin style in honor of 'Englis Madame's' visit. I shook hands with him, and he said something about the feel of my glove that I did not quite catch the gist of, as the interpreter did not know the word in French for the thing that it recalled to his mind. He was dying of tuberculosis, but assuring me that he will soon be well and — '*Moi bon français, tuer Boches beaucoup*,' a refrain that comes readily to their lips. They are primitive soldiers and killing is as the breath of life to them — and from all accounts what the *Boches* hate the most is a hand-to-hand encounter with them. I was very much interested in seeing how eager they were when Dr. D. said I was an English lady; they seemed to have a great respect and liking for the breed.

It was 'decoration day' in the little square; one man received the *médaille militaire* and *citation à l'ordre du jour de l'armée;* seven others, including a young priest, received the *médaille de guerre* and *citation à l'ordre du jour du régiment.* I heard the ruffle of the drums when I was posting my letters, and went out into the crowd to see the simple ceremony and the march past of the remnants that are here of the two Arras regiments. The flag is at the front and there is no band, and as the drafts go forward what is left grows less and less. It breaks me up more than anything yet, when they go by.

La Rochelle, *July* 29, 1915.

At Cognac, at 11 o'clock, just as I was writing you, came a telegram from here that thirty-one bales were at L., and after lunch we were off; visited two hospitals at S. for the second time, and came on; got hold of the ship-broker before six and will land the bales early in the morning, run down to C. with four or five for the two hospitals there, back to lunch, pick up our dressing cases, ship two or three bales to hospitals here, get another load of six on the car, run down to R. for dinner with Dr. K., deliver a bale to the big hospital there, then to St. G. with four bales, and back to Cognac, when the remainder will have turned up by *grande vitesse.* These last will take a couple of days to deliver; then we will come back here and continue our deliveries from here. Do you think I am to be busy?

I was up at a quarter before seven this morning, ready at eight-fifteen for the head doctor of the hospital of 'evacuated' Arras regiments quartered at C., who was to take me over it. I am much impressed with what two or three clever men have accomplished with a deserted convent building and much begging. There is not a bed that matches another, and but few blankets and coverlets, and chairs and tables are conspicuous by their absence, and pillows are so rare as to stand as a luxury, and there is not a woman nurse in the place — only a few devoted women who mend and fix up the clothes. Would you believe it, the dressings and bandages that they have are those that come in on the men from the trenches, washed and mended and sterilized, and those that are discarded by the Croix Rouge over the way. I gathered that the two hundred bandages and the cotton and dressings in the four bales of clothes I left with them were about the first new ones they had had. I do not wonder that there has been much sick-

ness — forty men crowded in a small house with little rooms; but there is no money; neither men nor officers (those that are left!) have any, and of course there is no one at home to send them anything — and it is pathetic! . . . I feel as if I had written you this before, for every time I see or hear of the Arras regiments it pulls at my heartstrings.

I am sure I do not know if I am doing the work rightly or not, but am doing it as I see it and am trying to do odds and ends, outside of the regular hospital work, that interest me.

I have made a bowing acquaintance with a group of sentinels on a bluff above the hillside overlooking Angoulême. We pass and repass there often, and I got to throwing my papers out of the car for them, and now I see that they brighten up when they see the red cross and its inscription. I have a parcel of illustrated papers and cards and cigarettes ready for my next trip. They sleep in a shed and have a few thatched shelters, and the sad-looking mattresses are often out in the sun. Of course I have never stopped and spoken with them, but they do look so dreary, — at their very important watch-work, — and *cela ne doit pas être gai!*

COGNAC, *August* 15, 1915.

The American dressings are being very much liked now — at first they were strange and the nurses did not know how to use them. Now I give away mounds of them. Bandages are wanted 4 or 5 inches wide and 6 or 7 yards long. Many hospitals after months of wear and washing have only worn-out and worn-thin ones left.

At V. the other day I had a long chat with three youths, *grands blessés*, who had been returned from Germany in the last batch of disabled prisoners. All three taken the same day, at the end of last September — and all three with open wounds. One, a lad of twenty-three, had had a piece of *obus* taken out of his shoulder (think of it all these months), and was amusing himself embroidering on a frame with his left hand. The other one had a huge hole in his left side and might be paralyzed for some time to come, and a third had a fractured leg that would not heal. They all talked together in chorus and were as merry as grigs. Nothing mattered so long as they were in France again. They had not been too badly off, they said (except for lack of any sort of good medical care); but the descriptions of the treatment of English and Russians were not pretty. They said the English were so *débrouillards* that they got along somehow and always managed to keep clean and indifferent; but the Russians are looked upon as a little below the beasts and treated accordingly.

You all seem so far away and it seems an evil dream — a continuous performance of sorrow. You have no idea how strange the country seems; never an able-bodied man in the fields or a young one. The villages are nearly deserted except by the aged and the children. Sometimes the men and women returning from distant fields as the evening falls seem so old, so old, and wearing a far-off vague look in their eyes — it almost appears as if they had returned from another world to put their hands to the plough again for *La Patrie*.

PARIS, *Sept.* 9, 1915.

There is a far-off hospital that is short of beds. Do you know of any one who for twenty dollars will set up one, with his name on it, or a memorial bed? Beggar I am, I know, but, my dear, you too would beg hard.

I came up here in the interval of quiet in the Argonne for a rest and change, and have had sleeps from 10.30 to 9.30, and am at present as alert and eager to begin again as one can be.

Rest and change, but no respite from the surrounding ever-present shadow. Amputations, amputations, and amputations! Three youngsters in front of the hotel yesterday with an orderly, all on crutches; it must have been their first walk-out, from the way they went. In the Rue de la Paix five in a row, each with the left leg gone, trotting along at a great rate and as gay as crickets, each evidently trying to outwalk the others. Out of the Café de Paris came a splendid six-foot youngster with his mother in deep mourning; he hopped into the front seat of a big limousine, declining help; three more, soldiers they, saluted him as he passed. He wore three medals. On the terrace of the Tuileries rows can be seen all day in the sun; on the Champs Elysées, everywhere, everywhere, till one is nearly suffocated.

I have been seeing something of the *dépôt* of Les Blessés au Travail, and you have no idea of the jolly things that they turn out. And artists have taken to making toys! I have seen rabbits and chickens in painted wood by Jeanne Poupelet that are dreams; and dolls, modeled Breton dolls in costumes, that look like Holbein drawings. For 100 francs there is a peasant doll that looks as if she had been picked up out of a Millet picture, — but not to the taste of a child. I wanted them all. I have a small wooden kid with his yellow dog in tow, both star-gazing: '*Chouette, voilà un Zeppelin, mon vieux Schrapnel!*' That I wish you had — and a bunny! The men in the hospitals have done interesting wood-saw work, painted; also some paper-doll work that is quite jolly.

And all day and all night the great white silvery birds, with the tricolor rosette on their wings, hover over the city. At night they look like falling or sailing stars, and we are rarely without their droning song.

PARIS, *Oct.* 7, 1915.

When I hear people criticize France for not having all things for her wounded I remember the tales we heard about Montauk in 1898, and wonder what would happen if twenty thousand, to say nothing of forty thousand, wounded men were to be plunged into New York of an August day, and on top of them many thousand refugees.

At the end of last week and after the 'push' of September 25, we received thirty-five thousand new wounded, and all the hospitals are full again and room is being made in the smaller places for the more or less convalescent. We will need even more than last winter. Of course the sanitary arrangements are better organized, but the whole problem is terrific. I am already in despair when I see the depleted state of the warehouses. A friend just in from a hospital tells me that men have lain for three days in their blood-stained shirts because there were no clean ones.

PARIS, *Oct.* 8, 1915.

I have to hunt up gauze for a big hospital in C. They cannot get a bit there.

In the Hôpital R., last week, Dr. B. made three hundred operations in four days and none of the personnel of the hospital slept. The *patron* was 'on the job' and they all stayed, but the last night, they tell me, was terrific.

There is a man in Paris who has lost both legs, the right arm, and both eyes; his *fiancée* has declared that it will make no difference and that she will marry him all the same.

An officer who is being trained by a friend of mine, and is quite blind, says his greatest grief is that his mother has lost her reason because his face is nearly shot away. He is learning to make pottery. Another is not happy if he cannot hold a flower in his hand, as it is a *point d'appui avec le passé.*

I had a long talk with Mr. B., and he

told me that no one in America has any idea what is really going on in the evacuated regions. When it comes to reconstructing the country, there will not be anything to begin on. *Les Boches* have taken away every ploughshare, every bit of metal from every agricultural instrument and off every door, and even nails. There is nothing, nothing, nothing left but primitive conditions — not even these, as all the forests have been shot away and those not on the battle-line have had to be cut to provide wood for the lining of trenches and firing for the field kitchens. Our beautiful Forêt de Crécy has gone this way. So you see that we have to get the men on their feet again, and when that is done there will be the beginning of reconstruction. But the Germans are still in France!

PARIS, *October* 19, 1915.

I am going about in the hospitals here, and, hardened visitor as I am, I must say that the results of this last battle are enough to make one quail. The worst things yet are the poor men who have mended jaws. The wounds are fearful, and the operations, skillful as they are, leave the man with a jaw which usually he can use but which is a caricature to look at. The poor men themselves know what they look like and some of them are very hard to manage. In fact, there have been cases where they have run amuck and smashed things — window-panes and anything that was handy. They were a hideous sight. No wound, no matter how bad, has impressed me as much as those poor distorted faces.

It was a dreary place, that hospital, except for the wonderful surgeon and the women, who have devoted all their time and strength to the nursing. They should all receive crowns of glory, these French women. These in particular belong to no society and come from all ranks. One is an American, the Comtesse d'A.; her ward was one of the best cared for in the place. The surgeon is an enthusiast at his job and all the men adore him, and as he has some means he has used all for the hospitals that are under him. His own clinic out at N. is an ideal place. He takes in men who need extra care and who must undergo the most difficult operations. There are only twenty-five beds, and the little wards never hold more than four or five and are all light and exquisitely clean. But the poor men and the terrible things they are coming out of! Never can you imagine the cheerfulness of that place and the effect of the doctor on the men. He told one man his leg was to come off in the morning, and the poor devil went on grinning his pleasure at the doctor's jokes as if legs were the least important things on earth. Another had lost one leg and the other foot. The doctor wants to save the rest of the leg, but, curiously, the man argues every day with him that it is better to cut it at the same place so that at least he shall be symmetrical! This morning he talked gayly of the artificial legs he would have.

A man who has had a bullet extracted from his heart is now on the way to entire recovery, though still in bed. He was so positive that the bullet would be extracted and that he would have it to show to his friends, that he spent the day before the operation making a small raffia basket, a wee thing, to hold his precious bit of projectile. And, sure enough, he sat up in bed and reached for the little basket and showed it — a heavy lead bullet a fraction less than five eighths of an inch in diameter. I do not know who was prouder, the man with his bullet or the surgeon when he showed the nearly healed wound on the man's ribs. It is the second heart operation that he has done. The first was on a boy of twenty, and he is about and

quite recovered. It was in the nature of an experiment, but now the doctor says it must be considered a feasible and more-than-apt-to-be-successful *opération de guerre*. One wishes for millions to be able to help such a man. His two aids said to me that their hours are from seven in the morning to twelve at night.

PARIS, *Oct.* 24, 1915.

Those splendid cases of dressings that have come from Boston! I only wish I knew the women who made them, they are so beautiful and so useful. The same sister I mentioned just now was always jubilant when she saw that I had some Boston tins in the car. The first time I went there the local pharmacist, evidently an authority in the town, was called in to see them and was *émerveillé* at their beauty and usefulness.

PARIS, *November* 14, 1915.

Last week I managed to worm my way into one of the very big military hospitals, and a French acquaintance and I asked if we might take that blind boy out for a walk. He, poor chap, is a Breton, thirty years old, with a wife and three kiddies at home; he has lost one eye and the sight of the other is gone. He pined for an outing, but the nurses in a hospital of one thousand beds cannot spare the time. It was a great event and, his tunic being in the locker, his comrades lent him, one a waistcoat, another a jacket, the orderly a cap; we had a new handkerchief and a muffler, and we started. You should have seen us, taking a shabby French soldier, blind in one eye and with the other swathed in bandages, out *promener* in the Luxembourg! We bought him a cane, taught him how to use it, and walked him and walked him, took him to vespers at St. Etienne, got him some milk and *brioches* for lunch, and then back to his ward. I have heard since that he has taken the precious cane to bed with him for fear that he might miss it in the morning. He told me that, of his three brothers who answered the mobilization call, one disappeared early on the Belgian front, another was wounded at the same time he was and has since disappeared, and the third is seriously ill in a Normandy hospital. And he is stone blind! He does not yet know it, poor lad.

They are an extraordinary lot, these blind men. I saw another yesterday, a Kabyle, who was being taught by Miss D. to make braided mats. He is a great hulking fellow with a beaming crooked smile and a fetching manner that I cannot describe, and is one of the experiments in feature-making from the American Ambulance. One big brown eye is sightless, and the eye-socket of the other is blown off, as well as all the upper part of the nose. What shows below the bandage — the tip of the nose and all the left side of the mouth — has been reconstructed, and I suppose that they are continuing with what is not visible under the swathings. Then there are others, officers who are making pottery, some of it very good in form. One has a fancy to do it out of his head — and does things that look as if they had come out of prehistoric tombs. One is an architect, and wonderful beyond belief are the models of houses and cottages that he has constructed out of clay — and, besides, he has designed the ground-plan by a method of his own.

One wonders how the women keep it up. They are splendid in every way. In the country hospitals they are the most valiant of their kind. At the beginning of the war the majority had had no training at all, but they have learned and have become expert in many things. It is an honor to help them, and to send them the necessaries that they cannot obtain in their own land for their men.

AT THE END OF THE LINE IN WAR TIME

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

If you will open your map of Canada and turn to the Province of Alberta, you will find in about the centre of the province the town of Edmonton. South of this point your map will be filled with the names of other towns and villages and of a network of railway lines — the ordered *minutiæ* of human occupation. North of it you will find, in the main, only magnificent and nameless distances — the large silences of the map-maker. Your map will trace for you a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which comes north to Edmonton and stops here; and if it is unexpectedly up to date it will contain two transcontinentals which pass through on their westward way; but for those who see that the westward march of the pioneer is over and that only northward new things await him, Edmonton remains the end of the line.

Now turn to the side of your map and reckon the parallel of latitude. You will figure it at about 54°. At any other time this parallel would interest you only as it spelled certain climatic and industrial conditions. It would suggest to you cold winters, with nights that endure from four o'clock in the afternoon to eight or nine in the morning, and brief intense summers with an amazing fecundity and rapidity of growth. It would mean for you a wheat-grower's world south of us and around us; and north of us a trapper's and a hunter's world — a world of strange tracks in the snow, of moose and elk and caribou moving warily through the Silent Places. That is what latitude 54 would mean to you at other times; but if you would know what it means to us symbolically just now, you must take a larger map, a map of both hemispheres. You must trace that parallel around to the other side of the world, and your moving finger will touch Scarborough and go on through to the fleet-locked harbor of Kiel. Conceive that imaginary line now as a sensitive nerve along which thrills a feeling and a passion, and you will be ready for the picture I wish to draw for you — the picture of a town at the edge of the Silent Places — a town inconceivably remote from the terrible focus of the world's thought, and yet vividly and grievously and elatedly conscious that it too is a part of the Empire at war.

Yesterday the local papers contained the head-lines: 'Last Bag of Mail for the Far North left City this Morning.' A few years ago that sack of mail would have started behind a dog-team. Now the sack will make the first lap of its journey by rail — a short lap on an *antenna* of the transcontinental; and where that *antenna* ends, the dog team will relay the sack to Fort Chipewyan, and other dog-team relays will carry it by successive stages through the rest of the seventeen hundred miles to Fort McPherson. That will be a two months' journey; and here and there on that long route men are waiting, with a hunger which you whose ears are assailed with hourly cries of 'Extra' cannot understand, for news of the war. Anywhere from three to six months

after August, 1914, men drifted in from the north to learn for the first time that there *was* a war, and buried themselves for days thereafter in the files of the local dailies in a dazed effort to 'catch up.'

Can you conceive just what that would mean? Imagine yourself back, let us say, in December, 1914; and instead of having been able to assimilate the news, item by item, day by day, imagine yourself being compelled, all at once, to grasp the whole stunning mass of it! Bear in mind too as a part of the background of the picture that on these railway lines that stretch eastward from Edmonton over the prairies and westward from Edmonton toward the mountains, there are many little settlements, visible to the eye of the railway traveler only as a passenger station, a grain elevator, and a shop or two, but actually extending back for miles over scattered quarter-sections. To these little stations men will ride a far journey, and crowd the platform when the train is due. And as you stand on the rear platform looking back at the receding station, the little group will seem transfixed there, motionless save for the flutter of the unfolding newspapers. They have business, doubtless; they must get back to their farms; but for the moment there is nothing to be seen but that eager thrust for the news — the news from the front.

True, it is not a picture of the hinterland, the Silent Places, or even of the remote prairie or mountain railway station which I wish to draw for you. Edmonton is a town of perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants, and it has its two daily newspapers. But you cannot really see the picture of the town itself as an integral part of the Empire at war, unless you see it as a focal point, with the sparsely settled, news-hungry prairie around it, and the more sparsely settled, news-hungry Silent Places stretching indefinitely north of it — and from the prairie and from the Silent Places, men coming in by ones and twos and threes, with their traps left to rust on wilderness trails, or their reapers left to rust on hard-won acres — men hungry to know and hungry to go.

For, sophisticated as it is getting to be in spots, this Canadian Northwest is still a pioneer's world, a man's world. Native Canadians who had 'come out' from eastern Canada and were 'baching' on lonely quarters; Englishmen of birth and means who had established themselves on ranches; cockneys who had escaped from the overwhelming submersion of London poverty; Boer war veterans; men who had had professional military training but had not seen actual service — slowly but surely the call made its way out to them all, and slowly but surely they came in. When the war began, the population of the Province of Alberta, which has an area about four times as large as all the New England States put together, numbered approximately 517,000. Of these, at the time of writing, 18,000 have enlisted and are either at the front or being prepared to go. This is practically one fighting man out of every thirty men, women, and children. To accomplish this, there has been no conscription, nothing remotely resembling coercion, nothing more than the fine suasion of the call. In an older community, with the call coming from a 'mother country' which many of them had never seen, this proportion of voluntary enlistments would be almost beyond belief. But this is a population of greater detachment, of fewer ties, less rooted to the soil, — and the apparently impossible is already the accomplished fact. And the end is not yet; for, as I write, comes the news of two more regiments to be recruited in the Edmonton district; and a prophecy from the D.C.O. that approximately

25,000 will enlist from the province before the war is over.

Yes, as far as the outlying districts are concerned, it is a detached population; and there, perhaps, there is not the same sense of desperate uprooting that there would be in an older community; but when you turn from the outlying districts to the town itself, the feeling is a pretty desperate one. One in thirty! Interpret that in terms of Boston. It would mean that every human being in Boston either had enlisted or had some relative or friend in the ranks. And that is what it means here. Aside from the larger philosophical sense in which the liberty of every fireside is involved, it means, in the vivid Western phrase, that every one 'has a stake' in the great enterprise.

At first, perhaps, this personal 'stake' was not so vividly felt. The war seemed a grand game, a splendid triumphant thing that would be over in three or four months. The Fair grounds, with the long rows of horse- and cattle-sheds and the big exhibition pavilion became a barracks. Everywhere in the streets squads were drilling. On the campus of the Provincial University drill took the place of gymnasium exercise and athletic contests. On the suburban meadows, which we remembered as the farm lands of a few years ago, and the more recent battle-ground of real-estate speculators, cavalry deployed. The street-cars were filled with khaki, new faces mostly, men who had 'come in.' From Edmonton and the outlying districts, picked men, veterans, went to join the 'Princess Pats,' the pride of Canada. *They* went to the front, with the tragedy which nobody dreamed of already hanging over their heads; but of the many who were already enlisting, few seemed really *away*. Most of them were in local barracks, or at the Sarcee reserve in the southern part of the province, or, at the worst, at Valcartier. Nobody whom one knew seemed really to have crossed the Rubicon. Were they not still in Canada, with letters only a matter of a few days, and with a *known* address? The days when all the world would be 'somewhere in France' were not yet.

Then came the news of what had happened to the 'Princess Pats.' You could not call it a casualty list. It was not even decimation. It was — annihilation. On a certain day in May, after having been reduced by what one may call normal casualties, they went into a charge 650 strong. They came out of it with only 175 living men. With that ended for us the first phase of the war — the phase when it was still only a grand game. But even yet it did not quite come home to us. The first contingent had consisted largely of men who had already seen service as privates in the British army, men of worth, but not of education. The second contingent — well, it is not safe to generalize, and there were many exceptions — but on the whole, so far as local impressions went, the second contingent seemed to consist chiefly of men who were out of a job and whose patriotic instincts were supplemented by the certainty of a berth. But the third contingent — that was a different matter. There went the cream of us — the University students, the little band of alumni accumulated through the brief years since the University was established, the young business and professional men — all the thoughtful young men who had said within themselves, —

> I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,"
> Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
> To do 't, —

and who, no longer thinking too precisely on the event, dedicated themselves forthwith to the cause.

From this time on the glamour ceased. Silently the troopships slipped away, and one knew that they had started only when news came of their safe arrival. Valcartier was merely on the other side of Canada. We could visualize it. But the vast intricate organism of Salisbury Plain and Shorncliffe, which was absorbing countless thousands from all the world-wide supply-sources of the Empire — what could one make of that, here in this remote town on the edge of the Silent Places? Strange tales came to us, of chaotic conditions, of utter discomfort, of mud more bottomless than Alberta roads in springtime, of forced marches so strenuous that hundreds of men dropped in their tracks, of troops standing so long at attention that they fainted by scores. What was it all for, this apparent penalization of the men who had given themselves to their country? And rumors began to be rife that this unit or that unit had at last gone to the front. For a time we believed them — believed them one day, to have them contradicted the next. But at last we learned that the only indubitable news from the front was in the casualty lists. It is a sad paradox, this — that your only means of knowing where your friend in a certain regiment is, is to know where his comrade was. And tomorrow your friend's name may be there, and you will cease to trace that regiment and some other eager watcher will profit by the information. Yes, the casualty lists began to come in, and here and there a father put a black band around his coat-sleeve or a mother or a wife quietly garbed herself in mourning. One woman had three sons at the front. One is dead now 'somewhere in France'; one is a prisoner in Germany; and one lies desperately ill in a foreign hospital. But why multiply examples? This is merely war with the glamour gone.

Meanwhile, as

> Thousands speed
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest,

begins the service of those who stand and wait. Social gayeties, involving expenditure for pleasure's sake, are discontinued. 'Pay' affairs, the profits of which are to go to one of the many funds, crop up on every hand. Knitting women are everywhere. They knit at concerts, at receptions, at dances, at lectures. Not Madame Defarge herself was more persistent in her vengeful task than are these women in their labor of love. If one is fated to lecture occasionally in their presence, these knitting women are a sort of challenge. 'There!' they seem to say, 'I am not exactly throwing down a gauntlet, but at least I am taking up a sock. If you think that you have anything to say that would warrant me in taking my eyes from this sock and my thoughts from the one who is to wear it, you are welcome to make the attempt; but I cannot encourage you.' As to the results of this unceasing activity, they transcend the powers of the imagination. If one woman in her leisure moments can knit one sock in two days and if something more than fifty per cent of all the women who concern themselves about the war are thus engaged, how long will it take to knit enough socks to reach from Ypres to Berlin — but I am no mathematician! However, the letters that come from the trenches say that one pair of socks lasts only two days.

In any event, what really staggers the imagination is that these homely little things do actually find their way through the welter to the very one for whom they are intended. It is a curious thing, this intimacy between a fireside here in northwest Canada and a dugout or a trench somewhere in France. I sat at such a fireside the other day, and listened to a batch of let-

ters from a dugout. The mother read them quietly, with only a little catch in her voice now and then. The boy — he is only eighteen — wrote, of course, of the usual things — the long toil in the trenches, the scream of the shells, an occasional aeroplane battle overhead, the danger (so slightly touched!), the loss of a comrade. But the real charm of the letters lay in the simple little details of his daily routine: how, as he put it, he 'managed'; and it was this which brought the fireside and the dugout so close together. And then the mother, urged by these simple details, told how, each week, she sent a parcel: towels — there is a dearth of them at the front; half-worn suits of underclothing — with washing almost impossible, it was easier for him to wear a cheap suit and throw it away; handkerchiefs — his nose, he wrote her with boyish humor, was not recognized by the government. Into every parcel too went cookies and a bar of chocolate; and every little while a fruit-cake, warranted to mellow *en route*, started on its long journey to the dugout. The earlier letters, before these little extras began to arrive, were full of appeals for 'sweets'; the later, full of gratitude for just these favors. There was a curious pathos about these letters — not in the language, for there was no sniveling in them; but unconsciously, in the picture which they evoked. Only eighteen, all boy yet, hailing the arrival of a pot of jam as an event; but somehow all man too, making light of the physical torture of the muddy trenches; glossing over the danger; ending every letter with an insistent 'Now *please* don't worry, mother!' And that mother sitting there, not knowing just where the boy was, content perforce with the hope that he was still somewhere, and following him into the awful welter with all these homely little things! Was not this what she had been doing, this 'looking out' for him, from his infancy? And she would keep on doing it — to the end.

Well, I suppose this tale of socks and underclothes and jam and chocolate is commonplace enough; but I confess that as I sat by the fireside and thought how many thousands of other firesides there were now just like that, I fell to wondering whether 'the nations at war' were not paying almost too large a price for 'discovering their souls.' I saw under that mother's restraint of manner, the desperate fear, every time she sent the homely little parcel, that the boy might not be there to receive and enjoy it. There was evidence of such a good citizen and such a good true man in those simple-hearted, manly, and thoughtful letters; and one of the multitudinous fragments of a blind shrapnel might have put an end to him while we sat there.

After all, any human life, and particularly any young life full of the promise of fine things, is a big thing to waste in the casual way in which war wastes it. I think that those of you who live in great cities cannot realize that quite as vividly as we do. A city of anywhere from half a million to two or three million inhabitants is conceived on too great a scale. Half a dozen men and women lose their lives in a tenement-fire; you see their names in next morning's paper and in most cases neither their names nor the street they lived on means anything to you. Death has a way, for long years, of touching only the periphery of your experience. But with us in a little town, death is somehow a more intimate thing. If you do not know the man himself, you are fairly certain to know a relative of his, or at least to have some knowledge of the little circle in which he moved. Life is small enough for one to *see* every man in his relation to the community. And so I wonder if per-

haps you drift more readily than we into conceiving of those men who die daily in France or Russia or the Balkans merely as pawns in the great game. Am I wrong in thinking that we see them more in their relation to a fireside somewhere, and to a civic life in which they might have played a useful part? No, I am afraid I am no longer capable of commercing with the skies, as I think of the war. More and more it is getting to mean to me nothing but a tragedy of thwarted lives.

But for those of us who only stand and wait, it is not all gray. There are stories of the heroism of 'our boys' that stir us beyond words — stories, too, that change with astonishing abruptness our estimates of those whom we had too lightly regarded. There was a certain youth, for example, for whom I fear that I had had scant respect during his student life: a sickly fellow with rather a hang-dog air. He was out of his classes a good deal of the time and he was not successful in examinations. I believe that I suspected him of malingering. He tried to enlist and was turned down by the medical inspector, and tried again and yet again without success. How he ever got in, nobody could understand; but one day he went, and we shook our heads and prophesied that he would be incapacitated in a week or two. We heard no more of him until word came in letters from his friends that he had quietly picked up a smoking bomb and thrown it clear of the trench before it exploded, and then had climbed out in the face of the flying bullets and brought in a wounded comrade. And this was he who had only last year seemed such a faint-hearted traveler along life's common way!

And, after many months, when the permanently invalided soldiers began to come back — how the local newspapers recorded every stage of their long railroad journey from Montreal westward! And how, when the train at last reached Edmonton, the mayor and the citizens and the regiments still in barracks crowded the platform to welcome them! Here was one who had been on the battle cruiser Isis in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, had enlisted with the 'Princess Pats,' and had, as he cheerfully expressed it, 'got his' at Ypres. And this 'veteran' was still in his twenties! Here was another who had been shot in the nose, the bullet passing out at the back of his head. But he was 'none the worse' and his wrath at not being permitted to return to the trenches was still simmering. Shattered arms, shrapnel wounds in thigh or back or shoulders — these were trifles. They would tell you how they got them if you insisted; but they really wanted to talk about the bravery of this officer or that comrade who alas! would have no other epitaph. It was only those who had been 'gassed' who could not enjoy and reciprocate our enthusiasm. They, poor fellows, had to be shipped quietly away, and cared for in the hope that some day they would be themselves again.

Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy — how real they seem as we talk to these men who have been there! To have been there one's self in the closed chapter of leisurely travel before the war counts for nothing. The time has passed when names in Belgium and in northern France meant places. They mean deeds. They were static once. They are dynamic now. And you can see Ypres more vividly through a crude and incoherent narrative *plus* an empty sleeve than you can through all the skillful and well-ordered descriptions of the war correspondents. Curious how in this world-business one's geographical reach expands. We seem so far from everywhere, up here on the edge of the wilderness. We have to travel nearly a

thousand miles to reach the nearest 'metropolis,' and Winnipeg is provincial enough! Two years ago we seemed utterly off by ourselves. Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy! Our family physician, who seemed preordained by nature to spend his days like a mouse in a hole, writes to us from Alexandria, where he is serving with a base hospital that receives the wounded from the Dardanelles; and to-morrow one's next door neighbor may be invalided home from Mesopotamia!

And how quaintly touched with humor, sometimes, are these sudden changes in perspective! There was a Dane who used to own a little brickyard down by the river. It was a small business and we remember him as occasionally driving a load of bricks himself and delivering them at the University buildings. But he had seen service, and it was not long after the war began before he received his commission as major. In time he was captured by the Germans at Ypres, and interned in the little town of Bischofswerda one hundred miles south of Berlin, near the Austrian border. He could speak German perfectly — had learned it as a boy in Denmark — and he determined to attempt the impossible and escape. Hiding in a well in the internment camp just as the prisoners were about to be shut up for the night, he crept away at dusk, eluded the double guards, and turned his face, not toward the Austrian border whither they would naturally set out in pursuit, but toward Berlin. He made his way to a village, found a newspaper containing the statement that he had escaped and was making his way toward Switzerland, bought a raincoat to cover his uniform, and then started on his perilous journey. In Berlin, with delightful effrontery, he took a taxi-ride down the Unter-den-Linden. How Dumas would have revelled in the story! Then this Danish d'Artagnan disguised himself as a bricklayer and, after many adventures, including a trip through the Kiel Canal, reached Denmark, whence the British consul sent him to England. And now he has been formally received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and is detained at the War Office to report on conditions in Germany. From the little brickyard beside the Saskatchewan to Ypres; from Ypres to Bischofswerda; from Bischofswerda to Berlin; from Berlin to Buckingham Palace — 'and so home,' as Pepys would say, to the brickyard. And two years ago we were entertaining d'Artagnan unawares! Well, there will be no unawareness when he returns to spend the Christmas holidays in Edmonton.

So it goes, here at the end of the line in war time — gray days and bright ones, bitter bereavements shared by a whole community, intense anxieties which no philosophy can dispel, new elations as the commonplace men of yesterday become the heroes of to-day, passionate news-hunger in the Silent Places, sparse districts becoming ever sparser as the men come in and keep coming in, to share in the great thing that is to do. I hope that you have seen, as I seem to see, that there is a kind of unity to it all — a unity that springs from our very remoteness from the great scene upon which all our thoughts are fixed. But I cannot help thinking that there is another meaning as well. These are rather dark days just now in the great struggle — days of halting, of uncertainty, of occasional defeat. But just as the men come in and keep coming in here, so do they come in and keep coming in in thousands of other remote little places all over the Empire. It is a slow process, but there is n't any limit to it. And nobody doubts what the end will be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TOUCHSTONE FOR PEACEMAKERS

It is hard to recognize a peacemaker, even in the looking-glass, these days. A few single-minded ones, like the Kaiser and Mr. Bryan, are unfalteringly sure of themselves, but the rest of us hesitate to call ourselves, or one another, 'the children of God.'

Are we revealed in our works, — these Hague Congresses, peace ships, preparedness programmes, secret diplomacies, so potential for strife? In our motives, — aristocratic, democratic, lunatic? In our shibboleths, — blessed are the pacifists? Were they the ones that Jesus had in mind? Ought we to join the League to Enforce Peace, or the Fellowship of Reconciliation, or the Stop-the-War Committee, or all of them, or none? These are the questions which confront the peacemaker every hour. How to classify himself?

There is a little book that helps; a dove-colored and partisan little book, but of a clarity in thought and utterance that cannot but clear up the most unwilling reader's hazy mind. It is not likely to convert any one; the value of a touchstone is in revelation, not in conversion; Miss Repplier may read it without trepidation; but it performs a service for the dovecote in pointing bewildered doves to their proper pigeonholes.

Women at the Hague is its title, and it describes the travels in Europe, and in their own minds, of Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch, and Alice Hamilton, during the summer of 1915. If it did no more than picture the Europe which the pacifists see to-day when they cross the ocean, it would render an invaluable service to stay-at-home Americans. No one else has seen just that Europe, and we cannot afford to miss it. The ordinary war correspondent spares us few details of life in trench and hospital, but he does not tell us of the young Englishmen 'who cannot reconcile the thought of killing other men with what they have always held as their ideal of conduct, and yet who cannot refuse to respond to their country's call.' He is not the confidant of mothers who are thankful that their sons died early in the war before they had killed other women's sons. Only the sympathetic listener hears of the husband who told his wife that under no circumstances would he be driven to kill a fellow man, and who was killed at night by a sentry from whom he could doubtless have defended himself. Surfeited as we are with stories of German hatred and stupidity, it is reassuring to know that the most famous journalist of Germany 'was very fair to our country, saying that Germany had no right to criticize our sale of ammunition to the Allies,' and that Germany's attitude toward England was poor sportsmanship.

But the book does more than picture the pacifists' Europe; it explains the congress of women at The Hague. The newspapers have done so much to bring ridicule and discredit upon this movement that our American instinct for fair play should make us eager to read what Miss Addams and Miss Balch, whose practical wisdom in other fields we trust and honor, have to say for themselves. Their action is no right-about-face, but the logical outcome of their

years of fighting for industrial arbitration. With all that Hull House stands for in humanitarian endeavor, and stress upon the sanctity of human life, could Miss Addams do less than she has done to stop the wasteful bloodshed of this war? She pleads for a conference of neutral nations, to endeavor to discover the price to be paid for permanent and immediate peace. To this end the congress presents a plan for continuous mediation without armistice, formulated by Julia Grace Wales, a delegate from the University of Wisconsin, and officially indorsed by the Wisconsin Legislature and recommended by them to the consideration of the Congress of the United States.

To propose a 'commission of experts sitting throughout the war and in some way holding the possibilities of settlement before the belligerents,' is neither foolish nor fanatical; nor does the following quotation suggest peace at any price: 'If Germany's terms are the annexation of Belgium and part of France and a military hegemony over the rest of Europe, or if the terms of France or England include "wiping Germany off the map of Europe," then there is no possibility of peace at this time or at any time that can be foreseen, nor does the world desire peace on these terms.' It happens to be Miss Balch who wrote these words, but it might have been President Wilson, so far as their sanity and wise neutrality are concerned. And it is Miss Addams who wisely reminds us that negotiations should be begun 'while the civil authorities still have enough power to hold the military to their own purposes and are not obliged to give them the absolute control of the destinies of the nation.'

An international commission of experts, to be constituted without delay, to sit as long as the war lasts, to explore the issues involved in the present struggle and to make propositions to the belligerents, 'in the spirit of constructive internationalism': surely the least pacifist of peacemakers can go so far. What do we balk at? Why do we suspect the ultimate impotence of this sane and moderate propaganda? Does the little book hold the clue to our skepticism?

We read that 'each power would be thankful indeed to secure an early peace without humiliation on terms a long way short of its extreme demands.' Let us consider this phrase, 'without humiliation.' In it is implicit the weakness of our modern ethic: the unwillingness of the present generation to acknowledge the existence of sin and to face its consequences. More than four hundred years ago, another peacemaking woman, the trusted adviser of popes and princes, declared that you could not cure a running sore by plastering it over with ointment; and science and religion still uphold her metaphor. Do we perhaps miss the chapter that St. Catherine of Siena might have written in that little dove-colored book? Do we perhaps fear that those who are willing to press for terms of peace under which there shall be humiliation for no one, are trying to cure a running sore with a plaster?

'Without humiliation': whether consciously or not, these words contain the denial of the Christian axiom that penitence is a prerequisite to peace. They assert that peace is possible, though Germany never recognize her crime against Belgium; though England never acknowledge that the secrets of her foreign office and the cold greed of her industrialism have betrayed her democracy; though the United States never discover that the true mediator, instead of feeding fat upon those for whom he mediates, suffers with them and for them willingly; though every nation, neutral and belligerent, hug to her breast her darling sin, unrepented to eternity. — Try it and see.

'Balancing magnanimous concession against magnanimous concession' is not enough to give a stable equilibrium to peace. We magnanimously concede our rights. Concession implies that the burden of righteousness is on our side, when it does not imply that the burden of sin is on the side of the other fellow. All the nations had got so far as to recognize their own rights and their neighbors' sins the day after Germany crossed into Belgium. When they recognize their own sins and their neighbors' rights they will know that the word they are after is 'expiate,' not 'concede.' If a pact is based on humble expiations we need not fear its instability; and the concessions will take care of themselves.

There is a time to 'speak gently to your little boy,' and a time to fulminate in the language of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. John Baptist. — 'Repent ye! Repent ye!' — It is this note of beneficent thunder that our little book lacks, and no league, or fellowship, or party which fails to stress the basic need for repentance, can make more than a superficial contribution to the problem. Of course, it is the Church's opportunity, but as usual the Church is a slug-a-bed. If Lutheran pastors are preaching penitence to the Kaiser and Von Tirpitz, the censor is keeping it dark. Certainly the Pope hedges. England indeed has a notable exception in Canon Scott Holland of St. Paul's, whose voice, boldly calling his nation to repentance, carries even across the Atlantic; and there must be others who have kindled at his flame; but the ordinary clergyman's prayerful solicitude seems not to stretch beyond 'safety first, for our side.'

Meanwhile, the plan for continuous mediation without armistice waits. No one has offered a good reason why it should not be tried. The commission's power for good or evil will depend upon its members. If these experts have philosophical acumen, statesmanship, and fearless Christian persuasiveness, they may even go so far as to propose that the obstinate governments chant '*mea culpa*' in chorus.

TRIPOD AND THE COUNTY TREASURER

With syntax, scholarship, and sanity one may say much in these days: one may even pretend to be a prophet.

But the complaint that genius is barred from reviews, platforms, professor's chairs, and pulpits is supererogatory. The issue is again raised by the essay on the Professional Ministry in a recent *Atlantic*, the publication of which is a kind of refutation of the writer's argument. Poets, preachers and reformers, artists — prophets all — show dissatisfaction with public vehicles of expression. They are somehow bound by convention, by regard for propriety which eager souls would disregard. Thought must be free: business and society and the ways of ordinary men are evil chains, chafing and destroying the soul. Religion, one infers, is the most conventional of all.

This attitude to the conditions of life is not convincing. When men were burned at the stake or excommunicated such a complaint was justified. It must indeed have been hard not to read the Bible if one cared to do so, or to be shriveled and charred for writing one's ideas about it. We are five hundred years away from Huss; this is not an age of martyrs, nor yet that of the quill pen. If one is denied a hearing to-day it is either because he cannot write or speak clearly, or because his information is distorted or wrong, or because his manners are too eccentric for sane people to contemplate without distress.

If the eager soul is denied all three of these plain accomplishments, it will in-

deed find difficulty in getting a hearing. For those moderately endowed with the three, who have something to say, the magazines, the platform, the pulpit open wide. Salaries and one-night contracts mount in rivalry, and our prophets, major, minor, and false, are accumulating such amounts of gold as mystify unprophetic workers in the field. One of our prophets of international affairs is prepared to lecture on several subjects for a large sum of money. 'But if,' he is careful to explain, 'these subjects do not interest you, I can lecture on the same terms upon any other subject you suggest.' Here is *allerlei wissenschaften*, plus prophecy. His syntax and manners are approved, doubtless; but his information does not inspire confidence. Information, and much of it, is more and more essential to good prophecy. Indeed it is pitiful to prophesy without knowledge.

The eager soul, however deficient in humor, cannot escape it in others. The ways of the prophet have been especially hard since Shakespeare wrote the line about Sir Oracle. No amount of syntax, scholarship, manners, or piety may shield a man from ridicule whose mind is habitually oracular. Once a man mounts the tripod on Drink, the Drama, the Church, or Feminism, his friends begin to leave earlier than usual. The ancient human instinct to leave a prophet to his prophecy is wholesome. If his prophecy come true, well and good: that is his reward. Meanwhile, as to the subjects thought worth prophesying about, a normal man will continue to think his own runes as good as anybody else's. Why should n't he? He gives in to the doctor and the engineer. In religion and politics he is still his own oracle, and most prophetic when he recognizes the faculty in his next-door neighbor. The tripod may not be a rare personal possession. If I have it, I may be pretty sure that other men in the street have one very like it.

The soul eager with prophecy is devising new ways out. The new ways, upon examination, prove to be the old ways, — of Egypt, of Monte Cassino. Business and marriage, society and wealth, industrialism and pedantry are indeed burdensome to the prophet, but in them lies the rigor of life. To work hard, to hold office, maybe, and swear to support the Constitution of the United States, to marry, to learn wisdom of wife and children, to pay one's debts — what business has any man to prophecy who withdraws himself from all this? Such a way out is the *cul-de-sac* of sentimentalism and self-deception. No strong man ever desired it; no womanly woman ever respected it. If, to know the law of God, we must have oracles of men who avoid marriage and the county treasurer, we need not be surprised if the producers of the world stay at home Sunday morning with the children, and play golf or see a baseball game in the afternoon.

There is a man up the street who works hard every day. He is habitually courteous, he is not nervous, he does not avoid people. I can tell by the way he says good-bye to his family that he is no ogre in the house, but a beloved father whose return is already anticipated. This man does not complain of his job; he is too manly to be envious, too occupied with the day's work to be uncertain of the here and now. He represents the class that we are told is being 'exploited.' I have never seen the doctor's carriage at the door. He and his family are well. They work; afterwards they enjoy themselves and sleep in a way no prophets, least of all the celibate oracle, ever slept. I was sharply conscious the other day in passing the house that this laborer was a continual source of inspiration to me. I have an affection for him. We should have little to say to each other if we

met. The weather, the tax-rates, and chances of candidates at election would exhaust us. But what the prophets prophesy in anguish of soul, and elaborate ideally in apocalyptic visions, this man is.

OUR 'WITTLES'

With most of us, if we had the naïveté to confess, breakfast, 'brunch' (a slight refection consumed by the judicious between breakfast and lunch), luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and snack-before-bed form the most exhilarating episodes in the day's adventures, and those with which we should be least willing to dispense. And not only this, but they form in no small degree the memorable events of our careers. That clam chowder that we had when we came East on the excursion ticket and visited Cousin Anne in Rhode Island, — do we not remember it long after the scenery and the cousinly conversation have faded from our minds? Those mountain trout that we used to catch and broil that summer in the Rockies, — are they less vivid recollections than the sunrises over snow-tipped peaks?

Which do you recall more distinctly — the Memlings at Bruges, or the *gâteaux* that you ate out under the awning in the shadow of the Belfry? As for me, I speak frankly in favor of the gâteaux. The month that I once spent in Amsterdam was notable for many things, but chiefly for the lusciousness that adorned the board at the Pension Denys: the custardy, creamy, meringuey puddings, with gay designs in colored sugars on the top; the crescent-shaped currant rolls, all flaky and crumbling, that we devoured by the basketful for breakfast; and best of all, the shrimp pies with wonderful Babylonish gardens of pastry winding up in tier after tier of succulence. I do not meditate on Rembrandt's dwelling-place with the tender reminiscence that I bestow upon the pink and lavender puddings; nor do I recall the Royal Palace half so accurately as I do the architecture of those shrimp pies.

In a well-known legal case of recent years, the star witness was questioned concerning an extended and luxurious tour of Europe; all that she could tell with certainty about it was that she had had, in the course of her travels, some 'very good cheese.' The opposing counsel was inclined to make merry over the cultural residuum of her sojourn abroad; but I regard her with sympathy and not with scorn. Good cheese assuredly is worth remembering; and whereas cathedrals are, in the larger view, pretty much alike, cheeses are not, as any one can testify.

We do not live by bread alone: cheese and caviare and frothy desserts go far (if, as I said before, we admit the truth) toward making life tolerable for us even in our woes.

There is a story of a man, desperately ill, who, having passed the crisis of his ailment, needed only, so the doctors asserted, an incentive to recover. He had had dire misfortunes and had lost all interest in living. Neither his business, nor his motor-car, nor his children, nor his wife sufficed to lure him back to the trials of temporal existence. Then some inspired relative thought of the cook-book. She put it into the hands of the sick man as he lay withering on his pillow. He turned it over languidly; then he fluttered the pages with transparent fingers; presently he asked to be propped up in bed. Before long he was whispering fervidly of what he was going to have to eat when he got well: those pig-hocks with dumplings; hot waffles and syrup; *schnittbohnen* with sour sauce. What were rissoles, and ramekins, and bannocks? And why had he never known about toad-in-the-hole? These were the sentiments that wooed him back to life.

It is a pretty and very human tale.

He would be a misanthrope indeed who would not wish to live long enough to try some of the dishes pictured in the women's magazines — even though one cynic scoffingly declares (in verse) that he never can tell whether he is beholding the portrait of a salad or a hat.

I love a cook-book myself, and read it with a zest that few novels can inspire. Sometimes when I am in special need of cheering, I go to a dull and formidable corner of the great library where much of my time is spent, and take down a volume bound in calf and labeled *Harleian MSS 279 and 4016, Pub. for E.E.T.S., vol. 91.* I open the tome to the legend, —

HERE BEGYNNETHE A BOKE OF KOKERY

The first recipe is for 'Hare in Wortes'; I pass that by. But I linger over the directions for concocting 'blaumanger' and 'sweteblanche,' 'lampreys in galentyn,' and 'oyle soppys.' There is a recipe headed 'Cabochis' that reads, 'Take faire Cabochis, pike [t]hem an wassh hem and parboyle . . . caste hem in a faire potte with goode fressh broth and Marybones . . . and serve it forth.' Cabochis and Marybones would not be at all bad, eaten steaming from the 'potte' when one had been riding furiously about all day in cloth of gold, with a falcon on one's wrist, hunting the 'ffesaunte' or the hare.

There is an expansive and simple dignity about this: 'Take a pigge, draw him, smyte of [f] his hede, kutte him in iiij quarters, boyle him til he be ynow, take him uppe and lete cole, smyte him in peces. . . .' But this is not the last of the pigge; he must be minced and sauced and sugared and spiced and garnished, not only till he be ynow, but till he becomes — as most mediæval dishes seem to have done at last — a kind of sublimated hash. Nearly every recipe calls for the mincing process, perhaps because the utensils of the kitchen were better than those of the table. 'Hew them smal'; 'chop hir smal in faire peces'; 'hakke in gobettys'; 'choppe hem in faire colpons.' On every page there is much mention of seasonings and 'spycerye': 'peper,' 'gynger,' 'sapheron,' 'parcelly,' 'sauge,' 'datys,' 'oynones,' 'Rose Mary and tyme,' — and everywhere a 'gobet of marow.' They must have dripped and quivered with richness, those fifteenth-century dainties. I sigh for a taste of the 'Grete pyes,' for which the first of the directions is, 'Make a faire large Cofyn of fyne past.' The lordly mince pie of our day would feel insipid and plebeian beside those ancient kings of pastry, as they are described in print for the prying spectacles of E.E.T.S.

One feels in the recipes a touch of the artistic, the reflected joy of the mediæval cook, when he seized upon a 'henne' or a 'goos' or a 'Wodekok,' to make it 'faire' and appetizing for his master's table. And how the master himself must have groaned with repletion, and praised the cook, and called loudly in Middle-English for a repetition of special successes!

I put the book back upon the shelf with a smile of brotherly affection. The Boke of Kokery makes me feel for those ancestral lovers of good eating a far closer kinship than volumes of history and socialized philosophy. The enjoyment of food and drink is a basis upon which the men of all eras may found a fellowship. From babyhood to senility this pleasure never palls. The infant,

> What time its tender palm is pressed
> Against the circle of the breast,

and the old man supping his spoon-food through gums for the second time toothless, share equally in a primitive delight; and all the years between are full of successive satisfactions, sauced

by hunger and dignified by the art of cookery. For the food that is set before us, blithe souls have indeed sung eulogies; but so universal a source of joy should have a more extensive anthology of praise. At least, if there be any among us who cherishes a lingering hypocrisy of indifference to the table, let him cast away his sin, and make public confession of his gratitude for the good things that a generous fortune sends him.

MY JAPANESE FRIEND

My Japanese friend writes from Osaka: 'This is the "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" in Japan. The persimmons have ripened, and the pomegranates are open into the mouth of the prophets . . .

'Just at this time we are celebrating the formal ascension of our Emperor upon the sovereign throne first established by the Goddess of the Sun 2,575 years ago, and occupied ever after by her divine descendants unto this day of money and mortals. Last Sunday I went out to Kyoto to see the ceremony. It began with entry of the Emperor into the ancient capital shortly after noon. A hundred thousand people gathered along the street through which the Emperor was to pass, and scrambled for a standing place. I should say "squatting place," for these people squatted on the ground. And they began to squat on a coarse straw mat and under the blue sky as early as two o'clock in the morning — indeed, even from the previous night! — with nothing to keep them from the dew and the wind of the night. As for me, I was offered a seat inside a house facing the street, which I was obliged to occupy, however, at three o'clock in the morning, no reservation of seats being guaranteed. Thus we waited — a hundred thousand loyal subjects of the Mikado. We waited and kept on waiting, watching the many slow hours begin and expire.

'Strange is the emotional attitude of the Japanese. This is certainly a happy occasion. The people have draped their houses and decorated their streets with flags, banners, flowers, paper lanterns, electric lights — the whole city blossoms out in profusion of hilarious colors. Yet, they talk quietly and walk about with grave looks upon their faces, because they have deep in their hearts a sense of awe and reverence. Thus we waited, dumb and devout like sinners doing penance.

'At last, the rumbling sounds of guns firing their salutes from the outskirts of the city signaled the arrival of the Imperial train at the railway station. All along the long and crowded way every whisper was hushed; the heavy silence was not at all to be broken except by the approach of the Imperial cortège — a pompous and picturesque train of mounted police; soldiers; a crew of them carrying on their shoulders a palanquin; more soldiers; his Majesty's car drawn by six steeds; followed by many more carriages of the Imperial household and the high officers of the Emperor. These moved past — a phantom procession of green and yellow, of dazzling gold and brilliant red. The audience held their breath; many dared not lift their admiring eyes toward the spectacle for which they had waited so long and so patiently. When all was over — and it was over in a few minutes for each man who could not move from his place — the audience heaved a sigh, rose from the ground, and went their way.

'What do you think of the psychology of the Japanese?'

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AMERICANISM

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHENEVER we stand in need of intricate knowledge, balanced judgment, or delicate analysis, it is our comfortable habit to question our neighbors. They may be no wiser and no better informed than we are; but a collective opinion has its value, or at least its satisfying qualities. For one thing, there is so much of it. For another, it seldom lacks variety. Last year the *American Journal of Sociology* asked two hundred and fifty 'representative' men and women 'upon what ideals, policies, programmes, or specific purposes should Americans place most stress in the immediate future,' and published the answers that were returned in a Symposium entitled, 'What is Americanism?' The candid reader, following this symposium, received much counsel but little enlightenment. There were some good practical suggestions; but nowhere any cohesion, nowhere any sense of solidarity, nowhere any concern for national honor or authority.

It was perhaps to be expected that Mr. Burghardt Du Bois's conception of true Americanism would be the abolishment of the color line, and that Mr. Eugene Debs would see salvation in the sweeping away of 'privately owned industries, and production for individual profit.' These answers might have been foreseen when the questions were asked. But it was disconcerting to find that all, or almost all, of the 'representative' citizens represented one line of civic policy, or civic reform, and refused to look beyond it. The prohibitionist discerned Americanism in prohibition, the equal suffragist in votes for women, the biologist in applied science, the physician in the extirpation of microbes, the philanthropist in playgrounds, the sociologist in eugenism and old-age pensions, and the manufacturer in the revision of taxes. It was refreshing when an author unexpectedly demanded the extinction of inherited capital. Authorship seldom concerns itself with anything so inconceivably remote.

The quality of miscellaneousness is least serviceable when we leave the world of affairs, and seek admission into the world of ideals. There must be an interpretation of Americanism which will express for all of us a patriotism at once practical and emotional, an understanding of our place in the world and of the work we are best fitted to do in it, a sentiment which we can hold — as we hold nothing else — in common, and which will be forever remote from personal solicitude and resentment. Those of us whose memories stretch

back over a half a century recall too plainly a certain uneasiness which for years pervaded American politics and American letters, which made us unduly apprehensive, and, as a consequence, unduly sensitive and arrogant. It found expression in Mr. William Cullen Bryant's well-known poem, 'America,' made familiar to my generation by school readers and manuals of elocution, and impressed by frequent recitations upon our memories.

> O mother of a mighty race,
> Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
> The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
> Admire and hate thy blooming years;
> With words of shame
> And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

There are eight verses, and four of them repeat Mr. Bryant's conviction that the nations of Europe united in envying and insulting us. To be hated because we were young, and strong, and good, and beautiful seemed, to my childish heart, a noble fate; and when a closer acquaintance with history dispelled this pleasant illusion, I parted from it with regret. France was our ally in the Revolutionary War. Russia was friendly in the Civil War. England was friendly in the Spanish War. If the repudiation of state debts left a bad taste in the mouths of foreign investors, they might be pardoned for making a wry face. Most of them were subsequently paid; but the phrase 'American revoke' dates from the period of suspense. By the time we celebrated our hundredth birthday with a world's fair, we were on very easy terms with our neighbors. Far from taunting us with shameful words, our 'haughty peers' showed on this memorable occasion unanimous good temper and good will; and *Punch's* congratulatory verses were among the most pleasant birthday letters we received.

The expansion of national life, fed by the great emotions of the Civil War, and revealed to the world by the Centennial Exhibition, found expression in education, art, and letters. Then it was that Americanism took a new and disconcerting turn. Pleased with our progress, stunned by finding that we had poets, and painters, and novelists, and magazines, and a history, all of our own, we began to say, and say very loudly, that we had no need of the poets, and painters, and novelists, and magazines, and histories of other lands. Our attitude was not unlike that of George Borrow, who, annoyed by the potency of Italian art, adjured Englishmen to stay at home and contemplate the greatness of England. England, he said, had pictures of her own. She had her own 'minstrel strain.' She had all her sons could ask for. 'England against the world.'

In the same exclusive spirit, American school boards proposed that American school-children should begin the study of history with the colonization of America, ignoring the trivial episodes which preceded this great event. Patriotic protectionists heaped duties on foreign art, and bade us buy American pictures. Enthusiastic editors confided to us that 'the world has never known such storehouses of well-selected mental food as are furnished by our American magazines.' Complacent critics rejoiced that American poets did not sing like Tennyson, 'nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth'; but that, as became a new race of men, they 'reverberated a synthesis of all the poetic minds of the century.' Finally, American novelists assured us that in their hands the art of fiction had grown so fine and rare that we could no longer stand the 'mannerisms' of Dickens, or the 'confidential attitude' of Thackeray. We had scaled the empyrean heights.

There is a brief paragraph in Mr. Thayer's *Life and Letters of John*

Hay, which vividly recalls this peculiar phase of Americanism. Mr. Hay writes to Mr. Howells in 1882: 'The worst thing in our time about American taste is the way it treats James. I believe he would not be read in America at all if it were not for his European vogue. If he lived in Cambridge he could write what he likes, but because he finds London more agreeable, he is the prey of all the patriotisms. Of all vices, I hold patriotism the worst, when it meddles with matters of taste.'

So far had American patriotism encroached upon matters of taste, that by 1892 there was a critical embargo placed upon foreign literature. 'Every nation,' we were told, 'ought to supply its own second-rate books,' — like domestic sheeting and ginghams. An acquaintance with English authors was held to be a misdemeanor. Why quote Mr. Matthew Arnold, when you might quote Mr. Lowell? Why write about Becky Sharp, when you might write about Hester Prynne? Why laugh over Dickens, when you might laugh over Mark Twain? Why eat artichokes, when you might eat corn? American school-boys, we were told, must be guarded from the feudalism of Scott. American speech must be guarded from the 'insularities' of England's English. 'That failure in good sense which comes from too warm a self-satisfaction' (Mr. Arnold does sometimes say a thing very well) robbed us for years of mental poise, of adjusted standards, of an unencumbered outlook upon life.

II

It is strange to glance back upon a day when we had so little to trouble us that we could vex our souls over feudalism and fiction; when — in the absence of serious problems — we could raise pronunciation or spelling into a national issue. Americanism has done with trivialities, patriotism with matters of taste. Love for one's country is not a shallow sentiment, based upon self-esteem. It is a profound and primitive passion. It may lie dormant in our souls when all goes well. It may be thwarted and frustrated by the exigencies of party government. It may be dissevered from pride or pleasure. But it is part of ourselves, wholly beyond analysis, fed upon hope and fear, joy and sorrow, glory and shame. If, after the fashion of the world, we drowsed in our day of security, we have been rudely and permanently awakened. The shadow of mighty events has fallen across our path. We have witnessed a great national crime. We have beheld the utmost heights of heroism. And when we asked of what concern to us were this crime and this heroism, the answer came unexpectedly, and with blinding force. The sea was strewn with our dead, our honor was undermined by conspiracies, our factories were fired, our cargoes dynamited. We were a neutral nation at peace with the world. The attack made upon our industries and upon our good name was secret, malignant, and pitiless. It was organized warfare, without the courage and candor of war.

The unavowed enemy who strikes in the dark is hard to reach, but he is outside the pale of charity. There was something in the cold fury of Mr. Wilson's words, when, in his message to Congress, he denounced the traitors 'who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life,' which turned that unexpansive state-paper into a human document, and drove it straight to the human hearts of an injured and insulted people. Under the menace of disloyalty, Americanism has taken new form and substance; and the President's message, like the potter's wheel, is moulding this force into lines of strength and

resistance. We have seen all we want to see of 'frightfulness' in Europe, all we want to see of injustice, supported by violence. We are not prepared to welcome any scheme of terrorization in the interests of a foreign power, or any interference of a foreign power with our legitimate fields of industry. Such schemes and such interference constitute an inconceivable affront to the nation. Their stern and open disavowal is the shibboleth by which our elections may be purged of treachery, and our well-being confided to good citizenship.

Of all the countries in the world, we and we only have any need to create artificially the patriotism which is the birthright of other nations. Into the hearts of six millions of foreign-born men — less than half of them naturalized — we must infuse that quality of devotion which will make them place the good of the state above their personal good, and the safety of the state above their personal safety. It is like pumping oxygen into six million pairs of lungs for which the common air is not sufficiently stimulating. We must also keep a watchful eye upon these men's wives, — when they are so blessed, — and concentrate our supreme energy on uncounted millions of children, whose first step toward patriotism is the acquirement of a common tongue.

We are trying fitfully, but in good faith, to work this civic miracle. Americanization Day is but one expression of the nation-wide endeavor. When Cleveland invited all her citizens who had been naturalized within a twelvemonth to assemble and receive a public welcome, to sit on a platform and be made much of, to listen to national songs and patriotic speeches, and to take home, every man, a flag and a seal of the city, she set a good example which will be widely followed. The celebrations at Riverside, California, and New York City's Pageant of the Nations had in view the same admirable end. Sentiment is not a substitute for duty and discipline; but it has its uses and its field of efficacy. Such ceremonies perseveringly repeated for twenty years might work a change in the immigrant population of to-day, were we secure from the fresh millions that threaten us to-morrow. That the Fourth of July should be often selected for these rites is perhaps inevitable; it is a time when patriotism assumes a vivid and popular aspect; but Heaven forbid that we should rechristen Independence Day, Americanization Day! However ready we may be to welcome our new citizens, however confident we may be of their value to the Republic, we are not yet prepared to give them the place of honor hitherto held by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The name which perpetuates the memory of that deed is a sacred name, and should be preserved no less sacredly than the national life which was then committed to our keeping.

It is no insult to the immigrant to say that he constitutes one of the perils of Americanism. How can it be otherwise? Assume that he is a law-abiding citizen, that he knows nothing of the conspiracies which have imperiled our safety, that he does not propose to use his vote in the interests of a foreign power, and that the field of hyphenated politics has no existence for him. For all these boons we are sufficiently grateful. But how far does he understand the responsibilities he assumes with the franchise? how far does he realize that he has become part of the machinery of the state? and how far can we depend upon him in our hour of need? He knows, or at least he has been told, that he may not return home to fight for his own country, if he seeks Amer-

ican citizenship. He must resist a natural and a noble impulse as the price of his coveted 'papers.' But will there spring in his heart a noble, though not very natural, impulse to fight for us if we call our sons to arms? Can we hope that his native intelligence, unshackled by any working knowledge of our language, will grasp our national policy and our national obligations; and that — free from conscription — he will voluntarily risk his life in behalf of a government for which he has no inheritance of fidelity?

We have opened our doors to unrestricted immigration, partly because capitalists want plenty of cheap labor, which is not a good reason; and partly because the immigrants want to come, which is not a sufficient reason. They also — despite the heart-rending conditions depicted by Miss Kellor in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January — want to stay. Those who return to the higher standards of Europe do not materially affect the situation. They stay, and either surmount their difficulties, or, succumbing to them, fill our asylums, hospitals, and almshouses. For many years, foreign economists must have looked with relief at the countless thousands of derelicts who were supported by the United States instead of by their own governments. But even the satisfaction we have thus afforded does not wholly justify our course. Is it worth our while to fill the air with clamor over eugenics and birth-control, to build barriers around a marriage license, and to dramatize impassioned pleas for sterility, when the birthrate of the Republic is nobody's concern? If the survival of the fittest means as much to the commonwealth as to the family, why should we fiddle over pathology while the nation burns?

Miss Kellor is not the only kind-hearted American who holds her countrymen to blame for the deficiencies of the immigrant. Her point of view is a common one, and has some foundation in fact. She censures us even for his dirt, though if she had ever listened to the vitriolic comments of the police, she might revise her judgment on that score. 'Can't you *do* anything?' I once asked a disconsolate guardian of the peace, who stood on a fine hot day contemplating the forth-flung garbage of the Israelite. To which he made answer: 'Did ye iver thry to clane out a sthable wid a toothpick?' And as this had not been one of my life's endeavors, I offered no further comment. But Miss Kellor touches a vital truth when she says that Americans will never weld a mass of heterogeneous humanity into a nation, until they are able to say what they want that nation to be, and until they are prepared to follow a policy intelligently outlined. In other words, Americanism is not a medley of individual theories, partial philanthropies, and fluid sentiment. A consistent nationalism is essential to civic life, and we are not dispensed from achieving consistent nationalism by the difficulties in our way. No multiplication of difficulties makes an impossibility. Upon what props did the Venetians build the fairest city of the world?

III

We cannot in this country hope for the compelling devotion which has animated Germany; still less for the supreme moral and intellectual force which is the staying power of France. Mrs. Wharton has best described the intelligence with which Frenchmen translate their ideals into doctrine. They know for what they stand in the civilized world, and the first 'white heat of dedication' has hardened into steel-like endurance. To the simple emotions of men who are defending their homes from assault have been

added the emotions of men who are defending the world's noblest inheritance from degradation. 'It is the reasoned recognition of this peril which is making the most intelligent people in the world the most sublime.'

The problems of England are so closely akin to our own problems, and her perplexities are so closely akin to our own perplexities, that we should regard them with insight and with sympathy. We too must pause in every keen emergency to cajole, to persuade, to placate, to reconcile conflicting interests, to humor conflicting opinions, — termed by those who hold them, 'principles.' We too must forever bear in mind the political party which is in power, and the political party which waits to get into power; and we must pick our way as best we can by the cross-lights of their abiding hostility. We too must face and overcome the doughlike resistance of apathy. I have been told — though I refuse to believe it on hearsay — that British laborers have asked what difference it would make to them whether they worked for British or for German masters. It is quite true that British pacifists and British radicals have not only put this question, but have answered it, greatly to their own satisfaction, in American periodicals; but American periodicals are not mouthpieces of the British workmen. I make no doubt that if we were fighting for our lives, there would be found American pacifists and American radicals writing in British periodicals that no great harm would come to America if she submitted passively to invasion; and that whether their country's cause were right or wrong, the slaughter of her sons was a crime, and the wealth of her capitalists was a sufficient reason for refusing to do battle for her liberty. The painful certainty that we should never be free from the babbling of treason, any more than England is free from it now, makes Americanism (the Americanism which means civic loyalty founded on civic intelligence) shine like a far-off star on a very dim horizon.

At present disloyalty founded upon ignorance meets with more attention than it deserves. Why, after all, should two thousand people assemble in New York to hear Miss Helen Keller say that, in the event of invasion, the American workman 'has nothing to lose but his chains'? He has his manhood to lose, and it should mean as much to him as to any millionaire in the land. What new and debilitating doctrine is this which holds that personal honor is the exclusive attribute of wealth, and that a laborer has no more business with it than has a dog! The fact that Miss Keller has overcome the heavy disabilities which nature placed in her path, lends interest to her person, but no weight to her opinions, which give evidence of having been adopted wholesale, and of having never filtered through any reasoning process of her own. It is always agreeable to hear her speak about good and simple things. When she said in Philadelphia that happiness does not lie in pleasure, and that, although she did not expect to be always pleased, she did expect to be always happy, by doing what she could to make those about her happy, we gave our hearty concurrence to sentiments so unexceptionable. It was the way we ourselves should have liked to feel, and we knew it was our own fault that we did not. But when in New York she adjured workingmen never to enter the United States army, and informed us that all we needed for adequate defense were shooting galleries 'within reach of every family,' so that we could all learn — like the old ladies in *Punch* — to fire a gun, there was something profoundly sad in words so ill-judged and so fatuous. It cannot be

a matter of no moment that, in the hour of our danger and indecision, thousands of people stand ready to applaud the disloyal utterances which should affront every honorable man or woman who hears them.

The *Yale Review* quotes the remark of a 'foreigner' that Americans are always saying, 'I don't care.' The phrase is popular and sounds disheartening; but if we spare ourselves concern over trivial things (if, for example, we were not excited or inflamed by Captain von Papen's calling us 'idiotic Yankees'), it does not follow that big issues leave us unmoved. If they did, if they ever should, the word Americanism might as well be obliterated from the language. The consistent nationalism for which it stands admits of no indifference. It is true that the possible peril of New York — as defenseless as a soft-shell crab, and as succulent — is not an ever-present care to San Francisco. It is true that San Francisco's deep anxiety over Japanese immigration and land-ownership was lightly treated by New York. And it is true that Denver, sitting in the safety zone, looks down from her lofty heights without any pressing solicitude about either of her sister cities. But just as the San Francisco earthquake wrung the heart of New York, so the first gun fired at New York would arm the citizens of San Francisco. Only it might then be too late.

The Christmas cartoon of Uncle Sam holding a package marked 'Peace and Prosperity,' and saying with a broad smile, 'Just what I wanted!' was complacent rather than comprehensive. We want peace and we want prosperity, but they are not all we want; partly because their permanency depends upon certain corollaries, and partly because we do not, any more than other men, live by bread alone. The things of the spirit are for us, even as for heroic and suffering France, of vital worth and import. If we could say with certainty, 'All is gained but honor,' there are still some of us who would feel our blessings incomplete; but, as it chances, the contempt meted out to us has taken the palpable form of encroachment upon our common rights. Until we can protect our industries from assault and our citizens from butchery, until we can couple disavowal of past injuries with real assurance of safety in the future, peace limps, and prosperity is shadowed. With every fresh shock we have received, with every fresh sorrow we have endured, there has come to us more and more clearly the vision of a noble nationalism, purged of 'comfort-mongering,' and of perverted sentiment.

Cynical newspaper writers have begun to say that the best way to make Americans forget one injury is to inflict on them another. This is hardly a half-truth. The sinking of the Ancona did not obliterate from our minds the names of the Falaba, the Gulflight, the Frye, the Hesperian, the Arabic, and the Lusitania. Neither has the sinking of the Persia buried the Ancona in oblivion. And it is not simple humanity which has burned these names into the tablets of our memories. The loss of American lives through the savage torpedoing of liners and merchant ships might be doubled and trebled any summer day by the sinking of an excursion steamer, and we should soon forget. A country which reports eight thousand murders in a single year is not wont to be deeply stirred by the perils which beset our munition-workers. But when Americans have gone to their deaths through the violence of another government, or in the interests of another government, then the wrong done them is elevated to the importance of a national calamity, and redress becomes a national obligation. Because we do

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not wearily reiterate this patent truth does not mean that we have forgotten it. If words could save, if words could heal, we should have no fear, or shame, or sorrow. Nothing is less worth while than to go on prattling about a consistent foreign policy. The cornerstone of civilization is man's dependence for protection on the state which he has reared for his own safety and support.

IV

The concern of Americans for America (I use the word to symbolize the United States) must be the deep and loyal sentiment which brooks no injustice and no insult. We have need of many things, but first and foremost of fidelity. It is a matter of pride and pleasure that some of our foreign-born citizens should excel in art and letters; that, under our tutelage, they should learn to design posters, model statuary, write poems, and make speeches. These things have their admitted place and value. The encouragement which is given them, the opportunities which are made for them, the praise which is lavished upon them, are proofs of our good-will, and of our genuine delight in fostering ability. But the real significance of the 'Americanization' movement, the summoning of conferences, the promoting of exhibitions, the bestowing of prizes, is the need we all feel of unification, the hope we all cherish that, through the influence of congenial work, immigrants and the children of immigrants will become one in spirit with the native-born. We could make shift to do without the posters and the symbolic statuary; we could read fewer poems and listen to fewer speeches; but we cannot possibly do without the loyalty which we have a right to demand, and which is needful to the safety of the Republic.

For the main thing to be borne in mind is that Americanization does not mean only an increase of opportunity for the alien, an effort toward his permanent well-being. It means also service and sacrifice on his part. This is what citizenship entails, although voters and those who clamor for the vote seldom take into account such an inexorable truth. The process of assimilation must go deeper than the polling booth and the trade union can carry it. Democracy forever teases us with the contrast between its ideals and its realities, between its heroic possibilities and its sorry achievements. But it is our appointed road, and the stones over which we perpetually stumble deny us the drowsy perils of content. When we read Dr. Eliot's noble words in praise of free government and equal opportunities, we know that his amazing buoyancy does not imply ignorance of primaries, of party methods, and of graft. With these things he has been familiar all his life; but the creaking machinery of democracy has never dimmed his faith in its holiness. Remediable disorders, however grievous and deep-seated, afford us the comfort of hope, and the privilege of unending exertion.

To no one ignorant of history can the right of citizenship assume any real significance. In our country the ballot is so carelessly guarded, so shamefully misused, that it has become to some men a subject of derision, to many, an unconsidered trifle, to all, or almost all, an expression of personal opinion, which, at its best, reflects a popular newspaper, and, at its worst, stands for nothing less hurtful than stupidity. A recent contributor to the *Unpopular Review* reminds us soberly that, as the democratic state cannot rise above the level of its voters, and as nationality means for us merely the will of the people, it might not be amiss to guard the franchise with reasonable solicitude,

and to ask something more than unlimited ignorance and the absence of a criminal record as its price. If every man — alien or native-born — who casts his ballot could be made to know and to feel that 'all the political forces of his country were mainly occupied for a hundred years in making that act possible,' and that the United States is, and has always been, the nation of those 'who willed to be Americans,' citizenship might become for us what it was to Rome, what it is to France, — the interpretation of honor, the symbol of self-sacrifice.

A knowledge of history might also prove serviceable in enabling us to recognize our place and our responsibility among the nations of the world. No remoteness (geographical remoteness counts for little in the twentieth century) can sever our interests from the interests of Europe, or lift from our shoulders the burden of helping to sustain the collective rights of mankind. We know now that the menace of frightfulness has overshadowed us. We know that, however cautiously we picked our steps, we could not, and did not escape insult and injury. But even if we had saved our own skin, if we had suffered no destruction of property, and if none of our dead lay under the water, the freedom of Europe, the future of democracy, and the rights of man would be to us matters of concern.

It is true, moreover, that friendship and alliance with those European states whose aspirations and ideals respond to our own aspirations and ideals are as consistent with Americanism as are friendship and alliance with the states of South America, which we are now engaged in loving. It is not from Bolivia, or Chile, or Venezuela, or the Argentina that we have drawn our best traditions, our law, language, literature, and art. We extend to these 'sister Republics' the arms of commercial affection; but they have no magic words like Magna Charta and *le Tiers État* to stir our souls an inch beyond self-profit. When we count up our assets, we must reckon heavily on the respect of those nations which we most respect, and whose good-will in the past is a guarantee of good-will in the future. It is worth our while, even from the standpoint of Americanism, to prove our fellowship with humanity, our care for other interests than our own. The civilization of the world is the business of all who live in the world. We cannot see it crashing down as it crashed in the sinking of the Lusitania and the Ancona, and content ourselves with asking how many Americans were drowned. Noble standards, and noble sympathies, and noble sorrows have their driving power, their practical utility. They have counted heavily in the destinies of nations. Carthage had commerce. Rome had ideals.

OUR DRIFTING CIVILIZATION

BY L. P. JACKS

I

Lord Bryce, in his Presidential Address to the British Academy, made the following remarks: —

'Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. Mankind increases in volume, in accumulated knowledge, and in a comprehension of the forces of nature; but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions becomes more striking and more tragic. Enormous nations are concentrated under one government and its disasters affect the whole. A great modern state is like a gigantic vessel built without any watertight compartments, which, if it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock.'

The meaning these words convey to my mind is that the power of control which modern states possess over the course they are taking is inadequate to the immense forces which need direction, and to the magnitude of the issues involved. As states become more and more unmanageable, history becomes more and more of a drift — whither we know not.

If proof were wanting that civilization has really been caught in a drift, what more striking proof could be imagined than that presented by the present war? Looking at the origin of this war, not in the details of its causation but in the broad mass of all the forces, historical, political, economic, which have brought it to pass, I for one cannot resist the conclusion that it is the result of a drift. Every ship has had its steersman who may have done his best to keep a definite course, but the whole fleet has been caught by an invisible current which has swept it on to the final catastrophe.

And the war, of course, is only one instance. If we take the history of the last hundred years, and mark the important points of arrival reached by civilization during that period, we shall find the same conditions. At the end of each great interval of its progress, civilization has waked up with a kind of shock to find itself where it was. From moment to moment, from year to year even, the shock was not felt; but a generation has usually been enough to make civilization rub its eyes and stare about it in wonder. By the end of that time society was always where at the beginning it had not intended to be; and often where it would not have been had it known what was coming. Make your intervals long enough, and the image will rise before you of a sleepy traveler suddenly roused from his slumbers by a jolt of the carriage — which has possibly thrown him into the middle of the road — and calling out to gods and men to tell him where he is.

There is a vast literature at the pre-

sent day, — I am, alas, only too well acquainted with it, — a literature which threatens to choke our libraries and to cause all quarterly magazines to be published twice a week — a literature to which theologians, philosophers, playwrights, novelists, and sociologists make incessant contributions — which might be truthfully described as the literature of 'Where are we?' — or, to be strictly accurate, the literature of 'Where the devil are we?' In all this literature we encounter civilization as a drifter at the mercy of currents. Whether some conscious power other than the will of man regulates the course of the drift, is a question I do not here discuss. Enough that it does not appear to be regulated by the conscious will of man.

The war, I repeat, is only a last instance of the drift, — a most impressive instance indeed, which may end by giving civilization a jolt violent enough to wake the dead. If it be objected that the war cannot be set down entirely to drift because there were powerful parties in Europe who wanted war and schemed to bring it about, the answer is that though there were parties who wanted war, there was no party who wanted *this* war, such as it has turned out to be — not even the gentlemen who rule the roost at Potsdam. The war they wanted and schemed to bring about was a very different sort of war from this. Even they must feel a shock of surprise at finding the world where it now is. Indeed, I doubt if there are any people in Europe in this moment who are more conscious of the small control they have over the course of history than are the gentlemen who rule the roost at Potsdam.

II

In considering the unmanageableness of the modern state, we must give attention to a point which is not actually mentioned by Lord Bryce, though it is implied in what he says. We must think, not only of the enormous *mass* of the state, as measured by the number of its people and the variety of its interests, but also of the equally enormous *momentum* with which it moves forward on its path. A force of control which would have been ample to arrest or deflect the movement of an ancient city-state, would be brushed aside and leave no visible effect in the tremendous onrush of a movement backed by the massed wills, passions, impulses, and habits of a hundred million men. It may be true, as St. James says, that the rudder of a great ship is always a very little thing. But there is a great difference between the rudder of a dreadnought and the rudder of a coracle. I admit that moral forces do not work by the quantitative scale; at the same time there is no denying that a moral force which could deflect a modern state, say from the path of industrial civilization, and set it going in the path of artistic civilization, would have to be of a very unusual kind. To stop or even to turn these tendencies aside is extremely difficult, not merely because the masses engaged are so stupendous, but also because of the incalculable force they have gathered during the long period they have been in motion.

It seems to me that these considerations give a new setting to the ancient question of democracy *versus* oligarchy.

At first sight we might suppose that the new setting is in favor of democracy. Between the enormous mass, volume, and momentum of a state containing sixty or a hundred million people, and an oligarchic power consisting of the wills of twenty or thirty men, the disparity is preposterous. But when we think of such a state under democratic control, the disparity seems to

vanish. Since the community is now self-governing, the masses to be guided and the guiding masses are roughly equal; and however big the community may grow, the controlling forces will grow in an equal proportion. Democratic states therefore can never be too big for their rulers, for the rulers and the ruled are now one.

But this simple formula, which underlies so much of the political reasoning of our time, is not supported by a study of the facts. This will soon convince us that only a very small part of the political forces of a democracy is available for the guidance of the total state, for what I will call 'mass-policy.' By far the greater part of those forces, often amounting to nearly the whole, is expended in sectional controversy within the state itself, in the conflict of rival interests and in the warfare of innumerable groups. It is the way of all democracies to become preoccupied with the adjustment of their internal balances, the result being that of the total political force available very little is left over for the work of imperial guidance — far less, in fact, than is sometimes found in oligarchic states. Adequate force for the guidance of the total mass may be there, but it is used up on other things. Much of it indeed is not strictly *used* at all, being simply nullified by mutual oppositions, and so may be struck out of the account so far as mass-policy is concerned.

This was distinctly the state of things in Great Britain before the war. How much of the immense political energies of the British democracy went into the guidance of the Empire as such? Singularly little; so little, in fact, that had there not been in the country an unacknowledged oligarchy which has done its best to look after these things, they would have been left to take their course. Another instance is afforded by the United States at the present moment. The various currents of opinion in the American democracy regarding the war have canceled one another and produced a virtual equilibrium. The neutrality of the United States does not represent the massed wills of one hundred million citizens resolutely determined to be neutral. 'Neutralized' rather than 'neutral' would be the correct description of their attitude. It is the negative that remains after the mutual destruction of positives, the President being the interpreter of a state of rest brought about by the action of opposing forces. The state of rest, however, is only relative; for it is precisely when democratic communities are thus brought to an apparent standstill through the action of inner oppositions that they fall into the sweep of invisible world-currents, and drift into situations where they never wished or expected to find themselves. This also is the time when a Napoleon gets his chance, if the state happens to be one that breeds that kind of man. The capture of the entire political forces of a vast democracy by a single man would be an impossible feat if the forces in question were all acting together and concentrated on a single point. But what a Napoleon has to deal with is not the total force of the democracy, but only the feeble residuum which has been left over from the battlefield of internal controversy.

The whole matter, therefore, is one which deserves serious consideration by those who advocate democratic control of mass-policy. To secure effective guidance of the whole, we must first suppose that the democracy takes a real and intelligent interest in the question of its total movement, as well as in that of its internal balance, — a condition which is hardly characteristic of the immense democratic states of modern times; and, furthermore, we must suppose that the democracy, be-

ing so deeply interested, is of one heart and will in the matter. This second assumption is more perilous even than the first. The guiding force actually available for mass-policy is most commonly the will of a majority checked and held under restraint by the will of the minority — a very different thing from the combined will of the whole people.

These conditions, which are inherent in all forms of majority rule, may work well enough when the question is one of internal balance, but be wholly inadequate to meet the problems of mass movement, especially when the mass has the enormous bulk and momentum of a modern state. You can neither effectively make war, nor effectively keep the peace, by a majority of one. The almost inevitable result is a policy of 'watchful waiting,' which, strictly speaking, is not a policy at all, but only another name for yielding to the drift and observing where it takes you — or not observing, as the case may be.

The American democracy is by no means a solitary example of this. The truth is that all democracies tend to watch and wait upon the results of their mass-movements. The British public, as I have said before, has often done so, and might have settled down into a fixed habit of doing so, had it not waked up one morning to find itself in the midst of a world-war. Be that as it may, the war has served the purpose of showing us all once more that the interests of great states are fundamentally concerned with their mass-movements, and that no adjustment of their internal balance will render them secure, so long as the whole mass is adrift.

How democracy, which is essentially a theory of internal balance, can adapt itself to cover these greater issues, is one of the most challenging political problems ever presented to the mind of man. Needless to say, the immense size of modern states has carried it far beyond the point at which it was left by Aristotle. Meanwhile we must guard ourselves against treating the problem as simpler than it really is.

III

The general question of the control exercised by states — or society — over the course of their history is far too vast and complicated to be discussed in the space at my disposal. I propose therefore to narrow the discussion within more manageable limits. I shall raise the question so far only as it affects two things, which are closely connected — the growth of *knowledge* and the growth of *wealth*.

First then as to the growth of knowledge. Here our question at once divides itself into two. How far is the knowledge we have gained, through the development of the sciences and the spread of education, the kind of knowledge man hoped and intended to gain when he set himself the task of finding out about this universe all he possibly could? Has the discovery corresponded, or approximately corresponded, to expectations? Or has humanity, in its search for knowledge, been like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to find his father's asses and found a kingdom? Or, again, have we set out to find a kingdom and found asses? Or, once more, are our actual discoveries to be described in terms intermediate between these extreme figures of speech? Or, lastly, did man set out simply to *find*, without any expectations at all regarding *what* he would find, or any questions as to whether it would be worth finding? That is the first half of the question. The second is: having made his discoveries, whatever they may have been, what degree

of control has man exercised as to the *uses* and *applications* which those discoveries might be made to serve?

Let us begin with the first. When we take the stages in the growth of knowledge one by one, we find that considerable control has *de facto* been exercised. Men have always asked themselves definite questions and sought definite answers. What is the distance of a given planet from the sun? What is the nature of the cholera bacillus? What is the economic value of free trade? In all these single cases men understood the question they were asking and the kind of answer that would satisfy them. But taking the larger sweeps in the march of mind, we look in vain for anything which can be said to have controlled their length, their direction, and their issue. When Malthus propounded his theory of population nobody foresaw or could foresee that this theory, germinating and fructifying in the mind of Darwin, would gradually lead on to *The Origin of Species* and the doctrine of biological evolution. When the Cobdenites propounded the doctrine of free trade, nobody foresaw or could foresee the immense number of economic questions which the application of free trade would provoke, or the quality or quantity of economic knowledge resulting from the attempt to answer them. Or, to take an example from another field, when Kant propounded his philosophy he was utterly in the dark with regard to the long series of philosophic reactions which would follow, some of them ending in doctrines which were clean opposite to his own, and which, had they been mentioned to him, he would have found staggering and incredible.

In fact, whenever we consider the growth of knowledge in broad sweeps and masses, we can hardly help being reminded of what Seeley said about the growth of the British Empire: 'It has grown in a fit of absence of mind.' You cannot put your finger on any individual statesman, or on any individual generation of Britons, who may be said to have foreseen, or expected, still less to have consciously determined, that the British Empire should be exactly what it is to-day. Nor can you put your finger on any man of science, or on any philosopher, or on any school or group or series of such, who can be held responsible either for the range or the quality of the knowledge now possessed by the human mind. Similarly, if the question be raised of any new idea, doctrine, or discovery, 'What will this lead to in the way of further ideas, doctrines, or discoveries?' the answer must be, 'God alone knows'; or, if you don't believe in God, 'Nobody knows.'

Looking at the matter then, not piecemeal, — for then a different answer would be forthcoming, — but in this large, synthetic, comprehensive way, I think we are justified in saying that man has exercised no control, and been able to exercise none, over the growth of knowledge as a whole. The history of knowledge has been the history of an adventure. Man has embarked on the quest for knowledge without knowing to what issues it would lead. He has assumed, though perhaps with no very clear notion why he assumed it, that whatever knowledge might come his way would be worth having. All our educational efforts, all that we do to promote the march of mind, all the work in our laboratories, all the reflection in our studies, are based on that assumption — that tremendous assumption. As to its grounds I have now nothing to say, for the question would carry us down to the fundamental problems of life. Enough that the history of knowledge as a whole has been a surprise. And I do not see how it can ever be anything

else. The presence of controlling purpose which we detect when considering the details, is matched by an equally conspicuous absence of purpose — that is, of human purpose — when we consider the total growth or mass-movement, unless we introduce religious considerations which lie beyond the ambit of this paper.

I pause only to indicate, not to discuss, the consequences of this view. It will be granted that the course of human history is largely dependent on the growth of knowledge. The state of the world at any given moment, the events that are happening, and the character of those events, are always to be partly explained, and sometimes wholly explained, by the range and the quality of the knowledge there and then in the possession of man. We all know how a single scientific discovery might at any moment change the face of civilization and cause every statesman, economist, and social reformer to recast his problems. The present war, again, owes something of its magnitude, and many of its most characteristic features, both moral and physical, to knowledge which has been placed at the disposal of the belligerents by the positive sciences. Every great event indeed is unintelligible, and as time goes on becomes more and more unintelligible, until we read it with reference to the existing state of knowledge. What follows then is obvious. If man has no control over the total growth of knowledge, to that extent there must be an element of adventure in the general course of history.

IV

Having given a negative answer to the question whether man, up to date, has controlled the growth of knowledge, I now proceed to the sequel: has man, *de facto*, controlled the *uses* and *applications* to which knowledge has been put?

Here the facts are much more confusing and difficult to bring to focus; and I am afraid I shall be driven to hacking my way through a multitude of distinctions, the full setting out of which would fill a volume. Only the broadest of them can be so much as mentioned.

In the first place we may note that knowledge gained by one set of persons, or by one generation, with a view to a certain application is often appropriated by another set of persons, or by a later generation, for an application quite different from that originally in view. For example, the nature of the cholera bacillus is investigated by a number of bacteriologists for no other purpose than the humane one of checking a fearful disease, and the discoveries are applied accordingly in the cause of sanitation. Later on, however, this same knowledge is made use of by somebody for poisoning wells in wartime. In like manner the nature of chlorine gas was, I believe, originally studied with a view to facilitating a process in manufacture. Had the investigators foreseen that their discoveries might be used later on for a peculiarly hideous form of warfare, I think it not improbable that some of them would have promptly smashed their apparatus and poured the contents of their phials down the sink. One is reminded of the warning which the Psalmist addresses to the man who heapeth up riches and knoweth not who will gather them. The Psalmist warns him that he walketh in a vain show — and we shall presently return to that warning in the concluding part of my paper. But might we not address the same warning to the man of science, or to a scientific age, which heapeth up knowledge and knoweth not who will apply it or to what purpose it will be applied?

Of course a great deal of scientific investigation has been undertaken with the avowed aim of inventing high explosives and other such means of making things uncomfortable for our neighbors, and is now being applied to the very purpose for which it was intended. But even here the want of control is manifest, if it be true, as I am told it is, that many of these devilish devices will ultimately be found of use in sanitation, in industry, in the arts, and in other means of promoting the Kingdom of Heaven. On the whole, however, we must admit that most of the scientific work of the century has been undertaken for what we may call good ends, and has been encouraged and supported by the public in the belief that it would be applied accordingly. To a large extent the public has been justified, and the scientists have been rewarded by seeing their work produce the very results that they hoped for — or even better results. And at the same time the unexpected by-products of science have been little less than amazing.

But when once more we look at the facts, not piecemeal, but in their totality; when we remember the long intervals, often amounting to the lifetime of one or two generations, which intervene between the birth of knowledge and its final applications; when we think of the distance and the difference which separate the users of knowledge from its discoverers, again it seems to me that, so far as the will of man is concerned, we are in the presence of a drift and not of an ordered course. The main illustration of this is to be found in those immense captures of knowledge made by the forces which promote war and carry it on — a fact of the most sinister significance. Of all the single applications made of the immense growths of knowledge since the birth of modern science, this is probably the most extensive, and, I might almost add, the most effective for its purpose. Whoever is responsible for this particular by-product, we may say with confidence that it is not the work of the lovers of knowledge — not the work of the discoverers of knowledge — not the work of those whose stake in knowledge is greatest and rights over it most indefeasible — not the work of those whose motto has been, 'Let knowledge grow from more to more.' It is not their work and it does not correspond with their intentions. It has been done, so to speak, behind their backs, while they were looking another way. From their point of view this is something more than a surprise or disappointment — it is a tragedy. Nor can we say that all this diversion of knowledge has been sanctioned by a *consensus humani generis*. I can think of no form of the common will which has definitely brought it to pass. The public has watched one bit of knowledge after another being captured for these ends without protesting against the capture; but the total result represents something which has not been willed by anybody, — not by any group of states, or by any single state, or by any party of assignable individuals within the state.

You may say that it has been done by militarists. But this again is true only when the process is considered piecemeal. It is true that the German militarists are responsible for the first use of chlorine gas as a means of poisoning and torturing thousands of men, and that they therefore have controlled that particular application. But if you think of the whole scientific apparatus of modern warfare, you will have before you an immense and undesigned monstrosity, which has come into being by small contributions, and which the militarists, now that they have it on their hands, hardly know what to

make of. As a whole it is not their doing. It is the result of a drift. And though there have always been people who held that war was the highest state of man, and were quite willing therefore that knowledge should become the handmaid of war, yet even they have never maintained that precisely this sort of war, on this scale, and with this stupendous equipment of destructive apparatus, was the highest state of man. War with bows and arrows and with armies not exceeding ten thousand men on either side would satisfy their thesis just as well as war which puts all knowledge under contribution to make its engines more destructive, and which sweeps men off the earth in millions.

Accumulations of knowledge are public property in a sense in which nothing else is. But they are subject to no effective public control. Every one, broadly speaking, has access to them; and every one, except within certain narrow limits, can make what use of them he will. He can invent new uses which are unaffected by the legislative restrictions upon the known uses up to date. Thus the applications are left to drift.

This appears to me the outstanding anomaly of civilization. For knowledge, as we all know, is the most deadly of weapons as well as the most useful of tools. What one nation gains for humanity by using knowledge as a tool another nation can always undo by using it as a weapon. The idea that the uses of wealth ought to be under public control has of course long been familiar. But few persons have paused to consider how the same argument might be applied to knowledge, which by its nature is public property already. Whatever good you might do — I am not sure myself that you would do much good — by putting wealth under public control, would be liable to be undone at any moment if you left knowledge at large. Controlled wealth and uncontrolled knowledge are an utterly unworkable pair of horses. A single individual armed with superior knowledge may always show himself, and has often shown himself in the past, more than a match for all the laws, regulations, restrictions, social systems and what not, by which the state may try to control his dealings with wealth — or indeed with anything else.

I freely grant that we are now on the borderland of wild ideas, the happy hunting ground of the crank, the maker of abstractions, and the raiser of ghosts. But if we gaze steadily at the wilderness before us we shall presently become aware of certain definite questions which stand out amid the confusion like a few tall and scattered trees growing in the midst of an impenetrable jungle. One of the questions will be this: Is there vested in the race any kind of power which enables it, or might enable it, to control the application of knowledge? If there be such a force, the sooner it wakes up and gets to business the better for humanity. If there be no such power, if the passage from knowledge to application is essentially a drift, then one can only say that the future of civilization is extremely precarious, unless indeed there be some power other than ours which looks after us in matters where we seem so little able to look after ourselves.

To take but one example, no single discovery of modern times is more pregnant with results than that of the means of aerial navigation. But the possible results are of all kinds — some most attractive, others appalling. Must we just take them as they come? Or can we choose? We see what has happened already. Conceivably aircraft might have been used, at once, as a means of greatly increasing the security of human life. As a matter of fact they were at once seized upon for the opposite purpose. It looks as though

humanity had merely discovered a new and more effective means of committing suicide; and this or something like it would be the view taken by that excellent friend of sociologists in distress — the visitor from another planet. Are we to rest content with this kind of inadvertence? If so, the day may not be far distant when the further developments of aircraft will be such as to destroy the last vestige of security for civilized life. With such an instrument at their disposal the predatory instincts of men and nations, which are by no means dead, as current events are showing, will have a chance such as they never had in the darkest ages of savagery. 'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.' I need hardly point out that this saying applies to nations, and to governments, as well as to individuals. It is probably the best single explanation of the present war that could be found. Aircraft, at all events, are potentially a means either of good deeds or of ill. Has humanity no power of deciding for which class of deeds they shall be used? And aircraft, of course, are only one instance among thousands.

That I may not be accused of merely raising phantoms without indicating how they might be exorcised I will here make a practical suggestion; but I do so acutely conscious that I am on the borderland of wild ideas. Is it conceivable that civilized nations should come to an agreement absolutely prohibiting the use of aircraft as weapons of war? I make the suggestion, without committing myself to any view on the likelihood of permanent peace or its desirability. It may be that wars will recur from time to time. It may be that they are in some way necessary to the development of mankind. But even if this be true, it by no means follows that the kind of war we are now witnessing is bound to recur, or that this is the kind of war most necessary to the development of mankind. It does not follow that the wars of the future must be ever more bloody and more destructive. It does not follow that the wars which do most good to human character are precisely those which are waged with the deadliest weapons — the wars in which a single man by pressing the button of a scientific machine can blow the souls out of ten thousand enemies whose faces he has never seen. I know the point is debatable, but certainly all that I have ever heard about the good moral effects of war would be as true or truer if war were still an affair of long knives, slings, tomahawks, catapults, battering rams, and single combats. However, I must content myself with the suggestion about aircraft;[1] and leaving to imagination the endless vista of possibilities that lie beyond, I pass to the concluding portion of my paper.

V

The facts and questions which confront us in the sphere of wealth merely repeat in another form the facts and questions already encountered in the sphere of knowledge. Just as man has deliberately set himself to the pursuit of knowledge, but has not controlled the total knowledge which has resulted, or its form, but has been taken by surprise in regard to both; so too we find that man, industrial man, having deliberately set himself to the pursuit of wealth, has presently found himself in possession of an amount of wealth, and of a kind of wealth, which he never contemplated or designed. Though I

[1] I have pressed this suggestion on several occasions, and have been told in reply that it is impracticable. But if civilized nations cannot agree about a small matter such as this, is it in the least likely that they can agree about those vastly greater questions involved in the proposal for a "League of Peace"? I continue therefore to press the point. — THE AUTHOR.

have read a great deal in the economists about the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, I have never found one of them who tried to conceive the amount of wealth which might have to be dealt with. They argue as if the amount made no difference to the argument. As an outsider I venture to think that it does make a great difference. A community whose annual income is reckoned at two thousand millions will find itself confronted with a vast number of political and economic problems which would not exist if the income were a tenth of that sum. To speak of one or two things only: the more wealth you have, the more danger you run from robbers both domestic and foreign; and the larger and stronger will be the box you require to keep your wealth secure. Again, the more wealth a nation has, the more suspicious it is apt to be about other nations nearly as rich as itself, and the more jealous about those which are somewhat richer. Once again, the more wealth a nation has, the more it wants, and the more determined it is to increase its store.

I ask the reader to save me the trouble of tiresome exposition by using his imagination. He will find that differences of amount make a vital difference to every group of questions before the economist; they bring new questions and change the form of old ones, especially when they are differences to be measured by thousands of millions. When national wealth acquires these stupendous proportions, forces and passions begin to work which were not there before. It follows that, if you lose control over the total amount, to that extent you lose control over the whole economic situation. And my point is that control has been lost, or rather it has never been possessed. No industrial community has ever made up its mind how rich it wished to be. Still less has it asked whether, even if the limit were assigned, it has any power to compel arrest when the limit was reached.

No economist has, so far as I know, ever raised the question whether the process of producing wealth, if pressed beyond a certain point, might not turn out to be self-defeating. Industrial civilization has gone blindfold into the whole enterprise. If anybody could have told J. S. Mill in 1850 that two generations afterwards Europe would be financing a war to the tune of six thousand million pounds a year, — a sum which 'is as unrealizable by us as are the distances of the fixed stars,' — or if he could have been told that in 1915 Great Britain alone would be bearing taxation of nearly four hundred million annually, with the prospect of more to come, I venture to say that Mill would have found the statement as staggering and incredible as Kant would have found that vision of the after-effects of his philosophy which we imagined in the parallel field of knowledge. Could you have persuaded Mill of the truths of these figures, the effect upon him would have been profound. He would have walked over to see Carlyle with a yet whiter face than he had on the night when he came to confess the accidental burning of the first volume of *The French Revolution*. And Carlyle would have understood his terror; for he, along with Ruskin, saw the trouble ahead, and never doubted that industrial civilization was shooting the rapids and would soon find itself in the whirlpool.

'The Whirlpool.' That brings me to the final stage of the parallel between knowledge and wealth, which is, that just as civilization has lost control of the applications of knowledge, so too it has lost control of the applications of wealth. The facts are before our eyes. The accumulated wealth of industrial

civilization is at this moment being swept down into a bottomless gulf. That is the application, at the rate of six thousand millions per annum, of the wealth produced and distributed by the labors of uncounted multitudes of brains and hands. Is it the intended application? Or does it represent something which has been done behind the back of industrial man, which those who produced this wealth — or the great majority of them — never contemplated for a moment, and which, had they ever foreseen it as possible, would have thrown a wet blanket over the whole industrial enterprise of the modern world? It is the latter. What a tragic disillusion of the hopes, aspirations, and theories of those who have put their hands and brains, their intellectual and it may be also their moral endowments into the great industrial enterprise, to have to tell them at the end of their labors that what they were doing all this time was mainly to build up the commissariat of a world-war! Could there be a more conclusive instance of the want of control on the part of society over the application of its wealth? The words of the Psalmist which I have already quoted seem to me very true when taken as addressed to the industrial age from which we are emerging. 'He walketh in a vain show: he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.' They were heaped up in the belief that they would make somebody happy. They have been gathered for the war.

I am aware that this paper raises a question without providing an answer. As the reader has already perceived, the statement of the question has been sufficiently difficult. I am not afraid to confess my ignorance in these matters; and though it is unseemly to infer other people's ignorance from one's own, I cannot help thinking that we all know less about these things than we are prone to imagine. In the present confused state of the world it may be that a confession of ignorance is the best contribution one can make to the progress of knowledge. Something will be gained if we can realize the questions before us. For aught any of us knows to the contrary, it may be in accordance with the plan of the world's history that the present age should end with a note of interrogation. For my own part I should be content to have it so, provided I could read clearly the terms of the question behind that portentous stop. With the question before us we should not be wholly in the dark. And the next age would have its work in providing the answer. These things are not beyond the wit of man.

THE SYRIAN CHRIST

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

JESUS CHRIST, the incarnation of the spirit of God, seer, teacher of the verities of the spiritual life, and preacher of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, is, in a higher sense, 'a man without a country.' As a prophet and a seer Jesus belongs to all races and all ages. Wherever the minds of men respond to simple truth, wherever the hearts of men thrill with pure love, wherever a temple of religion is dedicated to the worship of God and the service of man, there is Jesus' country and there are his friends. Therefore, in speaking of Jesus as the son of a certain country, I do not mean in the least to localize his Gospel, or to set bounds and limits to the flow of his spirit and the workings of his love.

Nor is it my aim in these papers to imitate the astute theologians by wrestling with the problem of Jesus' personality. To me the secret of personality, human and divine, is an impenetrable mystery. My more modest purpose in this writing is to remind the reader that, whatever else Jesus was, as regards his modes of thought and life and his method of teaching, he was a Syrian of the Syrians. According to authentic history Jesus never saw any other country than Palestine. There he was born; there he grew up to manhood, taught his Gospel, and died for it.

It is most natural, then, that Gospel truths should have come down to the succeeding generations — and to the nations of the West — cast in Oriental moulds of thought, and intimately intermingled with the simple domestic and social habits of Syria. The gold of the Gospel carries with it the sand and dust of its original home.

From the foregoing, therefore, it may be seen that my reason for undertaking to throw fresh light on the life and teachings of Christ, and other portions of the Bible whose correct understanding depends on accurate knowledge of their original environment, is not any claim on my part to great learning or a profound insight into the spiritual mysteries of the Gospel. The real reason is rather an accident of birth. From the fact that I was born not far from where the Master was born, and brought up under almost the identical conditions under which he lived, I have an 'inside view' of the Bible which, by the nature of things, a Westerner cannot have. I know this, not from the study of the mutilated tablets of the archæologist and the antiquarian, precious as such discoveries are, but from the simple fact that as a sojourner in this Western world, whenever I open my Bible it reads like a letter from home.

Its unrestrained effusiveness of expression; its vivid, almost flashy and fantastic imagery; its naïve narrations; the rugged unstudied simplicity of its parables; its unconventional (and to the more modest West rather unseemly) portrayal of certain human relations; as well as its all-permeating spiritual mysticism, — so far as these qualities are concerned, the Bible might all have been written in my

primitive village home, on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon some thirty years ago.[1]

You cannot study the life of a people successfully from the outside. You may by so doing succeed in discerning the few fundamental traits of character in their local colors, and in satisfying your curiosity with surface observations of the general modes of behavior; but the little things, the common things, those subtle connectives in the social vocabulary of a people, those agencies which are born and not made, and which give a race its rich distinctiveness, are bound to elude your grasp. Social life, like biological life, energizes from within, and from within it must be studied.

And it is those common things of Syrian life, so indissolubly interwoven with the spiritual truths of the Bible, which cause the Western readers of holy writ to stumble, and which rob those truths for them of much of their richness. By sheer force of genius, the aggressive, systematic Anglo-Saxon mind seeks to press into logical unity and creedal uniformity those undesigned, artless, and most natural manifestations of Oriental life, in order to 'understand the scriptures.'

'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way,' by personally conducting you into the inner chambers of Syrian life, and showing you, if I can, how simple it is for a humble fellow countryman of Christ to understand those social phases of the scriptural passages which so greatly puzzle the august minds of the West.

[1] I do not mean to assert or even to imply that the Western world has never succeeded in knowing the mind of Christ. Such an assertion would do violent injustice, not only to the Occidental mind, but to the Gospel itself as well, by making it an enigma, utterly foreign to the native spirituality of the majority of mankind. But what I have learned from intimate associations with the Western mind, during almost a score of years in the American pulpit, is that, with the exception of the few specialists, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a people to understand fully a literature which has not sprung from that people's own racial life. — The Author.

II

In the Gospel story of Jesus' life there is not a single incident that is not in perfect harmony with the prevailing modes of thought and the current speech of the land of its origin. I do not know how many times I heard it stated in my native land and at our own fireside that heavenly messengers in the forms of patron saints or angels came to pious, childless wives, in dreams and visions, and cheered them with the promise of maternity. It was nothing uncommon for such women to spend a whole night in a shrine 'wrestling in prayer,' either with the blessed Virgin or some other saint, for such a divine assurance; and I remember a few of my own kindred to have done so.

In a most literal sense we always understood the saying of the psalmist, 'Children are a heritage from the Lord.' Above and beyond all natural agencies, it was He who turned barrenness to fecundity and worked the miracle of birth. To us every birth was miraculous, and childlessness an evidence of divine disfavor. From this it may be inferred how tenderly and reverently agreeable to the Syrian ear is the angel's salutation to Mary, 'Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women! — Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

A miracle? Yes. But a miracle means one thing to your Western science, which seeks to know what nature is and does by dealing with secondary causes, and quite another thing to an Oriental, to whom God's will is the law and gospel of nature. In times of intellectual trouble this man takes refuge in his all-embracing faith, — the

faith that to God all things are possible.

The Oriental does not try to meet an assault upon his belief in miracles by seeking to establish the historicity of concrete reports of miracles. His poetical, mystical temperament seeks its ends in another way. Relying upon his fundamental faith in the omnipotence of God, he throws the burden of proof upon his assailant by challenging him to substantiate his *denial* of the miracles. So did Paul (in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Acts) put his opponents at a great disadvantage by asking, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?'

But the story of Jesus' birth and kindred Bible records disclose not only the predisposition of the Syrian mind to accept miracles as divine acts, without critical examination, but also its attitude toward conception and birth, — an attitude which differs fundamentally from that of the Anglo-Saxon mind. With the feeling of one who has been reminded of having ignorantly committed an improper act, I remember the time when kind American friends admonished me not to read from the pulpit such scriptural passages as detailed the accounts of conception and birth, but only to allude to them in a general way. I learned in a very short time to obey the kindly advice, but it was a long time before I could swing my psychology around and understand why in America such narratives were so greatly modified in transmission.

The very fact that such stories are found in the Bible shows that in my native land no such sifting of these narratives is ever undertaken when they are read to the people. From childhood I had been accustomed to hear them read at our church, related at the fireside, and discussed reverently by men and women at all times and places. There is nothing in the phraseology of such statements which is not in perfect harmony with the common, everyday speech of my people.

To the Syrians, as I say, 'children are a heritage from the Lord.' From the days of Israel to the present time, barrenness has been looked upon as a sign of divine disfavor, an intolerable calamity. Rachel's cry, 'Give me children, or else I die,' does not exaggerate the agony of a childless Syrian wife. When Rececca was about to depart from her father's house to become Isaac's wife, her mother's ardent and effusively expressed wish for her was, 'Be thou the mother of thousands, of millions.' This mother's last message to her daughter was not spoken in a corner. I can see her following the bride to the door, lifting her open palms and turning her face toward heaven, and making her affectionate petition in the hearing of the multitude of guests, who must have echoed her words in chorus.

In the congratulations of guests at a marriage feast the central wish for the bridegroom and bride is invariably thus expressed: 'May you be happy, live long, and have many children!' And what contrasts very sharply with the American reticence in such matters is the fact that shortly after the wedding, the friends of the young couple, both men and women, begin to ask them about their 'prospects' for an heir. No more does a prospective mother undertake in any way to disguise the signs of the approaching event, than an American lady to conceal her engagement ring. Much mirth is enjoyed in such cases, also, when friends and neighbors, by consulting the stars, or computing the number of letters in the names of the parents and the month in which the miracle of conception is supposed to have occurred, undertake to foretell whether the promised offspring will be a son or a daughter. In that

part of the country where I was brought up, such wise prognosticators believed, and made us all believe, that if the calculations resulted in an odd number the birth would be a son, but if in an even number, a daughter, which, as a rule, is not considered so desirable.

Back of all these social traits and beyond the free realism of the Syrian in speaking of conception and birth, lies a deeper fact. To Eastern peoples, especially the Semites, reproduction in all the world of life is profoundly sacred. It is God's life reproducing itself in the life of man and in the living world below man; therefore the evidences of this reproduction should be looked upon and spoken of with rejoicing.

Notwithstanding the many and fundamental intellectual changes which I have undergone in this country of my adoption, I count as among the most precious memories of my childhood my going with my father to the vineyard, just as the vines began to 'come out,' and hearing him say as he touched the swelling buds, 'Blessed be the Creator. He is the Supreme Giver. May He protect the blessed increase.' Of this I almost always think when I read the words of the psalmist, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!'

Now I do not feel at all inclined to say whether the undisguised realism of the Orientals in speaking of reproduction is better than the delicate reserve of the Anglo-Saxons. In fact I have been so reconstructed under Anglo-Saxon auspices as to feel that the excessive reserve of this race with regard to such things is not a serious fault, but rather the defect of a great virtue. My purpose is to show that the unreconstructed Oriental, to whom reproduction is the most sublime manifestation of God's life, cannot see why one should be ashamed to speak anywhere in the world of the fruits of wedlock, of a 'woman with child.' One might as well be ashamed to speak of the creative power as it reveals itself in the gardens of roses and the fruiting trees.

Here we have the background of the stories of Sarah, when the angel-guest prophesied fecundity for her in her old age; of Rebecca, and the wish of her mother for her, that she might become 'the mother of thousands'; of Elizabeth, when the 'babe leaped in her womb,' as she saw her cousin Mary; and of the declaration of the angel to Joseph's spouse, 'Thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

Here it is explained, also, why upon the birth of a 'man-child,' well-wishers troop into the house, — even on the very day of birth, — bring their presents, and congratulate the parents on the divine gift to them. It was because of this custom that those strangers, the three 'Wise Men' and Magi of the Far East, were permitted to come in and see the little Galilean family, while the mother was yet in childbed. So runs the Gospel narrative: 'And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, — gold, frankincense, and myrrh.'

So also were the humble shepherds privileged to see the wondrous child shortly after birth. 'And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.'

In the twelfth verse of the second chapter of the Gospel of Saint Luke, the English version says, 'And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' Here the word *clothes*

is somewhat misleading. The Arabic version gives a perfect rendering of the fact by saying, 'Ye shall find a *swaddled* babe, *laid* in a manger.'

According to general Syrian custom, in earliest infancy a child is not really clothed, it is only swaddled. Upon birth the infant is washed in tepid water by the midwife, then salted, or rubbed gently with salt pulverized in a stone mortar especially for the occasion. (The salt commonly used in Syrian homes is coarse-chipped.) Next the babe is sprinkled with *rehan*, — a powder made of dried myrtle leaves, — and then swaddled.

The swaddle is a piece of stout cloth about a yard square, to one corner of which is attached a long narrow band. The infant, with its arms pressed close to its sides, and its feet stretched full length and laid close together, is wrapped in the swaddle, and the narrow band wound around the little body, from the shoulders to the ankles, giving the little one the exact appearance of an Egyptian mummy. Only a few of the good things of this mortal life were more pleasant to me when I was a boy than to carry in my arms a swaddled babe. The 'salted' and 'peppered' little creature felt so soft and so light, and was so appealingly helpless, that to cuddle it was to me an unspeakable benediction.

Such was the 'babe of Bethlehem' that was sought by the wise men and the shepherds in the wondrous story of the Nativity.

And in describing such Oriental customs it may be significant to point out that, in certain localities in Syria, to say to a person that he was not 'salted' upon birth is to invite trouble. Only a *bendûq*, or the child of an unrecognized father, is so neglected. And here may be realized the full meaning of that terrible arraignment of Jerusalem in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. The Holy City had done iniquity, and therefore ceased to be the legitimate daughter of Jehovah. So the prophet cries, 'The Lord came unto me, saying, "Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations, and say, Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem; Thy birth and thy nativity are of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite. And as for thy nativity, in the day thou wast born — neither wast thou washed in water to supple[1] thee; thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all. No eye pitied thee, to do any of these things for thee, to have compassion upon thee; but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day thou wast born." '

III

And how natural to the thought of the East the story of the 'star' is! To the Orientals 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' and the stars reveal many wondrous things to men. They are the messengers of good and evil, and objects of the loftiest idealization, as well as of the crudest superstitions.

I was brought up to believe that every human being had a star in heaven which held the secret of his destiny and which watched over him wherever he went. In speaking of an amiable person it is said, 'His star is attractive' (*nejmo jeddeeb*). Persons love one another when 'their stars are in harmony.' A person is in unfavorable circumstances when his star is in the sphere of 'misfortune' (*nehiss*), and so forth. The stars indicated the time to us when we were traveling by night, marked the seasons, and thus fulfilled their Creator's purpose by serving 'for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.'

In every community we had 'star-

[1] *Cleanse* in the Revised Version. — The Author.

gazers' who could tell each person's star. We placed much confidence in such mysterious men, who could 'arrest' an absent person's star in its course and learn from it whether it was well or ill with the absent one.

Like a remote dream, it comes to me that as a child of about ten I went out one night with my mother to seek a 'star-gazer' to locate my father's star and question the shining orb about him. My father had been away from home for some time, and owing to the meagreness of the means of communication in that country, especially in those days, we had no news of him at all. During that afternoon my mother said that she felt 'heavy-hearted' for no reason that she knew; therefore she feared that some ill must have befallen the head of our household, and sought to 'know' whether her fear was well grounded. The 'star-arrester,' leaning against an aged mulberry tree, turned his eyes toward the stellar world, while his lips moved rapidly and silently as if he were repeating words of awful import. Presently he said, 'I see him. He is sitting on a cushion, leaning against the wall and smoking his *narghile*. There are others with him, and he is in his usual health.' The man took pains to point out the 'star' to my mother, who, after much sympathetic effort, felt constrained to say that she did see what the star-gazer claimed he saw. But at any rate, mother declared that she was no longer 'heavy-hearted.'

In my most keen eagerness to see my father and his *narghile* in the star, at least for mere intellectual delight, I clung to the arm of the reader of the heavens like a frightened kitten, and insisted upon 'seeing.' The harder he tried to shake me off, the deeper did my organs of apprehension sink into his sleeve. At last the combined efforts of my mother and the heir of the ancient astrologers forced me to believe that I was 'too young to behold such sights.'

It was the excessive leaning of his people upon such practices that led Isaiah to cry, 'Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flames.'

Beyond all such crudities, however, lies the sublime and sustaining belief that the stars are alive with God. The lofty strains of such scriptural passages as the nineteenth Psalm and the beautiful story of the star of Bethlehem, indicate that to the Oriental mind the 'hosts of heaven' are no mere masses of dust, but the agencies of the Creator's might and love. So the narrative of the Nativity in our Gospel sublimates the beliefs of the Orientals about God's purpose in those lights of the firmament, by making the guide of the Wise Men to the birthplace of the Prince of Peace a great star, whose pure and serene light symbolized the peace and holiness which, in the 'fullness of time,' his kingdom shall bring upon the earth.

IV

Of Jesus' life between the period spoken of in the narrative of the nativity and the time when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan, seeking to be baptized by John, the New Testament says nothing. One single incident only is mentioned. When twelve years old, the boy Jesus went with his parents on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In this brief but significant record, of all the filial graces which Jesus must have possessed one only is mentioned in the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke, where it is stated that he went down to

Nazareth with his parents 'and was subject unto them.'

This seemingly casual remark is full of significance. With us in Syria, *ta'-at-el-walideen* — obedience to parents — has always been youth's crowning virtue. Individual initiative must not overstep the boundary line of this grace. Only in this way the patriarchal organization of the family can be kept intact. In my boyhood days in that romantic country, whenever my father took me with him on a 'visit of homage' to one of the lords of the land, the most fitting thing such a dignitary could do to me was to place his hand upon my head and say with characteristic condescension, 'Bright boy, and no doubt obedient to your parents.'

The explanation of the origin of sin in the third chapter of Genesis touches the very heart of this matter. The writer ascribes the 'fall of man,' not to any act which was in itself really harmful, but to disobedience. Adam was commanded by his divine parent not to eat of the 'tree of knowledge of good and evil'; but he did eat, and consequently became a stranger to the blessings of his original home.

This idea of filial obedience has been at once the strength and weakness of Orientals. In the absence of the restraining interests of a larger social life this patriarchal rule has preserved the cohesion of the domestic and clannish group, and thus safeguarded for the people their primitive virtues. On the other hand, it has served to extinguish the spirit of progress, and has thus made Oriental life a monotonous repetition of antiquated modes of thought.

And it was indeed a great blessing to the world when Jesus broke away from mere formal obedience to parents, in the Oriental sense of the word, and declared, 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'

V

Of Jesus' public ministry and his characteristics as an Oriental teacher, I shall speak in later papers. The remainder of this article must be devoted to a portrayal of the closing scenes in his personal career. The events of the 'upper room' on Mount Zion, and of Gethsemane, are faithful photographs of striking characteristics of Syrian life.

The Last Supper was no isolated event in Syrian history. Its fraternal atmosphere, intimate associations, and sentimental intercourse are such as characterize every such gathering of Syrian friends, especially in the shadow of an approaching danger. From the simple 'table manners' up to that touch of sadness and idealism which the Master gave that meal, — bestowing upon it the sacrificial character that has been its propelling force through the ages, — I find nothing which is not in perfect harmony with what takes place on such occasions in my native land. The sacredness of the Last Supper is one of the emphatic examples of how Jesus' life and words sanctified the commonest things of life. He was no inventor of new things, but a discoverer of the spiritual significance of things known to men to be ordinary.

The informal formalities of Oriental life are brimful of sentiment. The Oriental's chief concern in matters of conduct is not the correctness of the technique, but the cordiality of the deed. To the Anglo-Saxon the Oriental appears to be perhaps too cordial, decidedly sentimental, and over-responsive to the social stimulus. To the Oriental, on the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon seems in danger of becoming an unemotional intellectualist.

Be that as it may, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go' and to give free course to his feelings. The

Bible in general, and such portions of it as the story of the Last Supper in particular, illustrate this phase of Oriental life.

In Syria, as a general rule, the men eat their fraternal feasts alone, as in the case of the Master and his disciples at the Last Supper, when, so far as the record goes, none of the women followers of Christ were present. They sit on the floor in something like a circle, and eat out of one or a few large, deep dishes. The food is lifted into the mouth, not with a fork or spoon, — except in the case of liquid food, — but with small 'shreds' of thin bread. Even liquid food is sometimes 'dipped up' with pieces of bread formed like the bowl of a spoon. Here may be readily understood Jesus' saying, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.'

'Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.' The posture of the 'beloved disciple,' John, — so objectionable to Occidental taste, — is in perfect harmony with Syrian customs. How often have I seen men friends in such an attitude. There is not in it the slightest infringement of the rules of propriety; the act was as natural to us all as shaking hands. The practice is especially indulged in when intimate friends are about to part from one another, as on the eve of a journey, or when about to face a dangerous undertaking. They then sit with their heads leaning against each other, or the one's head resting upon the other's shoulder or breast.

They talk to one another in terms of unbounded intimacy and unrestrained affection. The expressions, 'My brother,' 'My eyes,' 'My soul,' 'My heart,' and the like, form the life-centres of the conversation. 'My life, my blood are for you; take the very sight of my eyes, if you will!' And lookers-on say admiringly, 'Behold, how they love one another! By the name of the Most High, they are closer than brothers.'

Was it, therefore, strange that the Master, who knew the deepest secret of the divine life, and whose whole life was a living sacrifice, should say to his intimate friends, as he handed them the bread and the cup on that momentous night, 'Take, eat; this is my body'; and 'Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood'? Here again the Nazarene charged the ordinary words of friendly intercourse with rare spiritual richness and made the common speech of his people express eternal realities.

The treachery of Judas is no more an Oriental than it is a human weakness. Traitors can claim neither racial nor national refuge. They are fugitives in the earth. But in the Judas episode is involved one of the most tender, most touching acts of Jesus' whole life. To one familiar with the customs of the East, Jesus' handing the 'sop' to his betrayer was an act of surpassing beauty and significance. In all my life in America I have not heard a preacher interpret this simple deed, probably because of lack of knowledge of its meaning in Syrian social intercourse.

'And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.' At Syrian feasts, especially in the region where Jesus lived, such sops are handed to those who stand and serve the guests with wine and water. But in a more significant manner those morsels are exchanged by friends. Choice bits of food are handed to friends by one another, as signs of close intimacy. It is never expected that any person would hand such a sop to one for whom he cherishes no friendship.

I can never contemplate this act in the Master's story without thinking of 'the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' To the one who carried in his mind and heart a murderous plot against the loving Master, Jesus hand-

ed the sop of friendship, the morsel which is never offered to an enemy. The rendering of the act in words is this: 'Judas, my disciple, I have infinite pity for you. You have proved false, you have forsaken me in your heart; but I will not treat you as an enemy, for I have come, not to destroy, but to fulfill. Here is my sop of friendship, and "that thou doest, do quickly." '

Apparently Jesus' demeanor was so cordial and sympathetic that, as the evangelist tells us, 'Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spoke this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, "Buy those things that we have need of against the feast," or that he should give something to the poor.'

Thus in this simple act of the Master, so rarely noticed by preachers, we have perhaps the finest practical example of 'Love your enemies' in the entire Gospel.

Is it therefore to be wondered at that in speaking of Judas, the writer of St. John's gospel says, 'And after the sop Satan entered into him'? For, how can one who is a traitor at heart reach for the gift of true friendship without being transformed into the very spirit of treason?

Again, Judas's treasonable kiss in Gethsemane was a perversion of an ancient, deeply cherished, and universally prevalent Syrian custom. In saluting one another, especially after having been separated for a time, men friends of the same social rank kiss one another on both cheeks, sometimes with very noisy profusion. When they are not of the same social rank, the inferior kisses the hand of the superior, while the latter at least pretends to kiss his dutiful friend upon the cheek. So David and Jonathan 'kissed one another, until David exceeded.' Paul's command, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss,' so scrupulously disobeyed by Occidental Christians, is characteristically Oriental. As a child I always felt a profound reverential admiration for that unreserved outpouring of primitive affections, when strong men 'fell upon one another's neck' and kissed, while the women's eyes swam in tears of joy. The passionate, quick, and rhythmic exchange of affectionate words of salutation and kisses sounded, with perhaps a little less harmony, like an intermingling of vocal and instrumental music.

So Judas, when 'forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed him,' invented no new sign by which to point Jesus out to the Roman soldiers, but employed an old custom for the consummation of an evil design. Just as Jesus glorified the common customs of his people by using them as instruments of love, so Judas degraded those very customs by wielding them as weapons of hate.

Perhaps nowhere else in the New Testament do the fundamental traits of the Oriental nature find so clear an expression as in this closing scene of the Master's life. The Oriental's *dependence*, to which the world owes the loftiest and tenderest scriptural passages, finds here its most glorious manifestations.

As I have already intimated, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go,' whether in joy or sorrow, and to give vent to his emotions. It is of the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to suffer in silence, and to kill when he must, with hardly a word of complaint upon his lips or a ripple of excitement on his face. He disdains asking for sympathy. His severely individualistic tendencies and spirit of endurance convince him that he is 'able to take care of himself.' During my early years in this country the reserve of Americans in times of sorrow and danger, as well

as in times of joy, was to me not only amazing, but appalling. Not being as yet aware of their inward fire and intensity of feeling, held in check by a strong bulwark of calm calculation, as an unreconstructed Syrian I felt prone to doubt whether they had any emotions to speak of.

It is not my purpose here to undertake a comparative critical study of these opposing traits, but to state that, for good or evil, the Oriental is preëminently a man who craves sympathy, yearns openly and noisily for companionship, and seeks help and support outside himself. Whatever disadvantages this trait may involve, it has been the one supreme qualification that has made the Oriental the religious teacher of the whole world. It was his childlike dependence on God that gave birth to the twenty-third and fifty-first Psalms, and made the Lord's Prayer the universal petition of Christendom. It was also this dependence on companionship, human and divine, which inspired the great commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

Now it is in the light of this fundamental Oriental trait that we must view Christ's utterances at the Last Supper and in Gethsemane. The record tells us that while at the Supper he said to his disciples, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer,' — or, as the marginal note has it, 'I have heartily desired,' and so forth, which brings it nearer the original text. Again, 'He was troubled in spirit, and testified and said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' 'This is my body . . . This is my blood . . . Do this in remembrance of me.' We must seek the proper setting for these utterances, not merely in the upper room in Zion, but in the deepest tendencies of the Oriental mind.

And the climax is reached in the dark hour of Gethsemane, the hour of intense suffering, imploring need, and ultimate triumph in Jesus' surrender to the Father's will. How true to that demonstrative Oriental nature is the scriptural record, 'And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'

The faithful and touching realism of the record here is an example of the childlike responsiveness of the Syrian nature to feelings of sorrow, no less striking than the experience itself. It seems to me that if an Anglo-Saxon teacher in similar circumstances had ever allowed himself to agonize and to sweat 'as it were great drops of blood,' his chronicler in describing the scene would have safeguarded the dignity of his race by simply saying that the distressed teacher was 'visibly affected'!

The darkness deepened and the Master 'took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me." ' Three times did the Great Teacher utter that matchless prayer, whose spirit of fear as well as of trust vindicates the doctrine of the humanity of God and the divinity of man as exemplified in the person of Christ: 'O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt!'

The sharp contrast between the Semitic and the Anglo-Saxon temperament has led some unfriendly critics of Christ to state very complacently and confidently that he 'simply broke down when the critical hour came.' In this assertion I find a very pronounced misapprehension of the facts. If my knowledge of the traits of my own race is to be relied on, then in trying to meet this assertion I feel that I am entitled

to the consideration of one who speaks with something resembling authority.

The simple fact is that while in Gethsemane, as indeed everywhere else throughout his ministry, Jesus was not in the position of one trying to "play the hero." His companions were his intimate earthly friends and his gracious heavenly Father, and to them he spoke as an Oriental would speak to those dear to him, — *just as he felt*, with not a shadow of show or sham. His words were not those of weakness and despair, but of confidence and affection. The love of his friends and the love of his Father in heaven were his to draw upon in his hour of trial, with not the slightest artificial reserve. How much better and happier this world would be if we all dealt with one another and with God in the warm, simple, and pure love of Christ!

As the life and words of Christ amply testify, the vision of the Oriental has been to teach mankind not science, logic, or jurisprudence, but a simple, loving, childlike faith in God. Therefore, before we can fully know our Master as the cosmopolitan Christ, we must first know him as the Syrian Christ.

[The title of Mr. Rihbany's next paper will be 'Bread and Salt.' — THE EDITORS.]

ARCHÆOLOGY FOR AMATEURS

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

I

THE science of archæology has always been under a cloud. It has been considered a pastime for the rich, a speculative something, offering a field only to him who can put a simon-pure archæologist in either pocket, and start for Mycenæ or the Pyramids. But it is a mistake to look upon it thus, as if it were only a form of relaxation for a wholesale druggist who has been ordered south. There is a kind of archæology in which even the humblest may indulge, — no shovels, no dispensations from inimical governments, neither holes nor sand-fleas; and yet as full of specimens and speculation as the other, and to the full as interesting to readers of the Sunday supplements.

There are, of course, preliminary steps. You have to warm up. But that may be cleverly enough done, with no real physical discomfort. Do but keep dropping out, in casual talk, hints of the Triassic period, and monoliths and palæolithic wastes, and you will soon find yourself in shape. If possible see Stonehenge or Avebury, and while you browse about there, overturn a lichen-covered stone or two. You are almost certain to find the claw-marks of a prehistoric turkey on the other side of it. A few such finds will greatly hearten you and ripen you for Dartmoor.

We caught the fever in a little place called Glastonbury, in the West Country. My good Porthos and I were walking English bicyles all over that region, now and then hopping on and going on

a few hundred yards, getting a puncture, stopping, borrowing a basin of water, inflating and submerging the inner tube for bubbles, and finally clapping on a rubber patch. The younger generation in America knows nothing of all this, for over here the bicycle is not extant any more. An archæologist would be attracted to it. But it takes more than a generation for anything to become palæolithic in Devon.

Four miles short of Glastonbury we came to a flat rim. We located a thorn, part of a safety-pin, and a bit of broken quartz here and there about the tire; and while Porthos was blowing into the tube and listening for expirations, I went off to borrow a basin of water. In pursuit of this basin, I broke through a blackthorn hedge. And there was the archæologist.

He was a short man in gray clothes, with a lavender tie, and he radiated an earnestness which would kill skepticism at a hundred yards. I had faith in him even before I saw the box. It was a common soap-box with a slit big enough to insert a bicycle wheel. A sign said that if you put in sixpence, and breathed a prayer for the Taunton Museum, you could go on to the diggings.

The archæologist had seen me put in my sixpence, evidently; for he leaned rather guiltily in the door of his new hut.

'Sorry, old chap,' he said, 'there is n't much to see, you know; not really. Of course, a little later —'

I looked into the hut.

'What I want,' I said, 'is a basin of water. Flat tire. Ah, here's just the caper.'

There was a basin on the floor, like a special miracle; and nothing but a rotten piece of wood floating in it.

'I'll just chuck this out,' I said; and I had almost done it, when the archæologist gave out a wail which I have reason to believe is frequent with him in his native haunt.

'My dear fellah — really — priceless treasure — 55 B.C. — I could n't think —!'

Even then I could n't understand that I had happened on a real archæologist. It's one thing to look at a jawbone in a museum under a dusty glass; and quite another to be right in at the resurrection, so to speak. There was certainly a hole or excavation there, — a black rectangle about twelve feet by six, and six deep. I looked into it. A row of men were picking away delicately at the black soil with peculiar trowels. Everything seemed somehow unusual and special, from the excavation right down to the archæologist himself. You might have been deaf and dumb, or he might have been deaf and dumb, and yet you would have felt all through you that he was n't digging a cistern. The wild light in his eye, or the shape of the trowels, might have warned you that this was n't the entrance to a new subway. I was enchanted; and I left Porthos to play in the road all alone with his inflated rubber circle.

'But look here,' I said, 'what is this — ah — fragment in the basin?'

'It's the stake-end of a hut-pole,' said the archæologist. 'This was a lake village, you see; the tides flowed clear down here from Bristol in those days; and they could only build their huts on these knolls.'

'Then these must have been islands,' I ventured.

'They *were* islands,' said the archæologist with rising significance.

'Then they must have used boats,' I cried, in a wild fever of surmise.

'Canoes,' shrieked the archæologist. 'Dugouts. We've traced 'em into that cornfield, and we can't dig there. There's tombs there, too; burial urns. Sure of it. The story of a past age. But the fool will grow corn there.'

'Corn!' I gave out a thunderclap of comment.

The frantic archæologist was drawn toward me by the heartiness of my contempt for corn. He quieted himself with an effort.

'They were planting corn in the Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester till a few years back,' he said. 'Mr. Hawke finally rooted it up, and got down to the chalk-bottom of the arena. He dug two dead gladiators out of the south side of the parapet. They were in a sitting posture, and one of them measured seven inches from jaw-bone to jaw-bone. The teeth were all there, except the bicuspids. Come in and talk with Mr. Hawke.'

We bolted into the shack, which was of new unpainted matched boards, against which these recovered relics looked more antiquarian than ever. If you put a good old New England grindstone down on that floor, and were specially careful with it, you would instantly suggest a period before Adam. There were stones of every description in there: long flat smooth ones, for rubbing skins; fat round dented ones for moulds; and little polished ones for playing games — probably checkers. If some one should go and salt down an old checker-board in that hole in the night, it would relieve those fellows mightily. They would know it was checkers then. Mr. Hawke was in a side room, absorbed in trying to select a pot from a boxful of burnt-clay shards, which would have made fifty pots. But now certainly, if Mr. Hawke could reconstruct a pot, he could do what all the king's horses and all the king's men could n't do. He washed each piece clean, examined the jagged edge of it, and then another jagged edge, and then another jagged edge. Still, this was the Mr. Hawke who had bade defiance to the cornfield in the Roman ring at Dorchester, and as each edge was washed clean, I kept fancying that his bright blue eye had detected something complementary about it. My heart thumped at the bare possibility of a pot. He drew another piece from the heap, and cried aloud with pleasure.

'A design,' he said. 'Could anything be more delicate, more perfect?'

I leaned over his shoulder. I have heard that simplicity is at the heart of architecture. If it is also at the heart of design, then this design was perfect. It consisted of two parallel lines, which had obviously once gone clear round the pot.

'Shade of Euclid!' I breathed in my excitement.

'And we turn up something like this every day,' said the second archæologist tumultuously.

'What a life!' I exclaimed reverently.

'I sometimes fear the stimulus is too great,' said Mr. Hawke. 'Once in so often I have to steal away to South Devon to rest. But even there I have the temptation of Dartmoor.'

He was assailed on every hand. It was as bad as if these stone men were actually at him with their bludgeons.

'What of Dartmoor?' I inquired.

'A great palæolithic waste,' he returned. 'Sacred circles, pounds, stone avenues, necropolises, I believe, if we could get down to them. Dartmoor. Ah, it's too much. The treasury is too rich. But the restrictions of the Duchy would drive me frantic. It's owned by the Duchess of Cornwall.'

He did n't want to say that she was not an excellent lady; no Englishman would; but he hurried off the topic.

'See here.'

He lifted an urn nearly whole, containing some black matter in the bottom. 'We have every reason to believe,' he announced, 'that this was bread.'

'Baked a little too brown?' I suggested.

He thwarted my forefinger.

'Two thousand years,' he reminded me.

He hurled time at me in great ruthless clods. I was stunned.

'Or here.'

He pointed out two large flat stones.

'A mirror-mould for bronze mirrors,' he said.

He bent toward me with fever in his eyes. 'To-morrow we shall have the mirror,' he said.

I supported myself against the jamb of the door.

Suddenly there was commotion outside, and a man came in bearing a complete skull in his hands. He was not even going to trust himself to wipe the dirt from it. The archæologists gave vent to their strangled wail again, and Mr. Hawke took the skull. I had been about to say, 'Alas, poor Yorick!' but the ignoble flippancy froze on my lips.

'Outside again?' Mr. Hawke shouted to the laborer.

'Outside, sir; yes, sir.'

'We can no longer doubt,' said Mr. Hawke. 'You see, Horace?'

He showed the first archæologist the top of the skull, where there was a great jagged hole.

'All of them like that,' said Mr. Hawke. 'All of them.'

He opened a cabinet, and there were six more skulls, and they one and all bore this same cruel rent in the very middle of the cranium.

'Do you see anything peculiar in that hole?' said Horace, turning to me.

I looked more closely at the hole, and I said that, now my attention had been drawn to it, there was something peculiar about it.

'It's a spear-hole,' they cried together. And Mr. Hawke went on, 'These fellows must have gone to war. When they killed a man, they cut off his head, and ran their spears into it; and then set up their spears on the walls surrounding the town.'

They knew this, it seemed, because they always found these punctured skulls just outside the limits of the town, where they had fallen when the spears rotted. Indeed, this was how they had discovered the limits of the town. They had, as it were, killed two birds with one stone.

I went out, and had another look into the black pit.

'Well, good day,' I said. 'I'm in rather a hurry to begin.'

'Begin what?' said the second archæologist.

'I'm going to Dartmoor with a pick and shovel,' I said. 'Damn the Duchy! Hang the — ah — duchess!'

He clasped my hand.

'Don't forget the British Museum,' he implored me.

II

Within a week we were at Dartmoor, having come upon it from the south — from Plymouth.

In the purple time of night, we descended upon Chagford, where it nestled in a clouded hollow under the crown of a green hill. Its white stone cots twinkled in the long twilight; the magic stillness of the night countryside and the towering impassivity of the giant tor, Nattadown, Chagford's protector, were deepened by a sweet ring of bells, which came up muffled out of nowhere; although we might fancy, among the shapes wavering through the gloom, some weathering belfry, which should prefigure its old verger swaying among his plush-covered nimble ropes of red and white. The blurred road ran ahead of us, deep between its hedges; a sweet cold wind followed it, bearing on its wings hawthorn, and the sound of clumping footsteps. The place was like lost Germelshausen, visible upon this night only in a hundred years.

Gaining the town, we were refused admittance to the Three Crowns, say what we might in extenuation of our stubble chins. We moved stealthily upon the King's Arms, and held consultation in a dark passage there. Alas, the King's Arms was full, egg-full, of literary and fisher folk from London town.

Finally, holding our courage in both hands, we rapped at the whitest of the white cots. A lady answered us. I said in a voice manly and persuasive and gentle and gently humorous, enfolding her, as it were, in an appreciation of our plight, that we were archæologists, groping in darkness. The Three Crowns was full (God pardon me), the King's Arms was full, and the night promising cold. She hesitated; I made as if to turn away, in stoical but none the less despairing realization that I asked too much. But stay: a smile edged that lip, a sweet willingness informed every corner of that pink and white and lovely being, and overmatching, in her low native Devon, the sweet modulation of my own tones, she bade me step into her parlor. What is it Hazlitt hath said about a parlor: 'To hold to the universe by a dish of sweetbreads, and to be known by no other name than "the gentleman in the parfor."' Surely we were known by no other name than that, nor any the less well received in consequence.

We came to rest, however, in the kitchen. The peace of that Devon was as profound as a confession of St. Augustine. Our host, a huge man, with brown eyes, said perpetually, 'Yes, yes,' with the intonation of 'Hear, hear'; and once roused himself, getting up, intellectually, on one elbow, to ask, 'Who was this Darwin? An odd name, now; yes, yes,' — and then relapsing, expiring, but continuing to thwart vacuum of the space which his material presence had invaded.

His wife, very pretty, and more intelligent, was rather proud of her archæologists, who were so bold in tampering with the system of this Darwin. Her cheeks were pink and white beyond analogy, shadowed each by a brown curl which fell past either temple. She sewed deftly, illuminated by the fire in the grate. She was like a vignette, in her preciseness of line.

She invited me into the arm-chair; I took it. Abashed by that proximity, she proposed a cup of tea. The pot boiled; her husband continued in accordance with a judicious selection of the laws of Aristotle, Harvey, and Sir Isaac Newton. When I was on the point of pouring the tea into a cup, she made a sudden exclamation. I looked wildly up, and my eye fell first upon the old clock, which was kept an hour fast to please the children (children, saith the elderly essayist with a sigh, as of lavender and lost years, can always give Time a handicap), and then upon her face. She hovered over me, timid but desperately put about. Her husband's brown eyes blinked inscrutably, near together in an inscrutable face. I held the pot halted in mid-air.

'In Devonshire,' she said, with one hand upon her dress, of a blue and white print, 'in Devonshire we pour the tea upon the milk.'

But I could only think of a poem by Robert Herrick. 'Loathed Devonshire,' indeed. Let him look to his little buttery, and within, his little bin.

Thus we see that archæology is a thing of phases, like a malignant fever.

III

We decided to make a preliminary ramble without the pick and shovel. We said nothing very coherent in defense of this determination, but the truth is we were both afraid of meeting with the duchess. Whenever I think

of a duchess, I think of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, and I remember that she spoke harshly to her little boy, and beat him when he sneezed.

A steep road spiraled out of Chagford toward the moor, fragrant with hawthorn, and bordered by small white-washed cots, with war-thick walls, and thatch heavy with green moss. Near the top of the hill was a stone basin, which a brook overflowed with crystal water. The petal of a bluebell twirled in an eddy, and Porthos, pleased as a wood-nymph, but bulkier and hairier, pillared himself on a vast yellow forearm, and drank.

Struck by the simple picture of man communing with nature, I dragged out the *Golden Treasury*, and read a lyric of Shelley's. This is always disheartening to Porthos. He is one of those, for example, who hold that the Person from Porlock ought to have knocked sooner on poor Sam's door.

And shortly we were upon the moor. I had expected a plain; but the moor rolled under us in great brown waves of heather-covered granite. There were both gorse and heather there, but which was gorse and which was heather was not for a mere archæologist to settle. Suffice it that either the gorse or the heather was spiky, and either the heather or the gorse was in yellow bloom. Sheep, and wild moor ponies, and little shaggy colts, like animals from a Noah's ark, were dotted over it — all of them, even the little colts, with their tails solemnly presented to the prevailing quarter of the wind. For the wind that sweeps the moor is bitter, and never dies.

Now when a moor like this, or a waste of any kind, figures in a book, there is always some lofty-spirited person who ranges it, drawing deep breaths of the wild wind that blows there, cheeks glowing, hair and skirts fluttering about her (it is usually a woman; there's not much you can say about a pair of peg-top trousers in a high wind). Now when we left the road, this was precisely what we were going to do — we were going to range the moor. But after a mile or two of wading through spiky gorse (or heather), struggling up a hill, walking a dozen steps across the top, and plunging down, with the prospect of a worse rise dead ahead, — after an hour or two of this, a man begins to lay the mænad-viking idea up to the other fellow. It becomes time to pose as a sane man led away by the folly of others.

I said, 'Look here; there's a mire dead ahead, Fox Tor Mire. Had n't we better bear ship?'

'Bit sodden, eh?' said Porthos. He was encouraged by my giving in to place his foot on a rock, and look proudly out over the landscape, with an Eric the Red light in his eyes.

Fox Tor Mire was a bit sodden; it was yellow, rheumy, full of hummocks, quiverings, and unpleasant fissures.

'If we keep on,' he continued, 'we strike Cranmer Pool.'

'Nothing there,' I answered, 'but a letter-box, and the reflections of the last fool who went out there, on finding himself so far from home. Now my idea is to investigate some of these tors. That one on our left, for instance.'

These tors were great piles of splintering granite, and they could be seen to crown nearly all the hills about us. We singled one out, and walked toward it a long time, the camera assaulting my spine every time I took a hummock, and the bog creeping steadily through my canvas shoes. A gleam of sun fell on one distant hill, and the hill seemed soft, dune-like, colored a leprous yellow, like Arabia on the road to Mecca; its granite top like some hideous disjointed lizard, or again, coming nearer, like a monolithic throne, with jagged

side-arms. And finally it was like nothing at all but a ruined peak of stone.

We found ourselves upon a huge ridge, with a sky-line as long and gentle as the sky-line of Vesuvius, upon which sat four of these giant tors, weathered by wind and rain into strange likenesses, shifting with the point of view into things still more vast and fanciful. No mind could rest upon these bold outlines, these ragged crevices, these square lichen-grown towers and fallen battlements, without conjecture — least of all an archæologist's. The might of speculation alone could lift back these fragments into the places they had once filled, and invest them with significance dreadful or heroic. What the Druid with his beard or the stone man with his bludgeon could not do, the archæologist will do by the simple movement of an eager and pursuing mind. When the orgasm is upon him, in a very turgescence of conjecture he will re-create the ages, and bring forward and put under a glass and the public guardianship a whole civilization smothered under tumbled stone.

We went back through time twelve thousand years, and with less start than a man would get for a twenty-four-foot running jump; and behold, we were sitting on top of the hut of a man of the stone age.

'The man who would be fool enough to deny,' said Porthos, 'that this place has been lived in, deserves to be made to live in it himself.'

A big slab of granite projected like a natural roof from the solid rock; and an immense block had been pushed in under this roof, failing the wall of rock by perhaps two feet. The space thus enclosed was about two by two by eight; and at our end a triangular wedge of granite had fallen back, which might once have fitted nicely over this opening. Porthos, on his hands and knees, was half in, and his voice rang hollowly there.

'Something in here,' he cried, strangulated. He wormed his enormous body farther in. The very taps of his shoes were interested. After a time he came out, disheveled, raked fore and aft by the clammy stone. He gripped an object tightly in one heavy fist. This object was covered with dirt, and glinted. It was a whiskey bottle — Black and White '96.

'Glass,' said Porthos, disillusioned. *This* was the stone age!

'But look here,' said Porthos, 'there's a shelf in there — for a club or a baby. Two could lie side by side once you get in. And there seem to be flint markings on the roof.'

We proceeded excitedly to the northern entrance. There was something tremendously tertiary about that. There was, to begin with, a stone very like an elementary door there. In my paper 'Palæolithic Propositions' (subsequently altered to 'Triassic Trifles') for *The Archæologist*, I was very particular about the shape of this door. Projecting from the rock at the left of the door was a rudimentary hinge. The door weighed nearly half a ton. We were able seamen, but we could n't stir it from its bed. It is quite apparent, therefore, that the former tenant, who could put out a hand leisurely and lift his door onto its hinge, must have been of no common physical powers. We were at last able, by tearing away dirt and lichen, to discover the depression or socket in the door which had been calculated to receive the hinge. Its measurements were right for that purpose.

While I was bringing the magnifying glass to bear on this, Porthos had started on the run for the second tor. This was huger than the other, though not so fruitful. The huts here were in the form of right angles with two openings leading away from the angle.

'No cul-de-sac for him,' said Porthos exultingly. 'If a dinosaur drove him in here, and hung around, he'd go out there.'

And indeed there was a screen of rock interposed, so that he could make good his escape without the dinosaur's seeing him. A flight of something like worn steps — they were worn steps — led up to this abode; and the palæolithic one had collected upon his roof an assortment of boulders to hurl down upon his enemies. The hillside was strewn with those he had already thrown, and yet he had died prepared, with ammunition on his roof. What colossal courage, to support life in the midst of such menace!

Some of these stone tenements were outlying from the tor itself, and the plumbing was more open. We easily determined that these had been let out. In one of them we found three flints lying on a shelf. What could be easier than to come to the conclusion that this had been a three-flint apartment, with light housekeeping privileges. The tenant had left the rent on the parlor mantel. *Tempus fugit*, and it is better form now to put it on the piano under the bust of Beethoven. But we live and learn.

Suddenly we came upon a masterpiece of craft. A block of stone weighing many tons had been raised at one end, and a wedge of stone inserted.

'A trap,' cried Porthos. 'Nothing could be plainer. You put some succulent root under there; the dinosaur, endeavoring to extract it with his trunk, dislodges the wedge, and down comes the rock. Then you steal up with your club and clout him.'

'Had a dinosaur a trunk?' I wondered.

'Of course,' retorted Porthos. 'They would n't have been fools enough to lay a trap for a trunk, if there had n't been any trunk, would they? He could have worked it out with his tail, anyhow.'

I stared stupefied into the vista opened by this rending logic.

It was about then that we stumbled upon that curious and seemingly desultory heap, which later figured so conspicuously in the pages of *The Archæologist* as the dinosaur-dodger. In appearance it was crustacean, not unlike a giant turtle. At either end of the ellipse was cut or fashioned a hole, large enough to admit the human animal. The theory which my colleague advanced with such learning and elaboration, and which was so bitterly contested by envious minds, was this: The dinosaur in full charge is stopped by this aperture, through which his prey has squirmed. Irate, he rushes around the obstruction, only to see the chase disappearing through the other hole. Picture the enraged animal lumbering time after time around this structure, panting, reeling, a mist coming before his eyes; until he sinks fainting, either in a death-agony induced by over-exertion, or at least in a fatigue rendering him helpless before a blow from the thong-bound flint which should dispatch him. Could any disinterested mind hear of this theory without a thrill of instant and unconditional belief?

IV

But we return to the moor, the granite setting to this mute and moving drama of the cunning of the past. The sun was gone from the brown and gray and yellow peaks; and down all the folds and valleys of the moor a mist was rolling swiftly in. Rightly are these stolid moor-men called the children of the mist. Living in the vague, pixies affright them; dragons of the air trail scaly golden tails across the murky sun; shapes and horrors swim disembodied in the rolling seas of fog, and sit on the tops of the ancient stone crosses

that lean everywhere about. All the heather (or gorse) shivered in a rising wind, and a cold rain fell. We picked out the most rain-proof of the stone angles, and crawled in, oppressed with the darkly secret portents of that place. The sun behind the mist threw a bronze light on Porthos's sallow cheek; and I thought how many dreadful faces must have hung in that opening, glaring out with eyes of terror upon the wild moor and what might be moving on it.

Porthos tore a leaf from his note-book; and after a while he took his pipe out of his mouth and read.

'This is only one patch,' he said. 'Take a culture of it: "Looking out, even as he must have, at the rain-driven moors, I saw from that ancient shelter the mighty and sullen outlines of the hills, rising and falling, growing fainter and more faintly blue, until even the black tors were blotted out; and nothing remained but this suggestion, through the mist, of something menacing and baleful. I felt the awful presence of enormities, such as must lurk in all uncertain shapes in that dim place. The trickle of the rain, and the touch of that cold stone, — this man at least could have had no better shoulders than I, or he must have moved to larger quarters, — the touch of that stone, and the pouring of the wind through the cracks, and the stirring of the heather, gave me a full sense of that ancient desolation out of which we spring. The thought of such a place in the cold grasp of winter, before the discovery of fire, is intolerable; but there he had to stay. For only in that ponderous and gloomy shelter was he free to sleep, free from the menace of animals so huge that they could whisk down the walls of modern houses in a breath. You can trace his efforts," and so on.'

Porthos relit his pipe complacently.

'It's taller than the Metropolitan Tower,' I gasped.

At this point a harsh laugh rang among the tors outside. I seized the stone bludgeon and we peered out.

It was the archæologist of Glastonbury, Mr. Hawke; only now there was none of that bright radiance about him; his blue eye was dull and sneering, and his chin unshaven. He wore a long rubber mackintosh, which was shining wet. He was chewing at the chance flame of his mustache.

'It is like the end of legitimate endeavor in a noble field,' he said. His face blazed with new and fierier light. 'I could show you more even than you have discovered,' he cried, 'but you'd probably bash my head in with that silly stone club of yours. You'd accuse me of being a Druid. Look.'

He reached out a hand to a square of solid stone larger than any of the others, weighing many tons; and he rocked it back and forth without effort. 'A Druid stone, I suppose,' he cried scornfully. 'Don't you conceive the multitude clamoring about the Druid, and his long beard in the wind. "A miracle!" they cry, and he puts out his hand and rocks that stone. Pah! That for your snap-judgments. You would spend your time better grinding these rocks into pumice. I have been years upon this moor, and I can find nothing new. And you come here overnight, and write a history of the stone age.'

He was like something molten and snapping. The sun, mooning through the mist, struck his rubber coat into rivulets of sparks. He was invested in an authority greater than the duchess's own. The jealousy of a scientist is like no other jealousy on earth.

'What is it, then?' we cried savagely.

'Weathering,' he yelled. 'The wind and the rain and the fibre of the stone. That's what it is. That's where you get your tors and your logan-stones and

your right angles. Weathering. Get it straight, and go back to America.'

The archæologist was moving off.

'Go to the British Museum,' he said in a miserable voice. 'Tell 'em you want to write about the tors of Dartmoor. They'll let you in; and they'll find you the books. Then you take one of their quill-pens and draw a picture of a donkey.'

My grip upon the thong-bound flint tightened.

'We know you now,' said Porthos, transfigured with rage. 'There's not a solitary thing that you or anybody else can say in your defense. You've read Schopenhauer. You hate yourself. You're the sort of chap that would go paddling around Plymouth Bay in a canoe, making soundings to prove that our forefathers could n't have stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. You're the fellow who smashed that charming myth of the Charter Oak of Connecticut. You were a member of the city council that refused to spray arsenic on the Washington Elm. And let me tell you something. In this world everything's conjectural; and of two conjectures the prettiest is the truest, and the truest stands. If I say a servant threw a bucket of water over Sir Walter Raleigh's head when he was smoking, where's the use in your saying that he was too poor to keep a servant? Which is the statement that will stand? If you say the wind spun this hole here in the rock, and I say a maiden was chained here, and her tears fell one by one until they fashioned it, which one of us will the Lord Mayor of London have out to lunch? Which of us will appear under the heading "Interesting Personalities," with a picture of the basin underneath? Answer me that.'

The archæologist had stopped.

'Oh, I say,' he countered, disgruntled, 'there's no need of raving on that way. I'm willing to agree that Thomas à Becket was slain in the crypt under Canterbury Cathedral, and that the stain is genuine. I'll even grant you that Sir Walter got his ducking, for the truth is he ordered mass to be said at Sherborne Abbas, after the fellow's death; and then he was taken to the tower, and it's on the books in the Abbey that twenty shillings is still owing for the service. It's when you come to Dartmoor —'

'We'll not begin on that,' said Porthos loftily. 'I think we may say that we have made Dartmoor our peculiar field. I think we may say that.'

The archæologist turned and began to stumble blindly down the hill, among the ruins of hut-circles.

'At least,' said Porthos, 'you might tell us where your highly important scientific investigations are going on.'

'I'm going to Dorchester,' said the archæologist sulkily.

'Going to dig up another gladiator,' bellowed my companion.

The archæologist, in his shining coat, was almost out of hearing.

'They were right enough,' he said. 'All but the bicuspids. And if you want to know it, I'm going to have a try at the bicuspids. They can't be far.'

Nothing showed of him now but his sparkling hat, bobbing about among shark-like menhirs, and overturned cistvaens. We crowded back into our stone angle. And suddenly, opposed to the stern and tearing fact of these bicuspids, our quest of palæoliths sank, dwindled like a flame in a dry lamp, and was become as nothing.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

One summer day, while I was walking along the country road on the farm where I was born, a section of the stone wall opposite me, and not more than three or four yards distant, suddenly fell down. Amid the general stillness and immobility about me, the effect was quite startling. The question at once arose in my mind as to just what happened to that bit of stone wall at that particular moment to cause it to fall. Maybe the slight vibration imparted to the ground by my tread caused the minute shifting of forces that brought it down. But the time was ripe; a long, slow, silent process of decay and disintegration, or a shifting of the points of bearing amid the fragments of stone by the action of the weather, culminated at that instant, and the wall fell. It was the sudden summing-up of half a century or more of atomic changes in the material of the wall. A grain or two of sand yielded to the pressure of long years, and gravity did the rest. It was as when the keystone of an arch crumbles or weakens to the last particle, and the arch suddenly collapses.

The same thing happened in the case of the large spruce tree that fell as our steamer passed near the shore in Alaskan waters, or when the campers in the forest heard a tree fall in the stillness of the night. In both cases the tree's hour had come; the balance of forces was suddenly broken by the yielding of some small particle in the woody tissues of the tree, and down it came. In all such cases there must be a moment of time when the upholding and downpulling forces are just balanced; then the yielding of one grain more gives the victory to gravity. The slow minute changes in the tree, and in the stone wall, that precede their downfall, we do not see or hear; the sudden culmination and collapse alone arrest our attention. An earthquake is doubtless the result of the sudden release of forces that have been in stress and strain for years or ages; some point at last gives way, and the earth trembles or the mountains fall.

It is the slow insensible changes in the equipoise of the elements about us which, in the course of long periods of time, put a new face upon the aspect of the earth. Rapid and noisy changes over large areas, which may have occurred during the geologic ages, we do not now see except in the case of an earthquake. It is the ceaseless activity, both chemical and physical, in the bodies about us, of which we take no note, that transforms the world. Atom by atom the face of the immobile rocks changes. The terrible demonstrative forces, such as electric discharges during a storm, which seem competent to level mountains or blot out landscapes, usually make but slight impression on the fields and hills.

In the ordinary course of nature the great beneficent changes come slowly and silently. The noisy changes, for the most part, mean violence and disruption. The roar of storms and tornadoes, the explosions of volcanoes, the crash of the thunder, are the result of a

sudden break in the equipoise of the elements; from a condition of comparative repose and silence they become fearfully swift and audible. The still small voice is the voice of life and growth and perpetuity. In the stillness of a bright summer day what work is being accomplished — what processes are being consummated! When the tornado comes, how quickly much of it may be brought to naught! In the history of a nation it is the same. The terrible war that is now devastating Europe is the tornado that comes in the peace and fruitful repose of a summer's day. As living nature in time recovers from the destructive effects of the mad warring of the inorganic elements, so the nations will eventually recover from the blight and waste of this war. But the gains and the benefits can never offset the losses and the agony. The discipline and agony of war only fit a people for more war. If war is to be the business of mankind, then the more of it we have the better — if there is no true growth or expansion for a people, save through blood and fire, then let the blood and fire come to all of us, the more the better. The German gospel of war, so assiduously preached and so heroically practiced in our day, is based upon the conviction that there is no true growth for a nation except by the sword, that the still small voice of love and good-will must give place to the brazen trumpet that sounds the onset of hostile and destroying legions.

Is the gospel of love and altruism of the New Testament outworn, and must we go back to the vindictive and bloodthirsty spirit of the Old Testament? Are the arts of peace seductive, and do they hasten the mortal ripening of a people's character? Must the ploughshares now be forged into swords and the swords used to spill our neighbors' blood? The current gospel of war is the gospel of hate and reprisal, of broken treaties and burned cities, of murdered women and children, and devastated homes.

What a noise politics makes in the world, our politics especially; but some silent thinker in his study, or some inventor in his laboratory, is starting currents that will make or unmake politics for generations to come. How noiseless is the light, yet what power dwells in the sunbeams — mechanical power at one end of the spectrum, in the red and infra-red rays, and chemical power at the other or violet and ultra-violet end! It is the mechanical forces — the winds, the rains, the movements of ponderable bodies — that fill the world with noise; the chemical changes that disintegrate the rocks and set the currents of life going are silent. The great loom in which are woven all the living textures that clothe the world with verdure and people it with animated forms makes no sound. Think of the still small voice of radioactivity — so still and small that only molecular science is aware of it, yet physicists believe it to be the mainspring of the universe.

The vast ice-engine that we call a glacier is almost as silent as the slumbering rocks, and, to all but the eye of science, nearly as immobile, save where it discharges into the sea. It is noisy in its dying, but in the height of its power it is as still as the falling snow of which it is made. Yet give it time enough, and it scoops out the valleys and grinds down the mountains and turns the courses of rivers, or makes new ones.

We split the rocks and level the hills with our powder and dynamite, and fill the world with noise; but behold the vast cleavage of the rocks which the slow, noiseless forces of sun and frost bring about! In the Shawangunk mountains one may see enormous masses of conglomerate that have been

split down from the main range, showing as clean a cleavage over vast surfaces as the quarryman can produce on small blocks with his drills and wedges. One has to pause and speculate on the character of the forces that achieved such results and left no mark of sudden violence behind. The forces that cleft them asunder were the noiseless sunbeams. The unequal stress and strain imparted by varying temperatures clove the mountains from top to bottom as with the stroke of the earthquake's hammer. In and around Yosemite Valley one sees granite blocks the size of houses and churches split in two where they lie in their beds, as if it had been done in their sleep and without awaking them. This silent quarrying and reducing of the rocks never ceases to surprise one. Amid the petrified forests of Arizona one marvels to see the stone trunks of the huge trees lying about in yard-lengths, as squarely and cleanly severed as if done with a saw. Assault them with sledge and bar and you may reduce them to irregular fragments, but you cannot divide the blocks neatly and regularly as time has done it.

The unknown, the inaudible forces that make for good in every state and community, — the gentle word, the kind act, the forgiving look, the quiet demeanor, the silent thinkers and workers, the cheerful and unwearied toilers, the scholar in his study, the scientist in his laboratory, — how much more we owe to these forces than to the clamorous and discordant voices of the world of politics and the newspaper! Art, literature, philosophy, all speak with the still small voice. How much more potent the voice that speaks out of a great solitude and reverence than the noisy, acrimonious, and disputatious voice! Strong conviction and firm resolution are usually chary of words. Depth of feeling and parsimony of expression go well together.

The mills of the gods upon the earth's surface grind exceeding slow, and exceeding still. They are grinding up the rocks everywhere — pulverizing the granite, the limestone, the sandstone, the basalt, between the upper and nether millstones of air and water, to make the soil, but we hear no sound and mark no change; only in geologic time are the results recorded. In still waters we get the rich deposits that add to the fat of the land, and in peaceful, untroubled times is humanity enriched, and the foundations laid upon which the permanent institutions of a nation are built.

We all know what can be said in favor of turmoil, agitation, war; we all know, as Goethe said, that a man comes to know himself, not in thought, but in action; and the same is true of a nation. Equally do we know the value of repose, and the slow, silent activities both in the soul of man and in the processes of nature. The most potent and beneficent forces are stillest. The strength of a sentence lies not in its adjectives, but in its verbs and nouns, and the strength of men and of nations lies in their calm, sane, meditative moments. In a time of noise and hurry and materialism like ours, the gospel of the still small voice is always seasonable.

THE GATES OF THE EAST

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was about twelve o'clock one hot tropical night when I took a blanket from my stateroom and went up on the deck of the Lady McCallum to sleep. The Lady McCallum, a small, compact, untidy coast steamer, was bound for Hambantotta, Ceylon. She was true to her type and appeared to take no pride in her work, moving along at a negligible rate amid a generous creaking that arose from some mysterious depths amidships. Her engine must have been a devastated and haphazard affair, with no remnant of self-respect; while her berths, her superior berths provided for first-class passengers, were intolerably, inhumanly hot, despite the noisy electric fan directly overhead.

Not that there was anything extraordinary about these facts. The only remarkable fact was that, as I walked out upon her narrow, forsaken deck, and saw above me a cluster of low stars appearing and disappearing behind her rolling funnel, I became suddenly aware that at last, at this particular moment, I had come to the real beginning of my trip after pheasants. There was something incomprehensible about this sudden conviction, and also something a little absurd, since I had already covered some thousands of miles of my journey. But these appeared preliminary when I knew that just ahead, somewhere in that promising expanse of black water, was the little harbor of Hambantotta, — the eastern gateway to the jungle beyond. It was undeniably true that some months before I had set out from America, and that this departure marked the lawful beginning of the expedition. However, when viewed from the deck of the Lady McCallum, that distant episode appeared somewhat fictitious. I was convinced that now, for the first time, I had come to the threshold of the real beginning.

It might have been that the light breeze brought with it some subtle evidence of land close ahead, some familiar Eastern fragrance which heralded the presence of a native village, with its palm trees rising dark and splendid above a row of thatched huts, and its fishing canoes drawn up like a black battalion along the water's edge. For, in the early morning a blue mist that lay close to the horizon took form and contour, becoming a white shore behind which distant trees showed in an opaque emerald border against the sky. This had the quality and unreality of a mirage, and the appearance of each successive detail seemed only to bring new elements of fiction into the illusion.

Even when the Lady McCallum stood in slowly toward the coast, and straight before her nose the native boats, made very small by distance, rode on the bright surface of the water like a colored toy fleet, the illusion persisted. Then, a young Cinghalese appeared from some fastness below deck and put his modest baggage well forward by the rail. The spell was broken. There was no longer an opalescent mirage against the skyline, but land ahead.

One by one the miniature boats as-

sumed character, became individuals with a purpose in life; and behind them the smooth beach, crescent-shaped, took on the semblance of a port. Some tall figures came out of the thatched houses and moved down slowly toward the surf. There was something leisurely and unhurried about these people, a certain natural poise which was singularly impressive in the midst of such simple surroundings. This might have been due to many things; it might have been something instinctive, or the result of countless subtle influences; but, whatever its source and its significance, it was something shared in common with the young Cinghalese who had come down from Colombo on the Lady McCallum and who stood guard over his baggage where it was heaped against the rail, stood guard over his mean assortment of parcels with that same gentle, almost melancholy air of detachment and fine dignity.

The fishermen, too, who in due time came alongside in their canoes, showed this racial kinship. They lent an aristocratic flavor to the humble job of transporting baggage. They were barefooted, and wore no clothing beyond a very large hat and a calico skirt which was gathered up tightly around the waist and fell in straight folds to the knees. But their faces were sensitive and high-bred, at certain angles almost effeminate — a curious effect which was strengthened when, in the stress of manœuvring a sail or hoisting heavy cargo, they threw off their clumsy hats and showed their black hair done up, woman-fashion, at the back of the head and topped by a tall shell-comb. These combs were semi-circular in shape, polished, and a very pure bright yellow in color; so that in the sunshine they looked like the half of a gold crown kept upright by magic as a symbol of some obscure royalty.

But these Cinghalese were a legitimate enough part of their environment. They contributed a perfect foreground for that Eastern picture with its smooth sparkling sea and its outrigger canoes floating their patched sails. And these canoes were not only harmonious in the general scheme, which was their sole purpose when viewed from the deck of the Lady McCallum, but they were examples of a very superior craftsmanship. They were nothing more than the hollow trunk of a tree with a mast wherever convenient, and they trailed a short log at one side for balance; but they were water-tight, built for immortality, and possessed not so much as one nail in their whole ingenious structure. They were put together with pitch, and at certain critical points one part would be sewed to its affinity. To man them and to hustle them about from point to point with the aid of a short paddle was a feat demanding both adroitness and agility; but to have sewed one of them together must have been a task brought to fulfillment by nothing short of pure inspiration.

They were not, however, comfortable. At best they were no more than eight inches wide, with slithery bamboo poles for seats. Any baggage of reputable dimensions extended on either side, minus support, with an endless succession of waves curling up in a greedy, familiar fashion directly underneath. They created also an almost fatalistic impression of insecurity: a box of scientific instruments in company with some photographic plates was continually moving about underfoot, and a small leather handbag rode from one end of the boat to the other at every intimation of a breaker. It was like some sort of endless nautical game in which the luggage strove to outguess the sea. But like any good game it was dangerous, and a gathering of youthful Cinghalese who had come out from land for the dubious pleasure of swim-

ming in again alongside, only emphasized the general uncertainty. They had the air of adolescent ghouls waiting to snatch up every scrap of flotsam and jetsam before it could sink unduly to some haven in the inaccessible depths of the sea.

But the outrigger made a safe landing, being beached by a great wave that flung it far up on the sand like a chip. The young ghouls came up dripping, and I believe were subsequently hired to carry baggage and various scientific items to the dâk bungalow which faced the harbor from the verdant summit of a little slope. It was my intention to go straight to the bungalow, interview the chowkidar, and set things in order for the day. But I was waylaid. I saw, far out across a stretch of emerald water, the Lady McCallum heading for the open sea. I stood and watched her, watched her moving slowly under the gray cloud of her own smoke. And such is the working of the human mind, I was sorry to see her go. I had been undeniably anxious to leave, had been the first lowered to the outrigger below; but I did not like to see her being swallowed up by that pitiless expanse of water.

And at the same time I was glad, because that unprepossessing little coast steamer was the last link in the long chain which bound Hambantotta to that other distant world from which I had come. And for a time I would have no need of the very highly civilized codes and standards which governed that world; they would be of little value to me in the jungle where life moves upon so much more broad and simple lines. Therefore as the Lady McCallum became smaller and smaller against the low clouds that lay close to the surface of the sea, the horizon line of the work I had to do became correspondingly large. And yet at the same time there was that sense of irreparable loss, that mysterious regret.

II

I went on down the beach toward the dâk, and long before I was aware of it the conventional Caucasian influences were losing their potency. The natives were no longer aliens wearing strange clothing, but familiar, acceptable figures; each one remarkably individual. Some naked chocolate boys were running up and down the sand in the elaborate manœuvres of a sham battle; this appeared a natural and a more or less amiable proceeding,' — which it was. As a matter of fact, it was just as well that the civilized habits of thought I had brought from my own country let go their hold so easily. For I had not only come into one new world which demanded a new viewpoint, but into two. The first and foremost of these was scientific and had to do with pheasants and every other bird and creature near by; the second was made up of the people, and what they were making or were endeavoring to make out of their lives. A third world, even a phantom world built out of memories, would have been a handicap.

Up at the dâk, I found things well under way. The chowkidar, an old man and uncommonly benignant, had opened up his musty rooms and disposed the baggage around the veranda to his fancy. Inside the low front room it was cool and clean, and a gray lizard, a foot long, was stretched out comfortably in the middle of a canvas cot. I discovered later that he lived in the roof in company with some others much larger, who could stir up a lively commotion overhead whenever the spirit moved them. This was usually at night, because they spent most of the day running up and down the pillars of the porch. They did this in an anxious, hurried fashion, but since there was no profit in it, it must have been sport.

The big lizard took himself off at a

leisurely gait, and I went on through to the back of the bungalow. Half way across the yard the chowkidar had built a fire, and with three of his friends was squatting on the ground before it. A black cooking-pot rested on the coals and sent up little puffs of steam, which, with the blue wood-smoke, formed a light motionless cloud directly over the heads of the four men. Beyond them a cactus-covered plain was spread out like a big carpet before the distant hills. The men by the fire neither moved nor talked, and the wind had died down somewhere in the spaces of that wide plain; it was all so silent, so peaceful, that for a moment life seemed to be divested of all its ugly qualities. It seemed incredible that the struggle to live could assume such vast proportions, that so much pain and so much sorrow were allotted a legitimate place in the world. Then, somewhere above my head, two unneighborly young crows began quarreling; their grievance was obscure, but they were singularly vindictive about it. After all, it was only an illusion that the big struggle had been suspended.

And down in the village proper, where I went in search of a servant, the people were having their quarrels, were facing down their own personal problems with just the same spirit which the young crows had shown on the roof of the dâk. The only difference was that the problems were a little more complex, and not so frankly exposed to the light of public opinion. At one end of the narrow street which was, in reality, the entire village of Hambantotta, some Tamil traders were gathered together around their wares, which were spread out on a square of dark calico. I do not know why this array of gold beetles, done in filigree, and these processions of tiny rickshaws, delicately carved, were grouped so harmoniously on their blue background. Nobody was buying, although the Tamils argued loudly among themselves and seemed to be insisting upon the especial merit of each particular offering. At any rate, every Tamil manifested a robust disregard for the claims of his competitors, whatever they were. The crowd looking on was a nondescript collection, entirely absorbed by what was afoot. If the exhibition was a business enterprise, it was also a small fête, a drama. There was unmistakably comedy, tragedy, incident, and situation to be found in the undertaking, and beyond question there was an appreciative audience. The possibility of selling the beetles was, after all, the least of the affair. It may have been that the traders were rehearsing their arguments, arranging them in some hypnotic sequence which would stand them in stead some momentous day; or it may have been that the little rickshaws were only a lodestone, unimportant in themselves, but like afternoon tea, a means of bringing people together that each might set out his individual views for the edification of his neighbor.

As an outsider I was, of course, totally unequal to a real appreciation of this critical transaction. There is something elusive and eternally baffling about human nature at all times, and when it speaks an alien tongue and conducts itself according to alien standards, the two highroads to understanding are closed. There is no way to reach the inner secrets; no way to disclose the inner motives. At best, there are no clues beyond a few illuminating gestures and the chance expressions that show in certain faces in unguarded moments. So in the last analysis I could do no more than hazard a guess at the true import of what was taking place around me, a guess supported by various scraps of information and a little theoretical knowledge of conditions. I saw that the Tamils were short, solid, awkward

men, wholly unlike the Cinghalese; and I deduced some tentative estimates of their character.

Sometimes these haphazard opinions about daily affairs were verified. It happened that, after all, I had seen a true view of the Tamil personality at the beetle market. For they are a progressive, sturdy, diligent people, traders by instinct. They adapt themselves quickly to a new environment and are quick to seize every chance, no matter how humble or servile, for advancement. Unlike the Cinghalese, they are neither proud nor sensitive. They work on the roads, dig ditches, and even make brief excursions into adjoining territory as laborers or trackers, if they are assured of its profit to them. Their clothes are a savage array of crude colors and their headdress is a turban of bright cloth. A Cinghalese, with his flowing white skirt and white coat, with his oiled black hair surmounted by the tortoise-shell comb, has an aristocratic and distinguished bearing when placed beside them.

Not that the Cinghalese do not adapt themselves quickly to new conditions. They are too gentle by nature to offer any serious resistance to any advance. But they are not grasping like the Tamils; they are acquiescent. They give way quickly to authority and are respectful and courteous. It seems in the nature of a miracle that the Tamils have not completely overcome them, dominated them, and assumed control. Perhaps it was the imagination of the Cinghalese which stood in the way of this; they foresaw that their only strength lay in their holding close together. But whatever the underlying causes, they have given no ground; their superstitions, their religion, their language have all remained uncolored by this strong, opposing influence. And yet the two peoples live side by side in a perfectly friendly association which has remained unaltered for generations; and each Tamil speaks two or three Cinghalese dialects, while each Cinghalese, without sacrificing his own tongue, understands perfectly the jargon of his neighbor. Which proves, I think, that it is easier to deduce general facts about pheasants than about human nature.

As a matter of fact, although I had set out to find a servant somewhere in that main thoroughfare of Hambantotta, I took no direct action in the matter at all. Instead, I made a few observations on some scavenger birds, since they were present in large numbers and in every degree of efficiency; and I decided that the hundreds and hundreds of crows I had seen along the beach, as well as those crowded together on the yards and ratlines of the outriggers, were protected perhaps by some religious scruple. This provided a secure though uneventful existence for the crows. Their safety was insured beyond question, and each day they might dine magnificently upon such of the catch as the fishermen found useless for market. It was not surprising that they had become an opulent, sleek, greedy lot of individuals, given to thieving and all manner of impertinences.

As for the servant question, I turned it over bodily to the English government agent, — a young official who had been sent out by his government to superintend the welfare of the Hambantotta section of Ceylon. It was a difficult job, which he carried through with great understanding and a certain supreme patience. There was no other white man for miles in that isolated jungle country, and the work itself was not easy. He was unofficially a judge, a lawyer, a court of appeals, as well as all the lesser legal dignitaries upon occasion. I think that England must be very proud of such men.

I explained my difficulties to him and he took them over straightway. The

servant matter was the least of the problems he shouldered, and he dispatched all of them with amazing speed and thoroughness. When I had been in Hambantotta but twenty-four hours I found myself indebted to him for one Cinghalese manservant, one Tamil tracker, three bullock-carts, six oxen, three drivers, a game license, one boar's skull, one junglefowl egg, five peacock feathers, and two dozen bottles of soda pop. He would also have given me his house, I believe, if it would not have seriously disarranged the governmental machinery for him to move out on such very short notice.

As it happened, his house was an exceptionally fine one for the tropics, with its wide, screened veranda and cool rooms. And I found it particularly pleasing because of the geckos who lived there. I saw any number of these little indefatigable gray lizards, and I liked them better than the ones at the dâk, not only because they were smaller but because they were more industrious and more inclined to be friendly. The long clumsy creatures at the bungalow were so big and heavy that they gave an impression of fixed stupidity, and they were not hospitable. Whereas the geckos were intensely interested in all that was happening, and I am sure that nothing but politeness kept them from walking all over the guests of the government as a sign of appreciation. Certainly they walked over everything else within range, except an alcohol lamp which happened to be burning. Their feet are peculiarly fitted for these excursions, having padded toes which can secure a foothold upon anything, including mirrors and the ceiling. They have also a quaint habit of striking an attitude and remaining absolutely motionless. This may be fear, or it may be a method they employ when stalking their prey — a moth, or even a bread crumb upon occasion. At any rate they secure some novel effects. At the government bungalow there was a large picture placed at the left of the window overlooking the porch. So the light upon it was indirect, but I saw that it was handsomely framed in dark wood, — a Japanese frame presumably, since at the upper right-hand corner was an excellently done, very decorative lizard. The Japanese handle such *motifs* with great delicacy. And even in the dim light it was apparent that this was an exceptional example. I could not help but feel offended when it gathered itself together and went scampering headlong down the wall. However, there was one compensating feature to the incident. It happened that the gecko had given me warning of his intentions an instant before his flight, although I had failed to interpret it. I had heard a low, sweet tinkling sound, as if a tiny bell were ringing in some distant part of the house. Certainly I had not associated it with a carved lizard on a picture frame. But afterward I realized its source and its import. It was a singularly beautiful call, a little like a trill; and more than anything else it sounded as if a marble had been dropped on a silver platter and were settling slowly to rest.

When I went back to the dâk, early that afternoon, I felt that my first day in the country had been pretty well filled up, that I had pretty well estimated the possibilities of the village. But I found that, on the contrary, the one great event in the daily life of Hambantotta had not yet appeared above the horizon of affairs. I had failed to consider that momentous hour which marks the home-coming of the fleet. I had passed judgment on the play without waiting for the climax; because the arrival of the boats at sunset was the very pivotal point upon which that native community revolved. I do not believe that a more complex people, a

more sophisticated people, can ever realize the significance of such a landing, can ever realize the naïve anticipation which makes those men go down and wait on the beach long before the first outrigger has turned her nose toward the land. It seemed to me that every household must have had a representative there, — some privileged one of the family who would return to tell all that was said and done.

For there were old men, old Tamil traders with a fringe of white hair showing under their faded turbans, and old Cinghalese sailors who stood about in dignified groups and talked together in a quiet, reminiscent fashion. There can be no doubt that they made unfavorable comment on the methods of the new generation, and did not fail to mention again the threadbare exploits of their own youth. And there were a few young men who had left their work that they might go down on the beach, and, with the unparalleled authority of twenty, pass judgment on all that was taking place. Three girls were standing together in the shadow of the palm trees that bordered the sand, but there were no others along the whole curved length of the shore; so I judged that public opinion held it that women should not be on too intimate terms with the inner machinery of men's affairs. However, there were small boys scattered about in great profusion; they ran in and out wherever a gap appeared in the crowd, and shoved and shrieked, and shouted back impertinent replies over their shoulders when anybody spoke to them.

And when the boats appeared, racing along at full speed against the cloudy sunset, every one of that yelping horde went tumbling into the surf, and some of the tall young men went with them, regardless of the striped skirts and headdresses which had showed up so valiantly against the white sand. Other young men ran some rollers into place at the edge of the breakers — rollers which had been made by roping logs together in a very fair semblance of a skidway. Then the crowd began to drop back a little, for the boats had already broken into the rough water near shore and seemed to be fairly leaping along over the surface, with their richly dyed tan sails bellying out in silhouette, first against the blue sky, then against the green waves. They shot through the surf at a perilous rate, so that even when they struck the logs they did not stop, but sailed on for a bit, regardless.

Certainly there were elements of real excitement in this landing, and Hambantotta looked on in appreciative silence until the last boat was beached, and even until the fish were taken out and laid in shining rows on the sand. Then the old Cinghalese sailors went down and sagely handled the catch, appraising its worth and passing judgment upon its imperfections. And the Tamil traders stood by and pointed out the particularly fine specimens in those silver rows, — knew them instantly for their real value, — because there was a lifetime of experience to give authority to such swift decisions. But it was the young traders who bought when the catch was auctioned, and it was the young Cinghalese who were the auctioneers. Which was but one more proof that, for reasons of her own, life seems to have given all her sympathy to youth and not to wisdom.

The auctioning itself took but a little time. It was the culminating event of events, but it was passed over quickly and quietly. And immediately afterward, the whole crescent-shaped beach was forsaken, save for the crows who had already swooped down from the ratlines to gather like restless shadows at those chosen points where a banquet had been so generously spread for them.

But the sand was still marked up with the imprint of hundreds of human feet; in some places it looked as if the water had come up and washed out those shallow troughs where so many people had stood together, and, receding, had left strange, meaningless marks on the face of the sand. It seemed incredible that so many human beings had so short a time before been united there by one impulse, only to return so quickly and so silently to the monotonous movement of their individual lives. But the crows were proof that the shore had not always been merely a harbor for deserted boats; and behind them the setting sun, showing above two bands of violet cloud, touched up with gold a western window in a hut that overlooked the sea.

Then the tropical night came down quickly, and up at the dâk the new manservant had already made a habitable place out of the front room and was awaiting his orders for the night. He was a tall Cinghalese, about thirty-five years old, who said that his name was Boy. He was capable, deferential in manner, and in all the time that he was with me, regardless of the unfamiliar things he confronted daily, I never saw an expression of surprise on his face. He moved slowly about his work, and was equally conscientious about his cooking and the odd scientific jobs that fell to his lot. If he had any emotions, they were somewhere well below the surface. However, he did a great deal toward getting things in line for the work that lay ahead in the jungle; and it was in large part owing to his faithful service that early one morning three bullock-carts pulled up in front of the bungalow and were straightway loaded with all the equipment necessary for the field.

These carts were commodious, wattled affairs, precariously hoisted up on two wheels. They were cool — though covered at the sides and over the top with woven bamboo splits — but they were not comfortable. The roads were bad, winding in and out between deserted paddy fields, and the drivers would undertake any angle which happened to appear before them. It was not that they were eager to reach the P.W.D. resthouse at Welligatta, which was our destination; it was only one more manifestation of the native tendency to acquiesce in the face of difficulties. I traveled over the entire floor of my cart several times. It was like sliding around under an inverted basket, with the possibility each time of sliding right on out through the hole at the back. This was more exciting with a lagoon underneath instead of dry land, particularly when the water bubbled up under the bed and seeped gently through the cracks.

It was undoubtedly a precarious, noisy, unsavory journey. The drivers kept up a running conversation from cart to cart, whenever they were not shouting at the bullocks; and the bullocks themselves wore wooden bells. I was told that these were a warning to evil spirits and leopards and such, and, sliding around behind them, I hoped that they were. They were as clear as trumpets, and gave out abiding resonances. Every creature within hearing must have fled inland for its life. Once, on a level stretch of road, I looked out through my bamboo netting and saw nothing but a termite nest, and very high above this, so that they looked like two black motes above the trees, two Brahminy kites sailing smoothly on widespread wings.

When we stopped at noon the drivers put their food on to cook, then rubbed down the bullocks; afterwards, when they had washed the plates, they hung the dish-cloths and the bullock-cloths one over the other on the roofs of the carts. This accounted for many things.

We were some five or six hours late in getting to Welligatta, which is good time for the East. At the resthouse, the door was locked and a surly chowkidar refused to open it. We argued with him, and I had time to look over my new headquarters, finding it to be the typical whitewashed dâk, with red tiled roof. This chowkidar had no inclination whatsoever to be friendly — in which he was true to type. However, when we made elaborate preparations for breaking down his door, he opened it. Which proved him a coward on top of his unpleasant disposition.

This was not an auspicious beginning, but afterwards Boy took him aside and told him a great many things, with gestures. I do not know what they were, but they converted that keeper into a new man in the space of about five minutes. He began hurriedly to get the place in order, and made various pacific advances. Perhaps Boy had assured him that I was a great physician, this being one of his fixed delusions, since he had never been able to find any other logical reason for the bottles and cases and instruments belonging to the expedition. At any rate, Welligatta shortly appeared at my doorstep and asked for medicine. Some of the cases needed only a little antiseptic soap, or some healing salve; but for others nothing could be done. The little boys were especially pitiable, because they were especially brave about their treatment, standing perfectly still, shy and heroic in the face of great mysteries.

There was one other native who came in that day — but he did not live in the dirty community at Welligatta. He was of good caste, an engineer. It happened that the resthouse was in his jurisdiction, and he stopped in to see if things were running well. He was a University man, with a fine mind, too subtle and too well trained for the work he was doing. But he could make no further advance because of the English laws which set a well-defined limit to the power of any native; and he admitted the wisdom of these laws. But he was a tragic example of the good material which any evolution throws aside. There was no legitimate place for his talents, even after they had been brought to their fullest development. He said himself that it would have been better to have let him alone, to have offered him no chance, since at best there was nothing but a blind road open to him. And he had come abruptly to the end of this. He pointed to his man who was lying asleep in the shadow of the porch, and said that in the East such a low-caste servant, without dreams and without ideals, was better off than his master, who could stand on the borderline of a new country and know the full meaning of what it represented, but must remain helpless in the very face of such a realization. It was the inevitable tragic waste which follows close on the heels of any progress. And this was emphasized, in some way, by the fact that he knew such a process was necessary, that in the end it would work out for the good of his people and his country.

The next day, when I got up before sunrise to start out after jungle-fowl, I kept thinking of all that he had said, and I could not help but compare him with my Tamil tracker, who was waiting sleepy, incurious, and ignorant, for the day's work that lay ahead. One had made such great strides, and to no apparent purpose; the other had taken no steps at all beside him. Yet they were both moving, each as best he could, toward some obscure goal. I had come again upon more mysteries in human beings and in the philosophies and laws which govern them, and I was glad to put the whole of it aside and start out into the jungle, where I had work of my own to do.

III

The jungle was like a big park which began almost at my door — a park with little glades and every once in a while a shallow lake surrounded by dark trees. The tops of the trees showed against the pale, luminous sky, although the low branches were lost in deep shadow. The tracker led the way along a narrow animal trail, and I followed, guided chiefly by the thorns which were lined up on either side like two armies set to keep travelers well within the path.

The sun had not yet come up above the blue hazê that lay far to the east, but a host of flamingos flying high overhead caught the first rays on their wide wings. Then the acacia shrub began to show little lines of gold against the mist which lay behind it, and pink, nameless flowers came out like stars in the shadowy glades.

Down by a triangular lake, that was changing from silver to blue, two elephants moved slowly forward through the low underbrush; then turned, and swung into the jungle. At one side of the lake, where the ground rose in a gentle slope, some axis deer watched them till they had gone, and the coarse grass, springing back into place, had covered up the great marks made by their feet.

I heard the tracker whisper something unintelligible, but it was drowned out midway by the familiar scream of a wild peacock, and looking up quickly, I saw the great bird with his undulating train glide down from a distant tree and disappear behind a little ridge some hundred yards away. I had started out after junglefowl, but nature has a contrary habit of offering the unexpected, so I was grateful enough and began crawling along after him. There is something essentially undignified in such a pursuit as this; but work in the field has nothing to do with dignity or with anything except patience, concentration, and eternal vigilance. All that I had to do was to get that peacock within range, and to keep out of sight. In time, I came upon him, although I did not know it. I saw only two bee-eaters balanced on a low branch directly above me. Then, straight ahead, something moved — it looked like a dry, gray stalk standing upright in the grass. Then, although there was no wind, it swayed a little to one side and back into position again; and I saw then the contour of the head and neck of the first wild peacock I had ever laid eyes upon. The body itself was almost hidden. Then suddenly he leaped into the air, one single spring and a quick movement of his wings lifting him six feet or more in a half circle, with his long train spread out to make a feathery mist which the sunlight touched with emerald and gold. He alighted slowly and returned to his place in the tall grass, where he stood as he had stood before, with his neck stretched out and his head down, watching something, — something of great interest which was completely hidden from me. He lifted himself again in the wide circle and returned. Then something brown moved swiftly across a little opening in the brush and the peacock trailed it, bringing it to bay again. This was in a clear spot, and I got my glasses up and focused them. First, a gray blurred circle moved quickly into position, then the beautiful breast of the peacock took its place, perfect in every detail of color and structure. And finally, a little brown vibrating point showed against the sand. It seemed at best only a tiny mound of earth, moving inexplicably. Then I saw that it was a Russell's viper, and a viper with a particularly venomous head, broad between the eyes, but flat so that it lay close to the ground.

For fully ten minutes the peacock pursued it from point to point, keep-

ing always at a discreet distance, but making the viper strike again and again. It may have been curiosity only, and whatever it was, the bird tired of it at last and went over to the edge of the lake, where he found some food that occupied him for a long time. The sun was then high overhead and turned his fine plumage to copper and gold. I stood up to see him better; and even before I had taken a step toward him he had sensed the danger and was running down the side of the slope, beating his wings rapidly for a few seconds before he rose and flew swiftly over the acacias and into the wooded plain beyond. I watched him until the last moment; and the bright light made a wonderful colored tapestry out of his train as he moved. Then I found that the sun was getting unbearably hot even through a pith helmet, and I went back quickly to the resthouse, following the narrow animal trail by which I had come.

It was on this same trail, later, that three important things befell. The first was the appearance of a high-backed tortoise. Just before he came out to meet me, I heard somewhere in the bushes a thin, trembling sound, very high and a little querulous in character. Then the singing tortoise came waddling out underfoot, singing as he came. His back was finely marked in broad patterns of gold, and he carried his shell along with a certain proud gravity. He stopped and looked at my feet when they came conveniently within his range of vision, turning his eyes quickly from one to the other. But for reasons of his own he was not afraid; instead he put up his small, leathery head, and as if in salute, sent forth again his clear penetrating trill. Then he waddled off again over an avenue of golden flower-balls that had dropped down from the acacia trees which met to form a canopy somewhere far above his head. And in the distance I heard him singing.

The second trail episode came about quickly. I was walking along a little ahead of my assistant when I was suddenly pushed far forward by a strong blow between my shoulders. It nearly sent me off my feet. I turned and was on the point of saying fully what I thought about it, when I looked down and saw a Russell's viper lifting himself to strike. I should have stepped on him if I had been alone, and my pheasant work would have come to an abrupt end. It was not a pleasant experience.

Then, the last day at Welligatta, I had the bad luck to get within range of some water-buffaloes. I had been told that these buffaloes were a singularly savage lot who for mysterious reasons would attack any white man without provocation. I had not been fully convinced, however, or else I had given the matter very little thought, because once I had seen a native driving six of the beasts before him, whistling at his job and twiddling a slender whip between his fingers. It had been an amiable enough proceeding. But when I saw those three buffaloes lift themselves out of the high grass by the lake, saw them rise up heavily with lowered heads, some entirely new thoughts about them went flashing through my mind. It happened also that I had been told that when several of the beasts are together they will not attack any man who does not run away from them. With those three black mounds of flesh down by the lake already getting under way, this appeared an unusually idiotic contention. I did not make any effort to hold to it. I put down my camera and went up a tree. And I stayed there for some time, with the three buffaloes charging repeatedly underneath, until a native boy came out providently and drove them away. I know that

there were elements of absurdity in the whole affair, but absurdity and great danger sometimes go hand in hand. And these beasts are the greatest danger of the jungle country.

However, that night, when the packing was done and my notes were finished for the day, I was out on the porch for a while going over the details of the trip, and I found that incident after incident slipped into its lawful place in the general scheme. It happened that only two hours earlier a native had come in for medicine for his arm, which was marked up above the elbow by elephant bruise. We did what we could for him, and he went away. But although he was only one out of many who had come up to the house for medicine, because he had come last, he stood well in the foreground of events. And it was so with the water-buffaloes who had run me up a tree. It was only when I thought of the bullock-carts and the noisy wooden bells, of the dâk bungalow at Hambantotta with the yard where the chowkidar built his fire, of the beach and the old fishermen estimating so carefully the catch which had been brought in at sundown, that one thing after another fell into position. I saw that after all it was only a matter of contrast, — that the values were relative.

And I tried to bring some of this philosophy into the question of leaving Welligatta; but this being also a matter of emotion, it needed a little more time before it would fall into its legitimate groove. I knew that in a week I could look back and see that the expedition could not have remained always in Welligatta, but as it was I found it hard to leave. I looked out over the dark trees which grew at the edge of the jungle and saw the lake between the branches like bars of new silver, and thought of the work I had left undone, and of the people close by who were living mysteries daily which I could in no way understand; and I did not want to leave it all unsolved.

Then I heard Boy adjusting my hammock, which hung at the end of the porch. Since it was already well placed, and needed no readjustment, this meant that he was sleepy. So I stood up and all the unanswered questions straightway went out of my mind. I thought that I had no more regrets about leaving the jungle. Then from far away, I heard a thin, trembling sound, a little querulous. I do not know that the tortoise was awake at such an hour, but I know that the last thought in my mind was that although I had come to Ceylon for junglefowl and peacocks and had found them, that some day I would return. And I hoped that at such a time I would find somewhere a golden-backed tortoise singing to welcome me back to the East.

FOR A CHILD

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I

You are coming, over the dark
(Over the dark — over the dark),
You are coming, shadow and spark:
Life! — for my hand to hold.

Ah, and what shall I do with you?
Curl you away in a pink rose-petal?
Or in a chest of pale filigree-metal
Lock you like pearls from the cold?

Or shall I hang you out on the bough
Of the great fir tree where the winds walk by,
Letting them rock you and still your cry
When you are afraid at night?

But I am afraid when I think of you. —
How shall I know you? Whom shall I greet,
Strange as a star from your head to your feet,
Strange little soul, blank-white?

I am coming, over the dark
(Over the dark — over the dark),
Trembling and wonder, shadow and spark:
Life! — for your hand to hold.

This will you do, and naught else with me:
Clasp me and kiss me and cling to me!
Love me, and laugh as you sing to me!
Hugging me safe from the cold!

II

You shall not wear velvet
  Nor silken broidery;
But brown things, and straight things
  That leave your body free.

You shall not have playthings
  That men have wrought for gold;
But shells and stones and seaweeds,
  And nuts by squirrels sold.

Your friends shall be the Tall Wind,
  The River, and the Tree;
The Sun that laughs and marches,
  The Swallows, and the Sea.

Your prayers shall be the murmur
  Of grasses in the rain;
The song of wild wood-thrushes,
  That make God glad again.

And you shall run and wander,
  And you shall dream and sing
Of brave things and bright things,
  Beyond the swallow's wing.

And you shall envy no man,
  Nor hurt your heart with sighs.
For I will keep you simple,
  That God may make you wise!

III

I hold you close; and I could cry
  Because you seem so new and dear;
And such a helpless warder I
  To keep your candle burning clear:

The curious candle of your breath,
Body's and spirit's throbbing light. —
I hold you close, while Life and Death
Already blow across you. White
And soft, and warm against my cheek —
Oh, I could cry! But somehow, you
With hands and feet and face bespeak
Laughter no tears can quiver through!

A changeling mother I must be,
To laugh, and not to cry, at you, —
Dust of the starry worlds! — to me
The quaintest joke I ever knew!

A FORSAKEN GOD

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

An Englishman of letters who, in the eyes of Americans at least, embodies the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge, expressed not long ago certain frank opinions about America. What motive induced him to tell the world what he thinks of us? It could not have been mere excitement over novel experiences. Englishmen of letters no longer write about America in the spirit of explorers. Mr. Lowes Dickinson could hardly have appeared to himself — reflected in the delicate mirror of his mind — as a gentleman adventurer, staring from a peak of Greek culture at our amazing characteristics, and differing from stout Cortez mainly in not being silent. The war had not yet begun; there was no motive for bringing gentle suasion — such as may be implied in any expression of British interest in America — to bear upon our neutrality. The readiest explanation of his writing is that he was prompted by a simple motive: he wrote under the need of saying what was on his mind. This is the very kind of criticism to give ear to. When the human heart must unburden itself of a load, it neither flatters nor detracts; it acts instinctively with no thought of consequences. The mood is a mood of truth. The man who speaks the truth to us is our best friend, and we should always listen to him.

Among other things Mr. Dickinson said, 'Describe the average Western man and you describe the American;

from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same — masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, and at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual. . . .

'The impression America makes on me is that the windows are blocked up. It has become incredible that this continent was colonized by the Pilgrim Fathers. . . . Religion is becoming a department of practical business. The churches — orthodox and unorthodox, old and new, Christian, Christian-Scientific, theosophic, higher-thinking — vie with one another in advertising goods which are all material benefits: "Follow me, and you will get rich," "Follow me, and you will get well," "Follow me, and you will be cheerful, prosperous, successful." Religion in America is nothing if not practical.

Some Americans do not like this criticism. They protest that the critic has no eye for the essential qualities that render our country dear to us, that he gazes dimly, through a mist of Cambridge traditions, from some spleen-producing point of vision, upon a people spiritually remote from him. Human nature instinctively lays flattering unction to its soul; but there is only one right way to take the fault-finding of an intellectual and highly educated man, and that is to see how much truth there is in his fault-finding and then strive to correct our faults. Most Americans do not care about the opinions of Oxford and Cambridge; they say that we must be a law unto ourselves, and absorb nourishment from the sunshine of our own self-esteem. But others, less robust, do set store by the opinion of scholars bred, for the greater part, upon the recorded mind of the most gifted people that has ever lived in Europe, — upon the books of Homer and Pindar, Æschylus and Euripides, Plato and Aristotle, and their fellows. It will do us less harm to assume that there is too much truth in what Mr. Dickinson has said of us, than to assume that there is none.

Sixty or seventy years ago, a definite conception of what constitutes the mould of moral and intellectual form upon which men should seek to shape themselves, appeared to be solidly established. That conception was definite and readily accepted because it actually had been embodied in a living man, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Emerson, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, each in his respective way, and all other leaders of thought in America, acknowledged Goethe as the model for man, as an intellectual being, to strive to imitate.

Goethe's position seemed as secure as Shakespeare's, Dante's, or Homer's. Lower than they in the supreme heights of song, he was more universal. He had composed poetry that in peculiar sweetness rivaled the Elizabethan lyrics and surpassed them in variety and depth of thought; he had written a play judged equal to *Hamlet* or the Book of Job; he had written romances that rivaled *I Promessi Sposi* in nice depiction of the soul's workings, and were as interesting in their delineation of human life as the most romantic of the Waverley Novels. He had been the chief counselor of a sovereign prince and had devised wise policy in a hundred matters of statecraft. His mind had put forth ideas as a tree in springtime puts forth leaves; his speculations had traveled in wide fields of scientific thought; he had divined certain processes concerning the origin of species in a manner that still associates his

name with the names of Lamarck and Darwin. He was accoutred with a radiant intelligence, with unmatched cultivation, with wide sympathies; he was free from prejudice to a degree unequaled in our modern world. His intellectual impartiality had inspired a sect of persons with the creed that the home of man is the free mind, and that his country is coterminous with the whole range of truth.

Great as were his feats in literature and in science, his special achievement was the creation of his ideal for the living of life, an ideal that seemed founded on so broad a base that it could but be a question of time and perception for it to be universally acknowledged and adopted. More than any man from Aristotle to Thomas Aquinas, from Aquinas to Auguste Comte, he seemed to have a true view of the ideal proper for the human spirit.

Goethe's ideal embraces freedom from the prejudices of home and education, clearness of vision, courage in the teeth of circumstance, an ordered life, a disciplined spirit, an unclouded soul, the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and the disinterested worship of whatever is perfect.

Nobility, order, measure, and the underlying feeling of peace, are primary elements in Goethe's ideal. These qualities, if there be any remedy anywhere, make the antidote to the evils which, according to Mr. Lowes Dickinson, beset us. They exalt the things of the intellect, and take away temptation to the 'unscrupulous,' 'brutal' pursuit of material things. And more medicinal than all the others is Goethe's belief in inward peace. Under the impulsion of instinct, we Americans move to and fro, go up and down, and turn about. We seek satisfaction for our appetites in activity. Goethe lived in the world and was of the world, and yet he sought peace of soul. He sought peace, not to escape from the world, but to gain greater dominion over it. He hoped to obtain greater control over the happenings of life, — greater power to put them to use and to enjoyment, — by penetrating into the deeps of serenity; he desired mastery over self as a means to inward peace, and inward peace as a means to mastery over life.

We have drifted so far from the opinions of Emerson and his contemporaries, and — if Mr. Dickinson is right in his criticisms — we have so completely lost sight of the example set by Goethe, that I will expatiate a little upon what Goethe was, and might still be to us.

II

For Goethe inward peace was not the final goal, but a stage on the way; or, rather, it was the sustenance of life, the means of right living, the power that should help him become himself, help him grow to his full stature. And the problem of his self-education was how to attain this inward peace. For him, as for all seekers in the Christian past, the conventional way would have been to follow Christian teachings; and there is evidence that Christian teachings touched him, touched him deeply. They stirred him somewhat as Gothic architecture stirred his enthusiasm in youth. But the whole trend of his nature prevented this. To Goethe the mediæval searchings after God were dead hypotheses; the road that led Richard of St. Victor or St. Francis of Assisi to peace, was to him a blind alley. Goethe did not wish to escape from the world, from its perturbations and disquiet. He desired inward peace, as a hero, resolute to fight and conquer, might wish for a shield.

Another path was to follow the precepts of the pagan philosophers, such counsels as the imperial spokesman of ancient Stoicism gives: 'Men seek re-

treats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores, and mountains; but this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in a man's power, whenever he shall choose, to retire into himself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.'

The Stoics wished to retire into their own souls in order that they might come back to the world free from discontent with worldly things; whereas Goethe wished to come back into the world with power to dominate worldly things. He was therefore obliged to devise a path for himself, a path far nearer to the pagan than to the Christian path, but still a new path. Might not a devout man, one who believed that '*Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Teil*,' — that 'the tremulous sense of awe is man's noblest attribute,' — attain peace by way of the intellect, by living life in noble completeness? The affirmative answer was the essential thesis of Goethe's life. He maintained this not so much by what he wrote, as by his conduct. He was no disciple of the mystics; he did not propose to overcome this life of phenomena by passing beyond phenomena, but by comprehending them. He never aspired to spread his wings and fly to Heaven; he kept his feet planted on solid earth. Madame de Staël says: '*Goethe ne perd jamais terre, tout en atteignant aux conceptions les plus sublimes*' — 'Goethe never quits the earth, even when reaching up to the most sublime ideas.' And yet his firm stand upon earth and his concern with things of this world did not tempt him to adopt worldly measures. '*On diroit qu'il n'est pas atteint par la vie*' — 'the things of this world do not seem to touch him.' These qualities of his that Madame de Staël noted, are signs that the seeker had attained. All, or almost all, testimony concerning Goethe's presence, his manner, his dignity, is in accord. To Eckermann, who did not see him till he was an old man, he seemed '*wie einer, der von himmlischem Frieden ganz erfüllt ist*' — 'like a man brimfull of heavenly peace.' All his life he sought knowledge, for, as he believed, knowledge begets understanding, and understanding sympathy, and sympathy brings the spirit into harmony with all things, and harmony engenders peace. Goethe is the great embodiment of the return of the modern mind to the religion of the classic spirit, seeking inward peace, not in an unseen heaven, but in 'the good ordering of the mind.'

Goethe's seeking was not the seeking of a man of letters; it was not prompted by the artist's instinct, not consciously adopted as a means to master his art; it was the seeking of the human spirit for the road to salvation on earth. Take the long series of his works, — poems, plays, novels, criticisms; they reveal no obsessing preoccupation with the attainment of a high serenity of soul. They represent the adventures of his spirit with the multitudinous happenings of human life. But here and there, like light through a chink, flashes out evidence of the direction in which his soul is set.

Nevertheless, the dominance of the idea of inward peace is far more apparent from the story of his life than from his writings. Peace shaped itself in his mind not as a Nirvana, not as a rapt contemplation of God, but as harmony, as a state of inward union, of a right relation to the universe, manifest to men as order, proportion, measure, serenity, and therefore, necessarily, in relation to other men, as benevolence.

In this he was powerfully helped by the strong intellectual influence that swept over Germany in his youth, the admiration for classical art taught by Winckelmann and Lessing. Under the teachings of these two men, the stately grandeur of classical sculpture and architecture appeared to be the summit of human attainment, the goal of imitation and effort. He learned that '*Das Ideal der Schönheit ist Einfalt und Stille*' — 'the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose.'

The theories of Winckelmann and of Lessing fermented in Goethe's mind, and, when he came to make his famous *Italienische Reise*, they fairly seethed and boiled. The beauty of repose became his sole idea of beauty. His admiration of the Ludovisi Juno, he says, was his first love-affair in Italy. At Vicenza he stopped in admiration before the Palladian palaces. 'When we stand face to face with these buildings, then we first realize their great excellence; their bulk and massiveness fill the eye, while the lovely harmony of their proportions, admirable in the advance and recession of perspective, brings peace to the spirit.' When he went to Assisi, he gave a wide berth to the Basilica of St. Francis, half apprehensive lest its Gothic elements might bring confusion into his thoughts, walked straight to the Temple of Minerva, and enjoyed 'a spectacle that bestowed peace on both eye and mind.' Deep in his nature, this preoccupation with what shall bring peace is hard at work.

At bottom Goethe preferred art to life; he preferred to see the doings and passions of men reflected in the artist's mirror rather than to see them in the actual stuff of existence. Naturally, the prevalent notion concerning the classical world as a world of harmony, of calm, of self-control, found his spirit most sympathetic. At the age of forty, on the return from his Italian travels, he accepted the great pagan tradition in the form that Marcus Aurelius left it: 'It is in thy power to live free from all compulsion in the greatest tranquillity of mind. . . . I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.' That to Goethe is the gist of all right thinking about life, and he spent his own long life in the effort to express it in his behavior.

Goethe's idea of harmony, of beauty, of measure, of right relations with the universe, was, of course, not a mere pagan ideal in the sense which we usually give to the word pagan; it was essentially a religious conception,—religious rather in the Hellenic than in the Hebraic sense, for the pagan element, with its tinge of pride in dominating the untoward in life, is always there. In early life his religious sentiments were profoundly affected by the evangelical traditions of Protestant Germany, which saturated the atmosphere of Frankfort; afterwards they wore a more philosophical hue, but they were always strong enough to counteract the pagan inclination of his mind to rest content at the stage of peace attainable by knowledge and self-control. The problem before him was how to reconcile the transcendental impulses of his spirit with the ideal of a harmonious whole. For the most part, his anti-ecclesiastical conception of freedom, and the pagan training of his mind, turned him away from current Christianity; he treated it as he treated the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi, he simply did not go out of his way to look at it. He took much from Spinoza. The potential divinity within him inspired him with reverence. He desired to gain the composure and elevation of soul becoming to a man who is animated by the divine spirit that permeates all nature. From Italy he wrote, 'I should like to win eternity for my spirit.' And

after his return, he steadily grew more sensitive to the deep current that propels the soul toward the unknown. Gradually he approached, by his own way, the borders of that spiritual region in which Plato puts the soul. Later he hid his face in thick clouds of symbolism; but his mystical inclination — *die Erhebung ins Unendliche* — never dominated his notion of a complete human being with moral and intellectual nature fashioned on a heroic model, fit, as it were, to be lodged in a body carved by Skopas. He reached the point where he united harmoniously the sense of measure, of beauty, of peace through knowledge, with a tremulous sensitiveness to the possibilities that tenant the vast unknown which surrounds our little kingdom of sense.

To set forth such an ideal as this to the world was Goethe's self-appointed task. No other man, perhaps, in the whole history of the civilized world, has been so well fitted by nature and education for such a feat. Dante, a greater poet and a greater man, was too emotional, too passionate, ever to care to hold up what to him would have been the intolerable composure of the Stoic spirit. Cervantes, notwithstanding his clear-eyed compassion and his high reverence for the spiritual light in the human soul, was far too lacking in general culture, even to essay the task. Milton was too partisan, too dogmatic; Shakespeare too averse to any idea of teaching men in any way other than by letting his sunshine play on human life. And, in our own day, Tolstoï became too blind to classical beauty and to harmony of the soul, too devoted to traditional Christian ideas, to be capable of any such endeavor.

Goethe's calm spirit, his loyalty to fact, his habit 'of standing on the solid earth,' his practice, as he says, '*Alle Dinge wie sie sind zu sehen*,' — 'to see all things as they are,' — were to men of a rational way of thinking a guarantee that he would not, upon Dædalian wings, essay a flight of folly and destruction; and his sensitiveness to those vague reactions and movings that stir in the deeps of the human spirit assured men with mystical yearnings that he was not cut off from their fellowship. For him, as well as for them, there is a region — whether it be in man's soul here and now, or elsewhere — where

> Alles Vergängliche
> Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
> Das Unzulängliche
> Hier wird's Ereigniss.

Or, as Bayard Taylor translates it: —

> All things transitory
> But as symbols are sent;
> Earth's insufficiency
> Here grows to Event.

III

Here, then, was an ideal which, one would think, should have been a shining light to our world to-day, — the classic spirit embodied in man's life, manifesting beauty, harmony, measure, self-restraint, accompanied by an open-eyed, unprejudiced outlook on all things old and new, and with all the windows which look toward things divine uncurtained and unshuttered. Why has it fallen?

It may be said that modern life is opposed to such an ideal as Goethe's; and it may be — as Mr. Dickinson probably thinks — that American nature is too friable a material to endure the carving of Hellenic souls. But, be that as it may, it is apparent that the failure to follow Goethe's ideal is a universal failure, almost as pitiful in Europe as with us; and the answer to the question, why has this ideal fallen, must be sought in causes that operate in Europe as well as in America.

One can see plainly several forces, good and bad, at work, — among them,

science, luxury, the national spirit, the humanitarian movement, and democracy.

Science has drawn into its service a large part of the nobler spirits among men, and inspired them with the narrower doctrine of seeking out the ways of nature. But science, if it has diverted many men who might have followed Goethe's Hellenic idealism, has in many ways supported his views: it serves truth, if not the whole truth, it encourages in its servitors simplicity of life, it places their rewards largely in the satisfaction of the spirit. On the other hand, science tends to overvalue the inanimate at the expense of life; it encourages the notion that final truth may be weighed, measured, and tested; it lays stress on knowledge for utility's sake, rather than for the sake of knowledge itself, or, as Goethe would have done, for the increase of sympathy which knowledge brings. By directing attention to the manifold phenomena outside the real self — to heavenly bodies, to the substances of our planet, to plants, germs, fossils, atoms, electrons, and all the phenomena of the sensible universe — and to our minds and bodies as things apart from ourselves, it necessarily belittles the importance of the rounded perfection of self, the importance of equilibrium in the sum of a man's relations to all things that are and to all things that may be.

Science always concentrates attention on one small portion of life. There is no science of life as a whole; none that teaches us our relations to the universe. Science in itself is an unreal thing, an abstraction; we no longer have science, but sciences. Like the children of Saturn, they have destroyed their father. There are physics, chemistry, botany, astronomy, geology, palæontology, zoölogy, psychology, and many others, all destined to be divided and subdivided, and there will be as many more as there are objects of intellectual curiosity in the universe. The swing of scientific thought is centripetal; each science is a jealous god and will have no other gods share in its worship. The field of attention for each servant of science grows smaller and smaller. It would be as impossible now for a man to be a great poet and a great man of science, like Goethe, as for a man to be familiar with the whole sum of contemporary knowledge, as Dante was. Devotion to science, in this century, is necessarily followed by some such experience as that which Darwin underwent; the meticulous observation of facts blunts all finer sensitiveness to poetry and music. Science means specialization, and dwells on the multiplicity of phenomena; Goethe wished a universal outlook, and was preoccupied with that unity which binds all to all.

Luxury, the application of man's control over the forces of nature to self-indulgence, sets the centre of gravity for human life in material things. Luxury is the care of our brother, the body, — St. Francis used to call it Brother Ass, — care so assiduous, so elaborated, so refined, that it approaches to worship, and necessarily crowds out the care and solicitude that should be devoted to the soul. 'Painting the outward walls so costly gay' is a far easier art, much more within reach of the successful many, than the decoration of the soul. The organization of modern industry, the multiplication of machinery, by giving more and more to those who have already, strengthens the thews and muscles of luxury. Luxury is headstrong, potent in its dominion over fashion, unscrupulous in imposing its customs and opinions, insolent in trampling down all in its way. This is what is meant by the phrase 'a materialistic age'; it is the substitution of an easy art for a difficult art, of a gross material, the body, which de-

mands the attention of the gymnast, the masseur, the chiropodist, for a fine material, the soul, which demands the service of the intellect and of the spirit. There is no danger that our Brother the Body will ever be neglected, or that material things will be despised. Goethe was no disciple of our Lady Poverty; but he held that a man's wealth consists less in what he owns than in what he thinks and in what he is.

National sentiment has had a mighty career in the nineteenth century, witness Italy, Germany, Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, as well as the United States; and has by no means confined itself to political patriotism, witness the attempted revival of the Irish language and of Provençal; but whether patriotism concern a race, a nation, a language, or a cult, it is by its very definition a limitation. The Preacher of universal compassion said, 'Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.' Patriotism has its own virtues, but among them is not that of maintaining Goethe's ideals. Even during Germany's war of liberation against Napoleon, Goethe was absolutely indifferent to patriotism, at least in its political form. He maintained the position

> Da wo wir lieben
> Ist's Vaterland —

(there where we love is our country).

Then there is the strong current of humanitarianism, which tends to regard man as an animal with material wants, and spends itself on factory legislation, hygiene, sanitation, and almsgiving. Goethe was not deficient in benevolence toward his fellow men; but he subordinated this interest to his prime concern for completeness, for moulding within the individual a harmonious, beautiful, heroic nature; and since such an ideal for the mass of men is outside the pale of achievement, he did not extend his serious interest to them.

Added to these — and this cause of the failure of Goethe's ideals has perhaps been more effective in America than elsewhere — stands democracy and all democracy means. Democracy has solid foundations of its own, — just as patriotism, humanitarianism, and science have,— and possesses its own defenders and eulogists. Goethe was not among them. He was an aristocrat: he believed in the government of the best in all departments of human society. The right of the best to dominate, even at the expense of the inferior, was to him axiomatic. Democracy, with its tenderness toward the incompetent multitude, with its ideas of equality and fraternity, with its indifference to quality when quantity is concerned, with its good-humored inefficiency and its vulgar self-satisfactions, was wholly alien to his spirit. He felt no equality or fraternity between himself and the multitude. In democracy the mass of the people possess not merely a voice in the political government, but also a voice in the moral government of the nation, a share in the formation of the ethical, intellectual, sentimental, and ideal character of the people. Goethe would as soon have trusted these supreme interests to Demos, as Don Quixote would have entrusted his knightly honor to Sancho's keeping. Goethe regarded man primarily as a creature charged with the duty, and endowed with the possibility, of self-perfectioning; but democracy values men according as they possess distinct and special capacities, according as they can do the immediate task needful to be done. Democracy, having many interests of its own, pays little or no heed to matters not congenial to it. Democracy is indifferent to form, because for democracy form and sub-

stance have no necessary relation; but to Goethe form and substance were one. Democracy is indifferent to elegance, because elegance is unsuitable to the multitude. Democracy cares little for beauty, because beauty establishes a caste apart.

Democracy neglects art, for art rests upon the privileges of nature, upon the endowment of gifted individuals, upon special sensitiveness and special capacities; art, by its very nature, means achievement by the few, enjoyment by the few. Democracy looks to the achievements and the enjoyments of the many. Aristocracy is the assertion of quality, of rareness of vision, of clearness of conception, of refinement and finish; it lays stress on the unusual, on the beneficent injustice of nature that enables lesser men to have greater men to look up to, and charges the greater men with deep personal responsibility. Democracy tends to belittle reverence, for reverence is devotion to that which is greater than ourselves, and seeks to find an object on which to spend itself. The reverent soul must believe in something greater than itself, whether in the human or the superhuman; it discovers, it unfolds, and, if necessary, imagines, something above itself. But Democracy has a passion for leveling, for reducing all to a common plane, so that no one shall complain that others have more than he, or are better placed. Such, at least, are some of the criticisms which the few pass upon the ideals of the many.

It is the same with the democratic idea of fraternity. What, aristocracy asks, is the worth of brotherhood unless brothers have a goodly heritage to divide? The important thing is to create an inheritance, whether of beauty, of virtue, of glory; then let who can possess it. The two points of view also take issue over the idea of liberty. Democracy too easily abases its conception of liberty to the liberty to eat and sleep, the liberty to lie back and fold one's arms, the liberty to be active for activity's sake (as Mr. Dickinson says of us), liberty to do what to one's self seems good; whereas aristocracy demands self-renunciation for the sake of an ideal, demands discipline, obedience, sacrifice. Democracy tends to set a high value on comfort, on freedom from danger, on 'joy in commonalty spread'; whereas aristocracy asserts the necessity of danger and of pain in the education of man. Democracy values human quantity, aristocracy human quality. Democracy tends to render the intellect subservient to the emotions, while aristocracy tends to put emotion to the service of the intellect.

There are solid grounds on which democracy may be eulogized, — the ground of justice, for example; that was not Mr. Dickinson's business, nor is it mine; democracy's main fault consists in its failure to confine itself to economic matters, to politics, to material things, — consists in overflowing its proper limits and touching matters with which it has no proper concern. Goethe had little sympathy with democracy, especially in the violent form which it assumed in his day, in those manifestations that accompanied and followed the French Revolution.

Another influence, springing from science, humanitarianism, and democracy, adds its strength to theirs. Goethe's ideal for the human spirit, however different from the ideals of democracy, bears no small analogy to the Christian's ideal of the soul. For the Christian the soul is everything, life is its opportunity, pleasure is a means of acquiring strength by renunciation, grief an aid to mounting higher, earthly losses are spiritual gains; his highest hope is to render his soul as perfect, as beautiful, as fully in accord with celestial harmonies, as may be. In Goethe

this ideal was replaced by the ideal of a human spirit that triumphs over the obstacles of life, uses the affections, the passions even, for fuller self-development; that aims at the harmonious fulfillment of all its capacities, and seeks knowledge for the sake of finer communion with deity in nature. The trend of practical religion, under the pressure of humanitarianism, is to regard the devotion that strives to render the soul perfect, as a form of egotism, and a kindred feeling swells the general flood of modern conceptions that have swept away Goethe's ideals.

It might have been thought that the religious element in Goethe's ideal would have preserved it, at least in America, from destruction; for we are a religious, or at least, as Mr. Dickinson would say, a superstitious people. Goethe's attitude concerning the theory that the human spirit tends toward a point of gravity at the centre of our universe, is consonant with permanent human needs; so is his sense of form, of beauty, of dignity. But whether it be the effect of democracy, of a child-like desire for novelty, of an undisciplined impatience with tradition, or of self-confidence in our power to create new forms of religion that shall more fully satisfy our own needs, or whatever the cause, the reasonableness, the conservatism, the restraint, that mark the religious element in Goethe's ideal, have accomplished nothing to maintain that ideal with us.

So far it would appear that the causes which have combined to overthrow Goethe's ideals are scarcely more American than European; and that theory is confirmed by the popular attitude toward Goethe's ideals in Germany, where they seem to have fared no better than elsewhere. The old gods of serenity and beauty, Goethe and Beethoven, have been taken down from their pedestals, and Bismarck and Wagner have been set up in their stead. The ideal of duty toward self has certainly not suffered loss of power, but the self that is the object of duty is a self of dominion, not over fate and inward lack of harmony, but of dominion over other men. The heroic model is no longer that of Phœbus Apollo, but of a sinewed and muscular Thor. Domination, not harmony, is the teaching of the most eminent German of letters since Schopenhauer. It is true that Nietzsche is the greatest upholder of aristocracy since Goethe; but Nietzsche did not care for measure, proportion, harmony, pure beauty. The whole development of Germany, — the most brilliant there has been since that of Italy of the Renaissance, — in energy, in material well-being, in orderliness, in science, in self-confidence, in ambition, has moved far from the conception of full-minded completeness of character, intellect, and spirit, which Goethe taught in confidence that, like light in the dark, like warmth in the cold, such completeness would receive the gratitude and honor of men.

Are we not forced to the conclusion that the *Zeitgeist* is opposed to Goethe's ideals, that Mr. Dickinson's criticism fits democracy and its attendant phenomena rather than America? Is it not democracy rather than America that is 'contemptuous of ideas, but amorous of devices'? The Latin democratic countries must be excepted, for Latins have a natural gift for form and a special respect for intellectual accomplishment that colors even their democracy; besides, democracy comes to them more naturally than to northern peoples. But if Mr. Dickinson had been traveling in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, would he not have come to very much the same conclusion?

Our neglect to follow Goethe's ideal, however, remains our own fault, even if other democratic countries have

committed the same fault. We have brought Mr. Dickinson's criticism on our own heads. We must profit by that criticism, and return to Goethe's ideal. Some steps to be taken are obvious. First of all we must fully satisfy the democratic desires of the *Zeitgeist* by making pure democracy prevail in all matters of politics and economics. Then, when democracy shall have received its due, it must no longer seek to lay its hand on literature, art, higher education, pure science, philosophy, manners. And then, — when the mass of men are politically and economically free, — we must preserve the sacred fire of intellectual light by setting apart a priesthood, a body of intellectual men who shall worship the God of truth and him alone. Our professors at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere constitute, or should constitute, such a priesthood; but the public is not satisfied to have them serve the sacred flame: the public wishes them to apply that sacred flame to furnaces and dynamos. We do need, as Mr. Dickinson implies, intellectual traditions of generations of educated men; those traditions should be taught as a sacred cult; and their priests should be held in special reverence. Those priests should be most honored when they serve intellectual concerns, in which the public sees no profit, such as philosophy and the classics. We do need, as a quickening fountain, in the midst of us, a spirit of reverence for intellectual beauty. Had such a spirit of reverence existed among us, should we have been so exposed to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's criticisms, and should we now be almost as remote from Goethe as from Dante or Plato?

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

In what I have to say about music for children I am not unmindful of the diversity of American life, and of the prevalent idea that Americans do not pay much attention to music (or to any other form of beauty) because they live in a new country in which the greater part of their energy is devoted to subduing nature and carving their fortunes. As a nation we are said to be too diverse to have evolved any definite æsthetic practice, and we suppose ourselves too busy with the practical things in life to pay much attention to it.

While it is doubtless true that there are numberless prosperous American families in which the words 'art' and 'literature' mean nothing whatever, this condition is due, in most cases, not to lack of time, but to lack of inclination. We, like other people, do what we like to do. No real attention is paid to the cultivation of a love of the beautiful in childhood; very little attention is paid to it in the educational institutions where we are trained; so we grow up and enter upon life with a

desultory liking for music, with a distinct lack of appreciation for poetry, and with almost no interest in painting or sculpture.

And this condition is likely to increase rather than diminish as time goes on, until, having finally arrived at moments of leisure and finding that neither our money nor any other material possession gives us any deep or permanent satisfaction, we turn to beauty only to be confronted with the old warning: 'Too late, ye cannot enter now.' For we have arrived at the time when, in Meredith's phrase, 'Nature stops, and says to us, "Thou art now what thou wilt be."' For this capacity for understanding and loving great books and paintings and music has to grow with our own growth and cannot be postponed to another season. The average American man is supposed to have no time for these things. He has time, but he refuses to turn it into leisure, — leisure which means contemplation and thoughtfulness, — though he very likely knows that this has been accomplished over and over again by men who have saved out of a busy life for that purpose a little time every day.

One recalls Darwin's pathetic statement wherein he describes his early love for poetry and music, and the final complete loss of those faculties through neglect. 'The loss of these tastes,' he says, 'is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.'

The intellect of man, in itself, is never supreme or sufficient. Feeling or instinct is half of knowledge. 'Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy,' says Whitman, 'walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.' Of any man, American or otherwise, who lives his life unmindful of all beauty we may justly say, as Carlyle said of Diderot, 'He dwelt all his days in the thin rind of the Conscious; the deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious whereon the other rests and has its meaning was not under any shape surmised by him.'

Must not the education of children in beauty begin, then, with their parents? Must they not be aroused, at least, to an *intellectual* conviction of its value, even though they have missed its joy? Can the matter be safely left to the jurisdiction of the schools themselves, whose curricula are already overcrowded with methods of escape from this very thing? Does not the school answer the general conception of education obtaining among the fathers and mothers of the school-children? Can it be expected — is it possible for it — to rise far above that conception? Our object is therefore to suggest, first, that the perception of beauty is, in the highest sense, education; second, that music is especially so, because it is the purest form of beauty; and, third, that music is the only form of beauty by means of which very young children can be educated, because it is the only form accessible to them.

Need we point out that there has never been a time in the history of mankind when human beings have not paid tribute to beauty? In their attempt to escape what may be called the traffic of life and to rise above its sordid limitations, have they not always and everywhere created for themselves some sort of detached ideal by means of which they justified themselves in an otherwise unintelligible world? This ideal may have been a god of stone, but it figured for them a perfect absolution. Surrounded by brutal forces about which they knew nothing, subject to pestilence, to war, to starvation, to the fury of the elements,

unable safely to shelter their bodies, they built for their souls a safe elysium. This ideal was always one of order and beauty; every civilization has possessed it, and it was to each civilization not only religion, but also what we call 'art.'

I have spoken in a former article [1] of that quality in art which consists in its 'holding a mirror up to nature,' and thus focusing our attention. Browning expresses this in 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' where he says, —

> For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

But the highest office of art is not so much to attract our attention to beautiful objects as to make us realize through the artist's skill what the objects signify. It is the artist who so depicts life as to make it intelligible to us; it is he who sees all those deeper relations which underlie all things; he, and he only, can so present human aspirations and human actions as to lift them out of the maze and give them order and sequence. Through all the welter of political theories, of philosophies, of dogmas insisted on at the point of excommunication; amid the discoveries of science and the tendency to make life into a mechanically operated thing, the still small voice of the poet rises always supreme — supreme in wisdom, supreme in insight, the seer, the prophet, the philosopher; when all else has passed he remains, for beauty is the only permanence. To eliminate beauty from education is to destroy its very soul.

From the law of gravity to Shelley's 'To a Skylark,' beauty is the central element. In physics, in mathematics, in astronomy, in chemistry, there is the same perfection of order and sequence, the same correlation of forces, the same attraction of matter which, operating in the fine arts, brings about what we call 'painting,' 'sculpture,' 'poetry,' and 'music.' The whole of nature is a postulate of this doctrine, and there is no subject taught from kindergarten to college, which may not be taught as in accord with it. There is a rhythm of beauty in all things animate and inanimate — an endless variety around a central unity. The individuality in nature and in human life is as a rhythmic diversity to a divine and central unity. The leaves of a maple tree are all alike and all different; the difference between the mechanical arts and the fine arts is a difference of rhythmic flexibility: one is fixed in rhythm in accordance with physical laws, and acts in perfect sequence and regularity; the other is a free individualized rhythmic play around a fixed centre. The painter may not dispose the objects on his canvas as he pleases — nature allows him only a certain freedom; the sculptor may distribute his weights and his rhythms around the axis with only so much freedom from the demands of nature as his particular purpose justifies; even the strain of music, which seems to wander so much at will that it is often called a 'rhapsody,' — it, too, is merely a play of rhythms and contours around a fixed centre, and conforms to a common purpose just as a maple leaf does. A machine acts in mechanical synthesis, a melody acts in æsthetic synthesis; neither is free. So we say there is no such thing as an isolated fact, or subject, or idea.

Thus everything taught to children can be taught as beauty, and if it is not so taught, its very essence must dissolve and disappear. 'The mean distance from the earth to the moon is about two hundred and forty thousand miles'; 'two and two make four'; 'an island is a body of land entirely sur-

[1] 'What is Music?' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February.

rounded by water'; — so a child learns his lesson in what are called facts (the most deceptive and soulless things in the world). To him 'the moon' and 'a mile' are little more than words; 2 + 2 are troublesome hieroglyphics; 'an island' is, perhaps, merely a word in a physical geography book; but to you all these objects and quantities are, perhaps, beautiful; for you

> The moon doth with delight
> Look around her when the heavens are bare;

for you numbers have come to have that significance which makes them beautiful; an island may have touched your imagination as it has Conrad's, who calls it 'a great ship anchored in the open sea'; you have seen that beauty which lies behind facts when they fall, as with a click, into the mechanism of things. So must children be taught to realize at the very beginning something of that great unity which pervades the world of thought and of matter. Some comprehension must be given to them of that marvelous sense of fitting together, of perfect correspondence, which all nature reveals and which is ultimately beauty. It is this quality, residing in every subject, which constitutes the justification for our insistence on beauty as a part of education.

With our present systems of education all ideality is crushed, for this ideality is a personal quality, whereas all we are, we are in mass. 'You are trying to make that boy into another you,' said Emerson, some fifty years ago; 'one's enough.' Modern education, subject to constant whims, has become a capacious maw into which our children are thrown. Everything for use, nothing for beauty; for use means money, while beauty — what is beauty good for? — (a question which Lowell, in one of his essays, says 'would be death to the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage'). This is indeed an old thesis, but never has it more needed stating than now. It applies everywhere. Literature taught as beauty is uplifting and joyful; taught as syntax it is dead and cheerless. All other forms of instruction lose their force if they are detached from that poetic harmony of which they are a part. Numbers, cities, machines, symphonies, the objects on your table, you yourself, — all these are to be seen as belonging to this harmony, without which the world is Bedlam.

American children are musical, American adults are not, and the chief reason lies in the wasted opportunities of childhood. If the natural taste of our children for music were properly developed, they would continue to practice it and to find pleasure in doing so, and thus would avoid the fatal error of *postponing their heaven to another time* — the great mistake of life and of theology.

So we deal chiefly in this article with the possibilities which music offers to children, not to a few children in playing the pianoforte, but to all children in love and understanding. It is obviously desirable to make them all love music, and, since few of them ever attain satisfactory proficiency in playing instruments, our chief problem lies in trying to develop their taste and thereby keeping their allegiance.

II

In a former article I discussed the qualities and properties of music as such — music, that is, in its pure estate, unconnected with words as in songs, or with words, action, costume, and scenery as in opera. And now, in writing about children's music, it is still necessary to keep in mind that, even when music is allied to words, it has the necessities of its own nature to fulfill, and that the use of suitable or

even fine words in a child's song does not change this condition.

In beginning this discussion I propose to ignore for the moment the effect in after life of what we advocate for children, and I also discard (with a certain contempt) the common notion — true enough in its way — that music is for them a rest and a change after burdensome tasks. For we must see music, in relation to children, as it really is. I go behind the psychologist[1] who says, '. . . the prime end of musical education . . . is to train the sentiments, to make children feel nature, religion, country, home, duty, . . . to guarantee sanity of the heart out of which are the issues of life'; for I say that music, by itself, cannot make children feel nature, religion, country, home, or duty, and that these sentiments are aroused by the heightened effect of words set to music, and not by the music itself. The prime end of music — and of the other arts — is beauty. Song is not story, melodies have nothing to do with morals, and all the theories about music — such as those of Darwin and Spencer — are wrong when they attribute to it any ulterior purpose or origin whatever. Music is an end, not a means.

Now this beauty which the soul of man craves, and always has craved, cannot be brought to little children in literary form, because they cannot read or because their knowledge of words is too limited; nor can it be brought to them in the form of painting, because they are not sufficiently sensitive to color-vibrations; nor of sculpture, for their sense of form is not sufficiently developed. In fact, their power of response is exceedingly limited in most directions. They can neither draw nor paint nor write nor read, so that this beauty which we value so highly seems shut out from them. This were so but for music.

[1] G. Stanley Hall.

By singing, and by singing only, a little child of five may come in contact with a pure and perfect form of beauty. Not only that, but the child can reproduce this beauty entirely unaided, and in the process of doing so its whole being — body, mind, heart, and soul — is engaged. The song, for the moment, is the child. There is no possible realization of the little personality comparable to this. Here, in sounds, is that correlation of impulses in which the stars move; here is the world of order and beauty in miniature; here is a microcosm of life; here is a talisman against the cold unmeaning facts which are driven into children's brains to jostle one another in unfriendly companionship. Through this they can feel a beauty and order and sequence which their minds are incapable of grasping. The joy which a child gets in reproducing beautiful melodies is like no other experience in life. It is absolutely a personal act, for the music lends itself to the child's individuality as nothing else does. Music, in this sense, preserves in children that ideality which is one of the most precious possessions of childhood, and which we would fain keep in after life; which loves flowers and animals, which sees the truth in fairy stories, which believes everything to be good and is alien to everything sinister, which sees the moon and stars, not as objects so many millions of miles from the earth, and parts of a great solar system, but as lanterns hung in the heavens.

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy. . . .
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the life of common day.

III

The prime object, then, of musical education for children is so to develop their musical sensibilities as to make them love and understand the best

music. Does this bring up the question, 'What is the best music?' By the 'best' music I mean exactly what I should mean if I were to substitute the word 'literature' for 'music' — I mean the compositions of the great masters. And if you say that the great masters did not write music suitable for little children, I reply that such music has nevertheless been produced by all races *in their childhood,* that it exists in profusion, that it is commonly known as 'folk-song,' that it is the basis upon which much of the greatest music in the world rests, and, finally, that it is the natural and, indeed, the inevitable means of approach to such great music.

With this objective in mind and with this material as a means of attaining our object, let us examine what is actually taking place in the teaching of music to children.

The most common fallacy consists in putting knowledge before experience, or theory before practice. Children are taught *about* music before they have had sufficient experience of it. They are taught, for example, to pin pasteboard notes on a make-believe staff; they are told that one note is the father-note and another the mother-note (one supposes the chromatics to be irascible old-maid aunts); all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to in an attempt to teach them what they are too young to learn and what, in any case, can have no significance whatever except when based on a long process of actual experience. One might as well try to satisfy a hungry child with a picture of an apple as to show a child notes before it has dealt with sounds.

But even these artificial and false methods are less harmful to children than are the poor, vapid, and false songs by means of which their taste is slowly and surely disintegrated. Now the nature of music is such that many people are unable to see why one child's song is better than another. There is a considerable number of people having to do with children's music who seem quite incapable of distinguishing between a really beautiful folk-song and a trivial copy of one. Long association with the latter has produced the inevitable result. Only one argument can be brought to bear on such persons, an argument having nothing to do with æsthetics — namely, that the current music for children of one generation is inevitably displaced by that of the next, whereas the same folk-songs are continually reproduced, and are sung by increasing generations of children the world over. Any musician can string together in logical sequence a series of notes to fit a verse of simple poetry — almost every musician has; any poet can put together simple and easily understood verses; but the hand of time sweeps them away to oblivion. Out of the depths of simple hearts, in joy or sorrow or privation, as a balm to toil and labor, as a cry from a mother's heart, in battle, in moments of religious exaltation — wherever and whenever the depths are stirred, song springs forth. A composer can express only what is in him; his limitations are as confining as are those of every other artist. Dickens could no more create a Clara Middleton than could Tschaikowsky a theme like that at the opening of the Ninth Symphony; and to suppose that the creation of a child's song is a simple matter of putting notes together in a correct and agreeable sequence, is to misconceive the whole creative process.

It is our cardinal error that we think any tune good enough which is attractive at first hearing. In the music-books provided for kindergarten and for home singing there is an endless series of poor, vapid, over-sweet melodies which children, hungry for any

music, will sing readily enough for lack of better. Some of these tunes smack unmistakably of a Broadway musical comedy; many of them are full of mawkish sentiment and affected simplicity. No real progress can be made until we reach definite conclusions on this point and act on them. Our taste and that of our children is never stationary, — we continually advance or go backwards, — and the subtle disintegration of the taste of children by bad songs results inevitably in indifference to good music in later life.

I must reserve for another place the discussion of this difference and the possible remedies for it; let me here content myself with saying that nearly all children love good songs, and that, as a part of their natural or normal endowment, they possess in this respect, and to a remarkable degree, that quality which we ignobly call 'taste.' (I recall an old Egyptian manuscript in the Bodleian Library containing a letter which ran thus: — '*Theon to his father, Theon — Greeting. It was a fine thing that you did not take me to Alexandria with you. Send me a lyre, I implore you! If you don't, I won't eat anything. I won't drink anything. There!*')

The number of musical nostrums for children is legion, and I have no desire to enumerate them. Their effects are in inverse relation to their extensive and — sometimes — expensive paraphernalia. But I will quote a single sentence from a popular song-book for children as an illustration of the tendency which they represent: 'Understanding as we do the innate fondness of children for rich harmonies, we have given special attention to the harmonization of the melodies; and although it is occasionally necessary for children to sing without accompaniment, yet such a lack is to be deplored, as the accompaniment often serves as the rhythmic expression of the thought.'

The foregoing specimen is almost a compendium of what children's songs and the teaching of them should not be. If children are fond of 'rich' harmonies, the fact is to be regretted. (I do not believe that the average child is.) The best possible thing for them, in that case, would be to hear no harmonies at all for some time, but to sing entirely unaccompanied (just as you would deprive them of sweetmeats if they had been made ill by them); special attention given to the harmonization of children's songs is given in an entire misconception of their character and their uses; for the essence of a child's song lies in its own rhythmic and melodic independence, and if it depends on an accompaniment for its rhythm, it is by just so much a poor song; the very essence of all the musical expression I have been advocating for children is destroyed by an accompaniment, for the instrument does for the children precisely what we want them to do for themselves, namely, reproduce correctly the metre and the rhythm, the pitch and the contour of the melody.

Such training as I have advocated, if carried on through early childhood, brings with it a natural desire to continue singing and makes learning to sing from notes much easier than it would otherwise be. The capacity to sing music at sight is a valuable acquisition for children, for it enables them to take part in choral singing and provides them in after years with a delightful means of access to some of the finest music. The advantage to the individual of this acquired technique is that it is of the mind and not of the muscles; it does not desert its possessor as finger technique deserts the player who ceases to practice. To sing part songs with friends, or to be one of a larger number

singing a composition by Bach or some other great composer, in which each singer is contributing to reproduce a noble work of art — this, in itself, is a highly desirable experience. But the process of learning to sing at sight has sometimes led far away from true æsthetics and has resulted in a certain debasing of the taste through singing inferior music. Vocal exercises for sight singing are necessary, and we can accept them as such, for they do not evoke the æsthetic sense; but bad songs taught to illustrate some point of technique are unnecessary and inexcusable.

IV

But the majority of the children who have private instruction in music take lessons in pianoforte-playing. It has become a custom; the pianoforte is an article of domestic furniture (and a very ugly one); pianoforte-playing is a sort of polish to a cursory education. But the reason is chiefly found in the fact that this is the line of least resistance: there are plenty of teachers of pianoforte-playing but few teachers of music, so parents accept that which is available.

There is here a confusion between performing music and understanding it. Learning to perform seems (and is) a tangible asset — something definitely accomplished; while merely learning to understand music seems to parents a vague process likely to have somewhat indefinite results. They want their children to produce tangible results in the form of 'pieces' well played. Here again we find the same misconception. Music in this sense is half titillation of the ear, and half finger-gymnastics. Such music instruction consists in finding the right key, black or white, holding the hand in a correct position,— patented and exploited as the only correct method, — putting the thumb under, and finally, after going through an almost endless series of evolutions covering many years and carried on at fearful cost of patience to every one within hearing, in dashing about over the glittering keys with an abandonment of dexterity positively bewildering. Nine tenths of the aspirants, however, fall by the wayside and some time later look back grimly on a long procession of endless hours almost wasted. One pictures to one's self a little girl of seven or eight seated before that ponderous and portentous mass of iron, steel, wood, wires, and hammers which we call a 'pianoforte' (sixty pounds of tender, delicate humanity trying to express itself through a solid ton), her legs dangling uncomfortably in space, her little fingers trying painfully to find the right key, and at the same time to keep in a correct position, struggling hard the while to relate together two strange things, a curious black dot on a page and an ivory key two feet below it, for neither of which she feels much affection. And then one pictures to one's self the same child at its mother's knee, or with other children, singing with joy and delight a beautiful song.

I do not advocate the abolishment of pianoforte-teaching to children, but I do advocate the exercise of some discrimination in regard to it, and particularly I insist that it should not be begun until the child has sung beautiful songs for several years and has developed thereby its musical instincts, — and even then only when a child possesses a certain amount of that physical coördination which is absolutely essential to playing the pianoforte. For pianoforte-playing is by no means a sure method of developing the musical instinct in children. In the first place it lacks the intimacy of singing, and in the second place the playing itself demands the greater part of a child's

attention, so that often it hardly hears the music at all. Any method of teaching music is, of course, wrong which attempts to substitute technical dexterity for music itself. The foregoing is not typical of the most intelligent instruction in pianoforte-playing, for there are many teachers who reason these matters out, and there are some parents who see them clearly enough to allow such teachers a reasonable latitude. But it is true of pianoforte-teaching in general, as doubtless almost every one of our readers has had some evidence. It is obvious that even a slight capacity to play the pianoforte is useful and delightful provided one plays with taste and understanding, for one gets from it a certain satisfaction which mere listening does not give. I deplore only an insistence upon playing as the only means of approach to music; I question the wisdom of forcing children to play who are not qualified to do so; and I think playing should, in any case, be postponed until the musical faculties are awakened by singing.

V

When children show an aptitude for playing the pianoforte there exists still the important question of developing their taste. Playing loses much of its value if there is any lack of musical taste and judgment on the part of the teacher. An examination of the programmes of what are called 'pupils' recitals' will reveal how lax some teachers are in this respect. There is no excuse whatever for giving children poor music to play, for there is plenty of good music to be had and they can be taught to like it — *but the teacher must like it also.* Children are quick to discover a pretense of liking, and it is difficult to stimulate in them a love for something which you do not love yourself.

These questions now inevitably arise: 'How can children be taught music itself?' 'By what process is it possible for them to become musical?' Obviously through personal experience and contact with good music, and with good music only, first by singing beautiful songs to train the ear and awaken the taste, second by learning how to listen intelligently, and third (if qualified to do so) by learning to play good music on some instrument. Intelligent listening to music is obviously such listening as comprises a complete absorption of all the elements in the music itself. It is not enough to enjoy the 'tune' only, for melody is only one means of expression. The listener must be alive to metric and rhythmic forms, to melodies combined in what is called 'counterpoint,' to that disposition of the various themes, harmonies, and so forth, which constitutes form in music. The groups of fives, for example, which persist throughout the second movement of Tschaikowsky's Pathétique Symphony constitute its salient quality; the steady, solemn tread in the rhythm of the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony defines the character of that piece; the weaving of the separate, individual parts in a composition by Bach is his chief means of expression, and his music is unintelligible to many people because they are incapable of answering to so complex an idiom; the latitude in melody itself is, also, very great, and one needs constant experience of the melodic line before one can see the beauty in the more profound melodies of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

What we are seeking to do is to make ourselves complementary to the music. We need to see that æsthetic pleasure is not by any means entirely of the senses, but rather of the imagination through training of the feelings and the mind. We want our listeners to assimilate all the elements in a piece

of music and then to re-create it in the imagination. It is the office of art to express beauty in such perfect form as shall make us reflect upon it.

This principle applies, of course, to the appreciation of any artistic object whatsoever. One cannot appreciate Whistler's portrait of his mother by merely realizing that the subject looks like a typical Victorian dame, any more than one can appreciate Whitman's 'To the Man-of-War-Bird' by locating Senegal. Whistler's idea is expressed through composition, drawing, and color, and each of these qualities has a subtlety of its own; the pose of the figure is a thing of beauty in itself; the edge of the picture-frame just showing on the wall, the arrangement of curves and spots on the curtain, the tone of the whole canvas— all these make the picture what it is, and all these we must comprehend and take delight in. Whitman's poem is a thing of space and freedom; the sky is the wild bird's cradle, man is 'a speck, a point on the world's floating vast'; the poet's imagination ranges through the whole created universe and flashes back over vast reaches of time as if to incarnate again man in the bird. So this music, which reaches our consciousness through rhythms, melodies, and harmonies, through form and style, through the delicate filigree of violins, or the triumphant blare of horns; which says unutterable things by means of silence; which means nothing and yet means everything, — this Ariel of the arts, — this, in all its quality, must find echo within us.

Observation, discrimination, reflection; cultivating the memory for musical phrases and melodies,disciplining the senses, enlarging the scope of the imagination, nurturing the sense of beauty — these are the means and the objects of musical education for children. By such a process we attain in some measure to that joy which is one of the chief objects of art, and of which our present situation almost completely deprives us.

So let us say finally that we wage war here against patent nostrums, against enforced and joyless music-teaching, against the development of technical proficiency without taste or understanding; and that we uphold here a process of musical education which has for its object 'being musical,' and which takes into its fold every child, boy or girl, and keeps them there as man and woman.

A COPPER KETTLE

BY E. NELSON FELL[1]

One day, the smelter *naryadtchik*, or foreman, walked into our office and said that he noticed signs of restlessness among the Kirghiz furnace men and that he believed they were preparing for a strike.

'You are silly,' I said; 'the idea is absurd; in the first place, the Kirghiz do not want anything which they have not already, and, secondly, they are quite incapable of organizing for any concerted action.'

'That sounds all right,' said the foreman, 'and would be all right in ordinary times, but they have been very much upset by the example of the Russians during the last year, and I think they feel they ought to be in the fashion, and call a strike themselves. Bad example is very contagious.'

The Kirghiz were employed around the smelter for the rough unskilled work. The word 'unskilled' is the word usually employed for this class of work, but in reality no work is 'unskilled,' strictly speaking. Some work requires less judgment than other; but in any work, no matter how rough, the difference between practiced laborers and raw hands makes the whole difference between success and failure, no matter how watchful the foreman may be.

The presence of the Kirghiz at the works, at all, was an anomaly in the Kirghiz régime, for, by nature, the Kirghiz hate manual work, hate to dirty their hands, hate regular hours, hate discipline, will have nothing to do with it. But the works had been in operation for fifty years and more, and there had grown up with it and in it a body of Kirghiz who had adopted the life and to whom it seemed a natural mode of existence. At the start they were no doubt very poor, probably considered undesirables by their own kin, and life was very hard for them; I suppose that the idea of a regular supply of tallow and brick tea appeared very attractive, and they succumbed to the temptation and put their names on the payroll. With their brother Kirghiz they lost caste; but, as the works grew in age and size, they became used to it and their children grew up in it, and gradually more and more of them joined the ranks, until, with furnace men, copper-miners, coal-miners, lime-burners, brick-makers, and carriers, there were over five thousand of them working for us. Especially since our arrival and the development of the works on a much enlarged scale, the working Kirghiz had grown in number and power and in respect for the dignity of work for work's sake. They were actually beginning to take a pride in their technical responsibilities, and in some respects their fidelity was extraordinary.

The fidelity of the carriers was especially remarkable. Once a Kirghiz (unable of course to read or write) has touched the pen with which you sign

[1] Mr. Fell tells the story of an actual experience which occurred during the years when he directed a large mining company in that portion of the Central Asiatic plateau known as the Kirghiz Steppes. The population consisted of Russian Cossacks and the original Kirghiz tribemen. — The Editors.

his name at the bottom of a bill of lading, the goods you have entrusted to him are as safe as if they were in the vault of a modern bank building. Poor ragged bundle of cotton batting, he stands outside the office door waiting for his precious bill of lading, he and his party of five or six ragged bundles like himself, with a string of forty or fifty camels. Each camel is tied to a light wooden sled pinned together with wooden pins. They have just come up from the copper room, where each sled has been loaded with bar copper wrapped in fibre matting, and made fast with rope or rawhide. The animals are huge and unwieldy, desperately hard to control; no one but a Kirghiz can do anything with them at all; but one virtue they have — they can look a blizzard in the face without blinking an eye; and this is very useful in a country where the winter is seven or eight months long. In fact, but for the camel, the Kirghiz would be helpless in the winter; horses must be fed, and they have no oats; cattle are quite useless, and the camel saves the situation; he yells horribly and spits often while the shafts are being fastened to his shoulders but he finally moves off and faces the storm, and with a few wisps of hay and a few pints of water he will reach the railway in the end.

The bill of lading is now ready and you call the carrier into your office. The bill calls for the delivery of twelve hundred bars of copper to the agent at Petropavlovsk within thirty days — a distance of nearly five hundred miles. You pay him the stipulated advance, he touches the pen while you sign for him, he folds the document, places it in his wallet, tucks the wallet into one of the many folds of wadded clothing which cover him, puts on his *malachai* (huge fur bonnet), which entirely covers his head and neck and as much of his face as possible, still leaving the eyes free, looks round, says, 'Kosh, Bai,' (good-bye, master), and joins his companions outside. They are waiting for him unconcernedly in the driving snow which cuts into *you* like glass, and slowly the cavalcade moves off. It is growing dark and you are almost afraid to try to find your way in the storm to your house, which is not more than two hundred yards down the road; but these men drift away in the gathering dusk, into the desert where every track is swept away by the storm, straight into the eye of the wind, with their five-hundred-mile walk before them. But they will reach the end somehow, — their faces scarred by the cruel wind, it is true; they will arrive within the allotted time, and they will deliver their precious tale of bars to the agent, and the number will be found correct. Of the hundred thousand bars which we dispatched we lost only two, and for those two the carriers paid in full in cash. This is a loss of two thousandths of one per cent and the loss was immediately made good. If any of our Western transportation systems can show a record of this kind, it has not been my good fortune to discover it.

Our case was not exceptional; through the whole vast expanse of Siberia, similar caravans are crawling across the interminable spaces. The railway has only recently been built, and even now there is only one. If you have not a large business of your own, you can employ one of the forwarding companies; they will accept your goods anywhere and forward them anywhere; if there is loss or damage, it will occur when your goods are on the Western railroad, but not when they are in the hands of these extraordinary carriers.

The quality of fidelity is curiously exhibited in the system of watchmen. If you have any property lying loose anywhere, an unoccupied house or any unprotected property, everything will

quickly disappear; but if you put a man at four dollars a month to watch it, everything will be perfectly safe even from the watchman himself. The result is that every one has at least one Kirghiz watchman outside his house at night. Our old watchman was a decrepit old man, with a pleasant smile. He was provided with a rattle which he rattled vigorously if you appeared at night. 'Smeet nieto' (I do not sleep), he used to say, as we passed, the only two words of Russian he knew. Most of us used to give him little presents from time to time, so small as to be almost microscopic. Sometimes a stranger might be with us, who did not know our custom, and so passed him by; then the little smiling 'Smeet nieto' would murmur rapidly, 'There goes a rich man, but he does not give me anything'; but he said it in Kirghiz, and of course our friend did not understand a word of it, and the watchman went back to his seat, grunting and mumbling.

The actual pay of the Kirghiz furnace men was twenty-five cents a day, with free quarters, coal, and water. They worked in two shifts of twelve hours each, and our furnaces were of such a form that the work was very real. There were no mechanical labor-saving devices; what we succeeded in doing we accomplished, as our foreman used to say, 'by main strength and awkwardness.' The Kirghiz supplied the main strength and we supplied the awkwardness. It may be that they were growing tired of this division of labor; more probably, they were simply demoralized by the unsettling times through which we had lately passed. When the spirit of anarchy is in the air, a certain section of humanity abandons logic and reason, and becomes a prey to any impulse which may catch its fancy. The impulse at this particular moment was to pommel somebody, and we half-a-dozen foreigners seemed to be the nearest vulnerable target.

One very cold morning, no one appeared at the furnaces. The foreman went to the men's quarters; they refused to move; the strike was on. They then sent up a demand for an increase from their present pay of twenty-five cents per diem to one dollar. This demand was as good as any other to make, and as good as any other to refuse. As strikers, it was impossible to take the Kirghiz seriously, and yet the situation was serious, for the furnaces would soon freeze if not attended to. With two or three others I walked down to their quarters. As soon as we arrived, I saw we had misjudged the situation and had made a mistake. We were instantly surrounded by a yelling mob of impervious, very animated cotton batting. The Kirghiz dresses himself in the winter with layer after layer of quilted cotton, with heavy felt boots up to his thighs, which are further incased in leather boots; his head and neck and most of his face are enveloped in his malachai. In such armor, nothing short of an axe can make any impression on him. He is further protected by a prodigious smell of tallow and wet wool, which is pleasant to his senses, as is the smell of violets to ours. You feel very helpless when a quarter of an acre of such odoriferous tallow perfume hems you in. Especially the mob-particles nearest to you seem to be irritated by your presence; they begin to pull and push and hustle you; they have lost all their attributes of human beings; if you were to stumble and fall they would pass over you and not know that you were under their feet. If you were to meet any individdual of these wriggling units alone on the Steppe, it would go through fire and water to help you; but, as part of the mob, it shows no more sign of intelligence than the units of the armies of locusts which sometimes invade our

western plains. Step by step, we managed to steer the mob toward the works, from which poured a little army of men armed with axes, and the mob fled.

When we were back in our own quarters, the head men of the furnaces came in a deputation to see us.

'Why did you stop work this morning,' I said. 'Don't you know that the furnaces are growing cold?'

'We want one dollar a day instead of twenty-five cents,' they said.

'Well; go back to work first and then come and tell us what you want; if you don't go back very soon, there will be no work for you to go back to.'

'The Bai forgets that we are on strike; you cannot go back to work if you are striking; but we want the Bai to give an order that we shall have some credit on our wage-books, so that we can buy some tallow and tea; we don't want much credit, just enough to last us while we are on strike.'

'You know you are talking nonsense; go back to your people and tell them to go to work.'

'The Bai knows best, but our people will be very disappointed when they hear the Bai will neither raise our pay, nor give us credit at the store.'

They left; but it was not very long before they appeared again.

'Bai,' they said, 'perhaps we asked for too much when we asked for one dollar a day; we will be satisfied with fifty cents a day.'

'You are now receiving double the wages you used to get before we came to the works, and we cannot pay any more than we are paying; besides, I do not want to talk to you until you have gone back to work.'

They came back again later.

'Bai,' they said, 'it is very unfortunate and very awkward that during a strike we can get nothing to eat.'

'It is your own fault,' I said; 'go back to work and you will again receive credits on your books.'

'But the coal is so bad which the coal carriers leave for us, there is very little of it, and it is full of slate; we are cold and we cannot cook our fat.'

Our ears were deaf to this appeal also, and the next morning they appeared again in a melancholy mood.

'Bai,' they said, 'you see the furnaces are working very badly; Izkak cannot even keep his settler clean of slag. Why don't you give us what we want?'

'I have told you again and again that I will give you nothing until you all go back to work.'

'At least the Bai will promise to put in a floor in our quarters, so that we do not have to lie on the cold ground.'

'I will do nothing until you have all gone back to work.'

They were quite dejected when they left, and quickly returned.

'At least,' they said, 'the Bai will grant us this request. Our copper kettle is quite worn out; will the Bai give us an order for a new kettle?'

It is impossible to maintain a consistent and stern attitude toward such helpless and amiable people. The hustling, pushing mob is forgotten; the frozen furnaces are forgotten; the long-planned strike has come down to a request for a copper kettle.

The order was signed, and they quickly went and bought their kettle and showed it to me in triumph.

'You have won your strike, have you not?' I said.

'Yes, Bai, we are now going back to work.'

'Well, next time you all want a day off, tell me beforehand and you will not have to go through the trouble of a strike to get it.'

'Tairjilgassin, djaksi Bai, kosh.'

(Thank you, thank you; the master is very good; good-bye.)

GUESTS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

So far, in mentioning the many guests who frequented the old home of my childhood, I have named only such as were relations of the spirit. Often these seemed to me more truly my kindred than those whose kinship was based upon ties of blood. Yet, as my memory brings before me those men and women of my mother's and father's families, I find myself aware that the bonds of blood are strong, strong.

These came bearing valid claim of right and title; these were not to be gainsaid or denied; these were accompanied by silent but how indisputable witnesses of feature and form. Whether I liked them or not, these were 'my own.'

But their chief power over me lay in this — that they linked my life openly to all that of the past which I could call mine. The older of them, who sometimes laid their hands on my head, touched with the other hand, as it were, the generation already gone. They still carried vivid memories of the dead in their hearts; spoke familiar words of them; or, perhaps, wore delicate pictures of them still in lockets at their throats. The visible past was theirs invisibly.

The Greeks, that people of sound ideals and of incomparable taste for living, did not consent to or admit of the departure of the older generation. To the invisible hands of the *lares* and *penates* was delivered the sacredness of the house itself. The spirits of the 'departed' commemorated its lintels, kept clean and bright the fires of the hearth, guarded the home from evil if so might be, and gathered into a sweet influence those traits and characteristics and deeds long gone in the flesh and surviving in the spirit in some fine aroma of living.

It was, I believe, somewhat in the manner of the *lares familiares* that the clan of our older 'blood-kin,' both those of a past and those of a very nearly past generation, added meaning to that old home of my childhood.

My great-aunts and uncles brought with them the spirits of ancestors, were in a sense abodes of ancestors themselves. An older generation looked out of their eyes; the spirits of men and women long gone still lingered with them. It lent a dignity to life.

We children stood aside while they passed by in front of us. We saw them served at table and elsewhere to the best of everything. To them, too, as to the *lares*, were given the first and best portions of viands. We listened to them as though to oracles speaking. It was for us to allow the rivers of their broader wisdom to flow undisturbed by that kind of stone-throwing, pebble-skipping curiosity so noticeable in the average liberated child of to-day. Into their fine flowing streams of narrative we flung no big or little stones of our questions or our egotism. Their talk rippled on or flowed stately.

'We were under full canvas,' — I can see the fine-featured old gentleman yet, — 'we were in a zone of tempests,

sailing 'round the Horn' — (a wave of the hand here, and a pause).

What is 'full canvas'? What is a 'zone'? What is 'Horn'? Indeed we did not know. Be sure we did not interrupt the narrator to ask — not more than the audience arrests the ghost in Hamlet for exact definitions when it mouths out the sorrowful hollow words '*unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled.*' The words defined themselves well enough for all practical and spiritual purposes. The mere sound of them was much and the manner of saying them was more.

We got no definitions of 'full canvas,' 'zone,' or 'Horn' for future reference; but what we did get was a present sense of some of the great allied human experiences, the unpitying power of the sea, the dread of a soul brought face to face with shipwreck and death, the quick awful moving of the 'imminent hand of God,' the cry of a coward, the fierce bravery of a brave man ready to fling life away for the sake of his fellows; — then the sense of a great deliverance and what we take to be the mercy of God. And beyond all these, for good measure, pressed down and running over, we had added unto us additional respect for those older and more experienced than ourselves, and the sense of a fine tale told tellingly.

But I would not have you suppose that I found all the old ladies and all the old gentlemen delightful. Some of them I disliked and wished gone. A sense of justice compels me to admit, however, — putting aside all question as to whether they charmed or disappointed us, and considering them only as purely educative mediums, — that these visitors of an older generation are not surpassed, indeed are rarely equaled, by any theory or practice of modern pedagogy.

If Miss Lou Brooks and Eugene Ashton and Dr. Highway taught us much of foreign lands and strange worlds and spiritual astronomies; if they instructed me besides in the poetry and romance of life, these others gave me a knowledge and love and understanding of other times, other manners; they were a kind of incarnate treatises in history and ethics, philosophy, and comparative philology.

What a lesson in history and manners was my great-aunt Sarah for instance!

She was tall and stately, a kind of reproof to the shallowness of later days. There was about her the refinement and delicacy of a rare old vase. She had been young once; this my reason told me, for in her home, a large stone house called 'Scarlet Oaks,' hung a very beautiful portrait of her, a delicate, very young, translucent face, rising above the shimmering satin of a low-cut wedding gown. But for this I should have taken her to have been always old, in the sense, I mean, in which the piping forms of youth, the 'brede of marble men and maidens,' on Keats's Grecian urn are 'forever young, forever fair.' There was such a finality and finish about her, like something arrested in its perfection; such achievement, such delicate completeness, it seemed, as could not change! It appeared that, when old age should waste our own generation, that delicate loveliness of her would remain untouched. She seemed already to live above, to survive, what was perishable and trivial in her own day and ours.

She affected cashmere shawls and cameos, and wore long and very elaborate mitts, and was always spoken of as 'delicate.' 'Aunt Sarah is very delicate.' That indeed she was!

We all waited upon my aunt Sarah, from the greatest to the least. She was very fond of my father, and to hear her address him as 'William' and treat him with the condescension one gives

to a child, — he who had iron-gray hair, — and to see his eager and affectionate and wholly respectful response, was to see time flow back.

My great-aunt had two brothers, my uncle Hays and my uncle William, who still wore great pointed collars and black stocks that wound around the throat several times, and broadcloth coats. But my great-uncles, unlike my great-aunt, seemed passing by. There was in their somewhat careful, sometimes feeble step a suggestion of treaty and capitulation, and from time to time in their glance or actions, the pathos of childlikeness so much more frequent in the old of that sex than of the other.

Such types were rare even in my day. There were only a few, a very few such men and women left then, guests of a twice older generation, visiting still, with a kind of retained graciousness, in the house of life from which they were soon finally to depart. By an enviable fate some six or eight of these men and women belonged to me. An air of grandeur came to the house with them as with the coming of the gods and goddesses in the old days; the human dwellings expanded and the lintels grew tall.

You can guess, perhaps, whether we children ventured a word! Glory enough to be permitted to come as silent as mice to supper, while they were there!

Yet I would not be misleading. Even those of a twice older generation were by no means inevitably stately and imposing. History is not given over entirely to kings and queens. There was, for instance, my great-aunt Henrietta of the 'other side of the house.' She was a wholly different type. She was little. She wore three puffs at either side of her face. These were held in place by little gray combs. She knew everybody's affairs, and her chief delight was in recounting them. She was a living chronicle, an accurate if inglorious historian; an intimate and personal account, with a mind for little happenings and a prodigious memory for events; a sort of Pepys in petticoats and neckerchief.

She was the oldest survivor of my mother's people. The family tree was in her keeping. But she cared little enough to dig about its deep roots. She took no delight, apparently, in the dignity of its stem, or pride in the wide spread of its branches. Her entire pleasure, rather, was in the twittering and whispering of its leaves. There was something bird-like and flitting in her character, and she gossiped like a chaffinch.

In her flowed together the great strains on my mother's side, Spencer and Halsted, names to conjure with. She had, certainly, not less to be stately about than my great-aunt Sarah. She had plenty of ancestors to be proud of, and, for a touch of romance, had danced the minuet with Lafayette, when she was a slip of a girl and he a guest in her grandfather's house; but she never appeared in the least proud of her people, only unfailingly entertained by them.

It was at an early age that I resolved to model my life after my great-aunt Sarah rather than after my aunt Henrietta; yet recalling my aunt Henrietta's memorable characteristics, and that about Lafayette, and the delightful side-puffs, and her searching comments on humanity, I am willing to admit she was perhaps the more vivid lesson of the two. And if one counts in the lasting distaste for gossip which I acquired by being obliged to listen respectfully hours at a time, it seemed, while she continued to profess her little astonishments and 'you-don't-say-so's!' to my mother, with the best end of her sentences always finished, inau-

dibly to me, behind her fan, I am even prone to believe her to have been the more influential and educative of the two.

In those days, those days when visits were long and frequent, the bond of kinship was firmly established and family characteristics were strong and vivid. There were *Halsteds*, *Spencers*, *Hamiltons*, *Ogdens*, and not to be mistaken, any more than you mistake now your reader for your speller, your history for your geography.

It seemed, it is true, that they were there but to visit; but how much were they there, though how little were they aware of it, to teach, to enlighten, to admonish! With them came the Halsted or Spencer or Portor imperiousness or graciousness or brains, the Halsted eyes which were beautiful and the Halsted tempers which were not; with them came those obstinate egotisms, those devotions and ideals, those headstrong weaknesses, those gentle fortitudes which, strong in themselves, survived vividly from generation to generation.

My aunt Henrietta, my aunt Sarah and the rest, it was plain to be seen, were the earthly abodes of strong antecedent family spirits; and now, these bodily abodes doomed to decay, had not those spirits, strong and nimble, already begun to frequent the available lives of the younger generation, resolved on living yet in the day-lighted world, and visiting still the glimpses of the moon; hopeful, perhaps, in the younger generation, to correct some old folly; or willful, and determined, it might be, to pursue in some younger life the old fatality and mistakes?

This was what it meant, this and not less, when often a little wistfully the passing generation remarked certain likenesses. 'Mary, how *much* she is getting to be like William'; or 'Do you know she reminds me of her great-grandmother Ferguson'; or 'She has the Portor eyes'; and sometimes cryptically, so that I might not guess too clearly what it meant, 'Very like the Halsteds.'

All these things were, I believe, far more influential and educative than the unthinking will admit. They gave me much food for thought. They roused in me commendable emotions, or salutary dismays. Might I some day be like my aunt Sarah? Was I really like my father? Could I worthily be classed with these others? And traits not to be proud of — was I in danger from these? So cautions and hopes and worthinesses grew up in me under the fine influence of what might be called a study in 'Comparative Characteristics.' There is not alone a dignity, but a tenderness as well, lent to life by such a study of former and passing generations. The results of living much of my childhood in the presence of the past, serving tea to it, offering it the required courtesies, putting footstools under its feet, were, I believe, a certain abiding reverence for human nobility, and a pity for human faults and weaknesses, and more, a desire and hope for nobility in myself, and a haunting dread that some family weakness might reappear in me; and these, as valuable assets to education, I would not rank below the dates of the battles of Crécy and Poictiers and the siege of Paris — none of which dates, though I once learned them carefully, have remained with me.

II

There is not space to tell of that nearer constellation of warm and bright stars, guests who were my mother's and father's intimate friends and contemporaries. Even if there were nothing else to recommend them, these were men and women who had lived through the Civil War in their prime. To

sit on the knee of my ex-soldier uncle and know that where my head leaned he carried in his breast-pocket a little Testament, with a bullet-hole in it but not quite through it — the Testament having saved his life and stopped the bullet from reaching his heart; and to sit on the knee of another uncle who actually carried a bullet from Antietam about in his body, yes, and for all that was the very gayest of the gay — these experiences were spelling-books of a high order and readings in life not to be looked down on.

There were other uncles who visited the house only in tradition but were entertained there how warmly of my eager fancy, — their adventurous lives having ended before mine began, — who were memorable lessons in daring, in courtesy, and in spirit!

There was, further, my mother's youngest sister, who was better than any legend. I would rather have inherited, as I did then, that love-story of hers, than very considerable worldly riches.

Another of my mother's sisters was mistress of a home on Fifth Avenue and of a very lovely country place on the Hudson. She had maids at every hand to wait upon her, and footmen whose eyes looked straight ahead of them, and who wore cockades in their hats. I liked her for herself: her beauty and her spirit and commandingness always stirred me, and she liked and approved of me besides. Moreover — let me be frank — I liked her too, in those days, for the footmen as well. One of my sisters had visited her for nine months, and had, on her return, entirely revolutionized all my ideas of the world.

But that rather, which confirmed and stablished me and my ideals as on a rock, was the love-story of my youngest aunt.

She and her husband had only the most moderate means. They lived in what I like now to believe must have been a rose-covered cottage. But oh, the love of them! She had a mass of wonderful hair which it seems he loved to unpin at night, to see it fall at either side of her lovely face, down to her knees and beyond; and a tiny foot, whose slipper he would allow no one but himself to put on. All reports of every member of the family agreed: these were a pair of perfect lovers; no harsh word was ever spoken between them; they lived wholly for each other, in a blissful world apart, rich in their own manner; where neither poverty, nor distress, nor discord could find them; and where no hand could ever fall upon the latch to bring them sorrow — save only one.

That hand fell — the hand of him gently termed by Scheherazade and other tale-tellers of the East, 'The Terminator of Delights, and Separator of Companions.'

She came to be with us the winter that she was widowed. It was thought the change of air, and perhaps the brightness of our household, might be of some little help. We children were admonished to be very gentle, — not to be noisy. Superfluous precaution! She was to me sacred!

She used to walk up and down the upper veranda, taking the air slenderly, a light shawl about her shoulders; her tiny foot pausing now and then for greater steadiness, when the wind swayed her frail body too rudely. I have known many faces since then; I never knew one with a lovelier look. Heartbroken though she was, the depth of her love was daily attested, for there never came complaint or bitter word across her lips; and you went to her, without question, for quiet and comfort, as to a sanctuary.

At first, it seems, she had been pitifully rebellious, had longed and prayed to die (we children knew these facts);

but, having been denied so much as this, she rose delicately, and lived on worthy of him, binding and unbinding her hair, fastening her little slippers anew for the daily road and routine of life. Sometimes, with tactful or tactless devotion (I do not know to this day which), I would offer to fasten them for her; and she would smile and let me do it, and usually kissed me afterward.

There were years and years when I never saw her. She grew more frail, I am told, and her cheek withered; but to me she was always incomparable, and always 'Rose-in-Bloom'; and, like Rose-in-Bloom, looking always to one thing only — reunion with her beloved.

'Will fortune after separation and distance, grant me union with my beloved?' sings the lover of Rose-in-Bloom. 'Close the book of estrangement and efface my trouble? Shall my beloved be my cup-companion once more? Where is Rose-in-Bloom, O King of the Age?'

It might have been her lover who so questioned a mightier king, while she waited far from him, there even in our very house. And the reply of the king in the story would still have been fitting: 'By Allah, ye are two sincere lovers; and in the heaven of beauty two shining stars, and your case is wonderful and your affair extraordinary.'

It were indeed impossible to explain all that these, the vivid lives of my own, meant to me, and what effect they had on what I like to call my education — how much indeed they *were* my education.

It is usually assumed that the sooner we get at books the sooner we shall become educated. I think it a pale assumption. The order might more happily be reversed. I am convinced that it was mainly by my reading of these men and women with whom the world of my childhood was peopled and whom the gracious habit of visiting brought within my ken, that I came later to recognize and enjoy the best authors and the best literature. I had known Lear and Othello and Hamlet in my own circle, though without Shakespearean dramatization or language. I have already told you how well I knew 'Rose-in-Bloom,' so much better than the Arabian Nights could ever tell me of her. 'The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling' was familiar enough to me. I had had it rolled on me by the author of *Herod and Mariamne*. I was continually recognizing in books fragments of life, but glorified by the art of phrase or symbol. When I came one day upon the incomparable scene in Capulet's orchard, and those lines, —

> 'By yonder blessed moon I swear,
> That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,' —

was I, do you think, a stranger to it? Had I not in real life heard Miss Lou Brooks sing with a full heart and a quivering voice, —

> 'The stars shine o'er his pathway!'

It will without doubt be objected that my childhood was an exceptional one, even for my day; that the average child of the present would certainly have no such characters and types from which to draw knowledge. But this is, I am sure, a false premise. Humanity is a very ancient stuff, and human beings are to be found to-day quite as interesting and vivid as ever human beings were. But there lacks to the modern child the quiet opportunity for knowing and studying humanity at first hand. In place of long and comfortable and constant visits we have a kind of motion-picture hospitality soon over, a film on a roll soon spun out; and instead of life with its slower actions and reactions, a startling mere picture of life flashing by.

A short time ago I watched a party of married people and children receive

an automobileful of guests at a country home. The guests remained something over twelve hours, which is a long visit in these days.

When they came it was explained by them how many miles they had come that day and over what roads. An hour was now devoted to getting the dust off and to a change of clothes. After this there was much chatter among host and guests, talk of mutual friends and much detail as to journeying, what roads had been found good, what ones uncomfortable for speeding, with a comparing of road-maps among the men. Then there was luncheon, after that siestas, after these a spin to the polo grounds in the host's motor; after this, tea on the country-club veranda, and another spin home. Another half-hour was now again given to the removal of dust, then an hour to an exceptionally well-served supper; more chatter, with rather high laughter; then the summoning of the original motor; good-byes, some waving of hands, a little preliminary chugging of the machine, then a speeding away, a vanished thing. Gone in a flash! A clean sheet once more! The moving-picture visit was over; the host and hostess returned to the chairs on their own veranda; the handsome, long-legged, bronzed children looked bored; and the *lares* and *penates* inside, if there were any, shivered, I am sure, with what 'freezings' in the midst of 'old December's bareness everywhere.'

'And yet this time removed was summer's time.' There were in that flashing speeding automobile six people: there was an old gentleman (very trig and alert) who had hunted tigers in India and had buried three wives; there was a woman who was one of the most proud and vain women in the world as well as one of the most beautiful; there was a man who had carried through a great panic in Wall Street and who wore an invisible halo of prayers of widows and orphans; there was a middle-aged woman with a broken heart, whose lover had been buried at sea; there was a fresh-looking young girl chained to the rock of modern conventions, and a square-jawed handsome young Perseus who was in love with her and determined to rescue her and carry her away to dwell with Poverty and himself on a claim in Eastern Idaho.

Flash, flash! They are moving pictures, they are gone! What might they not have been, what might they not have contributed, very especially to the host's children, in the way of lessons and knowledge and education, had they remained long enough to be guests! What? Education? But the children all go to school and to the best school to be had; and the little one there is just starting in under the Montessori method. You should see how amazingly from fifty-seven varieties she can select and grade the different shades and colors.

III

Madame Montessori recommends that children be under the care of a 'directress' (note the name) in the 'Houses of Childhood,' each day, the day to begin at eight and to last until six, in a schoolroom where the Montessori 'method' is practiced by means, mainly, of the 'didactic material'! The thing revolts me. I do not say, 'What time for arithmetic and geography and the sterner realities of schooling?' No, nor do I complain as does Sir Walter Scott when he touches on Waverley's education, you remember, that 'the history of England is now reduced to a game at cards.' I say to myself more solemnly, 'But what time is left for life? What time for guests?'

They have a great care of children's

education nowadays. We were neglected to a higher learning; and abandoned to a larger fate. There were guests coming! We made off to don our best dresses and behaviors. We hoped to be worthy the gracious occasion. We meant to try. Life was at the door.

It was not mere shrewdness in St. Paul, surely, when he recommended the Romans so earnestly to be 'given to hospitality'; but a wistfulness as well, and a certain longing for a higher education to be given unto them; and it was his correspondents' welfare he had in mind, you remember, rather than the welfare of their guests, when he bade the Hebrews that they 'be not forgetful to entertain strangers'; for — now note carefully the sequel — '*for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.*'

I have an old friend who is on his way, I am told by those in authority, to be one of our great modern psychologists. He gives anxious thought to the education of his children. Lately he approached me seriously in the matter of his boy's educational needs. Would I talk them over with him? He wished to consult me. I looked for a careful discussion of 'methods,' and was ready with all my arguments concerning the Montessori teachings. Instead he inquired, 'Now when will you come and visit us? a real visit, I mean? That is what I wanted to ask you. It is with that that I am most concerned. That is exactly what Jack needs.'

I am needed as a guest in their house, for the sake of the children! My heart rises at the thought! Cheered, I seem to see ahead, clearly, a time when if we do not provide them with guests we shall think that we have shamefully neglected our children's education; when we will no more deny them visitors than we would now neglect to have them taught to read.

To love life for ourselves and others; to be forever interested in it; to be loyal to it, and that down to the grave; to dwell helpfully and appreciatively with one's kind; to understand others as generously as is possible to faulty human nature, and to make ourselves understood as much as is consistent with courtesy; these are, I take it, the fine flower of culture; here is all that I would dare call education, or presume to think of permanent importance.

And by no means, I feel sure, can youth be led to all this so readily, so happily, so effectually, as by means of the age-old virtue of hospitality. These things are things which guests bring with them, knowing it not, and bestow on those who are not aware of the bestowal.

And our most advanced ideal, that of 'universal brotherhood' and a 'federation of the world' — what is this, I ask you, but a glad sharing of life in a society to which all will be welcome, with bread and wine and greeting denied to none, and guest and host fulfilling an equal obligation?

This is the old manner of entertaining and — I ask your patience — it is God's manner, not less. The gentle sympathy, the unfailing hospitality of my mother, — how gentle and understanding she was of all types which frequented the old house! — her patience and hospitality had in them, I like to think, some resemblance to that larger patience of Him in whose House of Life we do but for a time visit, some of us how gayly, how romantically, some how fretfully and inconsiderately, lingering past our time; some contributing but idle gossip; some lending to the hearth-fires the glow of our poetic dreams; some adding truth or dignity of our own; some possessed of foibles and accomplished in failures; some shining with hopes of final successes that shall never be ours. Yet all of us, by the grace of God, and God be

thanked, even so, adding somewhat to the meaning of life, edifying when we least know it, teaching when we are wholly unaware; helpful, instructive, even in our blunders, profiting others by the often profitless lessons and fables of our lives; enlightening when we are most ignorant of so doing, and even when our own lives are darkened. — In a word, *guests;* and what is of even sweeter import, all of us understood, condoned, valued, pitied, loved by the Master of the House; welcomed by his world that has long looked for our coming; served by his servants; waited upon by wind and wave and those others who do his bidding; afforded the bread of life to eat, given the wine of life to drink; warmed by the shining welcoming sun; lighted by no less candles than the stars; and with rest and peace, and a bed at last for every one.

WOMAN AND RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

It is a thing somewhat surprising to find a gentleman listed in the front of the *Atlantic* as 'one of the chief spokesmen of the English feminists' devoting his time and his ink to a series of dissertations apparently designed to prove that woman's intellectual equipment is inferior in most important particulars to that of man. As a feminist one is curious to know what good Mr. W. L. George[1] thinks can be accomplished by turning over the affairs of the race to what he deems the least capable portion of the community. Nor is it easily comprehensible how anyone in this age of scientific research dares publicly and openly to draw sweeping conclusions about the intelligence of a whole sex from observation of about sixty-five cases, with only twenty-six of whom he has what he terms as much as an 'adequate acquaintance.'

In an address recently made in our town by the quieter of our ex-presidents, he said that whenever he heard a suffragist talk he felt impelled against suffrage, and *vice versa.* One feels a good bit that way about these articles of Mr. George's. If women are really as inane as he paints them, and if male feminists — possibly because of feminine associations(?) — are as 'intuitive' and illogical as he himself seems to be, then let us revert as soon as possible to the 'cave-man' period. In these days of spies and plots, it is not difficult to imagine that this leading British feminist may be an 'anti' in disguise.

One might feel inclined to ignore these articles, smiling uncertainly at them as possibly another instance of that very dry humor so common in *Punch,* that insular drollery so subtle as to be beyond most of us on this side the great water, were it not for their incidental references to religion. These are, at least to the present writer, cumulative as irritants.

'Most people practice religion be-

[1] In the *Atlantic* for December, 1915, and January, 1916.

cause they are too cowardly to face the idea of annihilation,' remarks Mr. George. Shakespeare knew better. He understood that what people really fear after death is existence, not the lack of it. Hamlet's wisdom is preferable to that of Mr. George. One thinks of the intellectual giants, the pioneers in thought in ancient and modern times, who have been fearless in facing truth and yet deeply religious, and one feels a little hurt at an ignorance which so unjustly contemns the blessed saints.

'These modern religions are no longer spiritual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ideal religions, like Christianity,' says Mr. George. It is dusk. One must have read amiss. One lights the lamp. Now, once more. Confound it, that is what stands written! It sounds like the sage conclusion of the occupant of the cracker-barrel in the corner grocery, like the village atheist, or like the young collegiate undergraduate, scornful of Christianity and quite oblivious of the fact that most of his professors find it not incompatible with philosophy and science. Here is a presumably intelligent man who knows nothing, it would seem, of the science of theology.

'The Christian religion has done everything in its power to heap ignominy upon woman.' This statement shows that Mr. George knows about as much of Church history as his reference to the council which denied woman a soul would indicate. As a plain matter of fact, the Church has always encouraged Feminism up to the limit of her power to do so. No organization composed of human beings could ever be as far in advance of its age as Mr. George and his kind wish the mediæval Church might have been. The mediæval social system was a composite of the remnants of Roman civilization and the semi-savage institutions of the Teutonic invaders. Christianity did all it could to leaven this anti-Feminist lump of social ideas and ideals. In the first place the Church maintained to a remarkable degree her Master's teaching that marriage is a free contract and an indissoluble one. This may seem anti-Feminist to some people, possibly to Mr. George, but even they will admit it a step in advance when they remember that the freedom of dissolution of marriage which was replaced by Christian indissolubility was a freedom for the male only, — except in the rarest instances, — a freedom which made of woman a slave and an instrument of passion, to be discarded whenever she failed to satisfy. Nor was this all that the mediæval Church did. Through her feminine monasticism she provided the only alternate career to marriage that was possible in that day. By the competition of the nunnery the position of woman in marriage was lifted past belief. Moreover, the abbesses of the great houses had power and authority such as no feminist of to-day has even conceived. Of all this, and much besides, many people seem wholly ignorant.

Finally, one comes to this marvelous observation of Mr. George regarding woman: 'She was seduced and held [to religion] only by cruelty and contempt. . . . She clings [to the ancient faiths] more closely than man because she is more capable of making *an act of faith, of believing that which she knows to be impossible.*' One is dazed, stunned, prostrated. This definition of faith from a scientific realist? The writer of the letter to the Hebrews defined it somewhat differently and more accurately. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.' Is Mr. George really under the impression that we Christians believe in things we know to be impossible? Hypocrites we all are, then, eh? And women are stronger in religion than

men because they are greater hypocrites? Is that it? And Mr. George is a feminist? Can this be because he admires people proportionately to their capacity for hypocrisy? One's brain reels!

But turning from these drolleries of Mr. George's, it is worth serious consideration, this fact, — for it is a fact, — that women of to-day are very much more interested in religion than are men. In every congregation and every denomination this is true to a greater or less extent. It is a very conservative thing to say that there are four women to every man in the church membership of America. Many people are wont to lay the blame for this on the churches. Quite a number of people would like to lay it on the men. Some, notably Mr. George, fault the women for it. Is it not possible that the responsibility rests upon our social structure?

It is not at all true, as thoughtless people sometimes assume, that woman has a spiritual sensitiveness which man does not possess, that she is by nature more fitted for religion than he is. If that were true we should find that the present state of things had always been. The most superficial study of comparative religion, however, will convince anyone that in all early cults the practice of religion was preëminently a male duty and a male pleasure. One finds this in more complex religious developments of former times as well. Except in the sex-cults, woman had almost no place or function at all; and it will be found that most even of these exceptions were directed by men while women performed only the necessary subsidiary duties. The practice of the Hebrews of excluding women from their more intimate and holy religious ceremonies was the rule, rather than the exception, among ancient peoples. And when one reaches Christianity, although from the beginning women were given the privilege of participation in the deepest mysteries and sacraments, still religion was long looked upon as a thing primarily to be attended to by men. For instance, in the monastic organizations which saved religion and European civilization in the Middle Ages, there were manifold more men than women. Until quite lately, indeed, men went to Church as much as women did, or more, and their interest in things religious was just as much, or more, evident.

Nor, despite Mr. George's confident belief, is it because women are less intelligent than men, that they have not waked up, as have men, to the essential falsity and foolishness of religion. One does not know just what the facts may be in England, but in this country it is certainly true that the average woman is very much better equipped mentally than is the average man. This is so for various reasons. In the first place the girls of the family usually go further in school, with us on this side the ocean, than do their brothers. It is not uncommon to find in high schools three girls enrolled to every boy. It is the girls who are introduced to physical science. It is they who are enabled to study history and at least to dabble a bit in philosophy. Furthermore, in our college population, the standard of intellectual achievement is usually far higher among women than among men. One has, to see this, only to look upon the elections to Phi Beta Kappa in our coeducational institutions. Again, the Woman's Club movement, having survived the ridicule of our men, has brought and is bringing large numbers of our women closely into touch with many modern problems of which their husbands and brothers are apt to have only the vaguest notion. In the United States the best books are read by women. It is they who as a sex support art and music. It is they, preponderat-

ingly, who patronize our public libraries. It is they who are first to insist upon the betterment of our public schools. If intelligence and education make people irreligious, we ought to have fewer women in our churches than we have men. As has been said, one does not know about England. Mr. George's statement may possibly be to some extent true over there. It will not do among us.

Equally unsatisfactory is the theory that women are more religious than men because they are morally better than men. Leaving aside the interesting speculation as to whether, after all, religion is a thing which appeals to good people more than to bad, passing by for the moment the interesting assertion of Jesus Christ that he 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' ignoring the possible falsity of the assumption of modern 'liberalism' that being good and being religious are but two ways of saying the same thing, it is certainly safe to say that hardly any one who has had much experience in intimate knowledge of bared souls — hardly any priest, hardly any physician — would agree that women are better morally than men. There are some kinds of sin which men commit more readily than women. Such are the sins of lust, and possibly of anger. But there are others where men and women seem to offend about equally, the sins of gluttony, sloth, and covetousness. And of the sins of pride and envy, one might say that they are preëminently feminine sins.

The real reason why women are more religious than men to-day is because they are more human than men. It is not by nature that they are so. Social conditions have made them so. As we have divided the labor of the world between the sexes, the work of men is almost entirely concerned with the production and distribution of *things;* the work of women almost entirely with the production and sustenance of *persons.* We all of us at times notice the great throngs of men who go, at the call of the whistle, in and out of our great factories. To the average man's mind, these hundreds of men are 'hands,' and the purpose of the factories where they are employed is to produce 'goods'; but to the average woman's mind, these hundreds of laborers are human beings, and the purpose of the factories is to furnish sustenance, through pay envelopes, to men and women and boys and girls and babies yet unborn. In most of our homes the man leaves human interests early in the morning, devotes the best hours of his day to the welfare of things, and returns to persons again only for the evening's relaxation. His wife, meanwhile, has hardly done an act of labor all the day, has hardly made a plan or had a thought, which is not with considerable intimacy related to human beings — her husband, her children, her neighbors.

Years, even generations, of this help to make a male sex which thinks predominantly in terms of property, a female sex which thinks most largely in terms of persons. They tend to make men estimate success in terms of bank-accounts, the while they assist woman to count achievement in terms of human happiness. They make society, to the male, an arrangement for the protection of the interests of production; to the female, an organism for the insurance of proper and adequate consumption. They make men interested, with a fervor no woman can understand, in their business firms and commercial associations. They make women absorbed to a degree that is past the comprehension of most men — including Mr. George — in their religion and their church.

For religion is, in essence, the translation into the supernatural realm of

the personal values learned in earthly life. This has always been true. The deities of savage peoples are always connected with the social activities of their worshipers. They are always perfections of those qualities most admired and valued in the lives of those worshipers. No deity can ever be long revered by a people whose life-values differ from those that deity expresses. Christ offers, for the worship of the world, as God Himself, the perfectly self-sacrificing Person, the Being who gladly renounces the pursuit of things for the sake of fulfilling the happiness of people. He says to those who would worship Him, 'Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' and 'He who would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.' The only person who can ever freely and easily worship Christ as God is a person whose natural ideals and longings are shaped that way, who really looks on life as a thing of personal rather than property values. Woman, nine-tenths of whose life is lived on these terms, is naturally drawn to Christ, understands Him, honors Him, believes in Him, worships Him. Man, in order so to regard Him, must carry on a continual fight with his environment, a warfare almost impossible for most men. Therefore are the churches full of women and empty of men. It is hard to see how it can ever be otherwise, unless in some way we are able to emancipate men from enforced absorption in the making of things and to restore to them something of their ancient privileges in the cultivation of persons.[1]

And that, more or less clearly expressed, is impelling large numbers of people into the Feminist camp, people who are but little concerned with the emancipation of woman. They see with much greater clearness the need for the emancipation of man. They see, far more than the urgency for getting woman into commercial and industrial pursuits, the necessity for restoring man to the home and the personal interests revolving about the family. At present man is doing most of the soul-killing, spirit-deadening work of the world, and woman is getting all the employment, or nearly all, which makes for real humanity. These people see the need of Feminism for the liberation of males from their present intellectual and spiritual limitations.

[1] In corroboration of the point here made it may be remarked that in almost every community it will be found that the physicians are of all men the most religious, — the physicians, whose work is preëminently with persons. This also serves to discredit a little more the theory that education makes for irreligion, for the physicians are far better educated than the average man. — THE AUTHOR.

REMEMBRANCE

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

'*An aeroplane has been brought down in the Ægean Sea.*' — DISPATCH.

WOUNDED, the steel-ribbed bird dipped to the sea,
Its vast wings twisted, struggling with the air
That would not bear it up — and heavily
Struck the still water, sleeping idly where
The gold-arched noon had lulled it into dream.
So there was foaming tumult and the fret
Of waves on heated steel — then silver steam,
That hung like fallen cloud, where they had met.
And that small, striving thing that fought away,
Free of the wreckage, did he, dying, hear
The waters murmuring of another day,
A noon, now long ago, yet strangely near;
The waters telling drowsily of one
Who with his wings of wax dared woo the sun?

A SOLDIER OF 'THE LEGION'

BY E. MORLAE [1]

I

ONE day during the latter part of August, 1915, my regiment, the *2me Étranger* (Foreign Legion), passed in review before the President of the French Republic and the Commander-in-Chief of her armies, General Joffre. On that day, after twelve months of fighting, the regiment was presented by President Poincaré with a battle-flag. The occasion marked the admission of the Légion Etrangère to equal footing with the regiments of the line. Two months later — it was October 28 — the remnants of this regiment were

[1] Mr. Morlae is the California-born son of a French immigrant who served as sergeant in the French army in 1870. Two days after the war began he left Los Angeles for Paris, and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. On returning to America, wounded in neck and knee, he came to Boston, where the *Atlantic* made his acquaintance, heard his story, and asked him to write it in detail. — THE EDITORS.

paraded through the streets of Paris, and, with all military honors, this same battle-flag was taken across the Seine to the Hôtel des Invalides. There it was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and, with reverent ceremony, was placed between the flag of the cuirassiers who died at Reichshofen and the equally famous standard which the Garibaldians bore in 1870–71. The flag lives on. The regiment has ceased to exist.

On the battlefield of La Champagne, from Souain to the Ferme Navarin, from Somme-Pye to the Butte de Souain, the ground is thickly studded with low wooden crosses, their plain pine boards marked with the Mohammedan crescent and star. Beside the crosses you see bayonets thrust into the ground, and dangling from their crossbars little metal disks which months ago served their purpose in identifying the dead and now mark their graves. Many mounds bear no mark at all. On others again you see a dozen helmets laid in rows, to mark the companionship of the dead below in a common grave. It is there you will find the Legion.

Of the Legion I can tell you at firsthand. It is a story of adventurers, of criminals, of fugitives from justice. Some of them are drunkards, some thieves, and some with the mark of Cain upon them find others to keep them company. They are men I know the worst of. And yet I am proud of them — proud of having been one of them; very proud of having commanded some of them.

It is all natural enough. Most men who had come to know them as I have would feel as I do. You must reckon the good with the evil. You must remember their comradeship, their *esprit de corps*, their pathetic eagerness to serve France, the sole country which has offered them asylum, the country which has shown them confidence, mothered them, and placed them on an equal footing with her own sons. These things mean something to a man who has led the life of an outcast, and the Légionnaires have proved their loyalty many times over. At Arras, in La Champagne, there are more than 400 kilometers of trench-line which they have restored to France. The Legion has always boasted that it never shows its back, and the Legion has made good.

In my own section there were men of all races and all nationalities. There were Russians and Turks, an Anamite and a Hindu. There were Frenchmen from God knows where. There was a German, God only knows why. There were Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, Negroes, an Italian, and a Fiji Islander fresh from an Oxford education, — a silent man of whom it was whispered that he had once been an archbishop, — three Arabians, and a handful of Americans who cared little for the quiet life. As Bur-bek-kar, the Arabian bugler, used to say in his bad French, '*Ceux sont le ra-ta international.*' — 'They're the international stew.'

Many of the men I came to know well. The Italian, Conti, had been a professional bicycle-thief who had slipped quietly into the Legion when things got too hot for him. When he was killed in Champagne he was serving his second enlistment. Doumergue, a Frenchman who was a particularly good type of soldier, had absconded from Paris with his employer's money and had found life in the Legion necessary to his comfort. A striking figure with a black complexion was Voronoff, a Russian prince whose precise antecedents were unknown to his mates. Pala was a Parisian 'Apache' and looked the part. Every man had left a past behind him. But the Americans in the Legion were of a different type. Some

of us who volunteered for the war loved fighting, and some of us loved France. I was fond of both.

But even the Americans were not all of one stripe. J. J. Casey had been a newspaper artist, and Bob Scanlon, a burly Negro, an artist with his fist in the squared ring. Alan Seeger had something of the poet in him. Dennis Dowd was a lawyer; Edwin Bouligny a lovable adventurer. There was D. W. King, the sprig of a well-known family. William Thaw of Pittsburg started with us, though he joined the Flying Corps later on. Then there were James Bach of New York, B. S. Hall, who hailed from Kentucky, Professor Ohlinger of Columbia, Phelizot, who had shot enough big game in Africa to feed the regiment. There were Delpenche, and Capdevielle, and little Trinkard, from New York. Bob Subiron came, I imagine, from the States in general, for he had been a professional automobile racer. The Rockville brothers, journalists, signed on from Georgia; and last, though far from least, was Friedrich Wilhelm Zinn from Battle Creek, Michigan.[1]

The rest of the section were old-time Légionnaires, most of them serving their second enlistment of five years, and some their third. All these were seasoned soldiers, veterans of many battles in Algiers and Morocco. My section — complete — numbered sixty. Twelve of us survive, and of these there are several still in the hospital recovering from wounds. Zinn and Trinkard lie there with bullets in their breasts; Dowd, with his right arm nearly severed; Subiron, shot in the leg; Bouligny, with a ball in his stomach. But Bouligny, like many another, is an old hand in the hospital. He has been there twice before with metal to be cut out. Several others lie totally incapacitated from wounds, and more than half of the section rests quietly along the route of the Ryt. Seven of them are buried at Craonne; two more at Ferme Alger, near Rheims. Eighteen of them I saw buried myself in Champagne.

That is the record of the first section of Company I. It has not a fortunate sound, but in the company it was the lucky section. Section III, on the night of the first day's fighting in Champagne, mustered eight men out of the forty-two who had fallen into line that morning. Section IV lost that day more than half of its effectives. Section II lost seventeen out of thirty-eight. War did its work thoroughly with the Legion. We had the place of honor in the attack, and we paid for it.

II

Two days before the forward movement began, we were informed by our captain of the day and hour set for the attack. We were told the exact number of field-pieces and heavy guns which would support us and the number of shells to be fired by each piece. Our artillery had orders to place four shells per metre per minute along the length of the German lines. Our captain gave us also very exact information regarding the number of German batteries opposed to us. He even told us the regimental numbers of the Prussian and Saxon regiments which were opposite our line. From him we learned also that along the whole length of our first row of trenches steps had been cut into the front bank in order to enable us to mount it without delay, and that our own barbed-wire entanglements, which were immediately in front of this trench, had been pierced by lanes cut through every two metres, so that we might advance without the slightest hindrance.

On the night of September 23, the

[1] The author's MS. leaves the spelling of these names in considerable doubt. — THE EDITORS.

commissioned officers, including the colonel of the regiment, entered the front lines of trenches, and with stakes marked the front to be occupied by our regiment during the attack. It was like an arrangement for a race. Starting from the road leading from Souain to Vouziers, the officers, after marking the spot with a big stake, paced 1500 metres to the eastward and there marked the extreme right of the regiment's position by a second stake. Midway between these two a third was placed. From the road to the stake, the 750 metres marked the terrain for Battalion C. The other 750 metres bearing to the left were assigned to Battalion D. Just 100 metres behind these two battalions a line was designated for Battalion E, which was to move up in support.

My own company formed the front line of the extreme left flank of the regiment. Our left was to rest on the high road and our front was to run from that to a stake marking a precise frontage of 200 metres. From these stakes, which marked the ends of our line, we were ordered to take a course due north, sighting our direction by trees and natural objects several kilometres in the rear of the German lines. These were to serve us for guides during the advance. After explaining all these matters to us at length, other details were taken up with the engineers, who were shown piles of bridging, ready made in sections of planking so that they might be readily placed over the German trenches and thus permit our guns and supply-wagons to cross quickly in the wake of our advance.

The detail was infinite, but everything was foreseen. Twelve men from each company were furnished with long knives and grenades. Upon these 'trench-cleaners,' as we called them, fell the task of entering the German trenches and caves and bomb-proofs, and disposing of such of the enemy as were still hidden therein after we had stormed the trench and passed on to the other side. All extra shoes, all clothing and blankets were turned in to the quartermaster, and each man was provided with a second canteen of water, two days of 'iron rations,' and 130 rounds additional, making 250 cartridges per man. The gas-masks and mouth-pads were ready; emergency dressings were inspected, and each man ordered to put on clean underwear and shirts to prevent possible infection of the wounds.

One hour before the time set for the advance, we passed the final inspection and deposited our last letters with the regimental postmaster. Those letters meant a good deal to all of us and they were in our minds during the long wait that followed. One man suddenly began to intone the Marseillaise. Soon every man joined in singing. It was a very Anthem of Victory. We were ready, eager and confident: for us to-morrow held but one chance — Victory.

III

Slowly the column swung out of camp, and slowly and silently, without a spoken word of command, it changed its direction to the right and straightened out its length upon the road leading to the trenches. It was 10 P.M. precisely by my watch. The night was quite clear, and we could see, to right and to left, moving columns marching parallel to ours. One, though there was not quite light enough to tell which, was our sister regiment, the 1*er* Régiment Étranger. The other, as I knew, was the 8*me* Zouaves. The three columns marched at the same gait. It was like a funeral march, slow and very quiet. There was no singing and shouting; none of the usual badinage. Even the officers were silent. They were all

on foot, marching like the rest of us. We knew there would be no use for horses to-morrow.

To-morrow was the day fixed for the grand attack. There was not a man in the ranks who did not know that to-morrow, at 9.15, was the time set. Every man, I suppose, wondered whether he would do or whether he would die. I wondered myself.

I did not really think I should die. Yet I had arranged my earthly affairs. 'One can never tell,' as the French soldier says with a shrug. I had written to my friends at home. I had named the man in my company to whom I wished to leave my personal belongings. Sergeant Velte was to have my Parabellum pistol; Casey my prismatics; Birchler my money-belt and contents; while Sergeant Jovert was booked for my watch and compass. Yet, in the back of my mind, I smiled at my own forethought. I *knew* that I should come out alive. I recalled to myself the numerous times that I had been in imminent peril: in the Philippines, in Mexico, and during the thirteen months of this war. I could remember time and again when men were killed on each side of me and when I escaped unscratched. Take the affair of Papoin, Joly, and Bob Scanlon. We were standing together so near that we could have clasped hands. Papoin was killed, Joly was severely wounded, and Scanlon was hit in the ankle — all by the same shell. The fragments which killed and wounded the first two passed on one side of me, while the piece of iron that hit Bob went close by my other side. Yet I was untouched! Again, take the last patrol. When I was out of cover, the Germans shot at me from a range of 10 metres — and missed! I felt certain that my day was not to-morrow.

Just the same, I was glad that my affairs were arranged, and it gave me a sense of conscious satisfaction to think that my comrades would have something to remember me by. There is always the chance of something unforeseen happening.

The pace was accelerating. The strain was beginning to wear off. From right and left there came a steady murmur of low talk. In our own column men were beginning to chaff each other. I could distinctly hear Subiron describing in picturesque detail to Capdevielle how he, Capdevielle, would look, gracefully draped over the German barbed wire; and I could hear Capdevielle's heated response that he would live long enough to spit upon Subiron's grave; and I smiled to myself. The moment of depression and self-communication had passed. The men had found themselves and were beginning their usual chaffing. And yet, in all their chatter there seemed to be an unusually sharp note. The jokes all had an edge to them. References to one another's death were common, and good wishes for one another's partial dismemberment excited only laughter. Just behind me I heard King express the hope that if he lost an arm or a leg he would at least get the *médaille militaire* in exchange. By way of comfort, his chum, Dowd, remarked that, whether he got the medal or not, he was very sure of getting a permit to beg on the street corners.

From personal bickerings we passed on to a discussion of the Germans and German methods of making war. We talked on the finer points of hand-grenades, poison gas, flame-projectors, vitriol bombs, and explosive bullets. Everybody seemed to take particular pleasure in describing the horrible wounds caused by the different weapons. Each man embroidered upon the tales the others told.

We were marching into Hell. If you judged them by their conversation, these men must have been brutes at

heart, worse than any Apache; and yet of those around me several were university graduates; one was a lawyer; two were clerks; one a poet of standing; one an actor; and there were several men of leisure, Americans almost all of them.

The talk finally settled upon the Germans. Many and ingenious were the forms of torture invented upon the spur of the moment for the benefit of the 'Boches.' 'Hanging is too good for them,' said Scanlon. After a long discussion, scalping alive seemed the most satisfactory to the crowd.

It had come to be 11 P.M. We were at the mouth of the communicating trench and entering it, one by one. Every so often, short transverse trenches opened up to right and left, each one crammed full of soldiers. Talking and laughing stopped. We continued marching along the trench, kilometre after kilometre, in utter silence. As we moved forward, the lateral trenches became more numerous. Every 15 to 18 feet we came to one running from right to left, and each was filled with troops, their arms grounded. As we filed slowly by, they looked at us enviously. It was amusing to see how curious they looked, and to watch their whispering as we passed. Why should we precede them in attack?

'Who are you?' several men asked.

'La Légion.'

'A-a-ah, la Légion! That explains it.'

Our right to the front rank seemed to be acknowledged. It did every man of us good.

We debouched from the trench into the street of a village. It was Souain. Houses, or ghosts of houses, walled us in on each side. Through the windows and the irregular shell-holes in the walls, the stars twinkled; while through a huge gap in the upper story of one of the houses I caught a glimpse of the moon, over my right shoulder. Lucky omen! 'I'll come through all right,' I repeated to myself, and rapped with my knuckle upon the rifle-stock, lest the luck break.

No one house in the village was left standing — only bare walls. Near the end of the street, in the midst of chaos, we passed a windmill. The gaunt steel frame still stood. I could see the black rents in the mill and the great arms where the shrapnel had done its work; but still the wheel turned, slowly, creaking round and round, with its shrill metal scream.

The column turned to the left and again disappeared in a trench. After a short distance we turned to the right, then once more to the left, then on, and finally, not unwillingly, we came to a rest. We did not have to be told that we were now in the front line, for through the rifle-ports we could see the French shells bursting ahead of us like Fourth-of-July rockets.

The artillery had the range perfectly, and the shells, little and big, plumped with pleasing regularity into the German trenches. The din was indescribable — almost intolerable. Forty, even fifty, shells per minute were falling into a space about a single kilometre square. The explosions sounded almost continuous, and the return fire of the Germans seemed almost continuous. Only the great 10-inch long-range Teuton guns continued to respond effectively.

We looked at the show for a while, and then lay down in the trench. Every man used his knapsack for a pillow and tried to snatch a few hours' sleep. It was not a particularly good place for a nervous sleeper, but we were healthy and pretty tired.

The next morning, at 8 A.M., hot coffee was passed around, and we breakfasted on sardines, cheese, and bread, with the coffee to wash it down. At 9 the command passed down the line, 'Every man ready!' Up went the knap-

sack on every man's back, and, rifle in hand, we filed along the trench.

The cannonading seemed to increase in intensity. From the low places in the parapet we caught glimpses of barbed wire which would glisten in occasional flashes of light. Our own we could plainly see, and a little farther beyond was the German wire.

Suddenly, at the sound of a whistle, we halted. The command, 'Baionnette au canon!' passed down the section. A drawn-out rattle followed, and the bayonets were fixed. Then the whistle sounded again. This time twice. We adjusted our straps. Each man took a look at his neighbor's equipment. I turned and shook hands with the fellows next to me. They were grinning, and I felt my own nerves a-quiver as we waited for the signal.

Waiting seemed an eternity. As we stood there a shell burst close to our left. A moment later it was whispered along the line that an adjutant and five men had gone down.

What were we waiting for? I glanced at my watch. It was 9.15 exactly. The Germans evidently had the range. Two more shells burst close to the same place. We inquired curiously who was hit this time. Our response was two whistles. That was our signal. I felt my jaws clinching, and the man next to me looked white. It was only for a second. Then every one of us rushed at the trench wall, each and every man struggling to be the first out of the trench. In a moment we had clambered up and out. We slid over the parapet, wormed our way through gaps in the wire, formed in line, and, at the command, moved forward at march-step straight toward the German wire.

The world became a roaring hell. Shell after shell burst near us, sometimes right among us; and, as we moved forward at the double-quick, men fell right and left. We could hear the subdued rattling of the mitrailleuses and the roar of volley fire, but, above it all, I could hear with almost startling distinctness the words of the captain, shouting in his clear, high voice, 'En avant! Vive la France!'

IV

As we marched forward toward our goal, huge geysers of dust spouted into the air, rising behind our backs from the rows of '75's' supporting us. In front the fire-curtain outlined the whole length of the enemy's line with a neatness and accuracy that struck me with wonder, as the flames burst through the pall of smoke and dust around us. Above, all was blackness, but at its lower edge the curtain was fringed with red and green flames, marking the explosion of the shells directly over the ditch and parapet in front of us. The low-flying clouds mingled with the smoke-curtain, so that the whole brightness of the day was obscured. Out of the blackness fell a trickling rain of pieces of metal, lumps of earth, knapsacks, rifles, cartridges, and fragments of human flesh. We went on steadily, nearer and nearer. Now we seemed very close to the wall of shells streaming from our own guns, curving just above us, and dropping into the trenches in front. The effect was terrific. I almost braced myself against the rocking of the earth, like a sailor's instinctive gait in stormy weather.

In a single spot immediately in front of us, not over ten metres in length, I counted twelve shells bursting so fast that I could not count them without missing other explosions. The scene was horrible and terrifying. Across the wall of our own fire, poured shell after shell from the enemy, tearing through our ranks. From overhead the shrapnel seemed to come down in sheets, and from behind the stinking, blinding cur-

tain came volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, their whine unheard and their effect almost unnoticed.

I think we moved forward simply from habit. With me it was like a dream as we went on, ever on. Here and there men dropped, the ranks closing automatically. Of a sudden our own fire-curtain lifted. In a moment it had ceased to bar our way and jumped like a living thing to the next line of the enemy. We could see the trenches in front of us now, quite clear of fire, but flattened almost beyond recognition. The defenders were either killed or demoralized. Calmly, almost stupidly, we parried or thrust with the bayonet at those who barred our way. Without a backward glance we leaped the ditch and went on straight forward toward the next trench, marked in glowing outline by our fire. I remember now how the men looked. Their eyes had a wild unseeing look in them. Everybody was gazing ahead, trying to pierce the awful curtain which cut us off from all sight of the enemy. Always the black pall smoking and burning appeared ahead — just ahead of us — hiding everything we wanted to see.

The drama was played again and again. Each time, as we approached so close that fragments of our own shells occasionally struck a leading file, the curtain lifted as by magic, jumped the intervening metres, and descended upon the enemy's trench farther on. The ranges were perfect. We followed blindly — sometimes at a walk, sometimes at a dog-trot, and, when close to our goal, on the dead run. You could not hear a word in that pandemonium. All commands were given by example or by gesture. When our captain lay down, we knew our orders were to lie down too. When he waved to the right, to the right we swerved; if to the left, we turned to the left. A sweeping gesture, with an arm extended, first up, then down, meant, 'Halt. Lie Down!' From down, up, it meant, 'Rise!' When his hand was thrust swiftly forward, we knew he was shouting, 'En avant!' and when he waved his hand in a circle above his head, we broke into the double-quick.

Three times on our way to the second trench, the captain dropped and we after him. Then three short quick rushes by the companies and a final dash as the curtain of shells lifts and drops farther away. Then a hand-to-hand struggle, short and very bloody, some using their bayonets, others clubbing their rifles and grenades. A minute or two, and the trench was ours. The earthen fortress, so strong that the Germans had boasted that it could be held by a janitor and two washerwomen, was in the hands of the Legion.

As we swept on, the trench-cleaners entered the trench behind and began setting things to rights. Far down, six to eight metres below the surface, they found an underground city. Long tunnels, with chambers opening to right and left; bedrooms, furnished with bedsteads, wash-stands, tables, and chairs; elaborate mess-rooms, some fitted with pianos and phonographs. There were kitchens, too, and even bathrooms. So complex was the labyrinth that three days after the attack Germans were found stowed away in the lateral galleries. The passages were choked with dead. Hundreds of Germans who had survived the bombardment were torn to pieces deep beneath the ground by French hand-grenades, and buried where they lay. In rifles, munitions, and equipment the booty was immense.

We left the subterranean combat raging underneath us and continued on. As we passed over the main trench, we were enfiladed by cannon placed in armored turrets at the end of each section of trench. The danger was formidable, but it, too, had been foreseen. In

a few moments these guns were silenced by hand-grenades shoved point-blank through the gun-ports. Just then, I remember, I looked back and saw Pala down on his hands and knees. I turned and ran over to help him up. He was quite dead, killed in the act of rising from the ground. His grotesque posture struck me at the time as funny, and I could not help smiling. I suppose I was nervous.

Our line was wearing thin. Half-way to the third trench we were reinforced by Battalion E coming from behind. The ground in our rear was covered with our men.

All at once came a change. The German artillery in front ceased firing, and the next second we saw the reason why. In the trench ahead, the German troops were pouring out in black masses and advancing toward us at a trot. Was it a counter-attack? 'Tant mieux,' said a man near me; another, of a different race, said, 'We'll show them!' Then as suddenly our own artillery ceased firing, and the mystery became plain. The Germans were approaching in columns of fours, officers to the front, hands held in the air, and, as they came closer, we could distinguish the steady cry, '*Kameraden! Kameraden!*'

They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we had mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trouser buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war shoes had their laces cut, according to the regulations laid down in the last French *Manual*, and thus, slopping along, their hands helplessly in their breeches' pockets, to keep their trousers from falling round their ankles, shuffling their feet, to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them. There was no fight left in them now. A terror-stricken group; some of them, temporarily at least, half insane.

As the Germans had left the trenches, their artillery had paused, thinking it a counter-attack. Now, as file after file was escorted to the rear and it became apparent to their rear lines that the men had surrendered, the German artillery saw its mistake and opened up again furiously at the dark masses of defenseless prisoners. We, too, were subjected to a terrific fire. Six shells landed at the same instant in almost the same place, and within a few minutes Section III of our company had almost disappeared. I lost two of my own section, Casey and Leguer, both severely wounded in the leg. I counted fourteen men of my command still on their feet. The company seemed to have shrunk two-thirds. A few minutes later, we entered the trench lately evacuated by the Prussians and left it by a very deep communication trench which we knew led to our destination, Ferme Navarin. Just at the entrance we passed sign-boards, marked in big letters with black paint, SCHUTZENGRABEN, SPANDAU.

This trench ran zigzag, in the general direction north and south. In many places it was filled level with dirt and rocks kicked in by our big shells. From the mass of débris, hands and legs were sticking stiffly out at grotesque angles. In one place, the heads of two men showed above the loose brown earth. Here and there, men were sitting, their backs against the wall of the trench, quite dead, with not a wound showing. In one deep crater, excavated by our 320-millimetres, lay five Saxons, side by side, in the pit where they had sought refuge, killed by the bursting of a single shell. One, a man of about twenty-three years of age, lay on his back, his legs tensely doubled, elbows thrust back into the ground, and fingers dug into the palms; eyes staring in terror

and mouth wide open. I could not help carrying the picture of fear away with me, and I thought to myself, that man died a coward. Just alongside of him, resting on his left side, lay a blond giant stretched out easily, almost graceful in death. His two hands were laid together, palm to palm, in prayer. Between them was a photograph. The look upon his face was calm and peaceful. The contrast of his figure with his neighbor's struck me. I noticed that a paper protruded from his partly opened blouse, and, picking it up, read the heading, 'Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott.' It was a two-leaved tract. I drew a blanket over him and followed my section.

The trench we marched in wound along in the shelter of a little ridge crowned with scrubby pines. Here the German shells bothered us but little. We were out of sight of their observation posts, and, consequently, their fire was uncontrolled and no longer effective. On we went. At every other step our feet pressed down upon soldiers' corpses, lying indiscriminately one on top of the other, sometimes almost filling the trench. I brushed against one who sat braced against the side of the trench, the chin resting upon folded arms quite naturally — yet quite dead. It was through this trench that the Germans had tried to rush reinforcements into the threatened position, and here the men were slaughtered, without a chance to go back or forwards. Hemmed in by shells in both front and rear, many hundreds had climbed into the open and tried to escape over the fields toward the pine forest, only to be mown down as they ran. For hundreds of metres continuously my feet as I trudged along did not touch the ground. In many of the bodies life was not yet extinct, but we had to leave them for the Red Cross men. We had our orders. No delay was possible, and, at any rate, our minds were clogged with our own work ahead.

Making such time as we could, we finally arrived at the summit of the little ridge. Then we left the cover of the trench, formed in Indian file, 50 metres between sections, and, at the signal, moved forward swiftly and in order.

It was a pretty bit of tactics and executed with a dispatch and neatness hardly equaled on the drill-ground. The first files of the sections were abreast, while the men fell in, one close behind the other; and so we crossed the ridge, offering the smallest possible target to the enemy's guns. Before us and a little to our left was the Ferme Navarin, our goal. As we descended the slope, we were greeted by a new hail of iron. Shells upon shells, fired singly, by pairs, by salvos, from six-gun batteries, they crashed and exploded around us. We increased the pace to a run and arrived out of breath abreast of immense pits dynamited out of the ground by prodigious explosions. Imbedded in them we could see three enemy howitzers, but not a living German was left. All had disappeared.

We entered the pits and rested for a space. After a moment we crawled up the side of the hollow and peeked over the edge. There I could see Doumergue stretched on the ground. He was lying on his back, his shoulders and head supported by his knapsack. His right leg was doubled under him, and I could see that he had been struck down in the act of running. As I watched, he strained weakly to roll himself sideways and free his leg. Slowly, spasmodically, his leg moved. Very, very slowly the foot dragged itself along the ground, and finally the limb was stretched alongside the other. Then I saw his rough, wan face assume a look of satisfaction. His eyes closed. A sigh passed between his lips and Doumergue had gone with the rest.

As we waited there, the mood of the men seemed to change. Their spirits began to rise. One jest started another, and soon we were all laughing at the memory of the German prisoners marching to the rear, holding up their trousers with both hands. Some of the men had taken the welcome opportunity of searching the prisoners while cutting their suspenders, and most of them were now puffing German cigarettes. One of them, Haeffle, offered me a piece of K. K. bread,[1] black as ink. I declined with thanks, for I did n't like the looks of it. In the relaxation of the moment, nobody paid any attention to the shells falling outside the little open shelter, until Capdevielle proposed to crawl inside one of the German howitzers for security. Alas, he was too fat, and stuck! I myself hoped rather strongly that no shell would enter one of these pits in which the company had found shelter, because I knew there were several thousand rounds of ammunition piled near each piece hidden under the dirt, and an explosion might make it hot for us.

As we sat there, smoking and chatting, Delpenche, the *homme des liaisons*, as he was called, of the company, slid over the edge of the hollow and brought with him the order to leave the pit in column of one and to descend to the bottom of the incline, in line with some trees which he pointed out to us. There we were to deploy in open order and dig shelter trenches for ourselves — though I can tell the reader that 'shelter' is a poor word to use in such a connection. It seems we had to wait for artillery before making the attack on Navarin itself. The trench 'Spandau,' so Delpenche told me, was being put into shape by the engineers and was already partially filled with troops who were coming up to our support. The same message had been carried to the other section. As we filed out of our pit, we saw them leaving theirs. In somewhat loose formation, we ran full-tilt down the hill, and, at the assigned position, flung ourselves on the ground and began digging like mad. We had made the last stretch without losing a man.

The Ferme Navarin was 200 metres from where we lay. From it came a heavy rifle and mitrailleuse fire, but we did not respond. We had something else to do. Every man had his shovel, and every man made the dirt fly. In what seemed half a minute we had formed a continuous parapet, 12 to 14 inches in height, and with our knapsacks placed to keep the dirt in position, we felt quite safe against infantry and machine-gun fire. Next, each man proceeded to dig his little individual niche in the ground, about a yard deep, 20 inches wide, and long enough to lie down in with comfort. Between each two men there remained a partition wall of dirt, from 10 to 15 inches thick, the usefulness of which was immediately demonstrated by a shell which fell into Blondino's niche, blowing him to pieces without injuring either of his companions to the right or the left.

We were comfortable and able to take pot shots at the Germans and to indulge again in the old trench game of sticking a helmet on a bayonet, pushing it a little above the dirt, and thus coaxing the Germans into a shot and immediately responding with 4–5 rifles. I looked at my watch. It said 10.45 A.M. — just an hour and a half since we left our trenches and started on our charge; an hour and a half in which I had lived days and years.

I was pretty well tired out and would have given the world for a few hours' sleep. I called to Merrick to toss me Blondino's canteen. Mine was empty, and Blondino had left his behind when he departed with the 105-millimetre.

[1] Krieg's Kartoffel Brot. — THE EDITORS.

Haeffle remarked that Blondino was always making a noise anyway.

The artillery fire died gradually down, and only one German battery was still sweeping us now. Our long-range pieces thundered behind us, and we could hear shells swooshing overhead in a constant stream on their way to the German target. Our fire was evidently beating down the German artillery fire excepting the single battery which devoted its attention to us. The guns were hidden, and our artillery did not seem able to locate them. Our aeroplanes, long hovering overhead, began to swoop dangerously low. A swift Morane plane swept by at a height of 200 metres over the pine forest where the German guns were hidden. We watched him as he returned safe to our lines.

Soon the order came down the line to deepen the trenches. It seemed we were to stay there until night.

The charge was over.

V

Time passed very slowly. I raised my arm to listen to my wrist-watch, but could n't hear it. Too many shells!

I knelt cautiously in my hole, and, looking over the edge, counted my section. There were but eighteen men. The Collettes, both corporals, were on the extreme left. Next came Capdevielle, Dowd, Zinn, Seeger, Scanlon, King, Subiron, Dubois, Corporal Mettayer, Haeffle, St. Hilaire, Schneli, De Sumera, Corporal Denis, Bur-bek-kar, and Birchler. On my left, two paces in the rear of the section, were Neumayer, Corporal Fourrier, and Sergeant Fourrier. Both these were supernumeraries. The second sergeant was over with Section II. I began now to realize our losses. Fully two-thirds of my section were killed or wounded.

I wanted information from Corporal Denis regarding some men of his squad. Throwing a lump of dirt at him to attract his attention, I motioned to him to roll on to the side of his hole and make a place for me. Then, with two quick jumps I landed alongside him. As I dropped we noticed spurts of dust rising from the dirt-pile in front of the hole and smiled. The Germans were too slow that time. Putting my lips to his ears, I shouted my questions and got my information.

This hole was quite large enough to accommodate both of us, so I decided to stay with him a while. Corporal Denis still had bread and cheese and shared it with me. We lunched in comfort.

Having finished, we rolled cigarettes. I had no matches, and as he reached his cigarette to me to light mine, he jumped almost to his feet, rolled on his face, and with both hands clasped to his face, tried to rise, but could n't. I've seen men who were knocked out in the squared ring do the same thing. With heads resting on the floor, they try to get up. They get up on their knees and seem to try to lift their heads, but can't. Denis tugged and tugged, without avail. I knelt alongside him and forced his hands from his face. He was covered with blood spurting out of a three-inch gash running from the left eye down to the corner of the mouth. A steel splinter had entered there and passed under the left ear. He must stay in the trench until nightfall.

I reached for his emergency dressing and as I made the motion felt a blow in the right shoulder. As soon as I had got Denis tied up and quiet, I unbuttoned my overcoat and shirt and picked a rifle-ball out of my own shoulder. The wound was not at all serious and bled but little. I congratulated myself, but wondered why the ball did not penetrate; and then I caught sight of Denis's rifle lying over the parapet and

showing a hole in the woodwork. The ball seemed to have passed through the magazine of the rifle, knocked out one cartridge, and then hit me.

When I was ready to return to my own hole, I rose a little too high and the Germans turned loose with a machine gun, but too high. I got back safely and lay down. It was getting very monotonous. To pass the time, I dug my hole deeper and larger, placing the loose dirt in front in a quarter-circle, until I felt perfectly safe against anything except a direct hit by a shell. There is but one chance in a thousand of that happening.

The day passed slowly and without mishap to my section. As night fell, one half of the section stayed on the alert four hours, while the other half slept. The second sergeant had returned and relieved me at twelve, midnight. I pulled several handfuls of grass, and with that and two overcoats I had stripped from dead Germans during the night, I made a comfortable bed and lay down to sleep. The bank was not uncomfortable. I was very tired, and dozed off immediately.

Suddenly I awoke in darkness. Everything was still, and I could hear my watch ticking, but over every part of me there was an immense leaden weight. I tried to rise, and could n't move. Something was holding me and choking me at the same time. There was no air to breathe. I set my muscles and tried to give a strong heave. As I drew in my breath, my mouth filled with dirt. I was buried alive!

It is curious what a man thinks about when he is in trouble. Into my mind shot memories of feats of strength performed. Why, I was the strongest man in the section. Surely I could lift myself out, I thought to myself, and my confidence began to return. I worked the dirt out of my mouth with the tip of my tongue and prepared myself mentally for the sudden heave that would free me. A quick inhalation, and my mouth filled again with dirt. I could not move a muscle under my skin. And then I seemed to be two people. The 'I' who was thinking seemed to be at a distance from the body lying there.

My God! Am I going to die stretched out in a hole like this? I thought.

Through my mind flashed a picture of the way I had always hoped to die — the way I had a right to die: face to the enemy and running towards him. Why, that was part of a soldier's wages. I tried to shout for help, and more dirt entered my mouth! I could feel it gritting way down in my throat. My tongue was locked so I could not move. I watched the whole picture. I was standing a little way off and could hear myself gurgle. My throat was rattling, and I said to myself, 'That's the finish!' Then I grew calm. It was n't hurting so much, and somehow or other I seemed to realize that a soldier had taken a soldier's chance and lost. It was n't his fault. He had done the best he could. Then the pain all left me and the world went black. It was death.

Then somebody yelled, 'Hell! He bit my finger.' I could hear him.

'That's nothing,' said a voice I knew as Collette's. 'Get the dirt out of his mouth.'

Again a finger entered my throat, and I coughed spasmodically.

Some one was working my arms backward, and my right shoulder hurt me. I struggled up, but sank to my knees and began coughing up dirt.

'Here,' says Subiron, 'turn round and spit that dirt on your parapet. It all helps.' The remark made me smile.

I was quite all right now, and Subiron, Collette, Joe, and Marcel returned to their holes. The Red Cross men were picking something out of the hole made by a 250-millimetre, they

told me. It was the remnant of the Corporal and Sergeant Fourrier, who had their trench to my left. It seems that a 10-inch shell had entered the ground at the edge of my hole, exploded a depth of two metres, tearing the corporal and sergeant to pieces, and kicking several cubic metres of dirt into and on top of me. Subiron and the Collettes saw what had happened, and immediately started digging me out. They had been just in time. It was n't long before my strength began to come back. Two stretcher-bearers came up to carry me to the rear, but I declined their services. There was too much going on. I dug out the German overcoats, recovered some grass, and, bedding myself down in the crater made by the shell, began to feel quite safe again. Lightning never strikes twice in the same spot.

However, that was n't much like the old-fashioned lightning. The enemy seemed to have picked upon my section. The shells were falling thicker and closer. Everybody was broad awake now, and all of us seemed to be waiting for a shell to drop in our holes. It was only a question of time before we should be wiped out. Haeffle called my attention to a little trench we all had noticed during the daytime, about forty metres in front of us. No fire had come from there, and it was evidently quite abandoned.

I took Haeffle and St. Hilaire with me and quietly crawled over to the trench, round the end of it, and started to enter at about the centre.

Then all of a sudden a wild yell came out of the darkness in front of us.

'*Franzosen! Die Franzosen!*'

We could n't see anything, nor they, either. There might have been a regiment of us or of them, for that matter. I screeched out in German, '*Hände hoch!*' and jumped into the trench followed by my two companions. As we crouched in the bottom, I yelled again, '*Hände hoch oder wir schiessen!*'

The response was the familiar '*Kameraden! Kameraden!*' Haeffle gave an audible chuckle.

Calling again on my German, I ordered the men to step out of the trench with hands held high, and to march toward our line. I assured the poor devils we would not hurt them. They thought there was a division of us, more or less, and I don't know how much confidence they put in my assurance. Anyhow, as they scrambled over the parapet, I counted six of them prisoners to the three of us. Haeffle and St. Hilaire escorted them back and also took word to the second sergeant to let the section crawl, one after the other, up this trench to where I was.

One by one the men came on, crawling in single file, and I put them to work, carefully and noiselessly reversing the parapet. This German trench was very deep, with niches cut into the bank at intervals of one metre, permitting the men to lie down comfortably.

I wanted to know the time and felt along my belt. One of the straps had been cut clean through and my wallet, which had held 265 francs, had been neatly removed. Some one of my men, who had risked his life for mine with a self-devotion that could scarcely be surpassed, had felt that his need was greater than mine. Whoever he was, I bear him no grudge. Poor chap, if he lived he needed the money — and that day he surely did me a good turn. Besides, he was a member of the Legion.

I placed sentries, took care to find a good place for myself, and was just dropping off to sleep as Haeffle and St. Hilaire returned and communicated to me the captain's compliments and the assurance of a '*citation*.'[1]

I composed myself to sleep and dropped off quite content.

[1] Equivalent to 'mentioned in dispatches.'

KITCHENER'S MOB

I. 'NOTHING TO REPORT'

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'KITCHENER'S MOB' they were called in the early days of 1914, when the London hoardings were clamorous with the first calls for volunteers. The seasoned regulars of the first British expeditionary force said it patronizingly, the great British public, hopefully, the world at large, doubtfully. It was 'Kitchener's Mob' when there was but a scant sixty thousand under arms, with millions yet to come. 'Kitchener's Mob' it remains to-day, fighting in hundreds of thousands in France, Belgium, Africa, Turkey, Serbia — where not? And to-morrow, when the war is ended, who will come marching home again, old campaigners, war-worn remnants of once mighty armies? Kitchener's Mob.

It was on the 18th of August, 1914, that the mob-spirit gained its mastery over me. I joined an old-line London regiment, composed of men from all parts of the United Kingdom. There were North Countrymen, a few Welshmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, men from the Midlands and from the South of England, with more than enough Cockneys to identify and localize us. We were recruited from what is known in England as 'the lower middle classes.' In civilian life we had been tradesmen, shop assistants, railway and city employees, clerks, common laborers. Most of us, used to indoor life, needed months of the most rigorous kind of training before we could become physically fit, able to endure the hardships of active service. During a period of nine months, a government, paternalistic in its solicitude for our welfare, schooled our bodies and trained our minds, whether we would or no. We were eager, impatient to be at the front. But we knew the one test to be met: efficiency. Therefore we worked with a will, and at last, to our joy, we were ordered to proceed on active service.

The machinery for moving troops in England works without the slightest friction. The men, transport, horses, commissariat, medical stores and supplies of a battalion are entrained in less than half an hour. Everything is timed to the minute. Battalion after battalion and train after train, our division moved out of Aldershot at half-hour intervals. Each train arrived at the port of embarkation on schedule time and pulled up on the docks by the side of a troop transport, great slate-colored liners taken out of the merchant service. Not a moment was lost. The last man was aboard, and the last wagon on the crane swinging up over the ship's side, as the next train came in.

Ship by ship we moved down the harbor in the twilight, the boys crowding the rail on both sides, taking their farewell look at England — home. It was the last farewell for hundreds of them. But there was no martial music, no waving of flags, there were no tearful good-byes. Our departure was as prosaic as our long period of training had been. We were each an infinitesimal part of a tremendous business organization which works without osten-

tation, without the display considered so essential in the old days. We left England without a cheer. There was not so much as a wave of the hand from the wharf; for there was no one on the wharf to wave, excepting the dock laborers, and they had seen too many soldiers off to the wars to be sentimental about it. It was a tense moment for the men. But trust Tommy to relieve a tense situation. As we were passing a barge laden to the water's edge with coal, some one started singing our favorite ballad, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' to those smutty-faced coal-heavers. Everyone joined heartily, forgetting the solemnity of the occasion until we were well out of sight of land.

During the cross-channel trip the men stretched out on the decks or gathered in the great bare cabin, putting the finishing touches to their French accent.

'Alf, 'ow's this: "Madamaselly, avay vus any bread?"'

'Wot do you say for "gimme a tuppenny packet o' Nosegay"?'

'Bonjoor, Monseer. That ain't so dusty, Freddie, wot?'

'Let's try that Marselase again.'

'You start it, 'Arry. You know the sounds better'n wot I do.'

'Wite till I find it in me book. All right now —'

'Allons infants dee la Pat-ree
La joor de glory is arrivay.'

Such bits of conversation may be of little interest. But they have the merit of being genuine. All of them, and the ones which follow, were jotted down in my book when I heard them.

The following day we crowded into the typical troop train of the French army, 8 *chevaux* or 40 *hommes* to a car, and started on a leisurely journey to the firing line. We traveled all day at eight or ten miles an hour, through Normandy. And it was apple-blossom time. We passed through neat little towns and villages, lying silent in the afternoon sunshine, and, seemingly, almost deserted. Now and then children would wave to us from a cottage window. And in the fields, old men and women and girls leaned silently on their rakes or their hoes and watched us pass. Occasionally an old reservist, guarding the railway line, would lift his cap and shout, 'Vive l'Angleterre!' but more often he would lean on his rifle and smile, nodding courteously to our salutations. Tommy, for all his dogged, stolid cheeriness, realized the loneliness, the tragedy of France. When we asked about the men we received always the same quiet, courteous reply: '*À la guerre, monsieur.*'

The boys soon learned the meaning of that phrase, '*à la guerre.*' It became a slogan, a warcry; it was shouted back and forth from car to car and from train to train. You can imagine how eager we all were, how we strained our ears, whenever the train stopped, for the sound of the guns. But not until the following morning, when we reached the little village at the end of the railway journey, did we hear them, a low muttering, like the sound of thunder far beyond the horizon. How we cheered at the first faint sound which was to become so deafening, so terrible to us later! For we were like the others who had gone that way. We were boys. We knew nothing of war; we thought it must be something adventurous and fine, something to make the blood leap and the heart sing. We marched through the quiet village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the well-kept houses, and the pleasant level fields, green with spring crops. We had really hoped to see everything in ruins. At this stage of the journey, however, we were still some twenty-five miles from the firing line.

We advanced by easy stages, biv-

ouacking at night in the open fields, or sleeping in the lofts of great rambling farm buildings. As we moved up, the sound of the guns grew in intensity from a faint rumbling to a subdued roar, until one evening, sitting in the open window of a stable-loft, we saw, for the first time, the reflection of the light from bursting shells. We saw the trench rockets soaring skyward; and we heard bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire, very faintly, like the sound of chestnuts popping in an oven.

Coming into the trenches for the first time when the deadlock on the western front had become, seemingly, unbreakable, we had the benefit of the experience of the gallant little remnant of the first British expeditionary force. After the retreat from Mons, they had dug themselves in, and were holding on tenaciously, awaiting the long-heralded arrival of Kitchener's Mob. We were among the first to arrive, and went immediately into the front-line trenches for twenty-four hours' instruction in trench fighting, with a battalion of regulars. We were to remain with them for a night and a day, during which time we were to learn all that we could of the business of trench warfare. Afterward, all our knowledge would have to be gained by experience. This one-day course in the 'peripatetic school,' as the facetious subalterns called it, is given to all new units before they are fitted into their own particular sectors in the front. Months later, we ourselves became members of the faculty; but then we were undergraduates, sitting at the feet of the Gloucesters.

The night march up to the firing line is, in itself, quite an event, the first time. We fell in by platoons, outside our billets, loaded our rifles with ball ammunition, — five rounds in the magazine, under the cut-off, — and marched off, silently, and in single file, entering the communication trench in the centre of a little thicket about a mile back of the first-line trenches. We passed through what appeared, in the darkness, to be a hopeless labyrinth of earthworks. There were scores of cross streets and alleys, leading off in every direction. All along the way we had glimpses of dug-outs, lighted by candles, the doorways carefully concealed with pieces of old sacking. In comfortable nooks and corners groups of Tommies were boiling tea and frying bacon over little stoves made of old iron buckets or biscuit tins. I marveled at the skill of our trench guide, who went confidently along in the darkness with scarcely a pause. After a long, zigzag journey, we arrived at our trench, where we met the Gloucesters.

There is not one of us who has not a warm spot in his heart for the Gloucesters. They welcomed us so heartily, and initiated us so kindly into all the mysteries of trench etiquette and trench tradition. We were, at best, but amateur Tommies. In them we recognized the lineal descendants of the line of Atkins; men whose grandfathers had fought in the Crimea, whose fathers had fought in Indian mutinies. They were the fighting sons of fighting sires, and in twenty-four hours they taught us more of the actual business of trench fighting than we had learned in nine months' training in England. One of them probably saved the life of an infantryman friend of mine before we had been in the trenches five minutes. Naturally, our first question was, 'How far is it to the German lines?' And in his eagerness and his ignorance, my fellow Tommy stood up on the firing bench for a look, with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. He was pulled down into the trench just as a bullet went *zing-g-g* from the parapet precisely where he had been standing. Then the Gloucester gave him a friendly little lecture that none of us ever forgot.

'Now look 'ere, son. Never get up for a squint with a fag on. Fritz 'as got every sand-bag along this parapet numbered, same as we've got 'is. 'Is snipers is a layin' fer us same as ours is a layin' fer 'im. Now then, we ain't a arskin' you for a burial party; but if any of you blokes wants to be the stiff, stand up w'ere this guy lit the gas.'

There were n't any takers, and a moment later, another bullet struck a sand-bag in the same spot.

'See? 'E spotted you. He'll pot away at that place for an hour, 'opin' to catch you lookin' over again. Less see if we can find 'im. Give us that biscuit tin, 'Enery.'

Then we learned the biscuit-tin-finder trick for locating snipers. It's only approximate of course, but it gives a pretty good hint at the direction from which the bullets come. It does n't work in the daytime, for a sniper is too wise to fire at it. But a biscuit tin, set on the parapet at night, in a badly sniped position, is almost certain to be hit. The angle from which the shots come is shown by the jagged edges of tin around the bullet holes. Then, as the Gloucester said, 'Just give 'im a nice April shower out o' yer machine gun. You may fetch 'im; but if you don't, 'e won't bother you for a hour or two.'

We learned, too, how orders are passed down the line, from sentry to sentry, quietly, and with the speed of a man running. We learned how the sentries are posted, their hours and their duties. We saw the intricate mazes of telephone wires, and learned how communication is kept between the battalions in the firing line and those in the reserve trenches; how messages are sent from them to brigade, divisional, army corps, and general headquarters, and from the infantry in the trenches to the artillery, miles away to the rear. We learned how to 'sleep' five men in a four-by-six dug-out, and when there are no dug-outs, how to hunch up on the firing benches, with our waterproof sheets over our heads, and doze, with our knees for a pillow.

We saw the listening patrols go out at night, through the underground tunnel which leads from the trenches to the far side of the barbed-wire entanglements. From there they creep far out between the opposing lines of trenches, to keep watch on the movements of the enemy and to report the presence of their working parties or patrols. This is dangerous, nerve-trying work, for the men sent out are exposed, not only to the fire of the enemy, but to the wild shots of their own comrades as well. I saw a patrol come in just before dawn. One man brought with him a piece of barbed wire, clipped from the German entanglements two hundred and fifty yards away.

'Taffy, 'ave a look at this 'ere: three-ply stuff, wot you can 'ardly get yer nippers through. 'Ad to saw an' saw, an' w'en I all but 'ad it, lummy! if they did n't send up a rocket wot bleedin' near 'it me in the 'ead!'

'Tike it to Captain Stevens. I 'eard 'im sy 'e's wantin' a bit for one of the artill'ry blokes. 'E's got a bet on with 'im that it's three-ply wire. Now don't forget, Bobby, touch 'im for a couple o' packets o' fags.'

I was tremendously interested. At that time it seemed incredible to me that men crawled over to the German lines in this manner and clipped bits of barbed wire for souvenirs.

'Did you hear anything?' I asked him.

''Eard a flute one of 'em was a playin' of. An' you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em a-singin'! Doleful as 'ell.'

Several men were killed and wounded during the night. One of them was a sentry with whom I had been talking

only a few moments before. He was standing on the firing bench, peering out into the gloom, when suddenly he fell back into the trench without a cry. It was a terrible wound. I would not have believed that a bullet could so horribly disfigure one. He was given first aid by the light of a candle; but it was useless. Silently his comrades wrapped him in a blanket. 'Poor old Walt!' they said. An hour later he was buried in a shell-hole.

One thing that we learned during our first night in the trenches was of the very first importance. And that was, respect for our enemies. We came from England full of absurd newspaper tales of the German soldier's inferiority as a fighting man. We had read that he was a wretched marksman; that he fired his rifle blindly; that he would not stand up to the bayonet; and that when opportunity offered, he crept over and gave himself up. We thought him almost beneath contempt. We were convinced in a night that we had greatly underestimated his abilities as a marksman. And as for his all-round inferiority as a fighting man, one of the Gloucesters put it pretty well.

''Ere! If the Germans is so bloomin' rotten, 'ow is it we ain't a-fightin' 'em sommers along the Rhine or in Austry-Hungry? No, they ain't a-firin' wild, I give you my word. Not around this part o' France, they ain't. Wot do you sy, Jerry?'

Jerry made a most illuminating contribution to the discussion of Fritz as a fighting man.

'I'll tell you wot. If ever I 'ave the luck to get 'ome again — if I gets through this 'ere war with me eyesight, I'll never feel sife w'en I sees a Fritzie unless I'm a lookin' at 'im through me periscope from be'int a bit o' cover.'

How am I to give a really vivid picture of trench life as I saw it for the first time? How make it live for others, when I remember that the many descriptive accounts I had read in England, many of them the letters of soldiers, did not in the least visualize it for me? I watched the flares rising from the German lines, watched them burst into points of light over the desolate country called No-Man's-Land, and drift slowly down. And I watched the shadows rush back again like the very wind of darkness. I wished that Joseph Pennell might see something of this fascinating night-life. It seemed to me that he would be able to catch the beauty of it with his blacks and whites, make it real for the world which will never see it as I did, against the dark background which was my own first glimmering realization of the tremendous sadness, the awful futility of war.

II

Three nights later we marched up to the trenches again, this time at a different part of the line, where we were to take over from a territorial battalion an integral part of the thin khaki line which barred the way to any German attempt to reach the Channel coast. We were to be left in full possession, and we were immensely proud of this new and really great responsibility. We could scarcely wait until the battalion which we had relieved marched down the communication trench, leaving us to take care of any disturbances which Fritzie might start.

As luck would have it, Fritzie was more than a handful. Every yard of our parapet was sniped. Several of our comrades were killed within an hour. Most of our periscopes were shattered by bullets before we had been in the trenches twenty-four hours. I've often thought that the Germans knew we were novices at the war game, and that we had just come in; for there were but few occasions, afterward, when we

were annoyed by so persistent and so deadly a hail of lead. Our own snipers were at a loss at first, although they soon learned all the points of the game. We machine gunners tried the biscuit-tin-finder trick, only to discover that the shots were coming from all directions. We had not been told the method of procedure for an emergency of this nature. But we decided that if a 'nice little April shower out o' yer machine gun' would drive one sniper to cover, a steady downpour over a larger area from four guns might be effective where there were many more of them. Therefore we took ranges to every evidence of cover within the zone of rifle fire, which might be concealing a German sniper; and at dusk, we crept out behind our trenches with all of our guns. There, with the aid of our night-firing lamps, we poured out hails of lead at irregular intervals during the night, along hedges, parapets, over the ruined walls of houses, and into the trees and tall grass back of the German lines. The sniping decreased perceptibly, and we thought we had discovered a great fundamental truth, namely, that snipers are afraid of machine gunners. We had, in fact, discovered it, for ourselves. And so, doubtless, had innumerable machine gunners before us. As the months passed, we discovered many other truths in the same fashion. Some of them we paid dearly for in human lives. Nearly all of them were bought at great risk. But we prized them the more because of this.

During our first summer in the trenches, there were days, sometimes weeks, at a time, when, in the language of the official bulletins, there was 'nothing to report,' or, 'calm' prevailed 'along our entire front.' From the point of view of the War Office, these statements were, doubtless, true enough. There were no great battles, there was no wholesale slaughtering of soldiers. But from Tommy Atkins's point of view, 'calm' was putting it somewhat mildly. Life in the trenches, even on the quietest of days, is a long battle of British resourcefulness versus German ingenuity. Snipers, machine gunners, artillerymen, airmen, engineers, signalmen of the opposing sides, vie with each other in daring and skill, in order to secure that coveted advantage, the morale. Tommy calls it the more-ale, but he jolly well knows when he has it and when he has n't.

I remember many nights of official calm, when we machine gunners crept out with our guns to positions prepared beforehand. With the aid of our large-scale maps and our instruments we played streams of lead along the roads back of the German lines; roads which we knew were used by enemy troops, marching to and from the trenches. We waited for messages from our listening patrols, who immediately sent back word when they discovered enemy working parties, building up parapets or mending their barbed-wire entanglements. Then we would lay our guns according to instructions and blaze away, each gun firing at the rate of 300 to 500 rounds per minute.

The German machine gunners were by no means inactive. They too profited by their knowledge of soldier nature, their knowledge of night-life in the fire zone. They knew, as did we, that the roads back of the firing line are filled at night with troops, transport wagons, fatigue parties. They knew also that men become so utterly weary of living in ditches, living in holes, like rats, that they are willing to take big risks, when moving in or out of the trenches, for the pure joy of getting out on top of the ground. Many a night, when we were moving up for our week in the first-line trenches, or back for our week in reserve, we heard the far-off rattle of machine guns, and in an in-

stant the bullets would be zip-zipping all around us. There was no need for the quick word of command. If there was a communication trench, we all made a dive for it at once. If there was no friendly cover at hand, we fell face down, in ditches, in shell-holes, in any place which offered a little protection from that terrible hail of lead. Many of our men were killed and wounded nightly by machine-gun fire, usually because they were too utterly weary to be cautious. And doubtless, we did as much damage with our own guns. It seemed to me horrible, something like murder, that advantage must be taken of these opportunities. But it was war, and fortunately, we rarely knew, nor did the German gunners, what damage was done during those summer nights of 'calm along the entire front.'

The artillerymen, both British and German, helped us to endure the boredom of 'nothing to report' days. There were desultory bombardments at daybreak, when every infantryman is at his post, rifle in hand, bayonet fixed, on the alert for signs of a surprise attack. It is easy to understand why this is a favorite amusement of the field artillery. They watch the effect of their fire through field-glasses, from nicely concealed positions two or three miles in the rear. Tommy, the infantryman, does n't care for it. He does n't enjoy being a 'bloomin' human ninepin.' He crouches close to the front wall of the trench, and while waiting for the game to end, covered with dirt, sometimes half buried in fallen trench, he wagers his next week's tobacco rations that the London papers will print the same old story: 'Along the western front there is nothing to report.' And usually he wins.

Trench-mortaring was more to our liking. That is an infantryman's game, and while extremely hazardous, the men in the trenches have a sporting chance. Everyone forgot breakfast when word was passed down the line that we were going to 'mortarfy' Fritzie. Our projectiles were immense balls of hollow steel, filled with high explosive. Eagerly, expectantly, the boys gathered in the first-line trenches to watch the fun. First a dull boom from the reserve trench in rear where the mortar was operated.

'There she is!' 'See 'er?' 'Goin' true as a die!' All of the boys would be shouting at once.

Up it goes, turning over and over, rising to a height of several hundred feet. Then, if well aimed, it reaches the end of its upward journey directly over the enemy's line, and falls straight into his trench. There is a moment of silence, followed by a terrific explosion which throws dirt and débris high in the air. By this time, the Tommies all along the line are standing on the firing benches, head and shoulders above the parapet, forgetting their danger in their excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices.

''Ow's that one, Fritzie boy?'

'Guten morgen, you Proosian sausage wallopers!'

'Tyke a bit o' that there 'ome to yer missus!'

But Fritzie kept up his end of the game, always. He gave us just as good as we sent, and often he added something for good measure. His surprise packages were sausage-shaped missiles which came wobbling toward us, slowly, almost awkwardly; but they dropped with lightning speed. The explosion was terrible, and alas, for any poor Tommy who misjudged the place of its fall! However, every one had a chance. Trench-mortar projectiles are so large, and they describe so leisurely an arc before they fall, that men have time to run.

I've always admired Tommy Atkins for his sense of fair play. He loved giv-

ing Fritz 'a little bit of alright,' but he never resented it when Fritz had his own fun at our expense. I used to believe, in the far-off days of peace, that men had lost their old primal love for dangerous sport, their naïve ignorance of fear. But on those trench-mortaring days, when I watched boys playing with death with right good zest, heard them shouting and laughing as they tumbled over one another in their eagerness to escape being killed, I was convinced that I was wrong. Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and at the last, what a fearful test it was, and how splendidly they met it! During six months, continuously in the firing line, I met less than a dozen natural-born cowards; and my experience was largely among clerks, barbers, plumbers, shop-keepers, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, to make them heroic in spite of themselves.

The better I knew Tommy, the better I liked him. He has n't a shred of sentimentality in his make-up. There is plenty of sentiment, sincere feeling, but it is very well concealed. I had been a soldier of the King for many months before I realized that the men with whom I was living, sharing rations and hardships, were anything other than the healthy animals they looked. They seemed to live for their food. They talked of it, anticipated it with the zest of men who were experiencing for the first time the joy of being genuinely hungry. They watched their muscles harden with the satisfaction known to every normal man when he is becoming physically fit for the first time. But they said nothing about patriotism, or the duty of Englishmen in wartime. And if I tried to start a conversation on that line, they walked right over me with their boots on.

This was a great disappointment at first. I would never have known, from anything that was said, that a man of them was stirred at the thought of fighting for old England. England was all right, but, 'I ain't a-goin' balmy about the old flag and all that stuff.' Many of them insisted that they were in the army for personal and selfish reasons alone. They went out of their way to ridicule any and every indication of sentiment.

There was the matter of talk about mothers, for example. I can't imagine this being the case in a volunteer army of American boys; but never, during sixteen months of British army life, did I hear a discussion of mothers. When the weekly parcels from England arrived, and the boys were sharing their cake and chocolate and tobacco, one of them would say, 'Good old mum. She ain't a bad sort'; to be answered with reluctant, mouth-filled grunts, or grudging nods of approval. As for fathers, I often thought to myself, 'This is certainly a tremendous army of posthumous sons!' Months before, I should have been astonished at this reticence. But I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts or glowing tributes could have been. It was a matter of constant wonder to me that men living in the daily and hourly presence of death could so control and conceal their feelings. Their talk was of anything but home; and yet I knew that they thought of little else.

One of our boys was killed, and there was a letter to be written to his parents. Three Tommies who knew him best were to attempt this. They made innumerable beginnings. Each of them was afraid of blundering, of causing unnecessary pain by an indelicate revelation of the facts. There was a feminine fineness about their concern which was beautiful to see. The final draft of the letter was a little masterpiece, not of English, but of insight: such a

letter as any one of us would have liked his own parents to receive under similar circumstances. Nothing was forgotten which could make the news, in the slightest degree, more endurable. Every trifling personal belonging was carefully saved and packed in a little box to follow the letter. All of this was done amid much boisterous jesting; and there was hilarious singing to the wheezing accompaniment of an old mouth-organ. But of reference to home, or mothers, or comradeship, not a word.

Rarely a night passed without its burial parties. 'Digging in the garden,' Tommy calls the grave-making. The bodies, wrapped in blankets or waterproof ground-sheets, are lifted over the parados and carried back a convenient twenty yards or more. The desolation of that garden was indescribable. It was strewn with wreckage, gaping with shell-holes, billowing with numberless nameless graves, a waste land speechlessly pathetic. The poplars and willow hedges had been blasted and splintered by shell-fire. Tommy calls these 'Kaiser Bill's flowers.' Coming from England, he feels more deeply than he would care to admit the crimes done to trees in the name of war.

Our chaplain was a devout man, but prudent to a fault. He never visited us in the trenches; therefore our burial parties proceeded without the rites of the church. This arrangement was highly satisfactory to Tommy. He liked to 'get the planting done' with the least possible delay or fuss. His whispered conversations, while the graves were being scooped, were, to say the least, quite out of the spirit of the occasion. Once we were burying two boys with whom we had been having supper a few hours before. There was an artillery duel in progress, the shells whistling high over our heads and bursting in great splotches of white fire, far in rear of the opposing lines of trenches. The grave-making went speedily on while the diggers argued in whispers as to the calibre of the guns. Some said they were 6-inch, while others thought 9-inch. Discussion was momentarily suspended when trench-rockets went soaring up from the enemy's line. We crouched motionless until the welcome darkness spread again. And then, in loud whispers, —

''Ere! If they was 9-inch they would 'ave more screetch.'

And one from the other school of opinion would reply, —

'Don't talk so bloomin' silly! Ain't I a-tellin' you you can't always size 'em by the screetch?'

Not a prayer. Not a word of either censure or praise for the boys who had gone. Not an expression of opinion as to the meaning of the great change which had come to them and which might come as suddenly to any or all of us. And yet I knew that every man was thinking of these things.

There were days when the front was really quiet. The thin trickle of rifle-fire only accentuated the stillness of an early summer morning. Far down the line many a Tommy could be heard singing to himself as he sat in the door of his dug-out, cleaning his rifle. There would be the pleasant crackle of burning pine sticks, the sizzle of frying bacon, the lazy buzzing of swarms of bluebottle flies. Occasionally, across a pool of noonday silence, we heard the birds singing; for they did n't desert us. When we gave them a hearing, they did their cheery little best to assure us that everything would come right in the end. Once we heard a skylark, an English skylark, and for a little while, it made the world beautiful again. It was a fine thing to watch the faces of those English lads as they listened. I was deeply touched when one of them said, 'Ain't 'e a plucky little

chap, singin' right in front o' Fritzie's trenches fer us English blokes?'

It was a sincere and beautiful tribute.

Along the part of the British front which we held during the summer, the opposing lines of trenches were from less than a hundred to four hundred and fifty or five hundred yards away. When we were neighborly as regards distance, we were also neighborly as regards social intercourse. In the early mornings, when the heavy night-mists concealed the lines, the boys would stand, head and shoulders above the parapet, and shout, —

'Hi, Fritzie!'

And the greeting would be returned:

'Hi, Tommy!'

Then we would converse. Very few of us knew German, but it was surprising how many Germans could speak English. Frequently they would shout, 'Got any Woodbines, Tommy?' Woodbines are the British soldier's favorite cigarettes. And Tommy would reply, 'Sure! Shall I bring 'em over or will you come and fetch 'em?' This was often the ice-breaker, the beginning of a conversation which varied considerably in other details.

'Who are you?' Fritzie would shout.

And Tommy, — 'We're the King's Own 'ymn of 'aters,' or some such subtle repartee. 'Wot 's your mob?'

'We're a battalion of Irish rifles.'

The Germans liked to provoke Tommy by pretending that the Irish were disloyal to England. Sometimes they shouted, —

'Any of you from London?'

'Not 'arf! Wot was you a-doin' of in London? W'itin' table at Sam Isaac's fish-shop?'

The rising of the mists put an end to these conversations. Sometimes they were concluded earlier with bursts of rifle- and machine-gun fire. 'All right to be friendly,' Tommy would say, 'but we got to let 'em know this ain't no love feast.'

During the long stalemate on the western front, British military organization has been perfected until, in times of quiet, it works with the monotonous smoothness of a machine. Even during periods of prolonged and heavy fighting there is but little confusion. Only twice in six months of campaigning did we fail to receive our daily post of parcels and letters from England. Rations were certain to be awaiting the ration parties sent back for them at night. We had always an abundance of food. Corned beef, familiarly known as 'bully,' bread, bacon, cheese, army biscuits, tea, and sugar, were our staples, and so generously provided that we had great quantities for the women and children who still clung to their ruined homes in the fire zone. While Tommy often sang with great spirit, —

> 'Après la guerre finis,
> Biscuits and jam, no bon!
> What a relief when there 's no bully beef!
> Après la guerre finis,' —

he appreciated the fact that he was a well-fed soldier and complained little.

And so during three memorable months we adapted ourselves to the changing conditions of trench-life and trench-warfare, with a readiness which surprised and gratified us. Our very practical training in England had prepared us, in a measure, for simple and primitive living. But even with such preparation we had constantly to revise our standards downward. We lived without comforts which formerly we had regarded as absolutely essential. Personal cleanliness was impossible; sleep, a luxury to be indulged in sparingly. We lived a life so crude and rough that our army experiences in England seemed utopian by comparison. But we throve splendidly. We were buoyantly, radiantly healthy. Although there were sad gaps in our

ranks, many new faces, these changes had come to us gradually. We had undergone a graded schooling in trench-fighting, and had been given time to forget that we had ever known the comfort and security of civilian life. During all of these weeks, however, we felt that we had an even chance of seeing home again. We were soon to experience the indescribable horrors of modern warfare at its worst; to be living from morning till evening, and from dusk to dawn, looking upon a new day with a feeling of wonder that we had survived so long. There came sudden orders to move. Within twenty-four hours, the roads were filled with the incoming troops of a new division. We made a rapid march to a rail-head, entrained, and were soon moving southward by an indirect route; southward, toward the sound of the guns, to take part in the battle at Loos.

[*Mr. Hall's narrative will be continued.*]

THE BELGIAN WILDERNESS

BY VERNON L. KELLOGG

I

THERE are other towns somewhere in France besides those from which come the horrible tales of the trenches — the trenches, those long open graves in which the men stand waiting for red and screaming death by machines. These other towns are in what we of the Commission call the North of France, meaning that part of France now, and for a year past, occupied by the German forces. For the Commission for the Relief of Belgium does all the relief work in occupied France as well as in occupied Belgium.

In one of these towns I have been living. It is a small gray town on the bank of a winding stream that comes south swiftly through the high, forested Ardennes hills and then slows down to quieter reaches in the flatter land below. A single small round hill stands over the river and town, with a summer house, a searchlight, and an anti-aircraft gun on it. I was awakened unusually early some mornings by the gun's banging away at a reconnoitring French flyer. I remember one morning especially. I had not been in the place long, and so came out of bed with particular celerity when the gun began. From the window I could see the little hill across our garden and the river. It was a beautiful morning with the sun just risen, and high over the hill I saw the aeroplane lazily circling about, while the observer, I suppose, made his notes. The white planes glistened like silver in the sunlight, and as one after another of the little white puffs opened under and around the machine and blew slowly out into soft woolly white cloudlets, the whole thing was a fascinating picture. But when I remembered that from each soft puff three hundred shrapnel bullets whizzed out in search of their mark, the picture became more sombre. The puffs opened closer to the lazy great bird and it began to dip up and down to vitiate the range. And soon after, with a final audacious cir-

cling directly over the hill, it drifted away to the west — to my real relief.

Our small gray town is of no distinction, that is, distinction of position or beauty of architecture or of industrial enterprise. But, after all, it is distinguished above many others of more native interest by being now the Great Headquarters of all the German armies of the West. Each army of the several that occupy the North of France has its own headquarters, some town that is the scene of enormous activity and bustle. Each of these towns has its many soldiers, its piles of stores and munitions, its incessant coming and going of trainloads of new men for the front, and of relics of other men for the base hospitals.

But the Great Headquarters is not like this. It is quiet. The loudest sounds there come from the playing of children in the streets. In the larger buildings of the town sit many officers over maps and dispatches. Telephones and telegraph instruments, stenographers, messengers, all the bustle of busy but quiet offices, are there. The General Staff, the General Quartermaster's group, the General Intendant's department, scores, aye, hundreds, of officers, play here the war game for Germany on the chessboard whose squares are bits of Europe.

The small gray town is another headquarters, too; it is the great headquarters of all relief work that goes on in the North of France. Here lives, by permission and arrangement with the German staff, the American head of the neutral relief work — he and one other American who is the local head of the district including a hundred and fifty thousand people around the town. They live in a large comfortless house, and with them two German staff officers as official protectors and friendly jailers. And they, too, are part of the neutral relief work, for no man can live with it and not become part of it. It is too appealing, too gripping.

We had seven orderlies and two chauffeurs, for we are provided with two swift gray military motors for our incessant inspecting. One of the orderlies is named cook, and he cooks, in a way. Another was a barber before he became corporal, which was convenient. And another blacked my shoes and beat my clothes in the garden with a rouch stick and turned on the water full flow in our improvised bath at a given hour each morning, so that I had to get up promptly to turn it off before it flooded the whole house.

Quite four nights of each seven in the week there were other staff officers in to dinner, and we debated such trifles as German Militarismus, the hate of the world for Germany, American munitions for the Allies, submarining and Zeppelining, the Kaiser, the German people.

We were not all of one mind. 'Now all keep still,' demands my officer, the Hauptmann Graf W., 'and my American will tell us just what the Americans mean by German Militarismus.'

They all kept still for the first ten words and then all broke out together.

'No, we shall tell *you* what it is. Organization and obedience — nothing more, nothing less. It is that that makes Germany great. And it is that that you must come to if you would be a great nation.'

I protested that I thought we are already a great nation.

'Well, then,' they answered, 'if you would continue great. Otherwise you will smash. Democracy, bah! license, lawlessness, disruption. Organize, obey, — or smash.' And they believe it.

The North of France comprises now two and a quarter million people. There were three million before the coming in of the Germans, but the with-

drawal, before the occupation, of practically all men of military age, and of others who would not remain behind the German lines, reduced the number by three quarters of a million. It is a population chiefly of women and children, and old and infirm men, a particularly helpless and needy people, and one that depends almost wholly on the relief they are now getting. In the Great Headquarters town almost exactly one half the population is on the daily bread- and soup-lines — six thousand out of twelve. And this is a peculiarly favored town, for the Kaiser has the pleasant fancy of relieving the place in which he lives when he visits the West Front from many of the hardships of an occupied place.

We divide the North of France for *ravitaillement* purposes into six districts corresponding, not with the original French political subdivisions, but with the necessities caused by the occupation of the region by the different German armies, each with a large autonomy of its own as regards the administration of the territory occupied by it, and the control of the people living in this territory. Each district has a Commission headquarters with an American in charge, sometimes with a 'second man' or assistant, and a German officer assigned to be his very constant companion. These officers are selected, not for fighting vigor, but for diplomatic and business capacity and for a speaking knowledge of French and English. They all have become immensely interested in the relief work and take an active part in it. They are all as vociferous as the American *délégués* in their demands to Commission headquarters, that in times of general shortage of supplies 'our people,' meaning the French civil population of the district, shall get their 'fair share,' always meaning more than their fair share. They struggle with the army authorities for special privileges for 'their people.' They even get suspected by the rigorous fighting type of officer of being pro-French! It is all very fine, and shows that human sympathy exists even in — others than ourselves.

One day my officer and I were driving down the Meuse valley in all the panoply of our military motor, which means two loaded guns sticking up at right and left of the soldier chauffeur and the orderly by his side, and a loaded Browning in each of the tonneau side-flaps. The Meuse gorge in summer is beautiful and restful — if the motor was not. We turned up a smaller, narrower, lovely side valley, the Haute Semois, which is to the Meuse rather as the Moselle to the Rhine. We were making for a village that had reported some distribution troubles because of a too active but too incompetent mayor. (We had to remove this mayor later! The military system has its advantages.) At a tiny *estaminet* by the stream side where we stopped to drink grenadine, if there was any, I fell into the usual food conversation with the motherly woman in charge. Did she get enough food and was it of good quality? Well, she had two daughters and two boys in the house. The husband was fighting in the French army; the oldest son had been fighting in it, but was now a soldier prisoner somewhere in Germany. She had not heard from him. She had been told, however, the name of the prison camp. She took care of the two little girls and two little boys, and kept open, more for sentiment than for advantage, the husband's little *estaminet*. It was hard work — but that was the least thing to worry about. As to the food, the bread was enough to live on — she showed a big loaf — and the rice and peas and beans and bacon, if scanty, were good. But there simply was n't enough salt. She could n't cook her things. She

made the bacon help out, but could there not some way be enough salt?

My officer looked hard at me. I explained that under our system — he understands system — I could not possibly order more salt for her alone, but — I could order more salt for the entire village; and I would. Then her share would be a larger amount. Then I looked hard at my officer. What about getting news of the soldier son? The officer could do no less than promise. He did, and he made his promise good. This was the only house we stopped at that day. We were afraid to know too much about any more. That is one of the sad parts of it. We are doing wonderfully for them all together, but there is so terribly much to be done for them each separately.

It is an anomalous position that our little group of Americans holds here, behind, but very close to, the fighting lines. We are, of course, potential spies, for either side. And where there are so many real spies a potential spy, even if he comes with guaranties of honesty and on acquaintance proves himself a man of honor and a rigorous neutral in all his expressions and behavior, must be treated, in some degree, as an unproved but possible spy. Military exigency and the military system demand it. And so it is uncomfortable for us, and wearing. There is a tension in the life there that gets on the nerves.

But we are treated also as gentlemen, and we have a freedom of movement and of association with the French population, observed movement and association though it be, that is extraordinary. The Germans can't like having us there, but they like *us*. At least this is the rule. And the French people rely, not only on us for food, but on our very presence for sympathy and confidence. With no authority, not even that of the neutral diplomat in a warring or occupied country, we have, nevertheless, a peculiarly large authority. Part of it is, of course, the very tangible possession of the man who controls the food, — what kinds and how much each one shall have.

The Germans watch us, but so do the English. When I was in England on a flying trip to arrange for renewed leaves of absence from Oxford of three or four of our Rhodes scholars, Mr. Hoover, the 'big chief' of the Commission, the originator, the organizer, the constant stimulus and inspiration for us all and for the helping world outside, found in arranging for the return of one of these men who had come across the Channel to visit his college, that the English Intelligence Service had a record of each of us. And later I found that General von Bissing's government in Belgium had even fuller *dossiers* for us — special recognitions of somewhat equivocal compliment.

Although all the food for the French comes through the Commission, none of it is provided by the charity of the outside world. The money for its purchase comes entirely from French sources, from a group of banks in Paris. We have a monthly credit of about twenty-two and a half million francs with which we buy rice from Rangoon, maize from Argentina, wheat, dried peas and beans, bacon, lard, and condensed milk from America. We contribute our great buying and shipping organization, our distributing services, and our arrangement with the Allied governments and the Germans which permits us to import by way of Rotterdam and through Belgium into North France the needed food. It is distributed with the aid, of course, of innumerable French district, regional, and communal committees — there are 1882 communal committees alone — on the basis of a carefully worked-out ration, balanced as to proteins, fats, and starch, that has a food-value of about 1800 calories a day —

enough to live on, even if not to do violent work on. This is the ration: flour 250 grammes (making 325 grammes of bread), rice 40 grammes, dried peas and beans 20 grammes, bacon and lard 30 grammes, coffee and chicory 20 grammes, salt 10 grammes, sugar 10 grammes. It costs almost exactly 10 francs a month, which for two and a quarter million people amounts to our monthly twenty-two and a half million francs. Of course the people, or most of them, find a way to add something to this ration, especially in the summer, when they can grow some fresh vegetables and have some eggs and chickens and a little fresh meat. And we add some condensed milk and some other tinned things when we can. But there are whole communes, especially some nearest the fighting lines, which live solely on the ration. We distribute food to communes within cannon-shot of the lines. For example, we were feeding Loos until it was wiped out in the English offensive and German counter-attacks last September.

We hear all day long the sullen rumble of the cannon; we see all day long the slow Red Cross trains moving, as if tired and worn by their suffering freight, across the flat country; we catch glimpses in the sky of silver reflections from the white wings of the scouting aeroplanes. From a little hill near the front we can look across the German and French lines and see the towers of Rheims. Between us and them, men are killing each other, and being shelled out of holes as one smokes out wild beasts. But we have nothing to do with all that. Just beyond the hill is a little village of children, women, and old men. There has come from them some trivial complaint about the quality of the bread that the village baker makes from the flour from America. Is the trouble with the flour or with the baker? We have simply come to find out and fix it. The people are not starving and will not be as long — but only as long — as flour comes to them regularly across an ocean, through a mine-strewn channel, along many canals, then in a railway car, and finally in a cart, from some mysterious source, by some unknown means. Evidently some strange Americans have something to do with it. Only, the bread ought to be better. No, we have nothing to do with cannon, trenches, or aeroplanes. We have to do with the other side of war.

II

The *ravitaillement* of the North of France occupies just one fourth of the Commission's activities. The rest is Belgium.

Immediately after Belgium was occupied by the German forces in August, 1914, it became a country isolated, as regards all trade-relations, from the rest of the world. The military activities and diplomatic decisions of the belligerents touching Belgium may be discussed, their wisdom, fairness, and humaneness questioned, but the outstanding fact that demanded immediate consideration by feeling people the world over, was the actuality of the isolation and its certain swift consequences.

The complete commercial isolation of a land, its encircling by a steel ring that permits no import of foods or raw materials for industry or commodities for commerce, and no export of manufactures or money or exchange even, may or may not mean swift catastrophe to the country. It depends on the degree of the country's self-sustainingness. It would not mean ruin to us. It has not spelled speedy catastrophe to Germany. But to a highly industrialized land like Belgium, whose imports and exports are, in normal times, great-

er per capita than those of any other country, whose annual production of bread-grains equals but one-fourth of its annual bread-consumption, whose self-sustaining agricultural class is but one-sixth of its total population, such an isolation means swift catastrophe and horror. The steel ring means starvation to the people inside of it.

This was so obvious to every one in Belgium, that in only a few weeks after the occupation efforts were made to begin the rescuing of the people from the starvation that was staring them in the face. An American mining engineer resident in Brussels, certain prominent business men of Brussels, and the Spanish and American ministers to Belgium, were the active promoters of these efforts. An appeal was made to London, and the interest of men of influence there enlisted, among them another American mining engineer of proved great financial and organizing capacity, tremendous personal vigor and philanthropic spirit. This was Herbert Clark Hoover, born in Iowa, but a product, as regards environment and education through boyhood to early manhood, of California. Despite great diplomatic and financial difficulties, a hole in the steel ring was effected by mutual agreement of the belligerents, and a neutral organization was established and financed for the purpose of obtaining the food necessary to keep Belgium from starving, and of carrying it into the country and there distributing it exclusively and equally to the civil population. This organization has come to be known as the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It is a purely philanthropic and strictly neutral organization, established on sound business bases. The soundness of its business methods and its true philanthropy are made impressively apparent in the fact that its overhead expenses for obtaining, the world over, and distributing to seven million people in Belgium and two and a quarter million in the North of France, $80,000,000 worth of food-stuffs (up to December 1, 1915) have been seven-tenths of one per cent. Its books and papers are audited by the greatest auditing firm in London. Its reports of finance and method are open to the world.

This phenomenally low expense account is made possible by the volunteer character of its neutral personnel, the benevolent coöperation of great purchasing firms, of railway and shipping companies, of government telegraph lines, the free use of Dutch and Belgian and French canals, and the active volunteer service of thousands of patriotic Belgian and French men and women.

It has enlisted the benevolence of the world. Its gift ships of food and clothing have come across all the oceans. Its charity in money and commodities from the world outside Belgium has reached now the sum of twenty-two million dollars. Belgian charity has been greater even than this. The Commission itself has made a profit of over twenty million francs on food sold to the Belgians who can pay, which has gone, every franc of it, to feed Belgians who cannot pay. It is, even one who is connected with it may be pardoned for saying, a great and conspicuous exhibition and achievement of philanthropy in the midst of the greatest exhibition and horror of misanthropy that our world has known. Its work and the superb Red Cross work are the great ameliorating conditions in a time of universal human disaster.

This is no place, nor is it yet the time, to attempt, even most concisely, a survey of the Commission's activities and methods. But just at this time one cannot touch this subject without giving swiftly two or three answers to questions that come to us constant-

ly from America — which has done so splendidly for this international charity, but can and should do much more. These questions are entitled to be plainly answered.

The first of these questions is, does Belgium still need outside aid? has not time ameliorated the economic situation of this land? The answer is implied in the statement that the military and diplomatic situation to-day is the same as that of a year ago. The steel ring is still there, as impregnable as ever. Save for the single hole in it, which is the Commission's hole and through which only Commission foods and clothing can enter, there is no other break in Belgium's commercial isolation from the world. Through this hole can pass no imports of raw materials for Belgium's factories, nor out of it pass any product of her manufacture. Just certain fixed quantities of certain agreed-to food-stuffs and clothing can pass through it. This was the condition when the Commission began its work, this is the condition to-day; this will remain the condition apparently as long as the war lasts, or the military conditions affecting Belgium remain unchanged. Time instead of bettering conditions tends to make them worse, in that with time the original stocks of traders, the means and credit of Belgian men of wealth, the clothing and shoes in the houses of the people become used up. The Belgians, like the French in the North of France, are not starving — because the Commission is bringing enough food to them to keep them alive. But that bringing must be constant, must be regular. One hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of food-stuffs must reach Rotterdam each month, and from Rotterdam be conveyed by canal boats, railway wagons, and carts to all the thousands of communes of Belgium and North France. To-day more than one million Belgians are on the soup- and bread-lines — two hundred thousand in Brussels alone. Over a half million Belgian factory workmen are idle and without income save that from charity; they represent, with their families, a destitute population of two million. Nearly three million persons in Belgium are dependent either partly or wholly on charity It is a condition of reality; and their constant relief is the condition of reality that the neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium and the Belgian *Comité Nationale de Secours et d'Alimentation* face to-day. The work must go on in the same measure that it has gone on. The Belgians are not starving, because they are being fed. They will not starve — so long as they continue to be fed.

Another question is, do the Germans take any of the food imported by the Commission? The answer is simply a plain and positive NO. I declare this of personal knowledge. The German general government of Belgium and the general staff of the armies of the West gave guaranties to the Spanish and American ministers in Brussels and to the Commission that none of the food imported by the Commission would be requisitioned, or its distribution interfered with in any way by the Germans. And these guaranties have been rigidly lived up to. To see that they are so lived up to is one of our principal functions. To the Allied governments that is what we are here for. The very few complaints that we have had of the attempt on the part of some uninformed soldier or group of soldiers to take any of the Commission food have, upon our referring them to the German authorities, been promptly investigated and any real infraction punished and the food returned. Our elaborate system of weighing and tabulating, reporting, following up, sealing and placarding all canal boats, railway wagons, carts, and storehouses, our con-

stant personal inspection and the active aid of our thousands of Belgian co-workers constitute an effective check against diversion of the food. Perhaps all this is not needed, for even more effective, probably, are the precise orders of the German authorities. The German soldiers obey orders.

Accepting this answer, there are still those who ask: But even if the Germans take none of your food, and even if they leave to the Belgians the whole of their native bread-grains crop as they do, — the whole crop of last year, amounting to one-fourth of the wheat necessary for this year's bread, is practically in our hands for equable distribution, — does not this provisioning of Belgium through the Commission give a military advantage to the Germans by relieving them of the responsibility or necessity of feeding the people?

Without touching the moot point of whether the Germans would or could feed these nine million people in Belgium and France, or touching the diplomatic complexities of this matter of responsibility, or even the matter of humanity involved in the manner of feeding, which has its own title to consideration, I shall merely say that it may well be believed that the governments of England and France have just as vividly before them as has any self-appointed war-strategist in America the question of military advantage or disadvantage in connection with this importation of food, and that the whole Commission work is carried on with the full permission and approval of the English and French governments. Also we may imagine the English people as a whole to be as seriously concerned with this question as the American people are. Well, the English people to-day are giving more money to carry on the work than the American people. These seem to me to be answers enough to any man who thinks twice.

III

The rice from Rangoon, the maize from Argentina, and the wheat and bacon from North America come to Rotterdam in cargo ships carrying about five thousand tons each. It is no small fleet. We must have one ship coming into port for almost every week-day of the month. These ships are gayly — and seriously — decorated with the Commission's long pennants and masthead balls and great signs along the sides, that every war boat and submarine and hydroplane may recognize them at long range. They have *laissez-passers* for all seas, but they must take their chances with floating mines — we have lost three this way. And there has been at least one case of a near-sighted submarine. The Germans will make this good in time.

In Rotterdam the cargoes are transshipped from the great boats of the ocean to the little ones of the Dutch canals. To Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels we can send canal boats of seven and eight hundred tons; to all the other and farther distributing centres we must use smaller ones, three to five hundred tons. We have the free use of the Dutch, Belgian, and French canals, and our fleet of lighters constantly traversing these ways runs up to nearly two hundred. They leave Rotterdam sealed and placarded with the Commission's potent labels that make sacrosanct all that is under them. The boats have their exact contents registered and telegraphed on to destination. They must arrive at destination with seals unbroken, and their contents discharged must tally with contents charged.

But the canals, numerous as they are and ramifying the land as widely as they do, cannot carry our food to all our centres. Railway wagons and horse-drawn carts do the rest. They too are sealed where possible, and

placarded always; as are, again, the provincial, cantonal, and communal magazines and canteens wherein the food-stuffs find final storage and from which they pass directly to the hands and mouths of the people.

I have swept the food from the wheat-fields of America to the bread-lines of Belgium as if with one great breath. It really comes by a myriad puffs; which are a myriad details of business and a myriad human incidents. The bread-lines themselves show a host of human touches, such a host of aspects of suffering, of helping, of humiliated, of desperate, of deceiving, of noble humanity as any Balzac could ask to have under his eyes. The soup of Brussels is made in a great central kitchen, in enormous cauldrons filled with giants' rations of vegetables and meats, by chefs of Brussels in high white cap, long spotless apron, and the proverbial goatee and pointed moustaches of a proper French cook. Carted swiftly to the soup- and bread-line centres it finds there the restless waiting human lines that are the complement of the Glory of War.

The bread- and soup-lines are only a part of the *secours* of Belgium. There are no small children in these lines, or only those brought along by mothers who have no one at home with whom to leave them. But there are many, many small children in Belgium who must be cared for, and they are. A beautiful Belgian organization, *Les Petites Abeilles*, has been taken under the protection and given the material assistance of the Commission, and these 'little bees,' a noble group of Belgian women and girls, are caring for thousands of helpless children; the sick and infirm ones are given special attention.

There are Belgians, as there are Americans, who would starve rather than go on the soup-lines. Even on the lines this one puts down five centimes and that one ten, on the table in front of the man with the long list. There is in any society a class of persons to whom a catastrophe such as has fallen on Belgium comes with particular bitterness: persons who have never had charity although they have never been too far away from the danger line of need. Special provision has been made in Belgium for these *pauvres honteux*.

In a splendid *hôtel* in Brussels, that of the Comtesse d'U., some four hundred persons, cleanly dressed, gather once a day to sit down in dining-rooms, salons, and bedrooms, for a 'square meal' for which they pay four cents each. This meal has cost the countess and her friends eight cents. In addition she gives her beautiful house and her own devoted service, as her group of friends give theirs. This is but one of many such houses in Brussels and the other cities of Belgium. The people cared for are little shopkeepers, the struggling professional men, artists, musicians, who are never rich, but are always in normal times self-supporting and more than self-respecting.

But there are so many artists in Belgium, and they are so particularly likely to suffer unseen, that a special department of relief for artists by small gifts and small loans has been established. And there are special departments for doctors and pharmacists, for destitute foreigners, for help in rehabilitating churches and for the clergy, for maternity hospitals, for the feeble-minded, and so on. And a very special attention has been given the needs of the lace-workers. Nearly fifty thousand women and girls maintained themselves in Belgium's famous lace-making industry. An attempt is being made to keep this industry from being wholly interrupted. A special arrangement for import of a certain amount of the needed materials and the export of small quantities of the made lace has been effected. Part-time work has been

provided for a considerable number of the lace-workers, and these women and girls have thus been kept partly self-supporting, and have been held back from joining the weaker-minded ones who, in their extremity, have taken to the streets.

Another attempt to give some work to many thousand women, and some men, has been made in connection with the collecting in America, Canada, and England, and distributing in Belgium, of great quantities of clothing. Much of this clothing was old, and much of it sadly in need of repair. There was established in connection with the distribution centres a number of *ouvroirs* for the overhauling, repairing, and often complete making over of the clothing. These workrooms have given part-time employment to many thousands of tailors, seamstresses, and non-professional workers. One of the most impressive sights in Brussels to-day is the 'Pole Nord,' a great circus and variety hall, which is the headquarters establishment of the clothing charity. The recent appeal of the Commission to the world for clothes and shoes for Belgium and North France has called especially for cloth, rather than clothing, the making up of which will help the people, not only by clothing them more suitably, but by giving to many an amount of paid-for labor that will take them from the dolorous and humiliating soup-lines.

IV

The Belgians are incorrigible optimists. They have little news from the outside of how things are going with the war, so they make up their own news. And it is always good news. It keeps them brave; it keeps them, perhaps I may say without indiscretion, irreconcilable. They are also a people who resent interference with their personal liberty. It may again approach indiscretion, but I cannot help saying that the German authorities of the general government of Belgium do not seem to understand this, or, if they do, they do not act wisely on their understanding. With whatever good intentions the authorities make their many and precise regulations, with whatever well-considered attention to details and industry of governing they post their almost daily proclamations of *Verboten* or *Verordnung*, these only result in a constant irritation of the Belgian population. Fleming and Walloon alike resent any too intimate ordering of their daily life. And they are audacious even to reckless daring in showing their objection. They seize every opportunity of feast day or anniversary for 'demonstrating' in one way or another. When they might not any longer, by order, flag Brussels with the Belgian colors on every excuse, they flagged it with the American colors. And when that was no longer permissible, they dressed themselves in black and flocked to the churches for special masses. If the shops of a certain unruly street are to be closed by order at seven in the evening, they close their shops at noon. Or when next time the order says that shops closed before the appointed time will remain closed indefinitely, they seize on the wording of the order, which says 'shall remain closed from seven till the end of the day,' to open them all at midnight!

Their daring carries them further, much further. How far, the all-too-frequent posted placards of military trials and condemnations to prison constantly reveal. There are even, of course, the few terrible notices of the death penalty and its execution. There is always the working of the underground telegraph. Military information, maps, the spies themselves, steadily pass the carefully guarded border. Even the terrible wire fences with their high-

voltage electrical currents which barricade Belgium from Holland, and Holland from Belgium, are crossed over and over again. The current postage for letters across the border is said to be two francs. That may be taken as the financial measure of the letter-carrier's chances. He probably carries more than one letter at a time.

I was driving once with my German officer in the North of France near the Belgian border. A French aeroplane passed high over our heads. The officer reached for his field-glasses and scanned it for a long time. As he put his glasses down he called my attention to a pretty green spot, a little flat field, on the summit of a low hill not far away. As he pointed to it, he said, 'There is where the last one landed.' His story was that it was quite too usual for a daring aeroplane to swoop down somewhere in the country, well away from a garrisoned town, in North France or Belgium, and leave the observer, who scuttles away into hiding while the pilot shoots up again and back to the west. The observer, if not caught at once, is usually safe when once in the care of the country or nearby village people. He is a trained military observer, and usually one already as a native well acquainted with the land. He gathers the information needed, and then has to work his way out across the border, some way. Not all, probably not many, get out. Sometimes he brings a little cage of French carrier pigeons, and whether he ever gets back or not, he trusts to his messengers to carry back their precious little rolls of paper tied to a leg. But some of the German soldiers are provided with shot-guns instead of rifles and their enemy is — the carrier pigeon. One night at the Great Headquarters we had a pigeon pie. They told me they were carrier pigeons and that one had had a neat little map of the headquarters village on its leg. Everything worth knowing to an aeroplane 'bomber' was on that map. They said that our house, the Commission headquarters, was especially indicated — to be let alone. It was a pretty story, anyway.

But I am straying from 'the other side of war.' There are many other bits that might be told. Only one shall I add. It is a word of appreciation of the young Americans — I am an old one — who have offered their services and performed their work in a way to bring warmth to the heart and mist to the eyes of a believer in our country and its way of producing men. Most of these helpers — a few more than seventy Americans have been so far in the service — are young college men, a considerable fraction of them being Rhodes scholars from the various Oxford colleges. Trained in college for anything but the specific work of the Commission, they seem to have found a training, that, added to a natural adaptability, honesty, discretion, and initiative, has made them capable actors in the world's work. Thrown into a situation requiring tact and utmost discretion, loaded with large responsibilities and asked to take care of themselves and important affairs of the Commission under most unusual circumstances, they have done it, almost to a man, with success. They have won the admiration of Belgians and Germans alike. They make one proud of America, and they lend great encouragement to the observer of American educational methods. Viewed in their working, these methods have seemed to many of us very faulty; viewed in their results, so far as young America is a result of education at all, our too easy pessimism is given a proper unsettling. I return to my university chair with a renewed confidence in American educational work.

BUSINESS AFTER THE WAR

BY RAY MORRIS

I

COMMERCIAL gatherings, these last twelve months, have been listening to a series of important addresses on the trade and financial conditions which may be expected to prevail after the war ends. If a dozen of these addresses, carefully selected as representing the sober thought of a group of prominent merchants and bankers, should be parallel-columned in journalistic fashion, the differences of opinion would prove not merely fundamental, but laughable, were it not for the immense seriousness of the subject, and the downright urgency of guessing the right answer to at least some of the problems discussed.

Banker A sees the United States entering a series of years of unexampled, golden prosperity, and he bases his thesis on a number of propositions which seem obvious. He points out that this country, relatively free from debt at the beginning of the war, will be in an immeasurably better financial position than Europe at the close of it. We shall suddenly step into the rôle of world's banker; we shall re-stock the belligerent countries with the products of our mines, forests, and workshops. With a prodigious trade-balance in our favor, and with our human resources of trained minds and skilled hands unwasted by war, we shall have a ten-year start on the rest of the world. Becoming South America's creditor, we shall do the business with South America hitherto done by England and Germany, and may placidly contemplate the commercial dissolution of those powers. We shall say, like Mimi at the dragon's cave, 'Fafnir und Siegfried, Siegfried und Fafnir, brächten beide sich um!' All this, and much more in similar vein, from Banker A.

But Banker B sees it all differently. Europe is bankrupt, and rapidly becoming more so, if the term admits comparative degrees. We are not going to be able to sell goods to Europe, because she will not be able to pay for what she buys; our mushroom prosperity, our hundred per cent profits on war contracts, are making us unfit, not fit, because they are raising wages to a point which makes effective competition impossible, and is of itself unsound. Immigration from Europe will be so closely restricted that we shall lose the abundant supply of unskilled labor which is the foundation of so many of our industries. Instead of replenishing the stocks of the belligerents, the belligerents will dump commodities on our shores, confronted by hard times and low wages at home, and the necessity of restoring their exchange and protecting their gold reserves. We shall not do much business with South America, partly for the above reasons as affecting the price of our goods, and partly because South America must needs buy where she sells, and being a raw-material producer, like the United States, she will sell, not to a rival engaged in the same line of business, but to the European market common to both. In short, following the present inflation, we are in for a severe panic, followed by hard times and a 'long drag.'

It is going to make a good deal of dif-

ference to the United States whether Banker A is right, or Banker B, but it would take a bold prophet, in the light of past events, to write down his answer categorically, opposite even the primary points of issue, regardless of the multitude of ramifications, of actions and reactions, that must needs follow each main economic drift. Perhaps no single instance better illustrates the errors of trained commercial observers than the course of security prices in the first twelve months of the war. When the stock markets of the world went out of business, in August, 1914, the real economics of the situation did not matter; the certain thing was that a multitude of individuals and institutions, driven either by necessity or by panic, would liquidate their holdings on any free exchange that remained open, without much regard to prices obtained; that banks and lenders would be forced to recognize quotations and call in weak loans, thereby causing more liquidation and bringing about a protracted panic of great severity. This reasoning was self-evident, and the bourses of the world, in bending all their efforts to block free exchange and prevent quotations, undoubtedly handled the matter correctly and promptly. The transition from the suppressed markets of the later months of 1914 to the optimism and immense volume of trading at progressively higher prices, a year later, was certainly not anticipated by any considerable number of people, or the aggressive buying would have started many months earlier than it did.

The American market was agitated by three principal fears: the re-sale in America of American securities held abroad; the belief that the United States would either be drawn into the war or approach it closely, with attendant financial panic; and the feeling that the exhaustion of wealth and the necessity for immense and continuing foreign loans would so raise the interest rate that the current return, especially on the best grade of bonds, would prove far out of line. Now, at the beginning of 1916, the first of these contemplated evils is seen to have happened, and to be continually happening, but it has not produced the expected effect. Our securities were held, not by Europe, but by individuals and institutions in Europe, and these individuals and institutions, after the shock of the first few weeks, acted in a normal and conservative manner, in which they were assisted by their respective governments. The selling was both gradual and skillful, and on a rising scale of prices, in a constantly broadening market. The full effect of the marshaling of American securities by the British government, for sale or pledge in this country, cannot yet be stated, but it is fair to assume that the disposition of them will continue to be cautious and intelligent. Our market has not only absorbed a flood of foreign-held securities already, but has been eager about it, our dealers calling on foreign dealers for offerings, especially of high-grade bonds, which are selling to-day not merely on a peace basis, but higher than for several months before the war.

The next market anxiety, concerned with the possible embroilment of the United States, came measurably near fulfillment when the Lusitania went down, with further shocks on at least half a dozen other occasions, notably at the time of the Arabic affair. But a long period of tense relations, with the daily scarehead in the morning paper, produced an effect that might have been anticipated, although it was not; the market became shock-seasoned, so that each successive threat of danger produced a relatively smaller effect than the preceding one. A comparison of American public apprehension over the

torpedoing of the Arabic and of the Ancona sufficiently illustrates the point.

The third factor, based on the belief that the huge competition for governmental borrowing would upset the rate of return on all American corporation securities, was regarded as fundamental by many of the ablest bankers in the country. There are probably few people to-day who would dare express the doubt that the capital waste of the war and the vast volume of emergency finance will not eventually produce some such situation as was anticipated, but meanwhile, certain immediate influences have been pulling the other way. The banks of the country are embarrassed with the piling up of surplus funds, individuals have unusually large investment balances, and prosperity is running high. But the investor reasons, quite correctly, that so long as the war lasts, governmental securities will tend to come along in increasing amounts, and probably at increasing rates of return. So he buys American corporation bonds instead of government bonds, and we see the curious comparison of high-grade railroad bonds, earning perhaps five or six times their charges, on a 4.20 per cent basis, while bonds protected by the joint credit of France and Great Britain, constituting substantially the only external debt of those two countries, which have a tax power against surplus annual national wealth amounting certainly to a hundred times the interest, sell on a six per cent basis.

Another rather characteristic example of bad calculation was the shutdown of the English nitrate works in Chile, at the outset of the war. Trade was paralyzed temporarily, and ocean freights were high, so the mines closed, in calm oblivion of the indispensable part which nitrates play in the production of modern high explosives. Needless to say, the mines are now open again, and are receiving the highest prices in their history.

II

It is certainly a fair question whether we are organizing along the right industrial and commercial lines for the eventual peace; whether we know its raw materials. Presumably we are not organizing along right lines; it would be somewhat more than human and considerably more than American if we were. But there is a good bit of sheer fascination in attempting to reason out some of the tendencies that are just beginning to appear, and in wondering what the missing factors may prove to be, that will doubtless upset the calculation.

Take the shipbuilding industry as an example. It has cost, say, forty per cent more to build an ocean steamer in American yards than in British yards, most of the difference being the labor cost. It has probably cost nearer fifty per cent more to build an American boat than it costs to build a Norwegian boat, yet American shipyards are getting many inquiries to-day from Scandinavia, and, indeed, from many other parts of Europe. The home yards are filled up with admiralty work, or with merchant work driven there by the admiralty work somewhere else, and Germany has temporarily ceased to be a factor. Meanwhile, charters are so prodigious that many a steamer, purchased at full prices, has paid for herself in a few voyages.

Now, it goes without saying that this charter situation will not persist in its present brilliancy after the German fleet takes the ocean again. Will American deep-sea shipbuilding thereupon lapse to its former desperate condition? I think not, but I wish I could weigh some of the factors more certainly. It makes a tremendous difference, in the

first place, whether we have an armed peace or a relatively disarmed peace. If the admiralties of the world scramble for their own urgent tonnage requirements, American yards will be busy for years to come, since the war wastage, although of much less importance than it appears, leaves plenty of work to be done, while the overhauling and refitting of the many Atlantic liners that have been in transport service will cause much temporary congestion of facilities.

For a longer look at American shipyard prospects, however, the wage question is paramount, and the principle involved leads into many lines of industry besides the one cited. We all know that taxes in the belligerent countries and the countries of their armed neighbors are going to reach an after-war scale which it is painful to think about. I cannot imagine that the great estates will escape the major share of the burden; that the process, begun by Lloyd George with his taxation of unproductive land in England, will not be carried immensely further. I cannot see how the Prussian Junker is going to keep together his vast acreage, or how land-poor Russia can persist in her present system.

If this view happens to be correct; if the tendency is to socialize land holdings through cumulative taxation of great estates, I should anticipate, with the increase of peasant proprietorship, a reduction in the floating supply of agricultural labor, and a consequent wage-increase in that field, accentuated, of course, by the human waste of the war. But the changed conditions, although producing perhaps their most far-reaching effect through revision of land-tenure, will naturally act more promptly in industrial sections. Is it not correct to assume that a perpendicular rise in taxation will keep the cost of living high for a protracted period, in conjunction with a tendency on the part of each country to turn to protective tariffs to prevent every other country from dumping goods on its shores, especially during the first great efforts to restore exchange?

For Europe is busy trying a currency and credit experiment, to-day, that has far more of Bryanism in it than Europe likes. She is finding out how much, or how little, of a gold 'cover' is really indispensable to stabilize currency under modern credit conditions. The supply of gold in the central banks is abundant, but the ratio of gold to circulating medium is steadily getting lower. Whether England, France, Russia, and Germany — to say nothing of the lesser states — can maintain their currencies on a gold parity, all of them, after international trade barriers are let down again, is an exceedingly interesting question. Meanwhile exchange quotations reflect some of this uncertainty, but more of the difficulty of maintaining credit balance between two countries, one of which is doing all the buying and the other all the selling.

Looking at this perplexing question merely from the wage side, and allowing full latitude for the possibility of doing the world's credit business with a smaller gold backing than has heretofore been attempted, are we not justified in surmising that wages paid in a cheapened currency will run relatively high in the terms of that currency; that the cost of living will rise, whether measured in commodities or in currency, and force wages up with it? Add to this the probable tendency to protective tariffs, the imminent changes in land-tenure, new taxes all along the line, and scarcity of labor everywhere, and it seems to me that the case has been made for substantially higher European labor-costs. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the new wage-scale will disappear after the war is ended. The

prodigious inflation of currency that has already taken place, especially in Germany, is resulting, and must result, in higher living costs (as measured by the depreciated currency), until the state land-bank systems of finance, and all other emergency expedients for capitalizing private earning power into non-gold-secured (or insufficiently secured) currency, are disentangled and wound up again. But thereafter, it will not be an easy matter to get wages back to the same relative purchasing power that they had before the war. In the hard times which may confidently be expected to follow any period of inflation, labor is nowadays more apt to suffer from non-employment than from reduction of nominal wages, just as in 1908, in this country, the labor that was employed at all drew wages that had a higher purchasing power, relative to the price of commodities, than any that had been paid in many years.

However great may be the dilution of gold reserves after the present war, it is not to be thought of that any one class in the community will have any purchasing advantage over any other: the money, such as it is, will be the same for all. And the very perfection of international communications and exchange can, I think, be relied on to accentuate the price of both commodities and labor, as measured in depreciated currency. If labor were to be very abundant, it might well suffer in relation to the rise in commodity prices; there would be plenty of historical counterparts for such a state of affairs. But labor is not going to be abundant. Apart from the actual war wastage, great armies returning from the field are not fully and economically employed at once; there is undoubtedly an adjustment to be gone through with, and just at the time when industrial replacements will be most active.

For a historical case in point, I should think that Europe would witness an economic condition more like that in England following the Great Plague of 1665, when, for some years to come, land was cheap, labor was scarce, and there was a general and important rise in wages. As a matter of fact, the important rise in wages has taken place already, and an outside observer is inclined to believe that, in England, it might have gone even further than it has, if left to natural adjustment, and not complicated by the curious 'dug-in' condition of British employer and employee, each holding his battle-line as best he can in a struggle only second in importance to the struggle on the Continent. The British labor attitude, throughout the war, has been most unfavorable, as compared with the feeling of exaltation in the life-and-death struggle for the common cause which has so clearly ennobled the masses of the people in France and Germany alike. Viewed from this side of the ocean, the coal strikes, for example, are hard to understand in a nation fighting for its life. They suggest a class barrier which holds little promise for the future.

It seems to me that we can safely assume a tendency to high commodity prices and labor costs as well, not only during the war, but for some time afterwards. The vital question is whether European wages, rising easily in bad, or at least doubtful, money, will not tend to stay up after money gets good again, and thereby change their present relation to European commodity values. If it eventually works out this way, it will have a very important effect on certain American industries heretofore handicapped by high comparative labor cost; the shipping industry, as above mentioned, being particularly conspicuous in this respect.

In short, if we focus the discussion of after-war conditions upon American

shipbuilding for a moment, it is plain that we have rather a startling array of changed conditions to deal with, which may be summarized somewhat as follows:—

(*a*) Foreign yards so crowded with admiralty work and arrears of merchant work that prices should remain abnormally high and facilities should be scarce, for some time to come.

(*b*) Ship charters, now enormously high, and apt to remain somewhat abnormal until the shipbuilding arrears are met. Should the war close to-morrow, the crowding of slips could hardly cease in two years' time, and it seems more likely to last as long again.

(*c*) Higher relative foreign labor and commodity costs than heretofore, especially labor costs, thus tending to cut down the handicap under which American yards have worked.

(*d*) American yards prosperous, for the first time in many years, and hence able to equip on a more efficient scale than before, and apply some of the principles of quantity production that have made it possible for America to produce automobiles, for example, cheaper than they can be produced abroad, in spite of the difference in wages paid. As an instance of a type of work more analogous to shipbuilding, where America has been able to turn a high wage-scale into a low labor cost, by efficient production methods, the National Foreign Trade Council (U.S.A.) cites the erection of structural material used in modern tall buildings.

If we add to these considerations the further, vital one, that Congress is sure to add largely to the navy, and almost equally sure to find some immediate way to add to the American-built merchant marine, the over-year change in the situation, from the point of view of the shipbuilder, is so great as to admit no comparison with anything that he has ever experienced.

III

American prosperity is running high. The Steel Corporation is reporting close to its previous high record of unfilled orders, and may easily surpass that record in the months to come. All the independent steel works are centres of the greatest activity; there have been half a score of consolidations, and many more are talked about. Birmingham pig iron (No. 2) is selling above $14 a ton, and a premium is paid for future deliveries, indicating the belief of the trade that prices will go higher. Copper metal is selling above 22 cents, at which price the operations of the copper producers are exceedingly profitable; and several great new companies have been recently financed, so that the copper production of the world has jumped to a new high record, at the same time that prices are fifty per cent higher than the average of the ten years preceding.

A tolerably important part of this activity in the metal trades is of course due to the production of war munitions, and it is exceedingly interesting to observe the way contracts for castings, forgings, lathe work, die-press work, and the other component parts of the manufacture of artillery, small arms, and shells (especially the two latter) have been spread around the country by the principal main contractors, both American and Canadian. The war lords' urgent demands and contempt of prices found us in a period of severe industrial stagnation; 1914 was the third consecutive bad year, with the result that commercial stocks, everywhere, were reduced to the minimum, and the metal trades, as usual, were feeling the depression as severely as anybody. Most shops with metal-working machinery had plenty of room for war orders, and filled up at high prices.

A comparison of the market valua-

tions of the companies since famous in the munitions business, eighteen months ago and to-day, would be almost incredible, if it were possible to make it. Many of the conspicuous companies of the present day were not organized at the comparative period, however, and others, through absorptions and regroupings, have completely changed their character (as, for example, the Midvale Steel Company), so that not only would a general comparison and valuation be immensely difficult to make, but the result would be of doubtful value, owing to the absence of any quotations at all on the securities of many of the absorbed companies. To deal with the two classic cases, however, it is readily demonstrable that the aggregate valuation of the preferred and common stocks of the Bethlehem Steel and Electric Boat companies was a little over $20,000,000, at a random date in June, 1914. In the autumn of 1915, the stocks of those two companies exceeded $130,000,000 in aggregate value, at current quotations; an appreciation of, say, $110,000,000.

How is this prodigious skein to be unwound again, after the war? From being conspicuously unprepared to make munitions, we suddenly find ourselves in a condition of considerable over-preparedness. What are we going to do with the great workshops that have sprung up, overnight, to provide for this highly specialized form of activity?

Much of the answer to this question lies in the kind of peace that shall be made. If the war is fought to a finish of exhaustion (for it does not seem likely that it will be terminated by any single great victory — by a Marathon, a Metaurus, or a Waterloo), it is surely improbable that this country will be likely to step outside the bounds of any armament reduction or limitation that Europe may adopt. If the peace is premature, it seems not only likely, but pretty certain, that we shall be carrying our own great armament burden until the next outbreak. In that case, the great munition developments of 1915 will not be devoid of important service to the country.

Taking the question from the peaceful, commercial angle, however, it should be noted that most of the great plant extensions will be fully written off the manufacturers' books before profits are arrived at. On this assumption, there should be much idle factory space after the war, but it will mostly be the old buildings that are abandoned or torn down. The depreciation arrears of a series of bad years will prove to have been fully, even sumptuously, met in the new structures, the cost of which has almost invariably appeared, outright, in the price of munitions furnished under the first great contracts. A casual visitor to New Haven, or Bridgeport, or Waterbury, is thunderstruck at the immense areas that have been built up with this extraordinarily rapid development. American industry has never had a similar experience, and it has not yet found its bearings.

Assuming, again, the kind of peace which does not involve an immediate and prodigious war-burden by this country, it will be most interesting to observe the uses to which this highly efficient factory equipment will be put. Some of the powder-makers have plans for the utilization of at least part of their equipment in the manufacture of chemicals, especially acids, dyes, and coal-tar products, and there can be but little doubt that the United States will make new strides in this field, which has been characteristically German. Germany's enemy customers have already begun making inquiries here, not only for chemicals, but for many other industrial lines.

IV

Right here, however, we come upon one of the major after-war problems discussed, and disagreed on, by the bankers in the first paragraph. What is our situation going to be in competing with Germany, England, France — any of the warring nations, grasping their problems with a new fervor, and confronted with the immense need of restoring their respective exchanges to a better basis? German exchange, at this writing, gives the mark a value of just over nineteen cents, as compared with a normal value of nearly twenty-five cents; and yet Germany's purchases from the rest of the world have been at a minimum, as compared with England, France, or Russia. Even if we assume that this reduction in the value of the mark runs no further, — and that would be a very rash assumption indeed, — the exchange is going to make it intolerably expensive for Germany to buy her after-war needs here, unless she can be selling at the same time that she is buying. Conversely, anything she can sell here will produce a home value, in marks, fully twenty-five per cent greater than usual, since $1000 will buy upwards of 5000 marks, instead of the usual 4000-odd.

This situation, naturally, is not confined to Germany; as a matter of fact, Russia is probably the one of the great powers most in need of restoring her exchange. But it can be accepted as axiomatic that each warring country, on account of the exchange situation, will for a time be able to sell profitably to us and to mutual customers, at prices that would be well below cost of production and delivery on a basis of normal exchange. Moreover, it is so clearly to the interest of each government to have these exchange-restoring sales made by its own merchants, that all feasible governmental aid will doubtless be given to the export trade, offset, of course, by such tariff barriers as each nation may see fit to erect against the others. I believe that our own democratic administration recognizes this situation fully, and is likely to erect anti-dumping barriers in an efficiently undemocratic manner.

In other words, the outlook for permanently higher European wages (if the reader grants it) will not immediately become effective to our advantage as against the present exchange situation except in certain special industries, like shipbuilding; a situation which is practically certain to be materially worse before the war is over, although the better-regulated buying of the past few months and the marshaling of American foreign-held securities to sell back to us have all worked to correct the panicky feeling regarding the course of exchange which so many experienced observers held a few months ago. Later on, the quickest way for any foreign nation to regulate its exchange with us will be to sell us its own securities, but we are not ready to buy them just yet.

This leads to another train of thought suggested by those bankers whose economic disagreements started this paper. How about the foreign government bonds? They are surely going to be plentiful enough, after the war. Shall we buy them here, because they yield so much more than our own best railroad and municipal bonds, or shall we keep on refusing to buy them, and will our reason for refusal be that we are afraid that we are not going to get our money, or will it be prejudice, or the very shrewd reason that an oversupply of any commodity always means a break in the market? Or, for another supposition, will the price of the high-grade government stuff go to a figure which no longer tempts us (in which case, we ought, in the parlance of the Street, to get aboard now and go with

it)? I do not believe any categorical answer can be made to these inquiries, except to concur in the finding that over-production of anything breaks markets. There is going to be choice in government bonds, as there has been in the past; and somewhere down the line, in the Balkans or out of them, some government is going to repudiate something, before they all get their war debts paid off. But England, France, and Germany are not going to repudiate their external debts, although we shall probably see manœuvring, forced extensions, and the like, in the handling of some of their internal debt.

Is it not logical to suppose that when the war is over, or close to it, the best governmental securities will tend to rise rather suddenly — especially the short-time ones, and those not issued in such tremendous volume as to overburden their own particular markets? And if this takes place, will not these two kinds of high-grade bonds, the best governments, and the best American rails and municipals, tend to approach each other in price rather more closely than they stand at present? In other words, should we not expect that government bonds will keep on selling for something less than their acknowledged security-worth, and that the best American corporation bonds will keep on selling somewhat higher than their comparative security-worth, but that the two classes of securities will tend to draw together, impelled by the clamorous need for new development and restoration capital all over the world?

The vision of the conquest of South American trade is to me obscured by the barrier of exchange. Just now, we must finance South America or she must go without, but, at the time of writing, Argentina is the only South American country which has been successful in placing issues in our market, even in a moderately large way, although the new extension of certain important banking interests into the southern hemisphere, coupled with the very evident desire of the trading companies to do the brilliant business offering, if only it can be financed, are pulling together to win over the reluctant American investor to a change of heart regarding South American securities.

Let us assume, therefore, that so long as South America can buy here cheaper than abroad, and get quicker deliveries, she will buy from us to the maximum extent that she can finance her purchases, and that there will be, to some extent, at least, a real change in the trade-relations between the two countries. But, while assuming that, let us not forget that South America and the United States are both producing, rather than consuming, countries; that both of us sell our grain and beef in foreign markets (although we of North America are buying both grain and beef from South America to-day, in addition to our great purchases of Brazilian coffee); that the principal market for Chilean nitrate has always been Germany. In short, let us keep clearly in mind the old maxim that it is apt to be profitable for any country to buy where it sells, and that South America and North America, both of them new, developing, borrowing countries, will normally find it easier to trade with consuming, lending countries than with each other.

As against this argument, it is undeniably true that, along with the constant rise in food-prices here, and our rapid development as a great manufacturing nation, we go through periods from time to time when our manufacturing and agricultural ratios get out of balance, so that it is temporarily profitable for us to import food-products. But our agricultural production is so desperately far removed from a condition of intensive efficiency, that a series

of years of abnormally high crop and meat prices is quite capable of stimulating production to an extent that we perhaps do not realize, unless we compare the acreage outputs of our prairie states with European figures.

Here is a further consideration. We are told that France and England used to be lenders, but have now become borrowers, and that we, who used to be borrowers, are suddenly constituted the world's bankers. This statement is certainly true, as made; what we must determine is whether it is a temporary condition or a permanent one. Can we not summarize a matter difficult of proof by saying that England and France, at least, have not yet given indications of taxing themselves beyond their recuperative power, or of changing their fundamental national characteristics, from being repositories of wealth and banking power, to being eager national producers, constantly borrowing to extend their commercial facilities? In other words, if we assume that France and England are going to succeed ultimately in paying their war debts, most of which are owed at home, and which are not as yet disproportionate to the war loads carried by other generations, then we must assume that these two countries are likely eventually to resume the kind of world-business to which they are accustomed.

The constantly increasing reserves of American money available for investment purposes find abundant outlet along the channels they like best; that is to say, in American development work. In so far as American development extends to foreign countries,— as, for example, the Cuban sugar and tobacco business, the oil business in Mexico, the copper business in Chile, and the beef business in Argentina and Uruguay, — American money will follow it, doubtless in increasing amounts. But the American public is not yet interested in the kind of developments that have characterized British capital, especially in South America, and does not seem likely to turn to them during the period of years when England may feel cramped in her out-country development. Incidentally, it is a curious side-light on our governmental regulation that much of the speculative money which, ten years ago, would have gone into American railroad development, is being diverted, in these prosperous times, to industrial enterprises, because the investor feels that the profits in railroad securities have been strictly limited, while the losses have been left unlimited. This is the first strong commercial revival we have had since our national policy of railroad regulation assumed acute form, and it is the first one when railroad development and railroad securities have been neglected.

The purpose of this paper being to suggest, rather than to settle, some of the peculiar and novel commercial problems with which the country is confronted, it should be noted that the great world changes in commercial enterprise are usually the result of something quite different from armed struggles. England owes to the steam engine more than she does to Drake or to Marlborough, and, in the long light of history, it probably made very little difference to the status of Babylon as a world capital whether Alexander the Great or King Darius won the battle of Arbela. Thirty years hence, the economic effect of the Panama Canal, as shown in really vital commercial changes, seems likely to be greater than the effect of the Great War. Meanwhile, we can be reasonably sure that much of what we predict will be set at naught by changes now going on about us — changes which barely attract our attention at all, amid the clamor of arms.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON PRESERVING OUR BALANCE

'THE great art,' said the White Knight when he was sticking 'head-downwards' in a ditch, 'is to preserve your balance properly.' One hears much nowadays, especially in Europe, of a trait known as 'American get-there ability.' No two people define this quality alike; yet a general opinion seems to have obtained that as a nation we have a characteristic facility for seizing upon new ideas and turning them into immediate and practical use. But as a matter of fact we don't 'get there' to stay, if in our haste we lose our power of wise discrimination. In this country we are far from being 'head-downwards' on the subject of child-psychology. On the contrary, with shoulders thrown back and colors flying, we have mounted our hobbies and are off and away! Before our children draw their first breath we start closing in upon them with every kind of theory. Theories to the right of them, theories to the left of them, they are often victims, as really as were the immortal Six Hundred, to the fact that 'Some one has blundered.' In taking our children conscientiously, why must we let our idea of duty ride rough-shod over common sense?

One wishes we would pause long enough to think things out for ourselves and so instill into the situation a saner judgment and possibly some humor. For over-seriousness imposed on a child may prove a veritable boomerang. A friend of mine, meeting a little girl at Christmas time, said to her, 'What did Santa Claus bring you for Christmas?' To which the child replied, 'My father and my mother gave me a desk built on hygienic principles.' There is an old French saying from the *Roman de Renard*, 'D'on fust c'on kint souvent est-on battu.' — 'By his own stick the prudent one is often beaten.'

We have made such undeniable progress in our methods of education that it seems all the more pity we have not stopped long enough here to differentiate between an experiment and a conclusion. Are we not in danger of forcing what is really worth while in our knowledge to such extremes that it defeats its own ends? The old saying that if you go too far east you will find yourself going west is applicable here. Often in listening to teachers of young children one gets a little worn with the superlative praise which attends their pupils' efforts, and one wonders if the pupils will always have to be surrounded by such an atmosphere to succeed in the struggle of life. The key is pitched too high; and every endeavor, good, bad, and indifferent, is attuned to it. I know a little boy who came home from kindergarten one day with something he had made, so indefinite in shape that his mother, not quite sure what she must praise, asked him what it was. He answered her from the depth of his instinctive wisdom, 'She [the teacher] talled it a dallant' ip [gallant ship] but me *knows* it's dus a *boat*.' I wish I could duplicate the scorn and disgust of his baby tone.

We all know how far the idea of *Mother Goose* as an unmoral book has obtained. In one modern abridged edition, 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe' ends, 'She gave them some broth and plenty of bread, And

kissed them all fondly and sent them to bed.' Why should the modern child be brought up with the wholly unnatural situation of the heavily burdened mother who behaves exactly as if nothing unusual had occurred? Their literary taste will be ruined if pursued on these lines. 'Spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed' is the only possible, logical course for a desperate-minded woman who 'did n't know what to do.'

One delightful child I know protests against the new version. 'Oh, please don't read it that way; I like the old way best.'

'Why?'

'Oh, it's so much jollier that way.'

'More jolly having broth without any bread, and getting a spanking besides?'

'Well, there were such lots and lots of them, it could n't have been a hard spanking, you know, but the kind of a one when some one chases you with a stick and even if you do get a whack on the legs you don't stop to think how much it hurts, you just run and run. It sounds so jolly, all of them together.'

'But,' I object, 'it says "spanked them all soundly." That sounds like real spanking.'

'I like the old way best anyway,' he affirms stoutly. 'Real spankings are very nice in the morning.'

'In the morning?' I ask mystified.

'I always like the morning after I am spanked the best of all.'

Little philosopher of life, I call him, with a nice literary instinct!

There is a reading book which takes for its theme *Mother Goose* characters. Old friends, dear to every normal child's heart, are dragged from between their comfortable covers and made to do duty in a reading book, as even more insufferable prigs than was the Rollo of my own early reading days. Then we knew instinctively that Rollo was a prig, and having put him in his proper place we wrested what wild enjoyment we could from him. But it is distressing to see 'Jack and Jill,' 'Mary, Mary,' and 'Little Miss Muffet' taken from their own vignetted setting of four or five lines and stretched out painfully through as many pages of utter twaddle. It is unfair to attack our children in such a way.

In a spelling book in use now in some of our public schools there are quotations from *Alice in Wonderland* at the head of several of the lessons. For instance, the lesson containing the words addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, is headed with: —

'"I took only the regular course," said the Mock Turtle.

'"What was that?" inquired Alice.

'"Reeling and writhing, of course; to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied, "and then the different branches of Arithmetic: Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."' This is followed by the words, 'Make a list of your school studies which correspond to the Mock Turtle's subjects.' I wondered, when I saw it, how much these few lines, isolated and dislocated from a classic, would add either to the clearer understanding or to the culture of the Roumanians, Slavs, Italians, and the rest, who throng our public schools.

There is a volume of poetry selected for children which also illustrates what I have in mind. The poems are well chosen and the introduction to the work is good, but the whole book is marred by the explanatory notes with which each poem is prefaced. In the notes the idea of giving the children what is best in the thought of the poem has led to ludicrous misrepresentations. In each one the moral side has been the main, and in some, the only interpretation of them. As well stand before one of Monet's subtle interpretations of water and look for the moral effect of it! It is

such distortions as this which cripple the æsthetic value of certain things in education.

Why should we blunder by over-emphasizing the moral of a thing when its real value is preëminently an æsthetic one? It is as bad as playing an exquisite piece of music with a wrong and false accent all through. It is not reading it truthfully. It is artificial.

How Thackeray would have laughed (a laugh with some resentment in it, too) to have his ballad of 'Little Billee' introduced to the readers with the following words: 'It carries a good lesson good-naturedly rendered.' I cannot for the life of me find the 'good lesson' in it. I have tried to turn and twist every part of it into a lesson, but it still evades me. The nearest I can get to it is when 'little Billee,' about to be eaten by 'gorging Jack' and 'guzzling Jimmie,' marks time by asking if he may climb to the 'top-gallant mast-head' and say 'the catechism which my poor mammy taught to me.' But even then his mind could not have been upon his devotions with one eye carefully peeled for land ahead.

Again take the introduction to 'Little Orphant Annie.' It tells us 'how truly a little child may be overtaxed and yet preserve a brave spirit and keen imagination'! This certainly has the advantage of being able to give Mr. James Whitcomb Riley a totally new point of view.

To 'The Noble Nature' of Ben Jonson is appended, 'Small virtue well polished is better than none.' The comment on Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' is, 'The lesson of this masterpiece is insensibility to crime.'

Truly the American conscience has run amuck here! The rainbow-colored bubble of one's imagination has been pricked with a pen!

There seems to be among these unbalanced faddists an anxiety to interpret for the child. They lead him carefully along lest he miss something that would add to his more perfect development. Poor little bound-in feet that were made to fare forth joyously on their voyage of discovery! Cannot these people understand that they are insulting his common sense, that his intuitive perception will by itself lead him close to the spirit of the thing? It is the part of wisdom to lend a hand only when we find him going as far astray as a little boy of six who was reciting 'Barbara Frietchie' to me. After reciting the lines, —

> 'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
> Dies like a dog! March on!' he said, —

with great elocutionary fire, he stopped suddenly; and then, after a moment's thought, he asked, 'Do you know why the leader would n't let his soldiers shoot her?'

'No,' I said. 'Why?'

'Because he did n't want to waste any of his dood bullets on dat old gray head!'

HOUSEKEEPING FOR MEN

THERE was a time when I believed that women had no intrinsic talent for housekeeping. Since trying a few weeks of it, I am convinced that men have absolutely none either. As a sociologist, I shall devote myself to the question how the race ever overcame the frightful technical difficulties and rose to even its present low position.

My friend Achates and myself, set unbefriended in a summer cottage, found ourselves taking three hours to prepare and dispose of our first breakfast. When the last plate had been thoughtfully put away, we sat down and computed. Three meals a day at three hours per meal was nine hours a day devoted to the mere primitive act of supporting existence. Achates had hoped to practice four hours a day; I

to write. I tried to cheer him up by pointing out that if we slept a decent eight hours a day, we should still have three full hours for pure recreation. But he refused to be comforted. He was for fleeing at once to effete and servile civilization. The urgency of the situation required an immediate application of the steeliest intelligence to this immemorial profession of womankind. We telescoped the advance of the centuries into ten minutes. Our first act was to abolish the hot lunch. Instead of building our roaring wood-fire, we regaled ourselves with sardines, cheese, sandwiches, and milk. For breakfast I constructed an unalterable and stereotyped form of bacon and eggs, triscuit, and chocolate, and to it applied the most recent principles of scientific management. Every utensil, every motion, every process, was carefully regulated. Each morning the meal was put through in the same order of twenty-six moves, and I soon felt the fierce joy of efficiency in following my incomparable ritual. In the course of a week I had reduced my working-time sixty per cent, and on those mornings when Achates happened to get the wood placed right in the stove, we would attain a maximum and inclusive speed of less than an hour.

Our only remaining problem then was dinner, and in the solution of this we called in social adaptation. We could think of no better technique than to make ourselves so popular in the community that we should be constantly invited out. But there were nights when we were not popular, and then our technique was strained to the breaking-point. I felt a naïve gratitude toward cans, until Achates began talking about benzoates and things. When the butcher deigned to drop in on us, we had meat, and I got many novel cannibalistic pleasures from the lurid sizzling of chops over the fire.

If it was I who supplied the technical ingenuity, it was Achates who gave the really creative color to our work. He early came into possession of the cook-book of the Village Ladies' Social Circle, and into its mysteries we adventured far. Achates had a weakness for muffins, and one evening, having selected that recipe which appealed most to his sense of form and balance, we went to bed in a deeply solemn mood. When I came down next morning, I found Achates in the act of pouring out a golden mass into a pan. The pan was flat, and when I asked with my quick technical intuition how this mass proposed to biscuitize itself, he assured me that this was the way his mother always did it, for he had often watched her. In the process of baking, he said, each little muffin differentiated itself out from the golden mass, and stood gloriously by itself. When the pan should come on the table, he assured me, there would be a golden cluster of nicely intelligible muffins. Something told me that the dough was much more likely to flow evenly into one large muffin, but Achates said darkly that there was something mystical about it all. He could n't explain how it happened, but he just knew it did.

Far from being unsound, my prophecy had not been pessimistic enough. When we took our pan from the oven there was not even one muffin. That lovely golden mass, mixed after the most orthodox rules of the Ladies' Social Circle, had merely flowed silently in a thin sheet over the pan. The laws of gravity had done their deadly work and only a thin crust remained. The discouraged dough had not even had the energy to 'rise.' The whole mass had acted in the most unfeeling and unmuffinlike way. We ate our breakfast in depressed mood. We were now willing to ascribe to woman not only talent, but genius in housekeeping. And

not only genius, but a truly magical command over the forces of Nature, the character of which, not having the divine afflatus, we could only dimly surmise.

FADED ENTHUSIASMS

In Mr. Scudder's biography of Lowell there is a curious reminder of the change that overcomes us all, earlier or later as the case may be, in reaching what Dr. Holmes calls the table-land of life. The biographer says of Lowell that 'upon writing of Carlyle when he himself was nearing the line of fifty, there was an undercurrent of reminiscence of his own callowness. He remembered his devotion to the Carlyle of the *Miscellanies*, and was more or less conscious that he had outlived his first enthusiasm.'

This passage was forcibly brought home to me the other day when I took down from its shelf an old volume of the French dramatist, Sardou, whose lightest line I loved once to the point of adoration, and was impressed less by its supreme cleverness than by its theatrical artificiality. My own marginal notes, made at the time the original players were still performing in Paris, touched me no longer. Even the masterpiece, *Patrie*, the only play of all Sardou taken over to the Théâtre Français by right of eminent domain, seemed to me but fairly good melodrama, — its hero long-winded and tiresome and something of a *poseur*. I doubt if I could sit through to the end of him even in the theatre now!

Here is a change, indeed! How queerly we are all made up! Do we outgrow things thus every year or two, I wonder, and wake up to find them tedious and unprofitable? Do we live a while with our Carlyles, only to throw them over? Is mortal man so fickle that nothing of all he has done may grow familiar, nothing bear the test of repetition? Will the utterance of genius, some day, fail to stir him? The great lines of Othello and Hamlet, for instance, grow feeble and pall?

> If after every tempest come such calms,
> May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
> And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
> Olympus-high; and duck again as low
> As hell 's from heaven!
>
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story.

No! Those lines will live as long as there are tongues to speak and ears to hear them. We read them at all times and seasons, and they grow in beauty. They defy analysis, like the note of the nightingale.

The enthusiasms of the day and hour I suppose to be merely temperamental. They are signs of an active mind, and we should be grateful for them rather than otherwise, whether swiftly outgrown or not. For they are but surface-eddies of the current, and have but the slightest relation to the depth below. Even if some of them endure to the point of permanence, they are more likely than not to hold their proper place, and do no harm. The effervescence of youth is an excellent thing, and the more of it we keep in middle age or later life, the better. Contrariwise, if, one by one, our images totter, fall, and break, no matter. We can sit in serene contemplation of their fragments. 'Through plot and counter-plot,' through all time and change, the 'Nightingale in the Study' will still sing on.

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DO WOMEN WANT THE VOTE?

BY WILLIAM M. BRAY

I

When the honest voters of his district elected him to represent them in the state senate, he had some idea of what might be expected of him. He had served in the legislature before. When he announced his candidacy and published his platform, however, he had not anticipated that woman suffrage would be an issue. The equal-suffrage advocates had been overwhelmingly defeated two years before when the suffrage question had been submitted to the voters of the state by means of a referendum. He knew that most suffragists were determined, persistent women who thoroughly believed in their cause and meant to win. He should have known that they would keep the suffrage question an issue until they did win. Had he been wiser, he would have realized that women's 'rights' were becoming more and more important politically, and were already a most vital issue. Not only in many states, but in Congress as well, suffragists were playing a most prominent part. Sooner or later practically every legislator in every state, every member of Congress, and almost every voter in the United States would be called upon to take a stand on the equal suffrage question.

Our legislator soon discovered his mistake. Nowadays a candidate for political office has no chance to remain deceived on the suffrage question. Our embryo statesman meant to do what was right. He did not like to oppose women. He had always believed that if a majority of women wanted the ballot they should have it; but he did not know that a majority of them did want it. How could he find out? Practically all women who said anything to him about suffrage wanted to vote. They told him so in no uncertain terms. Probably a majority of the voters in his district were opposed to equal suffrage, however. Two years before they had voted against suffrage very decisively. Perhaps public sentiment on the suffrage question had changed since then, but presumably there had been no change, if no evidence were brought to prove it. He saw very plainly that the suffrage problem would be a difficult one for him. What was he to do?

He did not have to be told the easiest course for him to pursue. That would be to vote on this question as a majority of his constituents had voted. But should he take the 'easiest way'? He knew that when questions of right and wrong were involved, strong men did not suppress their convictions — even to please their constituents. Perhaps

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he was not a strong man, but he did not want to be a weak one. He had always believed it to be the duty of a legislator to keep in close touch with his constituents, to seek the help of their advice and the benefit of their judgment, and to give their interests preference over his own. He also believed just as firmly, however, that it was a legislator's duty to realize that he was elected to make laws, not only for his own district, but for the whole state as well; and to remember too that he owed it to all for whom he must so legislate, to use his best judgment for their welfare and to be something more than a mere reflector of opinions — even of the opinions of those to whom he might owe the position which made his judgment important.

The next legislature would be asked to submit another suffrage referendum to the people. Legislators would be judged to be for, or against, equal suffrage, as they voted on this proposed referendum. Its passage would be demanded, not because there were more or better arguments in favor of equal suffrage now than there had been two years before, and not that there were any indications that the result of another popular vote would be different; but simply because suffragists wanted the vote and proposed to keep up an untiring and never-ceasing agitation in favor of what they wanted until they got it. If they could not convince the opposition, they meant to tire it out.

Without regard to the merits of equal suffrage, he could not help feeling that the legislature should not permit the state to be subjected to the annoyance and uncertainty of these proposed repeated referendums, without first being shown at least some substantial evidence to warrant the belief that public sentiment had materially changed since the previous election. The suffragists had no right to ask the coöperation of the legislature in attempts to win a suffrage victory by coercion and agitation. Surely continual agitation was not in and of itself fair argument. Suffrage should win on its merits or not at all.

Our would-be statesman had often been warned that equal suffrage would win eventually, and that therefore, as a matter of policy, it would be well for him to give it his support. He thought that that consideration should have no bearing in helping him to determine his duty, however. Certainly he could not support a cause any more conscientiously simply because he thought it would win.

While a member of the legislature before, he had known several suffrage lobbyists. They had given members a great deal of attention. He remembered their persistent ways. Some had been very emphatic in expressing their opinions. Many had been quite intolerant of any ideas entertained by those who differed with them. He knew that most suffragists were good, earnest, conscientious, public-spirited women, who wanted to vote only because of the greater opportunities for doing good that they thought the ballot would give them. He wished all of them could be more charitable toward the opinions of those who did not always agree with them.

Our law-maker had met female-suffrage advocates who could see no good in any man opposed to equal suffrage, and who apparently looked upon man as woman's natural enemy — unsympathetic to her interests, unfair to her in matters of legislation, and woefully lacking in all humanitarian instincts. Such women seemed to feel antagonistic toward men as a class, and no doubt would consider any suffrage gain a victory over men. He did not admire this type of woman very much, but he realized fully that allowances should

be made for them and that he should not allow their prejudices to influence him to be unfair toward them or their cause.

His mother was a suffragist. She was not the shy, timid, modest, retiring kind either. Fortunately, however, she was one of that rarer variety who do not take even their own opinions too seriously. He was very fond of his mother and very proud of her. He knew that her ideas were generally sound and well worth listening to. She often said that her women friends needed something worth while to do more than they needed the ballot. She doubted if woman suffrage would result in better government. She did not want to vote. In her opinion, however, all mature people, without regard to sex or color, education or intelligence, taxation or property rights, or any other qualification than that of citizenship, who contributed to support government and gave up part of their personal liberty to conform to government rules and regulations, were entitled to an equal share in the management of government business. She firmly believed that, as a matter of simple justice, women should be given the ballot on an equality with men. She maintained that suffrage was a 'right' to which every woman was entitled, and that those women who wanted suffrage were justified in demanding their 'rights.' Whether or not other women wanted suffrage — or 'rights' — had no bearing on the question.

Our friend had great respect for his mother's opinions, but would have preferred not to discuss them with her. Experience had taught him that the suffrage question was an extremely difficult subject for men and women to discuss together. In all such discussions, sooner or later the relative merits of the two sexes were almost invariably brought up for debate, and disagreeable comparisons generally followed. He had learned that suffrage arguments between men and women were to be avoided, if possible.

II

But, try as hard as he might, our well-meaning state senator could not always avoid suffrage arguments with women. Believing as he did that women should not have the ballot until a majority of them wanted it, the question that interested him particularly was whether or not most women really did want it. He found that very few equal suffrage advocates were interested in this question, however. In his discussions with them, they generally argued that suffragists should be given the ballot even if most women were opposed to it.

To present his point of view, he often tried to question those who differed with him: —

'Are suffragists in the majority?'

'Don't you think women who are opposed to equal suffrage have "rights"?'

'Is not suffrage a duty and a responsibility as well as a "right"?'

'Are you fair in trying to force duties and responsibilities upon all women, without regard to whether or not they want them, in order to secure "rights" for suffragists?'

'Don't you think the "rights" of all women should be considered in the determination of so important a question as their enfranchisement? or do you think anti-suffragists should be disfranchised on the question of enfranchisement?'

'If women are well enough informed to exercise the right of suffrage, are they not sufficiently intelligent to decide for themselves whether or not they want suffrage?'

Our inquiring young legislator liked to ask questions of others, but one day

one of his mother's friends asked him a question.

She said: 'The government of this country is the business of its citizens, each holding just one share of stock. I know I am counted a stockholder, for I am called upon to help pay the bills. The men of the country will not permit me and other women to vote our stock. They do not even allow us to vote by proxy as no one has more than one vote. You are a business man and a stockholder in this business. I don't think you or any other business man should say that I cannot vote my stock because I am a woman, or because many other women stockholders do not care enough about the business to vote their stock. How would you and your friends in the legislature like to be compelled to support a business run with such a lack of principle?'

Well, our legislator was staggered! He was flabbergasted!

Could all his fine theories be exploded by one plain simple question? Had not his mother's friend presented a strong case? Were not her premises correct? Was not her reasoning logical? Could there be more than one conclusion? He had to admit that he was quite overwhelmed. At first thought her question certainly seemed unanswerable, except in one way. He must take time and think it over. Perhaps he ought to state the hypothesis in his own way and see if he arrived at the same conclusion.

'We are all stockholders in a public business called "government," but we have never been equal stockholders so far as voting our stock is concerned. All stock is evenly divided into two kinds — common and preferred. You and other women have always owned all the preferred stock, and have had no opportunity to take part in the management of the business except in an advisory capacity. Other men and I have always owned all the common stock and managed the business for what we believed to be the best interests of all stockholders, preferred as well as common.

'In order to permit you women to take an active part in running the business, would it be right for us to force all women — very much against the wishes of a majority of them perhaps — to exchange their preferred stock for common stock and in that way be compelled either to become active themselves in the management of the business, or to intrust their interests partly to you?

'Would not we common stockholders be fairer to you preferred stockholders, if we said to you: "You may decide for yourselves whether you want to leave the business of running this government to us or prefer to take an active part in its management. We will abide by your decision. If most of you want the right to vote, all well and good, you may have it; but if a majority of you do not want a change in government management, we will not let a minority force it upon you.'

Our young friend felt relieved. He had discovered the flaw in the lady's argument. At first, her question had seemed fairly to represent the situation and to knock all his theories in the head. He now saw plainly, however, that in her hypothesis she had failed to consider the interests of those women who did not want to be forced to take an active part in public business in order to protect their own interests, and who also did not want to have their business managed, even in part, by other women.

Our representative finally decided that the only way he could determine for himself whether or not women should be given the ballot was to submit the question to the women themselves. He resolved to find out, if pos-

sible, what proportion of the women living in his own district wanted equal suffrage. He was sure his women constituents were no less intelligent and well informed on the suffrage question than were the women of any other district in the commonwealth. If there proved to have been a decided change of sentiment throughout his district in favor of suffrage since the referendum vote of two years before, there would probably have been a proportionate change throughout the state. If a majority of the women in his district desired equal suffrage, very likely a majority in the state would favor it. For fear the women of his district were more intelligent and well informed than the average, however, and therefore, that a poll of his district would not prove a fair test of suffrage sentiment elsewhere, he finally interested other members of the legislature and induced some of them to agree that, if he would take a poll of women in his district, they would do likewise in their respective districts located in different parts of the state.

How to make a fair test was another problem. Our legislator was determined that, above every other consideration, his poll should be fair. He realized that, because of the expense involved, he could not afford to poll all of his district. He finally decided to canvass half of it, selecting such parts of each city, village, and country town as he thought would be most representative. But, being puzzled to know just how to make his canvass, he sought advice. A variety of suggestions was received. Most of them were manifestly impractical, and few of them appeared unbiased.

One suffrage advocate advised him to poll only schoolteachers, librarians, and other educated women. It seemed to her that a general poll of women, including 'uninformed and indifferent working girls' and 'home-bodies,' would not be a fair test.

A very prominent suffragist living in a large city told him: 'The only fair method of taking a test vote would be to visit every house in the district selected, carefully explain to each woman the advantages of woman suffrage, and hand her a ballot with the request that she mark it, voting "yes" if not opposed, and "no," of course, if opposed.' The prominent suffragist said that she herself had taken many test votes in this manner and found results 'most satisfactory.'

What our inquisitive friend wanted, however, was a record of the equal-suffrage sentiment then prevailing throughout his whole district; not a selected test of such sentiment, or a test of general sentiment as it might be after arguments on one side had been presented. He made up his mind to have some ballots printed and to take his poll in his own way.

After he started his canvass, I did not see him for many days, but I heard of him frequently. One day I saw a young lady, who did not look as if she would hurt any one, approach our good old German housekeeper, who was busily hanging out the family washing, and offer her a slip of paper.

There was a short pause; then a mouth full of clothespins sputtered, 'Ach! Gott in Himmel! I got no time for such foolishness!'

I was puzzled, but finally guessed the reason for so much vehemence. The stranger was one of our legislator's suffrage canvassers. She looked tired, and graciously accepted my invitation to come in.

Her little ballots were plainly printed and read that members of the legislature wanted to know whether or not women wanted the vote. Women were asked to take the ballots somewhere where they could be alone, mark them

with a cross (x) to indicate whether or not they were in favor of equal suffrage, fold them so that their vote could not be seen, and deposit them in the ballot bag carried by the collector.

The modest young canvasser said there were other ballots to be sent by mail to women of different nationalities living in the country districts. These ballots were worded in very much the same way, but printed in different colors — one color for each nationality. She thought her employer was curious to know if nationality made any difference in suffrage sentiment.

I asked her if she were a suffragist. She said she could not tell me. Neither could she discuss suffrage nor tell how the vote was going. She had been instructed to be very careful, in talking with women, not to give any advice or information that might influence a vote. Most of the ballots were folded before being handed back to her, and she seldom looked to see how they were marked. She was expected to visit every house in the districts assigned to her. Practically every woman she saw voted, almost always without hesitation. She understood that both men and women were employed as canvassers and that half of them had been selected because they favored equal suffrage and half because they were opposed to it. None of them were allowed to inform any one how they stood. She thought there were many canvassers. Most of them were employed calling from house to house in different cities and villages, while others were taking polls in factories, stores, offices, libraries, and schools. Her employer had said he intended to secure as many votes as possible before his canvass became advertised, so that he might get a fair, impartial vote before any one interested attempted to influence the voters.

I did not think that she looked either part, but the young canvasser thought that many people judged her to be either a 'suffragette,' or employed by the 'liquor interests.' A large number of women had told her they were interested in suffrage only because of the liquor question. Many wanted the ballot for just one reason — to close up saloons. It made no difference to her how women voted or why they voted one way or another. The man soliciting in the ward with her was an experienced canvasser. He had told her that he always put his foot in a front door as soon as it was opened, to prevent its being slammed in his face before he could explain his business. She would like to visit longer, but her employer expected her to work. Perhaps she had stayed too long. Some boys outside had followed her, calling her 'suffering cat.' She had been hoping they would go.

That same day the newspapers began to take notice of our legislator's canvass. News articles appeared, telling about 'mysterious strangers seen canvassing different parts of the city and many other places.' Because officers of the 'Equal Suffrage League' knew nothing about it, prominent suffragists were inclined to believe that 'interests inimical to the cause of suffrage, probably the liquor people,' were back of the poll.

Next day our law-maker was interviewed. He attempted to explain the mystery, but no explanation was satisfactory or acceptable. There must be something 'crooked' about the canvass, because leading suffragists had not been consulted. It was inconceivable that a fair poll could be taken by any one outside of equal-suffrage organizations. One suffragist said that she had stayed at home for three days (something she had never been known to do before) for fear the canvassers would miss her, but she had not been called upon. Another had 'called up fourteen prominent ad-

vocates of suffrage and not one of them had been asked to vote by the mysterious canvassers.' Others had told the canvassers at just what houses they should call to get suffragist votes, but many of these calls had not been made. Surely the liquor people were back of it. 'Mysterious strangers should not adopt dark, mysterious methods!'

III

I had not seen my friend the legislator for so long a time that I began to think he must be in hiding, when one day I met him coming out of a large office building. He seemed pleased to see me, and said he was 'glad to meet a friend.' He had been home for days counting ballots. There were thousands of them, and he had counted them all himself. His telephone had rung so incessantly that he was glad to leave home occasionally. His mail had grown enormously. The offices he had just visited had been canvassed twice, as sixty-one young women employed there had managed to vote eighty-two times in the first poll. He knew of no other instances, however, where the ballot-box had been 'stuffed.' He thought probably some one had been trying to play a 'practical' joke. At that particular place, a telephone exchange, he had been obliged to leave the ballots to be called for later on, after they had been marked. In every other case, his canvassers had passed the ballots around and then taken them up immediately. He was very much pleased with the success he had had in taking a fair poll. He felt sure no fairer test could be made of the sentiment of the women of his district on the suffrage question. Many thousand ballots had been cast. With very few exceptions, probably less than two per cent, every woman solicited had responded to the invitation to vote. The few women called upon who had seemed in doubt and undecided which way to vote had not been encouraged to vote at all; but there had been very few who were not ready to vote promptly.

His ballots had been distributed in his own ward first. Most of the women living in his ward were the wives of workingmen. They had voted against equal suffrage four to one.

Another workingmen's ward had voted the same way. Two others had opposed suffrage three to one.

He had next canvassed a ward where he thought the residents were more representative of all classes. In this ward homes ranged in value from two hundred dollars to as high as twenty thousand dollars and more. Two thirds of the vote in this ward had been 'no.'

A majority of the men living in the seventh ward had voted in favor of suffrage two years before. A careful canvass indicated that their women were now opposed to suffrage by a small majority.

In the thirteenth ward, the largest in the city, almost eight hundred workingmen's wives had marked ballots. Seven out of eight had not wanted women to vote.

He had polled in all six and one half of the thirteen wards in his city. Only one fourth of the three thousand women called upon in these wards had voted 'yes.'

At first he had thought that perhaps the result would be different when he polled the women whom his canvassers had not found at home — the working women in factories, stores, schools, and other places.

Most teachers, older scholars, librarians, nurses, and dressmakers had voted 'yes.' A large majority of bookkeepers, stenographers, clerks, factory girls, and hotel employees had voted 'no.'

In the other two cities in his district, the vote had been practically the same.

About seven women out of ten did not want the ballot.

There were two villages that had shown strong equal-suffrage sentiment two years before. The suffragists in these villages had almost won in his poll, but in each case a very small majority of women had been opposed.

Not a single ward, city, or village in his district had returned a majority for suffrage.

He had found the rural districts almost as strongly opposed to women voting as the cities had been. Thirteen out of sixteen country towns had voted 'no.'

In these country towns he had mailed different colored ballots to different nationalities. Three fourths of the German women answering had voted 'no.' The Irish had voted 'no.' A close majority of the Scandinavians and English and most of the Welsh had voted 'yes.'

In all he had polled almost eight thousand votes. The results indicated that fully two thirds of all the women in his district were opposed to suffrage. The referendum on suffrage two years before had shown almost exactly the same proportion of men opposed to giving women the ballot. Evidently there were no indications of a gain in suffrage sentiment in his district.

The other members of the legislature who had promised to poll their districts did not do so. He thought that they had refrained, either because they did not want to incur the expense, or did not want to agree to abide by the results. In the absence of any other test, he must assume the suffrage sentiment in his district to be a fair indication of suffrage strength throughout his state.

Just before the equal-suffrage measures introduced in the state legislature came up for consideration, our representative called upon me. He was in trouble. His mother had written him a letter asking him to support equal suffrage. She said it would settle the liquor problem. She was visiting in a western state where women had the ballot. He did not like to disappoint his mother. Her letter read: —

My Dear Boy: —

What an opportunity you now have as a state senator to make our state a cleaner and better home for its citizens.

Your first privilege will be to help women to secure the ballot. I am so sure of your absolute integrity and high sense of honor that I feel certain you will not deny women justice.

My western visit has made me a real 'votes for women' enthusiast. The ballot has already done wonders for women in the west, and these recently enfranchised western women are accomplishing so much in return.

Every western man I have met tells me he is glad to have women vote. Even those who were most opposed to equal suffrage have become converted. Men out here seem to believe in women, and the women are showing themselves to be worthy of this trust.

After fifty years of saloon politics under man rule in Oregon and Washington, the women of these states have stepped in with their new untried weapons, women's votes, and banished 'demon rum' from the country. Men in politics in the east are afraid to vote against saloons, but in these western suffrage states men no longer fear the liquor vote. They know that women's votes count more than saloon votes.

In civilization there is no room for the saloon. Women realize this more than men, perhaps, because women suffer more from the effects of liquor than do men, while their judgment is not prejudiced by a taste for it. Women know that absolute prohibition is the only permanent solution of the liquor problem.

I wish we could rid our state of saloons, but I am sure this can never be done until women are given the ballot. My faith in you is so great that I am sure you will vote for woman suffrage, for you must choose between the two, equal suffrage and saloons. I know my boy could not align himself with the saloon.

Your loving

MOTHER.

I was interested to know how our state senator would answer his mother. He finally wrote her in part: —

You will not agree with me, mother, but I believe no one should support equal suffrage because of the liquor problem.

In our state, as well as in others, the equal-suffrage movement is linked with the prohibition movement. Most suffragists are opposed to saloons. Many are suffragists only because of saloons. They want women to have the ballot only to bring about prohibition.

In my opinion the liquor problem is of minor importance in comparison with the suffrage question. Whether or not women vote, it is generally admitted that the liquor problem will be permanently solved in the course of time by laws that will have public sentiment back of them to make them enforceable. On the other hand, equal suffrage is for all time. When suffrage for women is once granted, it is an irrevocable step. How unfortunate it would be to take an irrevocable step for a reason that will no longer exist after a comparatively short time.

Friends of good government should consider the advisability of equal suffrage entirely aside from any effect women's votes might have on the liquor business. If equal suffrage ought not to be granted for other reasons than because of its effect on the saloon business, then it ought not to be granted at all, for the saloon question will be taken care of without women's votes. Linking the two questions together only tends to prevent a fair, impartial judgment of each.

And, mother, if a majority of the men in our state really want saloons (as they seem to), bad as the saloon is, would we be better off to have it abolished by women? Would it be well to have most women voting against most men? Would equal suffrage bring about such a situation?

My conscientious friend opposed all equal-suffrage bills introduced in the state senate. One of these measures failed to pass by only one vote.

THE ECONOMIC CRIME OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

ONE of Dante's finest passages celebrates the nuptials of St. Francis of Assisi and the Lady Poverty, 'the widow of Christ.' In the thought of the spiritual troubadours of the Middle Ages she had been left as the ward of the Church, but through many centuries none had paid her court or championed her cause. Francis became her knight and persuaded his followers to wear her favor as they went out to win Umbria and, later, all Italy. Among the most dramatic scenes in history is that of Francis and his early disciples at the little sanctuary of Santa Maria degli Angeli, when he and Egidio, Ginepro, Bernardo, Pietro, and other men of wealth and high birth, took the formal vow of poverty, electing to live on the commonest fare, in the scantiest measure, earned by menial labor or received as charity. Such a saint and poet as Francis might throw a passing glamour over the grim features of poverty, and the age in which he lived invited the vow as a parable; perhaps within the church at that time and in the Catholic church of to-day there may be justification for a clerical order bearing such marks of dedication; but the expedient or institution is entirely alien to the Protestant conception of the ministry.

Protestantism has always emphasized the pastoral function of the clerical office, not because the church has no genius for conceiving or attempting the exceptional in spiritual strategy, but by reason of its firm belief that the main outlines of human society as they now exist are divinely sanctioned and ordained. Faith in the family unit underlies the Protestant conception of the place and function of the ministry. An order of clerics distinguished by celibacy and voluntary poverty, living in a monastic establishment or moving about from place to place without stake or right in any given community, would be a denial of Protestant principles. The more nearly a clergyman can conform to the social customs of his age, and the more completely he can build himself into the body politic, the more perfectly he realizes the Protestant ideal. To exercise the franchise of citizenship, to have a definite financial part in the fortunes of the state, to be the head of a family with its obligations and privileges, to be a participating factor in the social evolution that is forever remaking humanity, to be the neighbor and friend and guide of all kinds and conditions of men by virtue of kindred experience, to minimize the artificial distinctions between the sacred and the secular — these are the concepts which give form to the Protestant ministry. What they mean can be readily seen: influence by impregnation rather than by impact; inspiration and stimulation for spiritual achievement by coöperation within the social organism, rather than by exterior governance; a concrete and vital model of

the ideal in terms never to be misunderstood, rather than an extramundane theory propounded by one who is not called upon to put it to the test of actuality.

Because this principle of participation has been accepted by the entire body of Protestant laity the conditions upon which Protestant ministers must live their lives are defined with something like finality. Each must fit into his habitat at the stage of social evolution reached by his parish. But his precise place is not set by striking an average: he must adopt the customs and meet the standards of the better class of his parishioners. Even though his salary is no higher than that of the skilled mechanic, he and his family must dress, entertain, and contribute to local philanthropies on the scale of the comparatively rich.

To this as an immediate programme the clergyman has no objection; by instinct and education he appreciates the emblems of refinement; he wishes his children to have a flying start in a competitive age; and, above all, he wants to be a commendable representative of the civilization he is pledged to sustain and advance. The Manse, or Rectory, or Parsonage, is always too large and out of proportion to his income; books are the tools of his trade, and they are not only expensive but they become obsolete more quickly than other tools; clerical clothing cannot be bought readily and cheaply in the custom-made stores during clearance sales; charity, to him, is not a passing luxury but a permanent investment to conserve his capital in character; vacations are almost enforced, and in a high-tension-nerve-brain-and-heart occupation must not be neglected. So he takes his place, smiles, preaches optimism, gives first and last aid to every kind of injury, keeps the honor of his church and his Master beyond reproach, and spends the residue of his strength in devising and practising secret economies.

The present gives him scarcely a care; but the future! It looms dark and bleak before him: extreme penury, possibly starvation, or — charity. He would prefer the former for himself; he has lived so intimately with chivalrous ideals and generous impulses, he has striven so hard to keep his individual independence as an inalienable right, that he would rather die a South Pacific castaway than subsist on doles of pity. But his family! and above all, the honor of his church! For these he must drain the dregs and comfort his soul with his oft-used pulpit parable of Lazarus and the crumbs. Provision for disability or old age is altogether out of the question with the average minister.

The cost of living has been rising at the rate of five per cent a year; the level of clerical salaries has not risen five per cent in a decade; and the increase, such as it is, has not been a flat advance throughout all the churches; it has been chiefly confined to the wealthier parishes and congregations. Even to save by insurance is almost out of the question, at least in an amount adequate to an old-age annuity. Taken at a comparatively early age, a $5000 twenty-year endowment policy would swallow up more than a fifth of the average yearly salary of Protestant clergymen; supposing, however, that it could be managed, the income at five per cent will bring in only $5 a week for old-age subsistence. No matter how saintly and devoted he is, or how deeply under obligation earth may be for his vicarious life, the Protestant clergyman can see his heaven only beyond a belt of hell through which he and his loved ones must pass.

What fault there is lies at the door of the wealthier laymen of the churches, particularly the successful business

men. Nearly all of them are officers or partners or stockholders in the great corporations of the country. They know perfectly well that practically every large and well-established industry is providing for the disability and the old age of its employees; they have almost a flawless knowledge of the action recently taken by various states in respect of employers' liability; they acquiesce in the pensions paid by the government to the personnel of the army and navy. These and other developments of the corporate conscience are now fixed factors of business and citizenship, justified alike by economic justice and humanitarianism. Nearly all of the prominent business men of America have some connection with the church; many of them are conspicuous leaders of Christian enterprise. Industrially they are Dr. Jekyll; ecclesiastically they are Mr. Hyde. What use is there in glossing the matter? They are proud of being just and fair where it is an economic necessity; they are brutally callous where it is a religious grace. The employer who dares not rip a faithful but gray-haired mechanic from his lathe and throw him upon the mercy of the community will tear a faithful but gray-haired preacher from his pulpit and drop him upon the lean cold bosom of charity. Perhaps the horrible anachronism is the last defiance of a defeated feudalism.

II

According to the United States Census Bureau, the Christian Church of America is the greatest corporation in the country. In 1906, it reported a property equipment costing $1,257,575,860, of which the Protestant share was $935,942,278. For the purpose of framing an indictment to which some one in particular must plead, I shall confine myself to the Protestant Church. During the sixteen years from 1890 to 1906, that property investment increased 40 per cent; in the nine years since the latter date, the increase must have been another 25 per cent. Thus in twenty-five years, under the inspiration and guidance of its ministry, the Protestant Church has added 65 per cent of value to its capital account, but in that phenomenal increase the minister has not even an infinitesimal equity. The one institution on earth that is dedicated to the proclamation and practice of Justice is a monumental and monstrous example of injustice; the one organization in the land that has as its *raison d'être* the leadership in private and public righteousness is dragging its palsied conscience far in the rear of the nominally non-moral industrial corporations. Without shame, with scarcely a transient concern, the Protestant Church is treating its most worthy employees as though there had been no advance in social and industrial ethics since the tooth-and-claw period.

This religious corporation employs 150,000 local managers or executive officers known as priests, clergymen, ministers, pastors, or preachers. Usually these pay the cost of their own training, although some branches of the sacred business assist candidates during the years of preparation. Higher standards of character are required of the employees than in any other occupation; and, on the whole, the degree of mental efficiency demanded is as exacting as in other professions which rest on an intellectual foundation. The outstanding qualities, scrutinized with jealous care, are the instinct for spiritual interpretation and the capacity for ethical leadership. These are the rarest characteristics in the endowment of humanity, and historians and philosophers are unanimous in thinking that the stability and advancement of so-

ciety have always depended more upon the exercise of these qualities than upon any other factors. And, as may be at once conceded, the intensive cultivation of these qualities precludes the development of the economic or financial faculty; hence the sneer that ministers are poor business men is as much beside the mark as to say that as a rule bankers would make indifferent artists and corporation presidents very wretched poets. Necessity, however, in this case comes to the rescue of the clergy, for they are compelled to assist in the finances of their parishes and in course of time they do acquire a respectable degree of business acumen. As a class, at the age of thirty-five, they are probably as level-headed and worldly-wise as the men of any other class.

Moreover, the Protestant Church raises and administers well over $100,000,000 per annum, not counting the additions to the invested permanent funds — local and general endowments. For instance, the denomination with which I am most familiar, 'The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America,' — the incorporated title, — reported for the year ending in 1915, a total income of $27,785,036. It is manned by 9685 ministers; but this number includes permanent officials of boards, professors, missionaries, ministers without charge, and a large percentage disabled by old age from active service. And yet, out of that total only $256,144 was designed for meeting the needs of its disabled servants or the widows and dependent children of ministers who had died.

But what is worse, only $96,596 was given in cash by the churches during the year for bona-fide pensions — the balance being for the Relief Fund, which is a pure form of charity and barely enough to avoid scandal by giving slight alleviation to the most desperately needy. Later I shall point out more definitely the distinction between the charity called relief and the justice known as pensions. It is sufficient here to note that one of the wealthiest branches of the Protestant corporation has thus far failed to reach the standard of economic justice frankly recognized by industrial corporations commonly called 'soulless.'

III

Industrial justice represents the latest phase in the evolution of a social conscience. For many centuries charity has been reckoned a grace of religion, and it is supposed that grace has forever abrogated law. Perhaps in the theological realm it has, but not in the social. Swiftly, and with ever-increasing momentum, the science of economics has overridden sentiment; industrialism has frankly appropriated the language and the laws of ethics; organized bodies of laborers have dropped the pleading tone of the suppliant and speak in the accent of demand. The movement came, not from the few at the top, but from the masses at the bottom and from the multitudes in the middle. Charity has grown to be the most hated word in the vocabulary. There is no anger against the impulse of charity as felt by the almoner, but a deep indignation that the social structure should have any area in which charity is needed. Men demand economic justice as they demand liberty of thought, speech, and movement, as they demand equality before the law, as they demand representation in government; they claim it as an inalienable right, as a fundamental law of democracy; and they will accept no grace as a substitute.

Fortunately, in one department of our multiform industrial relationships, the capitalists or their executives re-

cognized almost instantly the validity of the claim. To tabulate the various forms of response in baldest outline and without a word of comment would require more than the space allotted to this article. Within a few years, thousands of schemes have been elaborated by which the producers of values may participate in the wealth produced. Leaving aside coöperative societies, stock partnerships, bonus distribution, profit-sharing, and sliding scales of wages, as being a branch of the theme that is not germane to the subject of economic justice toward the Christian ministry, we come to the question of pensions, which, in its final form, is nothing less than the equity a worker has in the value of the business his labor has helped to build up, considered from the standpoint of the time he has given to the occupation. Pensions differ from all forms of workmen's compensation for disability chiefly in the fact that the time element does not enter into the latter; but both are a distinct recognition that the employees' willingness to contribute to the production of values gives them an indubitable equity in the wealth produced, whether that wealth be regarded as permanent capital or periodic increment.

Pensions are deferred wages. They are as far removed from charity as is the ordinary biweekly pay envelope or the monthly check. Their record is not in the private bank-book of the employer but on the debit page of the ledger. This is equally true whether they are provided by a capital fund, as in the United States Steel Corporation, or whether they are charged against earnings, as by the New York Central Railroad. Indeed, the method of provision is the least important feature; the one vital point is that industrial corporations recognize that to pay wages to employees when their ability to produce has passed away is ethically and economically sound. The principle has been almost universally adopted. Practically every railroad system and manufacturing corporation in America reckons the pensioning of disabled or aged employees as a fixed liability, no more to be evaded than the annual charge-off for depreciation.

Such a principle or practice, once established in the business world, could not fail of extension. Colleges and universities paid attention to their emeritus funds, and, when it was found that these were inadequate or inequitable, the Carnegie Foundation completed the system. The privileges of this fund have been extended to seventy-three institutions, and the average pension provided for professors who wish to retire at sixty-five years of age or later is $1600 per annum. Public-school systems in every large centre already have made, or are making, provision for old-age retirement, but the bases of the plans adopted are so variant that no summary can be given: they represent every possible form, from contributory insurance to a straight pension paid by the Educational Board from the taxes and provided for in the annual budget. The retiring pensions of the United States army and navy, and also the old-age benefits of some of the brotherhoods of organized labor, are too well-known to need comment. Once the principle was accepted and found feasible in application, it spread in concentric circles, through municipal employees and various state and federal branches of employment, until it seems now to be coterminous with human needs everywhere. Old-age pensions are distributed by the governments of France, Germany, Great Britain, Denmark, and indeed, in one aspect or another, are in force in nearly all civilized nations of the world. In several of our own commonwealths mothers' pensions are being operated with a de-

gree of success that is far too subtle, though none the less real, to admit of tabulation. 'The right to live' sums up, not only the sentiment, but the ethics of this universal development of the economic conscience. Any one who works according to his ability creates for himself an inalienable equity in the totality of the world's wealth, and the annual pension is not a new form of largesse but a regular dividend upon the capital which the worker has invested in the form of time, muscle, or brain. Or, in other words, a pension is simply a deferred wage held back for bookkeeping purposes. It is no more charity than is a bond coupon.

Clergymen are producers of values. Every form of property depends for its worth upon the stability of the social fabric, and upon the overhead charges of the state for its protection. There is more relevance than business men realize in the apparently cynical remark of a friend of mine: 'I stand for the church, not because I believe in Heaven, but because I believe in earth. It is cheaper to pay preachers than policemen and it is always more economical to support pulpits than prisons. I always contribute to the churches and charge it to my insurance account.' Sir Charles Warren, when chief of the London police, made the remark that each Salvation Army officer in the slums of the metropolis released two policemen from duty. Speaking of the effect of the work of a popular evangelist upon the employees of a certain railroad, one of its high executive officers said to me that his company could well afford to pay $100,000 for the six weeks of revival meetings in return for the increased efficiency of the men by decreasing drinking and inducing a more conscientious concentration on their occupations.

In every community the clergymen stand and have always stood for those things which increase values; they are the relentless foes of intemperance, immorality, and gambling; they stand sponsor for better housing, more effective health measures, the conservation of childhood, the laying out of playgrounds and parks, the improvement of the home, higher and more practical standards of education, and for popularizing thrift, for self-respect, and for civic enthusiasm. These value-making characteristics are pointed out because the new movement for ministerial pensions should rest squarely upon the business men of the churches, and the claim should be frankly recognized as a payment of deferred salary out of the increased values produced. And if the effort to put the movement upon a basis of equity is to succeed, the laymen of the churches must take it in hand as a part of their business and not as a work of grace. The last shame and blight that can rest upon the Protestant ministry will fall if the clergymen of the various denominations are expected to panhandle for the establishment of their respective pension funds. In fact, they will refuse in such large numbers that the schemes will fail and the Protestant Church of America, counting among its laymen the leaders of national finance and industry, will present itself as that glaring anomaly, a spiritual corporation devoid of an ethical soul.

IV

Organized charity does not differ in any essential from spontaneous and desultory charity: it is a dole dependent on the impulse of the donor rather than on the rightful claim of the recipient. The great Protestant denominations have for many years systematized the giving of relief to indigent and worn-out ministers, or to the widows and dependent children of the clergy. Quite recently, several of the churches have realized that social justice requires

something more; hence there is a well-defined movement to create and operate sound pension plans for the ministers and their dependents. The schemes have all been framed under actuarial guidance, but they vary so radically in structure and detail that anything approaching criticism would be unwise and unfair. It may be said that any plan which will work is sound, and the workability of a particular scheme must be judged with full cognizance of the ecclesiastical polity through which it is to be realized. For instance, it is obvious that a prospectus written for a firmly knit organization such as the Protestant Episcopal Church must be strikingly different from that devised for the independent communities of Congregationalism. These various plans also are either in the incubation stage or are only a little way advanced in development; their consummation will depend entirely upon whether or not the leading laymen of each denomination are willing to allow their new industrial conscience to apply itself to their church relationships; for there is not a shadow of doubt that each denomination has wealth ample for an easy and swift realization of the plan proposed.

The Baptist Church (Northern) has had local organizations for relief, but only recently has a National Board been created. An endowment is rapidly growing, and altogether nearly $2,000,000 is held in the various funds of the denomination. This relief is pure charity, distributed not as a matter of justice, but on the basis of need as proved by the claimant. In 1914, the Northern Baptist Convention brought forward a 'Proposed Plan for the Pensioning of Baptist Ministers.' Ministers are to pay annual premiums scaled to age, sufficient to earn annuities of one hundred dollars by the time they are sixty-five years old, and the church at large proposes to increase this annuity to a maximum of $500, as soon as it can secure the necessary funds. Lesser benefits are offered to disabled men; and lesser still to widows and orphans. The relation is strictly contractual; the Church agrees to do a certain thing on condition that the minister does a certain thing. Those ministers who elect to enter the scheme purchase annuity insurance at eighty per cent discount — a feature that follows the plans of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. This pension scheme, however, is moving slowly, as the relief feature is being the more stressed at present.

'To provide an orderly, uniform and reasonably adequate old-age annuity based on actuarial principles, with collateral benefits for their families in case of death or disability,' is the proposal of the Congregational Church. The plan is as follows: an annual payment by the minister of one fifth the amount needed to provide an annuity of $500 from the age of sixty-five to death; contributions by churches and individuals sufficient to meet the remaining four fifths of the cost. Three fifths of this annuity passes to the minister's widow, or at her death to minor children; payments proportionate to length of service are to be made in case of disability or death prior to the age of sixty-five; the fund is to be purely mutual — all proceeds will inure to the benefit of members.

Evidently this is a contributory pension in which the beneficiary pays a premium; thus it comes into the insurance class. Out of 5923 Congregational ministers, 275 have thus far become members of the fund. Assets from premium payments and contributions already received amount only to $38,000. The National Council of the Congregational Church, at its recent meeting, passed the following resolution: 'It is the con-

viction of this National Council that the supreme duty of the years in which we approach the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims is the securing of a fund of not less than $3,000,000, of which $1,000,000 shall be devoted to Ministerial Relief and $2,000,000 to the Annuity Fund.' The older fund for relief is apparently to remain intact, to be distributed as charity to such as cannot or do not join the Annuity; thus the dole will continue and, as long as it is compelled to operate, justice will remain as a condition only partially realized.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 18,881 ministers and has projected a fund of $10,000,000, the interest of which shall be used for pensions. It is hoped that this, with other available income, will give an annuity of one half of a minister's average salary computed on thirty-five years of effective service. In case of earlier disability, the benefit will be prorated; widows and minor children will likewise become beneficiaries. At present there are some other resources available for relief purposes (straight charity), such as the interest of a long-established 'Chartered Fund,' the profits of the Methodist Book Concern (amounting in 1913 to $250,000), and an annual collection from all the churches. Whatever is left over from the 'Necessitous Fund' will go into the pension account; and, when the pension scheme is in full working order, practically the entire amount will be available for social justice. Ultimately, therefore, all the resources of the conferences will merge in the central scheme. While no direct and universal levy in the form of a premium has been made upon the ministers, some conferences have voluntarily adopted an assessment on behalf of the $10,000,000 capital. What progress has been made cannot be stated, as the scheme is being worked out through the local conferences, and a report will not be available until the General Conference, in May, 1916.

The Presbyterian Church has inaugurated a campaign for raising a capital pension fund of $10,000,000, toward which it has already received and invested $517,445, and it has outstanding and collectable pledges of $352,445 more. The scheme has an insurance aspect, in that only the ministers who join the fund will participate in its benefits. Their premiums will amount to 20 per cent of the total required, the other 80 per cent to be contributed by the church at large, either in gifts to the capital account or by periodic subscriptions. When the fund is complete, a flat annuity of $500 will be paid on retirement at the age of seventy, after thirty years of ministerial service. Provision is made for earlier disability, and likewise for widows and minor children. The plan is already in operation; it has 995 premium-paying members out of the 9685 ministers on the roll of the church; it pays 43 pensions; and even though the $10,000,000 has not been nearly subscribed, the fund feels justified in paying to each beneficiary 70 per cent of the full benefit. Joining the Sustentation Department is not obligatory, but failure to participate will leave the ministers nothing but the charity of the Relief Fund in old age, and to receive that, they must prove actual necessity.

The Relief Department or Board of the Presbyterian Church has a permanent fund of $3,000,000, and received, in 1915, $139,510 by subscription; making altogether, by interest and gifts, $328,694 available for the year's distribution. At present, under the voluntary pension scheme, the work of the Relief Board will have to continue, but if every minister should join the Sustentation or Pension Department, the Board would have no further function,

and, legal difficulties overcome, its invested funds might pass over to the pension capital account.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is appealing for $5,000,000 for the 'Church Pension Fund,' not, however, to be held as capital, but as an initial reserve for accrued liabilities — a precaution absolutely necessary under the Episcopal scheme. This proposes a levy on each parish of seven per cent on the annual stipend paid to the incumbent. Such an amount ultimately will pay a deferred salary, or pension, of at least $600 per annum, at the age of sixty-eight, to every clergyman of the church. The very thorough actuarial study upon which this conclusion rests comprehended the age of every clergyman now in orders. But, as those who will participate are of all ages, it is obvious that the seven per cent will not be sufficient at the start — hence the $5,000,000 to meet such accrued liabilities. The Church Pension Fund will also provide for exceptional disablement and for widows and children. In a normal case, the plan will work out as follows: at the age of sixty-eight, on retirement from active work, an annuity is to be provided, which, for technical reasons, is calculated at one and a quarter per cent of the average stipend multiplied by the number of years of the receipt of salary, no annuity to be over fifty per cent of the average salary. When ordination takes place at the average age, twenty-eight, and service in the church has been continuous, the forty years of service multiplied by one and a quarter per cent means fifty per cent, or half-pay. Two things stand out clearly in this scheme: the churches will pay the premiums, and the amount of the pension will vary according to these premiums and therefore according to the salary the beneficiary has received during his active ministry. The premium in the stronger parish, however, is so calculated that it not only pays the pension to its rector, but enables the pension in the weaker parishes to be brought up to a minimum of $600, which is half of the average active salary throughout the Episcopal Church.

The Episcopal Church now has relief funds, retirement funds, or emeritus provisions, amounting to $222,908 per annum, but this amount comes from more than fifty separate sources. When the national plan goes into effect, it will comprehend and supersede the Diocesan, General Clergy Relief, and local retirement funds, and from the Church Pension Fund will meet disability or approaching age as a matter of liability. The Episcopal Church, with its 5700 clergymen, proposes to abandon its haphazard charity and to recognize that its servants have a life-long and indisputable equity in the ecclesiastical corporation. The scheme must go into effect as a whole, and it cannot even be launched until the $5,000,000 for accrued liabilities is in hand.

Other denominations are facing the question, some of them having already launched schemes that promise well. The sample sketches of pension plans given above do not pretend to be an exhaustive account of what the churches have in mind; no judgment should be passed upon any of them from this cursory survey; it has been my purpose simply to show that several ecclesiastical bodies have at least reached the threshold of economic justice — and that it will be an unspeakable disgrace if the forward movement does not reach a consummation. Christian institutions must not allow purely industrial organizations to eclipse them in a matter of applied morals. And, to be severely logical, if the Protestant church cannot reach the level of the industrial ethics of this age and land with its present conception of the ministry, then it

should, in common honesty, revise its definition of the clerical office and function. It is quite conceivable that Protestantism could continue with a celibate clergy; it is conceivable that Protestantism could continue without a paid ministry at all; but it is inconceivable that Protestantism shall continue in honor and in power if its treatment of the ministry, based on the family unit, shall fall below the current moral standard of the industrial world. As sure as there is a conscience in the race there will be a frightful Nemesis if the alternative is not faced. Already there is difficulty in getting a supply of high-calibre candidates for the ministry; the men of broadest mind and most sensitive soul are not willing to pay the toll. And there are many ministers, too old to serve the church but not too old to suffer, who secretly envy the Jesus of Nazareth who died at thirty-three with his work done.

THE CRUX OF THE PEACE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

I

THE revulsion of feeling against war itself, engendered by the present war, is beyond question the most powerful stimulus to the cause of universal peace the world has yet known. It has created in many minds the conviction that war must end, and it has stirred in some minds the determination to strive without ceasing to bring about this result. The feeling is manifestly acquiring a strength and consistency of purpose sufficient to carry it beyond the generation in which it has been developed, and to give it the cumulative power of time.

And yet it cannot be claimed that the progress of the peace movement is proportionate to the stimulus which is constantly acting upon it. The current of feeling which sets so strongly away from war does not run with equal force toward peace. It seems to be increasingly difficult to organize the anti-war sentiment into the peace movement. The reason commonly given is the confirmed unbelief of men in the practicability of universal peace. I question the sufficiency of the explanation. When men are stirred by tremendous convictions they are not daunted by the fear of impracticability. I believe that we are as clearly justified in committing the cause of universal peace to 'the opinion of mankind' as were our forefathers in committing their new doctrine of universal liberty and equality to the same accessible and sufficient authority. True, we thereby ask for nothing less than a reversal of the habit of thought of the world. They in their time asked for nothing less. The great generations have always asked in one way or another for the same thing. Though in itself something new and strange, it is not without historic warrant, that men who have inherited the habit of thinking in terms of war should be expected to acquire

the habit of thinking in terms of peace.

We must go much deeper for the explanation of the increasing hesitancy in the acceptance of the doctrine of universal peace. The problem of peace, for such the peace movement has now become, does not lie in the conviction of its impracticability, unless it be deemed morally impracticable. The suggestion of the moral impracticability of peace seems like a contradiction of terms. Nevertheless, if we follow it but a little way, it will lead to the disquieting discovery of a very strong suspicion in the popular mind of a latent selfishness in peace; and further, after due observation and reflection, we shall be brought, I think, to see that the very crux of the problem of peace lies in the difficulty of eradicating this suspicion. The awful immoralities of war, so terribly obvious, are offset in part by the counteracting effect of the impressive displays of unselfishness.

We are all conscious of a grievous inconsistency in our feelings about war. As the horrors of the present war press steadily upon us, and the menace of militarism becomes more threatening, there are times when the argument against war seems to be complete and final. But when the moral aspects of our own Civil War are brought before us in vivid retrospect, as in the recent gathering of so many survivors of the conflict in their enfeebled but exultant comradeship; and when the moral result of that war is set forth in the words of a peace-loving President as 'a miracle of the spirit, in that, instead of destroying, it has healed'; and when, after the lapse of the half-century, we can see no other way than that then taken through which we could have reached our present state of unity and peace, we are not so sure that the present war has closed the case against war.

War, in itself essentially evil, may acquire moral character as the instrumentality for serving a righteous cause. Peace, in itself essentially good, may lose moral character from the failure to identify itself with a righteous cause in the time of its extremity. I trace the popular suspicion of a latent selfishness in peace to its undefined and indeterminate attitude in so many cases toward ends outside and beyond itself. The constant insistence upon peace as an end in itself is to be deprecated. If we are to create confidence in the trustworthiness of peace to render that sacrificial service which is at times rendered so effectively through war, it must be made to wear a different aspect from that which it now presents to the world. We cannot afford to overlook the very marked distrust of its moral reliability for the more serious business of the nations. We cannot afford to ignore the hesitancy of men in the lower ranks of rights and privileges, powerless except for numbers, to employ a new and uncertain agency to secure broader rights and higher privileges. Neither can we afford to make light of the questionings in our own hearts as to our ability, under such conditions of peace as we have known, to awaken and satisfy those nobler instincts of human nature which have at times found stimulating if not satisfying employment in war. Certainly the ordinary routine of peace would not be satisfying. Its luxuries would be debasing. Human nature would send up its continual challenge for some moral equivalent of war. I note with careful attention this sentence, quoted by the reviewer of a recent book, *The Unmaking of Europe:* 'Europe will never cease from war till she finds some better thing to do; that better business is neither trade nor philosophy, nor even art: it is — in one word — sacrifice.'

I am convinced that it will be to the ultimate advancement of the cause of universal peace if we inquire with suffi-

cient concern into the moral effect of our present insistence upon peace as an end in itself, rather than as an instrumentality for effecting greater ends outside and beyond itself. The maintenance of the so-called arts of peace is not a sufficient justification for peace under all conditions. To the degree in which we fail to clothe peace with moral power, to identify it with objects of moral concern, to make it the incentive and opportunity for sacrifice and heroism, we leave it under the popular imputation of selfishness. I follow out the danger from this defect in our advocacy of peace into sufficient detail to indicate the extent of the popular distrust, and to show the grounds of it.

II

The most evident, and in some respects the most justifiable, ground of popular distrust of the peace movement is the fear that it may effect a change in the relative moral value of things which have thus far held the first place in the estimation of men. These first things are justice, liberty, and, more recently, equality. Of these there is probably the greatest sensitiveness in regard to liberty. But loyalty to some one of these moral constants, as the given circumstance may direct, has been regarded as the primary duty. Will this distinction be maintained under peace, or will there be a tendency to raise the relative value of those secondary duties which are incident to some supreme struggle in behalf of liberty or justice?

We are gaining an understanding of the relative significance of the primary duty of defending liberty as we are called upon to meet one of the secondary duties thrust upon us by the war. We have accepted neutrality as our national duty in the present crisis. We have accepted it as prescribed by our position, rendering physical participation in the war relatively impracticable; as most consistent with our traditions warning us against foreign alliances; and as necessitated apparently by the composite character of the nation, made up as it is out of the nations at war. It has been accepted, under the high leadership of the President, as a duty which carries with it the distinction of making us the 'mediating nation of the world.' 'We are,' to use his words, 'compounded of the nations of the world; we mediate their blood; we mediate their traditions; we mediate their sentiments, their tastes, their passions; we are ourselves compounded of those things. Therefore we are able to understand all nations. In that sense America is a mediating nation.'

This is a noble and commanding conception of the duty attending the increase and expansion of the nation, but it inevitably suggests Mr. Lincoln's conception of the duty attending its origin and the cause of its existence, in the familiar words of the Gettysburg speech. It was the conception there set forth, realized in the sight of the world, which brought hither the peoples out of all nations who have made this a composite nation. It is this conception, not the increase of numbers which it has effected, which is the reason of our continuance as a nation. It is this conception which is entitled to undisputed precedence as the generations pass and as still newer peoples and races enter our gates.

These two conceptions, that of a composite and mediating nation, and that of a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the maintenance of it, are in no sense incompatible if they are held in true proportion the one to the other. If in the final settlement of the issues of the present war this nation shall be able, because of its neutrality, to cast the vote which shall reinstate

Belgium in its sovereignty and restore to France its ravished provinces, we shall have achieved a great victory for the new policy of making neutrality tributary to liberty. If we fail in our endeavor, the endeavor will stand to our credit in the account with peace, but not to our credit in the account with liberty. The liberty-loving and sacrificing nations, though they may in that event have suffered defeat, will necessarily assume the moral leadership among kindred nations, leaving to us the place of leadership in the cause of neutrality. Just what this may signify in the long future will depend upon the part which neutrality is to play in international affairs. But at present there are those among us who cannot persuade themselves that the cause of neutrality in its widest reach is comparable with the cause of liberty. While we follow with approval the course of the Administration in the vindication of our rights as a neutral nation, our hearts are in the contest across the sea. We are conscious that the great issues are being settled there. Our unofficial neutrality is charged with sympathies which find their only relief and satisfaction in the fact that our official neutrality can be legitimately used to the advantage of those with whom we sympathize.

Our present position, however, as related to the supreme issue of the war, is calculated to awaken, and has awakened in many minds, serious forebodings. In the event of the final victory of Germany we have the definite prospect of the consolidation of the Teutonic nations, with the inclusion of the tributary races of Southeastern Europe, and with the incorporation of the Turk, giving a combination for the support of militarism such as the world has not seen since the days of the Roman Empire. No one can fail to understand the part which this combination would play in the continued struggle between absolutism and democracy, a struggle in which there will be lessening room for the operation of neutrality, and a straitening of place for the neutral nations. The forecast gives significance to the words of Lord Cromer: 'If Germany should be vanquished in the present contest, all will fortunately be well for nations which have been able to preserve their neutrality. The triumph of the Allies will incidentally involve their triumph. But if the contrary should prove to be the case, and if Germany should emerge victorious from the struggle, neutrals will eventually have to ask themselves whether a more timely and active interference on their part might not have obviated the disastrous results which must inevitably ensue both to themselves and to the world in general.'

In this view of the situation national preparedness assumes a new meaning. It means self-defense in all contingencies, but it means in certain contingencies the wider defense of liberty. I doubt if the more extreme pacifists have ever contemplated the defeat of the Allies, at least their disastrous defeat. It is one thing to hold the more absolute views of peace unvexed by any thought of the actual danger to liberty, and another thing to entertain the same views in quietness of mind if the securities of liberty are evidently endangered. But the advocacy of peace may be carried to the point of 'moral temerity' through a fatal lack of perspective, as in the present untimely effort to arrest the war at the very moment when militarism is in the ascendant, and when the party of aggression has the most to gain and the least to lose. The whole circumstance of the war as it proceeds makes the problem of peace terribly urgent, but it makes the problem also terribly searching in its questionings. What kind of peace

are we willing to accept as the outcome of the war? What unexpiated crimes against liberty are we willing to forget? What securities of liberty are we willing to forego?

The German Chancellor has announced that it is Germany's aim 'to be the shield of freedom and peace for the small and the big nations of Europe.' When we think of universal peace, do we or do we not tolerate the thought of a peace established in militarism and guaranteed by militarism?

III

The problem of universal peace cannot be restricted to wars induced by national ambitions or by national antagonisms: it must take due account of the social strife. The social strife represents a possible transition, not only in the incitements to war but also in the means of war, from the nation to the class as the unit of organized power. On the ethical side it represents that widespread struggle for equality which may supersede the struggle for liberty as the chief cause of revolution.

The comparative unconcern regarding this phase of warfare has produced in not a few minds a distrust of what may be termed the democracy of peace. The movement for universal peace did not enter upon the crusade against war with that popular sympathy which might have been gained by some earnest endeavor to compose the social strife. The opportunity had been for a long time present, and it had become increasingly urgent. The war, it must be remembered, did not come upon us simply as an interruption of peaceful pursuits. It caused rather an instant and complete diversion from contentions which had filled the minds of peoples and of rulers with anxieties and forebodings. With the exception of Germany — the reasons for this exception have since become evident — every nation was profoundly agitated by the threatenings of the social strife. But this state of affairs received little attention from the advocates of peace. Doubtless the danger was underestimated, but the impression often produced was that of indifference to the issues involved. It was noted that the sympathies of men could be enlisted for the crusade against war who were themselves interested parties in the social strife.

In what form, and with what energy, the social strife may be renewed at the close of the war by the nations more immediately involved in it, no one may predict. We can, however, foresee the possibility that in some nations, perhaps in England, the war may avert a social revolution by having virtually effected a social revolution. Such a reduction of economic inequality may have been brought about, and such a redistribution of political power may have been made, that the tension of the social strife may prove to have been greatly relieved. In this country the conditions will certainly be different, creating the tendency to increase rather than to diminish the social strife. Very much of the spirit of sacrifice which has supported the nations at war may be expected to go over into the economic struggle to recover the markets of the world. This willingness to endure economic sacrifice must cause a cheapening of the market, which in turn must affect the wages of the American workman. Dr. David Jayne Hill goes so far as to predict that America will be made the dumping-ground for the cheaply made goods of Germany, owing to the continued hostility of the opposing nations as expressed in restrictions upon trade. It is doubtful if a like protective restriction in this country would maintain wages at the present standard. Incidentally, and yet very seriously,

the disturbance of the labor market caused by the manufacture of war munitions may affect the whole labor situation when the collapse of that stimulated industry shall occur. No one who believes in the legitimacy of this industry, or sympathizes with the intent of it, can blind his eyes to the economic danger which lurks in its development. In fact, at the time when the rupture of diplomatic relations between this country and Germany seemed imminent, it was a partial relief of the strain to reflect that, in that event, this industry might come under the control of the government for the regulation of its profits, as well as for the direction of its uses.

It has long been evident, though the fact has not yet made its due impression, that industrialism is the modern training-school for war or peace. It is there that men are actually thinking of one another in terms of war or peace. It is there that they learn to organize for or against one another. The lockout and the strike are distinctly warlike measures. Arbitration is a term of war, the most advanced term looking toward peace, but still presupposing a state of warfare. Coöperation, in some one of its manifold forms, is the only distinctive term of peace. It is such, not simply because it implies sympathetic action, but because it educates all concerned in 'those sobrieties on which democracy must at last rest.' As we recall how many persons are in the training school of industrialism, how early they enter it and how long they remain in it, and how various and how influential are the experiences through which they pass, we can see how far back the peace movement must reach in its educative work. What can we hope to accomplish in the training of our diplomats for carrying out the policy of universal peace, if we cannot train our captains of industry, in the ranks both of capital and of labor, to think and to act in the terms of peace? The inconsistency is greater than a nation can maintain, and at the same time aspire to the place of leadership in the cause of universal peace. Peace is not a contrivance for the settlement of disputes between nations. Peace is a state of mind in peoples themselves, developed, if at all, out of the ordinary experiences of associated life. The social strife creates a state of mind which makes peace in any large sense seem impracticable. If we cannot do business according to the principles and methods of peace, how can we expect that such a course of action will be successful in the conduct of the government? Nothing would refute so quickly or so effectively the charge that peacemakers are theorists as the application of the principles and methods of peace to industrialism. So long as it is necessary to employ the Federal army to keep the peace in Colorado, or for like emergencies in other states, it is very difficult to persuade the average man of the moral consistency of efforts for general disarmament.

IV

In accounting for the lack of popular response to the present claims of peace, we must recall the pessimistic views which pervaded society, during the years of peace immediately preceding the war, regarding the spiritual outcome of our modern material civilization. Now that war has come and wakened men to the larger issues of life, they do not care simply to revert to former conditions.

I think that the pessimism which preceded the war was overwrought; but no one can deny its existence, or doubt that we are now feeling the effect of it in our endeavor to justify the demands of peace. In view of this past experi-

ence, which is still fresh in the minds of men, it is manifestly harder for them to believe in the satisfaction, within the restrictions of peace, of some of those higher instincts which have free play in the tumult of war. Certainly it gives an added pertinency to the questions, where is the moral stimulus of peace, and what is its moral equipment for the tasks, the conflicts, and the adventures of life?

When we turn from our past unsatisfying experiences to observe more carefully the range of ordinary moral incentives and opportunities, we are impressed by two conditions. On the one hand we see the lessening of what may be termed the heroic opportunity for the average man. The outer world seems to be closing in upon him. Once, and in days not far remote, this outer world gave him freedom, incitement, adventure. It created heroic types out of common men. The seafaring man made England. The pioneer made America, as one may see in reading, for example, Winston Churchill's *The Crossing*, worthy of a permanent place in American literature as an epic of early American life. To-day it is the task, the 'job,' which confronts the average man, not the adventure. When we think of the splendid possibilities in industrialism to arouse the energies, to quicken the imagination, to multiply the power of each man by that of his fellows, we might assume an increase rather than a lessening of the opportunity for the strenuous life. But the fact is otherwise. Industrialism has not yet realized its possibilities of incentive and opportunity. For the present the raw immigrant is more in the line of succession to the pioneer than any man amongst us. He may be disappointed, disillusioned, but not before he has bequeathed to his children desires and ambitions which he may have failed to realize.

On the other hand, passing from the average to the exceptional man, the man with the full opportunities of the intellectual life before him, we see how easy it is for him to detach himself from the incentives of the spiritual life. It would not be charitable or true to say that the expansion of the intellectual life has produced merely intellectualism. It has produced great moral results, as notably through many of the sacrifices attending the progress of science. But it has also produced a class, corresponding to that of the newly rich in social life, which has not found its place in the intellectual world. With many of this class the mark of intellectual superiority is a certain disdain of any of the recognized sources of the spiritual incentive. As a result of this intellectual contempt, the inner world of spiritual motive is closed to the man of this type as effectually as is the outer world of adventure to the average man.

War brings the heroic opportunity to the door of the average man, and the heroic incentive to the mind of the exceptional man. We deplore this kind of opportunity and this kind of incentive. The cost is fearful, to be reckoned largely in the price which others must pay; but men recognize the opportunity and feel the incentive. It would be worse than idle for us to ignore the quick transition which war may effect in responsive natures from the commonplace or the cynical to the sacrificial and the sublime. No one of us can deny, nor can we read unmoved, the testimony of those who have passed or are now passing through this experience. A poet, of the quality of Rupert Brooke, reborn out of the experience of the present war and at the cost of his life, has the right to be heard.

> Now, God be thanked who has matched us with his hour,
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

The demoralization attending the present war is as appalling as the physical ruin that it has wrought, but we are none the less awed and abashed in the presence of the spiritual transformations which it is effecting in the lives of individual men, and even of nations. Probably no phenomenon connected with the war has been so impressive as the spiritualization of France.

V

Whenever a moral movement has reached the stage at which it becomes a problem the fact may be accepted as evidence of its vitality. Problems do not vex declining causes. It is the function of a problem to deepen and strengthen the movement which it arrests, provided it is understood and treated as a problem. It is not well to try to force the issue which it raises by the stress of moral passion, or to attempt to smother it by sentiment. A problem is not solved in that way. The problem of peace cannot be solved by intensifying the crusade against war. What very many wish to know before enlisting in the cause of universal peace is the full moral purport of the peace movement: what is its attitude toward the supreme issues of the present war; what its relation to the causes of the social strife; what its provision for the satisfaction of things fundamental in human nature. The popular distrust of the peace movement, growing out of the present uncertainty, constitutes, as it seems to me, the immediate problem of peace; and my contention is that the only practical way of solving this problem is by removing, so far as possible, the causes which have created it. My further contention is that the attempt to solve the problem of peace in this practical way will deepen and strengthen the peace movement at the point where it most needs depth and strength. The peace movement cannot be said to be lacking in respect of means for the accomplishment of its purpose, many of which bear the marks of constructive statesmanship. What it most lacks is motive power, due to its failure to reach down into those deep undercurrents of popular conviction, which, when once reached, carry a movement on to its conclusion.

Evidently the most effective step that can be taken toward removing the causes of distrust is to define peace: to put forward, to begin with, a definition which shall declare unmistakably its full moral bearing upon present conditions. Such a definition should attempt to show, not simply how peace may be achieved, but what kind of peace is to be striven for, what to be accepted, what to be rejected. It is confessedly difficult to define peace apart from its relations at any given time to existing conditions. The sentiment of peace lends itself to vague generalizations, or to aphorisms which crumble before specific moral tests. The familiar aphorism of Franklin, 'There never was a good war or a bad peace,' has been passed along the peaceful generations on the strength of Franklin's reputation for political sagacity. It was quickly forgotten, if indeed it was ever generally known, how vehemently the saying was repudiated by its author when he was confronted by the possible application of it to a treaty of peace between the Colonies and Great Britain which might impugn their loyalty to their allies. Writing to his English friend, David Hartley, un-

der date of February 2, 1780, he said, 'If the Congress have entrusted to others, rather than to me, the negotiations for peace, when such shall be set on foot, as has been reported, it is perhaps because they may have heard of a very singular opinion of mine, that there hardly ever existed such a thing as a bad peace, or a good war, and that I might therefore be easily induced to make improper concessions. But at the same time they and you may be assured, that *I should think the destruction of our whole country, and the extirpation of our whole people, preferable to the infamy of abandoning our allies.*'[1]

The creed of peace should be aggressive; it should also be defensible — aggressively defensible. It should anticipate and challenge all doubts and suspicions. With this intent the creed of peace for to-day should start out of the reaffirmation of the great loyalties. If justice and liberty are to be transferred from the guardianship of war to the guardianship of peace, the acceptance of the trust should be announced in no uncertain terms. It is quite useless to evade or even to defer the announcement, for the time is at hand when the attitude of the peace movement to the issues of the war must be made evident by its attitude to the terms of settlement. The present ambiguity must soon end. Whenever it ends, the position then taken will determine the fortune of the cause of universal peace in the mind of this generation. I can conceive of no greater setback to the cause than the acceptance, in the name of peace, of a 'peace' which should celebrate the triumphs of militarism. I can conceive of no greater betrayal of the cause than the acceptance, in the name of peace, of a 'peace' which should make the violation of Belgium the tragedy of the twentieth century, as the partition of Poland became the tragedy of the eighteenth century. The time may come when the long-delayed protest in behalf of Belgium must be made to save the cause of peace, if it cannot save Belgium. How much more significant and how much more effective than a protest, the timely avowal in the creed of peace of the supreme allegiance of peace to liberty!

[1] Bigelow's *Franklin*, vol. II, p. 498.

Next to a clear definition of peace in its relation to the moral issues of the war, as an aid in removing popular indifference to the peace movement, I put the expression of active sympathy with efforts to abate the social strife. This does not imply a diversion of purpose or a dissipation of energy. Sympathy between related moral causes is always to be expected. It is to be expected that sympathy will be active where causes are closely identified. The relation of the social strife to war is evident. No less evident is the reason for sympathetic if not mutual struggle for the suppression of each. The advocates of peace, as has been suggested, may well regard industrialism as an elementary school for the practice of the methods of peace. Insistence upon the use of this opportunity at the present time may be deemed inopportune, but it cannot be regarded as inopportune for the peace movement to come into far closer sympathy than is now apparent with what is known distinctively as the social movement.

And further still, if a radical change is to be effected in the popular attitude toward the peace movement, peace itself must be made more representative of the positive elements of human nature. War is the perversion of a very great and a very noble instinct, the desire to conquer. A great deal that is best in human endeavor takes that form. The instinct for conquest is latent in all strenuous work, in the closest investigation and research, and in the struggle for moral reform. To-day it

has an unlimited range for activity in the sphere of industry, of science, and of religion. It is an instinct which must be recognized to the full if we are to continue the struggle for the conquest either of nature or of human nature. Whatever may be the apparent claims of consistency in our advocacy of peace, I believe that we must make it clear above all dispute that we hold fast to one great reservation, — the reservation of the right and of the duty of moral conflict, including the liabilities which conflict may involve. So far as we can look into the future, the permanency of peace must rest upon the courageous exercise of this reserved right and duty.

At the beginning of this article I avowed my belief in the practicability of universal peace. In full view of what has been written I renew the avowal of my faith. But the peace to which I subscribe is not merely the cessation of war. A variety of causes may operate to bring about the cessation of the present war, not one of which may be to the honor of peace. The cessation from war may be prolonged for a century through causes not one of which may be to the honor of peace. The time is past, in the interest of peace, for balances of power and concerts of nations. The peace for which the world waits will rest upon the securities which peace has to offer in its own right, under its own name, guaranteed by its loyalties to the inalienable rights of men, and enforced, if need be, by the powers under its authority. The significant and encouraging fact about peace is that the higher its aim and the broader its scope, the more practicable it seems. The one reason for its present claim to practicality lies in its claim to universality. Put this claim aside, and the question may be asked of the men of peace in this generation, 'What do ye more than others?' Having made this daring advance, it behooves us to see to it that we do not weaken it by those unreasonable demands for quick results which characterize the spirit of our generation. The essential part of our task in this great business of peace-making seems to me to lie in the attempt to give peace the requisite moral standing in the eyes of the world. It is beyond our power to give those assurances that must have the sanction of time, but we may at least hope to remove those suspicions and distrusts which embarrass us in our work, and which, if not removed, must embarrass all future workers for peace.

LITTLE BROTHER

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

It was a warm summer's day in late August. No men were visible in the Belgian hamlet. The women reaped in the fields; the insects hummed in the dry warm air; the house doors stood open. On a bed in a room in one of the cottages lay a woman. Beside her sat a small boy. He was still, but alert. His eyes followed the buzzing flies. With a bit of paper he drove the intruders from the bed. His mother slept. It was evident from the pale, drawn face that she was ill.

Suddenly the dreaming, silent summer day was broken by the sound of clattering hoofs. Some one was riding hurriedly through the town.

The woman moved uneasily. Her eyes opened. She smiled at the little boy.

'What is it, dear?'

The boy went to the window. Women were gathering in the street. He told his mother and hurried from the room. Her eyes grew troubled. In a few minutes the child was back, breathless and excited.

'O, mother, mother, the Germans are coming!'

The woman braced herself against the shock. At first she hardly grasped the news. Then her face whitened, her body quivered and became convulsed. Pain sprang to her eyes, driving out fear; beads of perspiration stood on her forehead; a little animal cry of pain broke from her lips. The boy gazed at her paralyzed, horrified; then he flung himself down beside the bed and seized his mother's hand.

'What is it, mother, what is it?'

The paroxysm of pain passed; the woman's body relaxed, her hand reached for the boy's head and stroked it. 'It's all right, my son.' Then as the pain began again, 'Quick, sonny, bring auntie.'

The boy darted from the room. Auntie was the woman doctor of B. He found her in the Square. The townspeople were wildly excited. The Germans were coming. But the boy thought only of his mother. He tugged at auntie's sleeve. His frenzied efforts at last caught her attention. She saw he was in need and went with him.

Agonizing little moans issued from the house as they entered. In an instant the midwife understood. She wanted to send the boy away, but she must have help. Who was there to fetch and carry? The neighbors, terrified at their danger, were making plans for departure. She let the boy stay.

Through the succeeding hour a white-faced little boy worked manfully. His mother's cries wrung his childish heart. Why did babies come this way? He could not understand. Would she die? Had his birth given such pain? If only she would speak! And once, as if realizing his necessity, his mother did speak.

'It's all right, my son; it will soon be over.'

That message brought comfort; but his heart failed when the end came. He rushed to the window and put his little hands tight over his ears. It was only for a moment. He was needed. His

mother's moans had ceased and a baby's cry broke the stillness.

The drama of birth passed, the midwife grew restless. She became conscious of the outer world. There were high excited voices; wagons clattered over stones; moving day had descended on the town. She turned to the window. Neighbors with wheelbarrows and carts piled high with household possessions hurried by. They beckoned to her.

For a moment the woman hesitated. She looked at the mother on the bed, nestling her babe to her breast; then the panic of the outside world seized her. Quickly she left the room.

The small boy knelt at his mother's bedside, his little face against hers. Softly he kissed the pale cheek. The boy's heart had become a man's. He tried by touch and look to speak his love, his sympathy, his admiration. His mother smiled at him as she soothed the baby, glad to be free from pain. But presently the shouted order of the departing townspeople reached her ears. She stirred uneasily. Fear crept into her eyes. Passionately she strained her little one to her.

'How soon, little son, how soon?'

The lad, absorbed in his mother, had forgotten the Germans. With a start, he realized the danger. His new-born manhood took command. His father was at the front. He must protect his mother and tiny sister. His mother was too ill to move, but they ought to get away. Who had a wagon? He hurried to the window, but already even the stragglers were far down the road. All but three of the horses had been sent to the front. Those three were now out of sight with their overloaded wagons. The boy stood stupefied and helpless. The woman on the bed stirred.

'My son,' she called. 'My son.'

He went to her.

'You must leave me and go on.'

'I can't, mother.'

The woman drew the boy down beside her. She knew the struggle to come. How could she make him understand that his life and the baby's meant more to her than her own. Lovingly she stroked the soft cheek. It was a grave, determined little face with very steady eyes.

'Son, dear, think of little sister. The Germans won't bother with babies. There is n't any milk. Mother has n't any for her. You must take baby in your strong little arms and run — run with her right out of this land into Holland.'

But he could not be persuaded. The mother understood that love and a sense of duty held him. She gathered the baby in her arms and tried to rise, but the overtaxed heart failed and she fell back half-fainting. The boy brought water and bathed her head until the tired eyes opened.

'Little son, it will kill mother if you don't go.'

The boy's shoulders shook. He knelt by the bed. A sob broke from him. Then there came the faint far-distant call of the bugle. Frantically the mother gathered up her baby and held it out to the boy.

'For mother's sake, son, for mother.'

In a flash, the boy understood. His mother had risked her life for the tiny sister. She wanted the baby saved more than anything in the world. He dashed the tears from his eyes. He wound his arms about his mother in a long passionate embrace.

'I'll take her, mother; I'll get her there safely.'

The bugle grew louder. Through the open window on the far-distant road could be seen a cloud of dust. There was not a moment to lose. Stooping, the boy caught up the red squirming baby. Very tenderly he placed the lit-

tle body against his breast and buttoned his coat over his burden.

The sound of marching feet could now be heard. Swiftly he ran to the door. As he reached the threshold he turned. His mother, her eyes shining with love and hope, was waving a last good-bye. Down the stairs, out the back door, and across the fields sped the child. Over grass and across streams flew the sure little feet. His heart tugged fiercely to go back, but that look in his mother's face sustained him.

He knew the road to Holland. It was straight to the north; but he kept to the fields. He did n't want the baby discovered. Mile after mile, through hour after hour he pushed on, until twilight came. He found a little spring and drank thirstily. Then he moistened the baby's mouth. The little creature was very good. Occasionally she uttered a feeble cry, but most of the time she slept. The boy was intensely weary. His feet ached. He sat down under a great tree and leaned against it. Was it right to keep a baby out all night? Ought he to go to some farmhouse? If he did, would the people take baby away? His mother had said, 'Run straight to Holland.' But Holland was twenty miles away. He opened his coat and looked at the tiny creature. She slept peacefully.

The night was very warm. He decided to remain where he was. It had grown dark. The trees and bushes loomed big. His heart beat quickly. He was glad of the warm, soft, live little creature in his arms. He had come on this journey for his mother, but suddenly his boy's heart opened to the tiny clinging thing at his breast. His little hand stroked the baby tenderly. Then he stooped, and softly his lips touched the red wrinkled face. Presently his little body relaxed and he slept. He had walked eight miles. Through the long night the deep sleep of exhaustion held him. He lay quite motionless, head and shoulders resting against the tree-trunk, and the new-born babe enveloped in the warmth of his body and arms slept also. The feeble cry of the child woke him. The sun was coming over the horizon and the air was alive with the twitter of birds.

At first he thought he was at home and had awakened to a long happy summer's day. Then the fretful little cries brought back memory with a rush. His new-born love flooded him. Tenderly he laid the little sister down. Stretching his stiff and aching body he hurried for water. Very carefully he put a few drops in the little mouth and wet the baby's lips with his little brown finger. This proved soothing and the cries ceased. The tug of the baby's lips on his finger clutched his heart. The helpless little thing was hungry, and he too was desperately hungry. What should he do? His mother had spoken of milk. He must get milk. Again he gathered up his burden and buttoned his coat. From the rising ground on which he stood he could see a farmhouse with smoke issuing from its chimney. He hurried down to the friendly open door. A kindly woman gave him food. She recognized him as a little refugee bound for Holland. He had difficulty in concealing the baby, but fortunately she did not cry. The woman saw that he carried something, but when he asked for milk she concluded he had a pet kitten. He accepted this explanation. Eagerly he took the coveted milk and started on.

But day-old babies do not know how to drink. When he dropped milk into the baby's mouth she choked and sputtered. He had to be content with moistening her mouth and giving her a milk-soaked finger.

Refreshed by sleep and food, the boy set off briskly. Holland did not now

seem so far off. If only his mother were safe! Had the Germans been good to her? These thoughts pursued and tormented him. As before, he kept off the beaten track, making his way through open meadows and patches of trees. But as the day advanced, the heat grew intense. His feet ached, his arms ached, and, worst of all, the baby cried fretfully.

At noon he came to a little brook sheltered by trees. He sat down on the bank and dangled his swollen feet in the cool, fresh stream. But his tiny sister still cried. Suddenly a thought came to him. Placing the baby on his knees he undid the towel that enveloped her. There had been no time for clothes. Then he dipped a dirty pocket handkerchief in the brook and gently sponged the hot, restless little body. Very tenderly he washed the little arms and legs. That successfully accomplished he turned the tiny creature and bathed the small back. Evidently this was the proper treatment, for the baby grew quiet. His heart swelled with pride. Reverently he wrapped the towel around the naked little one, and administering a few drops of milk, again went on.

All through that long hot afternoon he toiled. His footsteps grew slower and slower; he covered diminishing distances. Frequently he stopped to rest, and now the baby had begun again to cry fitfully. At one time his strength failed. Then he placed the baby under a tree and rising on his knees uttered a prayer: —

'O God, she's such a little thing, help me to get her there.'

Like a benediction came the cool breeze of the sunset hour, bringing renewed strength.

In the afternoon of the following day, a wagon stopped before a Belgian Refugee camp in Holland. Slowly and stiffly a small boy slid to the ground. He had been picked up just over the border by a friendly farmer and driven to camp. He was dirty, bedraggled, and footsore. Very kindly the ladies' committee received him. He was placed at a table and a bowl of hot soup was set before him. He ate awkwardly with his left hand. His right hand held something beneath his coat, which he never for a moment forgot. The women tried to get his story, but he remained strangely silent. His eyes wandered over the room and back to their faces. He seemed to be testing them. Not for an hour, not until there was a faint stirring in his coat, did he disclose his burden. Then, going to her whom he had chosen as most to be trusted, he opened his jacket. In a dirty towel lay a naked, miserably thin, three-days-old baby.

Mutely holding out the forlorn object, the boy begged help. Bit by bit they got his story. Hurriedly a Belgian Refugee mother was sent for. She was told what had happened, and she took the baby to her breast. Jealously the boy stood guard while his tiny sister had her first real meal. But the spark of life was very low.

For two days the camp concentrated on the tiny creature. The boy never left his sister's side. But her ordeal had been too great. It was only a feeble flicker of life at best, and during the third night the little flame went out. The boy was utterly crushed. He had now but one thought — to reach his mother. It was impossible to keep the news from him longer. He would have gone in search. Gently he was told of the skirmish that had destroyed the Belgian hamlet. There were no houses or people in the town that had once been his home.

'That is his story,' ended the friendly little Dutch woman.

'And his father?' I inquired.

'Killed at the front,' was the reply.

I rose to go, but I could not get the boy out of my mind. What a world! What intolerable suffering! Was there no way out? Then the ever-recurring phrase of the French and Belgian soldiers came to me. When I had shuddered at ghastly wounds, at death, at innumerable white crosses on a bloody battlefield, invariably, in dry, cynical, hopeless tones, the soldier would make the one comment,—

'C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?'

FIRELIGHT

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

AGAINST the curtained casement wind and sleet
Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire,
In dear companionship that naught may tire,
We sit — you listening, sewing in your seat,
Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
I reading some old tale of love's desire
That swept on gold wings to disaster dire,
Then rose re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
And on your face and hair the light is warm,
As we sit gazing on the coals' red gleam
In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfill.

THE OPERA

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

THE form of drama with music which we loosely call 'opera' is such a curious mixture of many elements — some of them closely related, others nearly irreconcilable — that it is almost impossible to arrive at any definite idea of its artistic value. A great picture or piece of sculpture, a great book or a great symphony represents a perfectly clear evolution of a well-defined art. You do not question the artistic validity of *Pendennis* or of a portrait by Romney; they have their roots in the earlier works of great writers and painters and they tend toward those which follow. The arts they represent grew by a slow process of evolution, absorbing everything that was useful to them and rejecting everything useless, until they finally became consistent and self-contained. The development of opera, on the other hand, has been a continual compromise — with the whims of princes, with the even more wayward whims of singers, and with social conventions.

Its increasing costliness (due sometimes to the composer's grandiloquence and sometimes to the demands of the public) has necessitated producing it in huge opera houses entirely unsuited to it; and, being a mixed art, it has been subject to two different influences which have not by any means always been in agreement. Its life-line has been crossed over and over again by daring innovators who, forgetting the past, have sought to force it away from nature and to make it an expression of excessive individualism. Methods which would find oblivion quickly enough in any pure form of art have been carried out in opera, and have been supported by an uncritical public pleased by a gorgeous spectacle or entertained by fine singing. All the other art-forms progress step by step; opera leaps first forward, then backward; it becomes too reasonable, only to become immediately afterward entirely unreasonable; it passes from objectivity to subjectivity and back again, or employs both at the same time; it turns a man into a woman, or a woman into a man; it thinks nothing of being presented in two languages at once; it turns colloquial Bret Harte into Italian without the slightest realization of having become, in the process, essentially *comic:* in short, there seems no limit to the havoc it can play with geography, science, language, costume, drama, music, human nature itself.

Any attempt, therefore, to deal here with the development of opera as a whole would be an impossible undertaking. We should become at once involved in a glossary of singers (now only names, then in effect constituting the opera itself), an unsnarling of impossible plots, an excursion into religion, into the ballet, into mythology, demonology, pseudo-philosophy, mysticism, and Heaven knows what else. We should see our first flock of canary birds, — released simply to make us gape, — and we should hear a forest bird tell the hero (through the medium of a singer off the stage) the way to a

sleeping beauty; we should hear the hero and the villain sing a delightful duet and then see them turn away in different directions to seek and murder each other; we should find the Pyramids and the Latin Quarter expressible in the same terms; our heroines would include the mysterious and demoniac scoffer, Kundry, the woman who doubts and questions, the woman who should have but did not, and the woman who goes mad and turns the flute-player in the orchestra to madness with her; we should see men and women, attired in inappropriate and even unintelligible costumes, drink out of empty cups, and a hero mortally wound a papier-mâché dragon; we should have to shut our eyes in order to hear, or stop our ears in order to see; if we cared for music, we should have to wait ten minutes for a domestic quarrel in recitative to finish; if we cared for drama, we should have to wait the same length of time while a prima donna tossed off birdling trills and chirpings. We should, in short, find ourselves dealing with a mixed art of quite extraordinary latitude in style, form, dramatic purpose, and musical texture.

It will be sufficient for our purposes, therefore, to state that both sacred and secular plays with music have existed from the earliest times, and that their development has tended toward the form as we now know it. The introduction of songs into plays was, in itself, so agreeable and interesting that their use continually increased until some vague operatic form was reached in which music predominated.

But there are two great revolutionary epochs to which proper attention must be paid if we are to understand opera at all. The first of these is the so-called 'Florentine Revolution' in the years 1595 to 1600, and the second is the Wagnerian reform in the middle of the last century.

II

The 'Florentine Revolution' was an attempt to create an entirely new type of opera in which all tradition was thrown to the winds. To *Eurydice*, the best known of these Florentine operas, its composer, Peri, wrote a preface from which we quote the following: 'Therefore, abandoning every style of vocal writing known hitherto, I gave myself up wholly to contriving the sort of imitation (of speech) demanded by this poem.' (Is this, indeed, Peri speaking? Or is it Gluck, or Wagner, or Debussy?) In any case, the abandonment, in any form of human expression, of every style known hitherto is a fatal abandonment, for no art, or science, or literature can throw away its past and live. The Florentine Revolution was not revolution, but riot, for it undertook to tear down what generations had been slowly building up, and to substitute in its place something not only untried but (at that time) impossible. It was an attempt to found a new art *entirely detached* from an old one: Beethoven without Haydn and Mozart, Meredith without Fielding, the Gothic without the Classical, a Renaissance without a birth, daylight without sunrise. It was an entirely illogical proceeding from first to last, but opera came forth from it because opera can subsist — it has, and does — without logic or even reasonableness.

There had been composed before the year 1600 the most beautiful sacred music the world possesses — that which culminated in the works of Palestrina. A style or method of expression had been perfected, and this style or method was gradually and naturally being applied to secular and even to dramatic forms. There were at that time, also, songs of the people which had been often used in plays with music, and which might have supplied a

basis for opera. But the creators of the new opera would have none of these. They had a theory (fatal possession for any artist): they wanted to revive the Greek drama, and they believed that, in opera, music should be subservient to the text. It was Peri and his associates who first saw this will-o'-the-wisp, which has since become completely embodied into a fully equipped and valiant bugaboo to frighten and subdue those who love music for music's sake. All that one needs to say on this point is that there is no great opera in existence, save alone *Pelléas et Mélisande* by Debussy, in which the music is not supreme over the text (and Debussy's opera is unique in its treatment and leads nowhere — or, if anywhere, away from opera). Peri's reforms were artistically unreasonable, but the composers who followed him gradually evolved what is called the aria or operatic song and did eventually make a more or less coherent operatic form, although a long time passed before opera unified in itself the various elements necessary to artistic completeness.

It was only a short time, however, before opera attained the widest favor all over Europe, a favor which it has enjoyed from that day to this. The reasons for this never-waning popularity are found first in the natural preference on the part of the public for the human voice over any instrument. For whatever facility of technique or felicity of expression musical instruments may have, they lack the intimate human quality of the singing voice. The voice comes to the listener in terms of himself, whereas an instrument may be strange and unsympathetic and awaken no response. So complete is this sympathy between the singer and listener that almost any singer with a fine voice (she is, very likely, called a 'human nightingale') is sure to attract an audience, no matter what she sings or how little musical intelligence she shows. (It is this sympathy, too, which inflicts on us the drawing-room song, the last word in utter vacuity.) Coupled with this is the delight the public takes in extraordinary vocal feats of agility. The singer vies with a flute in the orchestra, or sings two or three notes higher than any other singer has ever sung, and the public crowds to hear her. But it is useless to dwell on this: the disease is incurable; there will always be, I fear, an unthinking public ready for any vocal gymnast who sings higher or faster than anybody else, or who can toss off trills and runs with a smiling face and a pretty costume, and in entirely unintelligible words. And, second, when this singing, which the public dearly loves, is coupled with the perennial fascination of the drama, the appeal is irresistible.

I do not need to dwell here on the quality in the drama which has made it popular from the remotest time until now. One can say this, however: that to people who are incapable of re-creating a world of beauty in their own minds — although nature surrounds them with it, and imaginative literature is in every library — the stage is a perpetual delight. There they behold impossible romances, incredible virtues and vices, heroes and heroines foully persecuted but inevitably triumphant, impossible scenes in improbable countries, everything left out that is tiresome and habitual and necessitous, no blare of daylight but only golden sunrise and flaming sunset: the impossible realized at last. These qualities are in all drama to a greater or less extent, for they embody the essence of what the drama is. Æschylus and Shakespeare divest life of its prose as completely as does a raging melodrama, for a play must move from one dramatic and salient point to another; and while those great dramatists imply the whole of life, — whereas

the ordinary play implies nothing, — they do not and cannot present it in its actual and complete continuity.

Now the drama is subject more or less to public opinion and to public taste, because in the drama we understand what we are hearing. On the other hand the opera, considered as drama, is almost free from any such responsibility, because it is sung in a foreign language; or if, by chance, in our own tongue, the size of the opera house and the disinclination of singers to pay any attention to their diction renders the text unintelligible. So the libretto of the opera escapes scrutiny. 'What is too silly to be said is sung,' says Voltaire.

Let us note also that when an art becomes detached from its own past, when it is not based on natural human life, and does not obey those general laws to which all art is subject, it is sure to evolve conventions of one sort or another and to become artificial. This is to be observed in what is called the 'rococo' style of architecture, as well as in the terrible objects perpetrated by the 'futurists' and 'cubists' (anything that is of the future must also be of the past, no matter whether it is a picture, or a tree, or an idea). Opera was soon in the grip of these conventions from which, with a few notable exceptions, it has never escaped. Even the common conventions of the drama, which we accept readily enough, are in opera stretched to the breaking point. For many generations operas were planned according to a set, inflexible scheme of acts; a woman took a man's part (as in Gounod's *Faust*); characters were stereotyped; the position of the chief *aria* (solo) for the prima donna was exactly determined so as to give to her entrance all possible impressiveness; the set musical pieces (solos, duets, choruses, and so forth) were arranged artificially and not to satisfy any dramatic necessity. There is some justness in Wagner's saying that the old conventional opera was 'a concert in costume.'

An example of this conventionality and lack of dramatic unity may be found in the famous quartette scene in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, an opera which is typical of the Italian style (in which, in Meredith's phrase, 'there is much dallying with beauty in the thick of sweet anguish'). In this scene there are two persons in hiding to watch two others. The concealment is the hinge upon which, for the moment, the story swings. But the exigences of the music are such that, before the piece has progressed very far, all four are singing at the top of their lungs and with no pretext of concealment — in a charming piece of music, indeed, but quite divested of dramatic truth and unity. And then, naturally enough, the thin veneer of drama having been pierced, they answer your applause by joining hands and bowing, after which the two conceal themselves again, the music strikes up as before, and the whole scene is repeated.

But one of the most artificial elements in the old operas was the ballet. Its part in the opera scheme was purely to be a spectacle, and great sums were lavishly spent to make it as gorgeous as possible. It had usually nothing whatever to do with the story, but was useful in drawing an audience of pleasure-lovers who did not take opera seriously. Once upon a time, in London, by an extraordinarily unlucky stroke of fate, Carlyle was persuaded to go to hear an opera containing a ballet; whereupon he fulminated as follows: 'The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right

great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees — as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with open blades, and stand still in the Devil's name!'

One remembers, also, *War and Peace*, with its scene at the opera — and Tolstoï's reference to the chief male dancer as getting 'sixty thousand francs a year for cutting capers.' So, looking over the older operas which still hold their place in the repertoire, we think of them as rather absurd, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that today opera has outgrown its youthful follies and has become a work of art.

III

Then came the second great operatic reform, — that of Wagner, — which was supposed to free us from the old absurdities and make of opera a reasonable and congruous thing. This, Wagner's operas, at the outset, bade fair to be. In *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* there is a reasonable correspondence between the action and the music; we can listen and look without too great disruption of our faculties. Wagner's librettos are, with one exception, based on mythological stories or ideas. His personages are eternal types — Lohengrin of purity and heroism, Wotan of power by fiat, Brunhilde (greatest of them all) of heroic and noble womanhood. He adopted the old device by means of which certain salient qualities in his characters — such as Siegfried's youth and fearlessness, Wotan's majesty, and so forth — were defined by short phrases of music called *leit-motifs;* he made his orchestra eloquent of the movement of his drama, instead of employing it as a 'huge guitar'; he eliminated the set musical piece, which was bound to delay the action; he kept his music always moving onward by avoiding the so-called 'authentic cadence,' which in all the older music perpetually cries a halt.

But by all these means he imposed on his listener a constant strain of attention: leit-motifs recurring, developing, and disintegrating, every note significant, a huge and eloquent orchestra, a voice singing phrases which are not parts of a complete melody then and there being evolved, — as in an opera by Verdi, — but which are related to something first heard perhaps half an hour before in a preceding act (or a week before in another drama): we have all this to strain every possibility of our appreciative faculty, and *at the same time* he asks us to watch an actual combat between a hero and a dragon, or to observe another between two heroes half in the clouds, with a God resplendent stretching out a holy spear to end the duel as he wills it, while a Valkyrie hovers above on her flying steed. Or he sets his drama under water, with Undines swimming about and a gnome clambering the slippery rocks to filch a jewel in exchange for his soul. Yes, even this, and more; for he asks us to witness the end of the world — the waters rising, the very heavens aflame — when our heart is so torn by the stupendous *inner* tragedy of Brunhilde's immolation that the end of the world seems utterly and completely irrevelant and impertinent.

After all, we are human. We cannot be men and women and, at the same time, children. We should like to crouch down in our seat in the opera house and forget everything save the noble, splendid, and beautiful music, seeing only just so much action as would accord with our state of inner exaltation. An opera must be objec-

tive or subjective; it cannot be both at the same time. The perfection of *Don Giovanni* is due to the exact equality between the amount and intensity of the action and of the musical expression — or, in other words, to the complete union of matter and manner, of form and style. The 'Ring' cycle is objective and subjective; it is the extreme of stage mechanism (and more), and, at the same time, everything that is imaginatively profound and moving. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Wagner in those great music-dramas lost sight of the balance between means and ends, and the proportion between action and thought. His own theories, and the magnitude of his subject, led him to forget the natural limitations which are imposed upon a work of art by the very nature of those beings for whom it was created. The 'Ring' dramas should be both *acted* and *witnessed* by gods and goddesses for whom time and space do not exist, and who are not limited by a precarious nervous system. No one can be insensitive to the great beauty of certain portions of these gigantic music-dramas, — every one recognizes Wagner's genius as it shows itself, for example, in either of the great scenes between Siegfried and Brunhilde, — but the intricate and well-nigh impossible stage mechanism and the excursions into the written drama constitute serious defects. (For the scene between Wotan and Fricka in *Das Rheingold* and similar passages in the succeeding dramas are essentially scenes to be read rather than acted.)

One would suppose that Wagner had made impossible any repetition of the old operatic incongruities. Quite the contrary is the case. One of the latest Italian operas is, if anything, more absurd than any of its predecessors. What could be more grotesque than an opera whose scene is in a mining camp in the West, whose characters include a gambler, a sheriff, a woman of the camp, and so forth, whose language is perforce very much in the vernacular, whose plot hinges on a game of cards, — an *Outcast-of-Poker-Flat* opera, — and this translated, for the benefit of the composer, into Italian and produced in that language? 'I'm dead gone on you, Minnie,' says Rance; '*Ti voglio bene, Minnie*,' sings his Italian counterpart.

Rigoletto does entrance us by the beauty and the sincerity of its melodies; it is what it pretends to be; it deals with emotions which we can share because they derive ultimately from great human issues. The Count, Magdalina, Rigoletto, and Gilda are all types; we know them well in literature — in poetry, novel, and drama; they are valid. We accept the strained convention of the scene as being inevitable at that point in the development of the opera. But after Wagner's reforms, and the influence they exerted on Verdi himself, the greatest of the Italians, it would seem incredible that any composer could lapse into a *Girl of the Golden West*.

Nearly all Puccini's operas are a reversion to type. The old-fashioned lurid melodrama appears again, blood-red as usual; as in *La Tosca*, which leaves almost nothing to the imagination — one specially wishes that it did in certain scenes. 'Local color,' so called, appears again in all its arid deception — as in the Japanese effects in the music of *Madame Butterfly;* again we hear the specious melody pretending to be real, with its octaves in the orchestra to give it a sham intensity. It is the old operatic world all over again. When we compare any tragic scene in Puccini's operas with the last act of Verdi's *Otello*, we realize the vast difference between the two. It is true that Puccini gives us beautiful lyric moments — as when Mimi, in *La Bohème*, tells Rudolph who

she is; it is true, also, that we ought not to cavil because Puccini is not as great a composer as Verdi. Our comparison is not for the purpose of decrying one at the expense of the other, but to point out that the greater opera is not called for by the public and the lesser is; that we get *La Bohème*, *Madame Butterfly*, and *La Tosca* twenty times to *Otello's* once, and that we thereby lose all sense of operatic values.

The most trumpeted operatic composer of to-day is the worst of operatic sinners. Nothing could be more debasing to music and to drama than the method Strauss employs in *Electra*. In its original form *Electra* is a play of profound significance, whose art, philosophy, and ethics are a natural expression of Greek life and thought. It contains ideas and it presents actions which, while totally alien to us, we accept as belonging to that life and thought. In the original, or in any good translation, its simplicity and its elemental grandeur are calculated to move us deeply, for we achieve a historical perspective and see the meaning and significance of the catastrophe which it presents. This great story our modern composer proceeds to treat pathologically. Nothing is sacred to him. He invests every passion, every fearful deed with a personal and immediate significance which entirely destroys its artistic and its historical sense. The real *Electra* is an impersonal, typical, national, and religious drama; Hofmannsthal and Strauss have made it into a seething caldron of riotous, unbridled passion.

The lead given by Strauss in *Salome*, *Electra*, and, in different form or type, in *Der Rosenkavallier* has been quickly followed. *The Jewels of the Madonna* is an *Electra* of the boulevard, in which the worst sort of passion and the worst sort of sacrilege are flaunted openly in the name of drama. It belongs in the *Grand Guignol*. Let any reasonable person read the librettos of current operas and form an opinion, not of their morals, — for there is only one opinion about that, — but of their claims on the attention of any serious-minded person.

I refer to the moral status of these stories only because many of them stress the abnormal and lack a sense of proportion. Art seeks the truth wherever it be, but the truth is the whole truth and not a segment of it. A novel may represent almost any phase of life, but it must keep a sense of proportion. Dostoïevsky pushes the abnormal to the extreme limit, but on the other hand he is 'a brother to his villains' and he gives us plenty of redeeming types. The hero in *The Idiot* is a predominating and *overbalancing* character. The object of all great literature is to present the truth in terms of beauty. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is as moral as *Emma*. But the further one gets from a deliberate form of artistic expression like the novel, the less latitude one has in this respect. An episode in a novel of Dostoïevsky would be an impossible subject for a picture. So opera, which focuses itself for us in the stage frame and within a limited time, must somehow preserve for itself this truthfulness and fidelity to life as it is. *The Jewels of the Madonna* might serve as an episode in a novel of Dostoïevsky, or of Balzac; as an opera libretto it is a monstrosity.

IV

I have referred to these various inconsistencies and absurdities of opera, not with the idea of making out a case against it; on the contrary I want to make out a case for it. This obviously can be done only by means of operas which are guiltless of absurdities and of melodramatic exaggeration, which

answer the requirements of artistic reasonableness, and are, at the same time, beautiful. This cannot be said of *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Rustic Chivalry — Heaven save the mark!), *La Bohème, La Tosca, The Girl of the Golden West, Thaïs* (poison, infidelity, suicide, sorcery, and religion mixed up in an intolerable *mélange*), *Contes d'Hoffman* (a Don Juan telling his adventures in detail) — these are bad art, not because they are immoral, but because they are untrue, distorted, without sense of the value of the material they employ.

Operas which are both beautiful and reasonable do exist, and one or two of them are actually in our present-day repertoire. The questions we have to ask are these: Can a highly imaginative and significant drama, in which action and reflection hold a proper balance, in which some great and moving passion or some elemental human motives find true dramatic expression — can such a drama exist as opera? Is it possible to preserve the body and the spirit of drama and at the same time to preserve the body and spirit of music? Does not one of these have to give way to the other? We want opera to be one thing, and not several. We want the same unity which exists in other artistic forms. We want to separate classic, romantic, and realistic. If opera changes from blank verse to rhymed verse, so to speak, we want the change to be dictated by an artistic necessity as it is in *As You Like It.* We want, above all, such a reasonable correspondence between seeing and hearing as shall make it possible for us to preserve each sense unimpaired by the other. A few such operas have been composed. A considerable number approach this ideal. From Gluck's *Orfeo* (produced in 1762) to Wagner's *Tristan* (1865) the pure conception of opera has always been kept alive. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Wagner, and Verdi are the great names that stand out above the general level.

Gluck's *Orfeo* is even more interesting since the dark shadow of Strauss's *Electra* has appeared to throw it into relief. Once in a decade or two *Orfeo* is revived to reveal anew how nobly Gluck interpreted the old Greek story. And it must be remembered that Gluck lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when music was quite inflexible in the matter of those dissonances which are considered by modern composers absolutely necessary to the expression of dramatic passion.

After Gluck came Mozart with his *Don Giovanni*, preserving the same balance between action and emotion, with an even greater unity of style and the same sincerity of utterance. Mozart possessed a supreme mastery over all his material, and a unique gift for creating pure and lucid melody. In his operas there is no admixture: his tragedy and his comedy are alike purely objective — *and it is chiefly this quality which prevents our understanding them.* We, in our day and age, cannot project ourselves into Mozart's *milieu;* the tragedy at the close of *Don Giovanni* moves us no whit because it is devoid of shrieking dissonances and thunders of orchestral sound. Our nervous systems are adjusted to instrumental cataclysms. (We are conscious only of a *falling* star; the serene and placid Heavens look down on us in vain.) Could we hear *Don Giovanni* in a small opera house sung in pure classic style, we should realize how beautiful it is; we should no longer crave the overexcitement and unrestrained passion of *La Tosca;* we should understand that the deepest passion is expressible without tearing itself to tatters, and that music may be unutterably tragic in simple major and minor mode. Don Giovanni is a type of operatic hero, — he may be found in some modified form in half the operas ever written, —

but Mozart lifts him far above his petty intrigues and makes him a great figure standing for certain elements in human nature. (It is the failure of Gounod to accomplish this which puts *Faust* on the lower plane it occupies.) The stage setting of *Don Giovanni*, — the conventional rooms with gilt chairs, and the like, — the costumes, the acting, the music (orchestral and vocal), are all unified in one style. And this, coupled with the supreme mastery and the melodic gift of its composer, makes it one of the most perfect, if not the most perfect, of operas.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* (produced in 1805) celebrates the devotion and self-sacrifice of a woman — and that devotion and self-sacrifice actually have for their object *her husband!* It is a noble opera, but Beethoven's mind and temperament were not suited to the operatic problem, and *Fidelio* is not by any means a perfect work of art. The Beethoven we hear there is the Beethoven of the slow movements of the sonatas and symphonies; but we could well hear *Fidelio* often, for it stands alone in its utter sincerity and grandeur.

The romantic operas of Weber tend toward that characterization which is the essential equality of his great successor, Wagner, for *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* are full of characteristic music. Weber begins and ends romantic opera. (Romantic subjects are common enough, but romantic treatment is exceedingly uncommon. Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, for example, in passing through the hands of librettist and composer becomes — in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* — considerably tinged with melodrama.) There is evidence enough in *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* of Weber's sincerity and desire to make his operas artistic units. Each of them conveys a definite impression of beauty and avoids those specious appeals so common in opera.

Meanwhile, in the early part of the nineteenth century, *opéra comique* was flourishing in France. Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, and other composers were producing works in which the impossible happenings of grand opera were made possible by humor and lightness of touch. The words of these composers are full of delightful melody and are more reasonable and true than are many better-known grand operas.

Then comes the Wagnerian period, with its preponderance of drama over music. In *Tristan und Isolde* Wagner, by his own confession, turned away from preconceived theories and composed as his inner spirit moved him. *Tristan* is, therefore, the work of an artist rather than of a theorist, and although it is based on the leit-motif and on certain other important structural ideas which belong to the Wagnerian scheme, it rises far above their limitations and glows with the real light of genius. In *Tristan* the action is suited to the psychology. It is a great work of art and the most beautiful of all recantations. In it we realize how finely means may be adjusted to ends, how clearly music and text may be united, how reasonable is the use of the leit-motif when it characterizes beings aflame with passion; how the song, under the influence of great dramatic situations, can be expanded; how vividly the orchestra can interpret and even further the actions; how even the chorus can be fitted into the dramatic scheme — everywhere in *Tristan* there is unity. This is not true of most of Wagner's other operas. *Die Meistersinger* comes nearest to *Tristan* in this respect. May we not say that of all the music-dramas of Wagner, *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* lay completely in his consciousness unmixed with philosophical ideas and theories? In them the leit-motif deals chiefly with emotions or with characteristics of persons rather

than with inanimate objects, or ideas; in them is no grandiose scenic display, no perversity of theory, but only beautiful music wedded to a fitting text.

Wagner's reforms were bound to bring about a reaction, which came in due season and resulted in shorter and more direct works, such as those of the modern Italians. No operas since Wagner, save Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, approach the greatness of his music-dramas, and the tendency of many of these later works has been too much toward what we mildly call 'decadence.' But there is a great difference between the truthfulness and artistic validity of *Carmen* and that of *La Bohème* and *La Tosca*. The former is packed full of genuine passion, however primitive, brutal, and devastating it may be; and its technical skill is undoubted.

The most interesting phase of modern opera is found in the works of the Russians. It was inevitable that they should overturn our delicately adjusted artistic mechanism. Dostoïevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* is as though there never had been a Meredith or a Henry James, and Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* is as though there had never been a Mozart or a Wagner. It has something of that amorphous quality which seems to be a part of Russian life, but, on the other hand, it has immense vitality. How refreshing to see a crowd of peasants look like peasants, and to hear them sing their own peasant songs; and what stability they give to the whole work! *Boris Godounov* gravitates, as it were, around these folk-songs, which give to it a certain reality and truthfulness.

V

These various works have long since been accepted by the musical world as the great masterpieces in operatic form. Many of them are practically out of the present repertoire of our opera houses. Were we to assert ourselves — were the general public given an opportunity to choose between good and bad — we should hear them often. And who shall say what results might not come from a small and properly managed opera house, with performances of fine works at reasonable prices?

Opera is controlled by a few rich men who think it a part of the life of a great city that there should be an opera house with a fine orchestra, fine scenery, and the greatest singers obtainable. It does not exist for the good of the whole city, but rather for those of plethoric purses. It does not make any attempt to become a sociological force; it does not even dimly see what possibilities it possesses in that direction. Opera houses and opera companies are sedulously protected against any sociological scrutiny. They are persistently reported to be hot-beds of intrigue; they trade on society and on the love of highly paid singing; they surround themselves with an exotic atmosphere in which the normal person finds difficulty in breathing, and which often turns the opera singer into a strange specimen of the *genus* man or woman; they go to ruin about once in so often, and are extricated by the unnecessarily rich; they are too little related to the community that supports them save in the mediums of money and social convention.

These artificial and false conditions are bound to bring evils in their train, but these conditions and these evils are chiefly the result of our own complacency. Were opera in any sense domestic; were opera singers to some extent, at least, human beings like ourselves, moving in a reasonable world; did we go to hear opera as we go to a symphony concert, or to an art museum, — to satisfy our love of beauty,

and quicken our imagination by contact with beautiful objects; were the conditions of performance such as to enable us to hear the words, then would opera become a fine human institution, then would it take its place among the noble dreams of humanity.

In my endeavor to make some distinctions between good and bad opera I have drawn a somewhat arbitrary line. I do not wish to give the impression that I think all opera on one side of the line is bad and on the other good. I have tried to strike a just balance by applying certain admitted principles of artistic contruction and expression. From these principles, which are the basis of life and, therefore, of art, opera has unjustly claimed immunity.

And finally we come to that point in our argument where reasoning must stop altogether. For opera is to many people a sort of fascination entirely outside reason. They refuse to admit it as a subject of discussion; they enjoy the spectacle on the stage and the spectacle of which they are a part; the sight of three thousand people well dressed like themselves comforts them; the fine singing, costumes, and stage-setting, the gorgeous orchestra throbbing with passion entirely unbridled — all these they enjoy in that mental lassitude which is dear to them. They are, perhaps, slightly uncomfortable at a symphony concert; here there are no obligations. Opera is, in short, to such people a slightly illicit æsthetic adventure.

PREPAREDNESS AND DEMOCRATIC DISCIPLINE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

'THE great word of the present day,' said Emerson in 1838, 'is Culture.' It was the same word with a different meaning with which the war began. Some of the defenses of Germany by which her statesmen and professors sought then to justify her in the eyes of the world raised not merely issues of right and wrong as to the war itself, but issues as to fundamentals in civilization.

The Germans asserted a high claim for world-power for the Teutonic race, based upon a superior *Kultur*, a civilization which Germany has evolved and which they declared demands through its success, through its practical results, a far wider sphere of power and influence in world-civilization than it has yet received.

Some of these claims of Kultur we have forgotten, as they were not often repeated after the first few months of the war.

The Germans said, in effect: We alone of the great nations of modern times have succeeded in evolving a great organization of government, a perfection of administration, unequaled in the whole history of the world. We have done it against tremendous odds and in an incredibly short time. France is a decadent and corrupt bureaucracy, masquerading as a democ-

racy. England is a patchwork of disorganized law, feudal survivals, and precedents patched with clumsy adaptations of transplanted modern German ideas — a civilization gone to seed. What right does her civilization give her to the choice place in the sun? What is there about the organization of English government which justifies its continuance except on the basis of sea-power and force? Rome lived and spread her eagles through the ancient world by the superior genius of Roman law, by the civilizing power of that law which lived even after the barbarian laid his hands upon the city of the Cæsars. The Teutons, declared the German professors, are the successors of the Cæsars. The right to world-dominion belongs and rightly belongs to this race, the race alone capable of evolving a superior world-civilization.

So we in America were compelled to think hurriedly, and for too short a period, of world-civilization. The train of our reflection — if we reflected — was not entirely pleasant. We remembered that ours is not the youngest, but the oldest of modern democracies. We remembered that many, if not most, of the general principles of democracy were born, or first practiced, on our soil; that these ideas were, a hundred years and less ago, the great contribution of America to the transformation of Europe. The revolutionary principles which Metternich and the concert of Europe a hundred years ago strove to stamp out had thriven on the new and favored soil. We had no feudalism to overcome. Our press was not fettered; our religion was free. No bonds of caste and heredity gripped us to the past. We had no white peasants attached to the soil. We had a new rich continent of unlimited wealth. We preached to the world the promise of democracy. All the handicaps from which we were free bound Germany, and many more beside. Yet, at the beginning of this great war, she was claiming in sincerity and good faith the right to a world-domain as justified by the results of a superior world-civilization.

This is no place to consider the accuracy of the Teuton's prefatory estimate of his civilization. No other country has made a similar contention. No other nation has sufficient confidence and pride in its accomplishments in the organization of national life to make such a boast, even if, indeed, it would be willing to concede that such a standard alone is a sufficient test for civilization. Last of all would democratic America make such a claim.

Yet the issue is one which we cannot blink, and which has not changed simply because we have ceased to think about it. The fundamental postulate of this war is the failure of democracy as a system of human government; that we need in place of it, in place of its wasteful, shiftless, haphazard character and methods, a civilization of intense and practical efficiency based upon autocracy and to the existence of which autocratic discipline is essential. This issue should make us, even in the midst of the smoke and thunder of war, self-critical. On the accuracy of this fundamental postulate the future history of democracy will largely be determined — our own as well as the democratic spirit in other lands.

When we marvel at Germany in this war, at her wonderful capacity for carnage, at the terrible efficiency and completeness of her mechanism for destruction; when we see the disorganization of England, the long wait for the development of sufficient ammunition, the attitude of the trade-unions, the strikes of the workers, the fumbling with the drink problem in a national crisis, the lack of adequate enlistments — the claims of the German professors come back to us; for in the final analysis this

war is between the soulless Great State and democracy. Those who believe in democracy in our own land should not be blind to this issue. Drifting along as we are in America to-day, without moral leadership, with public opinion a perpetual pendulum between sentimentalism and materialism, with one class so filled with the horror of bloodshed as to want peace at any price and another counting its riches in war-stocks and war-orders and reaching out for South American trade, we need to be made to see the issue as it affects ourselves, — not in our pockets, but in our principles of government, — to see that the war, whatever its outcome, is bound to influence profoundly, for good or for ill, our national life.

We cannot keep out of this war. We may avoid the conflict in arms, but the question whether the democratic principle deserves to live remains ours, at least. Whether it can live is the problem of England and France.

Unless we can do one of two things, this war must mean moral loss to America: unless we can enter it as a participant for something more than a trade reason; or unless, while keeping out of it, we can prevent the soil of America from becoming engulfed in a morass of materialism, by finding an issue upon which the moral forces of this country can unite.

It is to make clear that issue, that fundamental issue of the permanence of democracy, that America to-day needs leadership.

II

We need to be made to see our own stake in this war. In 1815, the concert of the powers expressed by their joint action a final determination as to what the crushing of France should mean to the intellectual and spiritual life of Europe. It was that the last ember of the French Revolution should be relentlessly extinguished. It meant for forty or more years the triumph of reaction, the sterilization of life, the suppression of freedom of thought, of action, of everything remotely resembling the democratic impulse in every country in Europe. In no country was the power of that reaction stronger than in Germany and in Austria under Metternich. Upon it Bismarck built the modern Germany. The conception of the Great State — the state as power; the subordination of the individual wholly to the state, his rights considered as derivative and not innate; the state as the autocrat, the individual as vassal; the new feudalism headed by a divine-right monarch whose conception of power was such as died in England nearly three centuries ago with the axe which beheaded Charles the First — this became Germany's new principle of civilization. On it she has built a powerful, a highly organized, an immensely efficient government. The German militaristic government has made modern bureaucratic Germany what she is to-day — a menace to the spiritual future of the world. It was the remorseless logic of the new Jesuitism, the conception of the state as power, superior and unconstrained by law, by duty or plighted word, which marched through devastated Belgium and closed the sea over the drowning women and children of the Lusitania.

What is to be the final effect of Germany successful or Germany defeated upon American opinion and upon American life? For forty years history traces upon Europe the reaction of European thinking on the French Revolution. It was for the most part a reaction against democracy, against the bloody shibboleth of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity. What will the present war do to American opinion? The character and the future of democratic government will depend for many years

upon the lines of thinking set in motion among our people by this war. What will they be? Will they be such as to send us forward as a nation, or set us back?

It is a time in which Americans should consider anxiously their own country. Peace has its dangers no less menacing than war. Even in the midst of war, we can but see certain spiritual gains in the countries which are pouring out their blood and treasure. The development of national consciousness, the establishment in tears and sorrow of the spiritual unity of a great people, is the thing which comes to us from France, reborn in her resolve to make the France of her children free from the menace of militarism. England, with her prosperous and self-satisfied bourgeoisie, her sporting-squire government, her terrible and inexcusable poverty unrelieved except by the silly shifts of Lady Bountifuls and poor rates, her discontented and jealous working classes; England, stale with an unequal and unjust prosperity, is breaking up a caste system and reorganizing and revitalizing a national life. Belgium, devastated and exploited by barbarous invasion, will send down to generations yet unborn the thrill of her King's rejoinder to menacing Germany, that 'Belgium is a country and not a road.' The national consciousness born of war, the precious by-products of sacrifice, of tears, of common and united effort for victory in arms, is not to be denied, even to Russia. The dreaming Slav sees the beginnings of a new era in Holy Russia. Germany holding a world at bay and waging war with a relentless and deadly efficiency, such as the world never saw, girding her loins for fresh aggression, at once the menace and the marvel of our time, shouts her 'Deutschland über Alles,' the hymn of a nationalism which threatens civilization itself. The war means, not the destruction of national spirit, but the creation of newer and perhaps finer diversities, the finding of the common soul of varied peoples, the finding in common sacrifice and effort of the spiritual basis for national life.

I am not glorifying war; but, hate war as we may, it does these things. The Nelson monument set among the lions at Trafalgar Square, the tattered battle-flags in the church of St. Louis almost touching the tomb of Napoleon, the trophies of war treasured in public galleries in all great nations of the world, are not symbols of victories, or of heroes and conquerors, but expressions of that unity of spirit which makes the soul of a nation. There is no true patriotism, no true love of country, without this unity of spirit. No true nation exists or can exist without it. It is a thing which money cannot buy, or mere natural wealth create.

This is something which we Americans should remember. We hope for the day when there shall be what William James calls a moral substitute for war, that is, the attainment of true unity of national spirit, without blood, without the tears of widows and the fatherless. What will this world-war do to the largest country except China now enjoying peace? Can we endure the hardships of a mean prosperity and keep our soul? Can we evolve, from and by peace, this moral substitute for war? Can we so revitalize democracy that when the war is over America will mean to Europe something else than the land which fattened on war-orders and the trade salvage of distress?

Suppose we stop for a moment our everlasting talk about the prospect of being the money market of the world, of being a creditor nation, about opportunities for South American trade and the perpetual ticker talk and the new nabobism of the war-stocks. Suppose we consider the demands which this

war makes upon American patriotism. It is only a larger and finer democracy which can produce a moral substitute for war.

The President's addresses in his recent speaking tour have been admirable in tone and have lifted the purely military aspects of preparedness to a high ethical plane where they belong. But what we have to deal with is not mere military and naval preparation in this narrow sense. The main problem with which we have to contend, and for which we must find a solution, if we are to be anything better than a South African millionaire among the nations, is the problem of democratic discipline. The wise editor of *Life* has put it so well, that I can do no better than quote him: —

'It is Prussian discipline that is crowding the world so hard, and the question is whether democracy can produce a discipline to match and overcome it. If it cannot, Prussian discipline based on autocracy seems likely to possess the earth. So the war seems still to be a contest between absolutism and democracy, its main errand being to compel democracies to develop and maintain an effective discipline. Collectivism may be the result from the war, but it will be a by-product. The main asset will be democratic discipline.'

Where? Where else than on our own soil? Are we producing it? Are we thinking about it at all? Is this new militarism, this clamor for armaments, for a bigger navy, for a larger army, this jockeying for position among the politicians, in the name of preparedness, the best we can do? A mean pacificism feebly denounces the principle of preparedness. A stupid and blustering militarism talks about preparedness with a tone of finality as though a bigger navy and army for America were all that was needed for the apotheosis of a shiftless, undisciplined democracy, for its transformation into something which will fill the eye and sicken the soul.

III

We are in a perilous period of American democracy; we are threatened with what bankers and fools call prosperity; we are threatened with wealth which we have not earned and do not deserve. What will it do to us? Can we evolve the higher democracy? No boy is proud of his father simply because he is rich; no man is proud of his country simply because it is prosperous. This war is creating in every European country a flood of new and finer loyalties, patriotic affections born of sacrifice and tears. Will the sea which separates us from the war separate us from these finer things also? Can we attain the high patriotism without war?

A former hifalutin period in our country was vocal with manifest destiny. The slogan has not been heard among thoughtful Americans for a generation. It was based upon our natural resources, boundless opportunities, the contributions, not of man, but of nature. In the wasteful and orderless exploitation of these natural resources, a lawless, undisciplined, and formless type of government followed. At a moment when the necessity for a democratic discipline comes home to us, we are forced to realize some of the ugly things which come in our own country from the absence of that discipline. Take first the 'hyphen.'

What is there about the much berated hyphenated American which irritates us? Is it not first and foremost a feeling of failure at a point where we had always blissfully assumed success? We had assumed that, having carefully inspected the immigrant for contagious diseases and a few other matters, before letting him loose upon our soil to

be exploited and to struggle with that new and pervasive lawlessness which we called American opportunity, he would straightway, certainly after a few years, become an American.

The menace of non-assimilated masses in our undisciplined democracy has taken a new meaning in the presence of the possibility of our own participation in the war. The disturbances in Lawrence, Paterson, Colorado, were mere labor troubles a few years ago. We are uneasily conscious now of a new element of danger. We reflect upon it from a new angle of vision to-day. Unamericanized America is a new aspect of the discontent which we had repressed with martial law and which flamed forth in the I.W.W., the Socialists, the Syndicalists, and the dynamiters. What could we expect for the defense of our institutions from those who are taught by Socialism to-day that our constitution was formulated by grafters, to make money out of the depreciated paper currency which they had bought up in anticipation of a rise after a more stable government had been adopted? What could we expect from those who are taught by the same teachers that patriotism is folly and that government is the mere expression of conscious and purposeful class-selfishness in its effort to exploit the worker — the worker, moreover, who in turn is urged to grasp for government, to rule in turn by making laws, not for the general good, but for his own immediate and selfish interest?

What will democratic discipline do with the American immigrant after the war? Will it continue as before to consider him merely as a human mechanism, an asset for industrial exploitation, or as a man, a potential unhyphenated American? Shall we wait until after the war to begin to formulate a programme, wait until the flood-gates are open and the inundation begins? Shall we content ourselves with abusing our foreign-born as though the love of the old country were not a virtue, a potential benefit to the new? There are no hyphenated gypsies. Do we want more of them?

Shall we organize our army under the stimulus of the clamor for preparedness on a basis hostile to, or auxiliary to democracy? An army may be a menace to democracy. Many European armies are of this character. An army may also be a training-school for democratic discipline, a means for the union of all classes and conditions of men for service on the basis of a common duty to the state in such fashion as to create new and desirable conceptions of national unity; a means, moreover, of creating a closer association of men from different walks of life, as good for democratic government as ploughing is for the soil. Shall the army for preparedness be made an instrument of democracy, or a menace to it, a sheer adventure in militarism foreign to our traditions and repugnant to our ideals?

The 'hyphen,' the immigrant, and the army are in the foreground. But the great America — the America large enough to meet the obligations of a new world — must respond to new reactions which will result either in a larger and finer conception of democratic discipline, or a humiliating failure to attain a triumph for democratic ideals which will mean loss, not merely to us, but to the whole world.

One of the first problems which will come to us will be a result of certain new reactions due to a confusion of militaristic Germany with German social and industrial organization. A considerable part of the industrial legislation which Germany had adopted for the physical well-being of her people is associated now in our country with a conception of the state which is distasteful to us and wholly foreign to

our own ideas, — a conception of the state in which the worker is a feudal dependent upon an autocratic, militant, but otherwise benevolent overlord, and under which, as we are now told, his individual initiative and personal freedom have been so fully suppressed that the average workman is unconscious of their absence. Industrial Germany conserves her human resources. Militant Germany to-day uses those resources. This principle of conservation is new with us, is practically untried and much needed. Individual initiative and personal freedom as political rights are our oldest and most cherished doctrines. The wreckage occasioned by our failure to work out effective modifications of our individualism to meet a new industrialism had in recent years inclined many of us to experiments with German industrial legislation for the conservation of human resources to meet our own economic conditions. The workmen's compensation laws of recent years are of German origin. They have taken firm root and are not likely to be dislodged in the near future by any reaction against what is now called the German conception of the Servile State. But the compulsory pensions, the occupational-disease, old-age and sickness insurance plans, the state-controlled housing systems, all of which are parts of German social legislation and which honest and efficient management have there brought to a high degree of perfection, are already being considered with critical eyes and their availability in a democracy is being questioned. The logic involved seems to be this: German social legislation has produced a vast number of physically fit soldiers for the German armies. Therefore, the system which makes them fit as soldiers is evil and should be avoided in a democracy. The startling figures on the unfitness of the English as soldiers, shown by the percentages of rejections for physical reasons, which Price Collier [1] gave us a few years ago, do not disturb us. We dislike to think of our own workers as possible soldiers.

We prefer to ignore the great fact of modern warfare, that war to-day is no longer the mere putting into battle array of a small percentage of the population, leaving the great majority of citizens to their ordinary employment. The war which is going on in Europe is a war, not merely of soldiers but of nations. Every particle of economic power is being invoked to make military success. It will not be soldiers, but the discipline of nationality, expressed in countless ways, which will triumph. In such a warfare, how would the discipline of American life, of American government, of American industrial and social organization stand the test which would be placed upon them?

In the report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1915 occur some wise words on this subject, which will bear repetition: —

'Some months since I sought to learn what I could of the assets of this country as they might be revealed by this department, where we were in point of

[1] Price Collier says (in his *England and the English*): —

'The following table, covering a twelvemonth ended September 30, 1907, gives a commentary upon the physical condition of the men offering themselves as recruits for the regular army.'

	Offered for enlistment	Rejected for physical reasons
London	20,975	8807
Birmingham	1,858	1084
Manchester	2,523	1821
Sheffield	1,031	363
Leeds	791	452
Newcastle	1,493	1046
Sunderland	776	282
Glasgow	2,905	1135
Dundee	956	680
Edinburgh	1,500	628

'These men were young men and men with a taste for outdoor life. Nor is the standard itself very high which they are called upon to pass.'

development, and what we had with which to meet the world which was teaching us that war was no longer a set contest between more or less mobile armed forces, but an enduring contest between all the life forces of the contesting parties — their financial strength, their industrial organization, and adaptability, their crop yields, and their mineral resources; and that it ultimately comes to a test of the very genius of the peoples involved. *For to mobilize an army, even a great army, is now no more than an idle evidence of a single form of strength, if behind this army the nation is not organized.*'

Our crop yields, our mineral and financial resources are doubtless excellent and satisfying. I have given in a footnote some statistics on the unfitness of the English worker for service in the army. What are the American statistics on the same subject? I have before me as I write the statistics compiled by the United States Marine Corps for the year 1915, showing the number of applicants examined, those accepted for enlistment, and the percentage accepted. For the whole United States, the applicants were 41,168 in number. Of these 3,833, or 9.31 per cent were found physically fit for the service; in other words, one man out of every eleven examined. Eleven thousand and twelve men applied in New York City, and of these 316 were found fit for service, or 2.869 per cent. Those who find themselves now suddenly interested in physical fitness as a great element in military preparedness may profitably consider these statistics. Industrial anarchy in peace does not make for physical preparedness in war.

IV

It is because the organization of national life is so eminently important, because its absence is one of the main sources of our peril, that we should be interested primarily in the development of a national consciousness and a discipline, which are good for peace, and which can be forwarded now by the peril of war if statesmen of vision can be found to give the movement leadership. Any reaction of opinion which tends to retard or frustrate that development is a national peril. The lack of just that kind of leadership today is conspicuous. The time is ripe for the development of a discipline adapted to and expressive of the philosophy of democracy for a definite and concrete programme. Instead of such statesmanship, we have nothing as yet which is constructive, unless a propaganda for large expenditures on purely military and naval matters deserves the name.

There is with us, moreover, now as always, a type of mind which is not entitled to leadership, which often successfully claims it, which learns nothing and forgets nothing, which for the needs of a far-reaching future has nothing but a morass of learning and a perpetual appeal to the traditions of the past, which clamors for the revival of the eighteenth-century philosophy of an agricultural democracy, for 'a return to those principles of individual liberty on which our country was founded' — principles truly American, but which need now as never before expansion and adaptability to new and changed surroundings. These men are proclaiming to slightly bored listeners, at countless public dinners, the desirability of teaching the foreigner coming to our shores eighteenth-century individualism as an essential and precious American doctrine, peculiarly desirable for the underfed and the overworked. This type of preaching, together with the reorganization of our views on the adaptability to our soil of German conceptions of social legisla-

tion, has brought industrial legislation nearly to a standstill.

A reaction against all social legislation has begun. The manufacturers' organizations are already soliciting funds from one another to wipe out social legislation; to prevent the continuance or extension of the new type of law for the improvement of the condition of the worker. A new ally has joined them. The selfish desire artificially to stimulate the growth of labor unions by taking away from all working people every other form of protection from exploitation has induced Mr. Gompers to announce recently a campaign by the American Federation of Labor against such legislation throughout the country. He is against industrial boards and commissions even more than the manufacturers' organizations. 'Repeatedly,' he declares, 'the warning has been given that these numerous attempts to regulate industrial conditions and evils by law are insidious dangers to the best interests and welfare of the wage-earners.'

This reaction is not confined to the field of labor legislation. The existence of war affords an opportunity for Toryism, half-stupid and half-cunning, to clamor against 'regulation,' against meddlesome government clogging the wheels of industry, throttling industry, and so forth. There is a very considerable class in America of those who are against democratic discipline, because they can make money or attain power by its absence. Industrial feudalism, well-established, does not wish to be disturbed by the law. If the Tory reaction against German industrial legislation can be extended to cover the whole field of social and economic legislation, the future of American democracy will be seriously and injuriously affected.

Will it succeed? It is perhaps too early to say. Recent years have made revelations which are too fresh to be forgotten and which ought to make the reaction less extreme. It was only a few years ago, for example, that the principle of government regulation of railway securities was declared an outrageous interference with individual and corporate rights. Recent railroad history has thrown a flood of light upon the true motives of those who led the clamor against this kind of legislation. It is not likely that the exposures of Rock Island, Frisco, New Haven, and half a dozen similar but smaller scandals, will be readily forgotten. The Toryism which is against interference and regulation is largely stupid, but it also is largely selfish and dishonest. Will the anti-Servile-State propaganda be effective to thwart or delay genuine and needed reform on lines consistent with American principles?

German ideals are largely expressed in making the bottom of the social scale comfortable and, still worse, contented; ours, until quite recently, in more or less ineffective attempts at making the top of the social scale uncomfortable, leaving the bottom to seethe with all the justified discontent which industrial feudalism generates in a politically democratic state. The fact that our anti-trust acts, like the English penal laws of a century ago, have been both drastic and ineffective, is beside the mark. The point is that, however stupid the effort may have been, American democracy aimed to limit the undue wealth of the powerful rather than the undeserved poverty of the poor.

Social legislation in America is likely to receive a new turn as a by-product of the war. It may for a time cease altogether. The cost of government has increased enormously in recent decades. The clamor for efficiency in the past few years has been largely a demand for the elimination of 'regulatory' legislation of all kinds. This clamor will in-

crease. The thinking behind it, real or alleged, is for the most part a composite of the views of those who believe in the economic gospel of Herbert Spencer and of those whose conservatism is social blindness carried to the point of stupidity. It is this combination which is far more dangerous to the future of America than the Socialists, who are teaching the immigrant that ours is and from the beginning was a purely capitalistic government, cunningly devised for the purpose of sucking his blood.

The conflict in America will be intensified in the next few years between those who believe in the evolution of American law adequate to meet, not merely political, but economic and social demands, to which it must respond or fail, and those who believe in Mr. Carnegie's gospel of wealth — anarchistic individualism tempered by ostentatious philanthrophy; the philosophy whose fullest practical expression is recorded in the Pittsburg *Survey* — a hideous cartoon on Democracy.

The next few years will require from most of us a deal of thinking to know in which camp we belong. Great changes of one sort or another are coming. The anti-German sentiment is being utilized by those who hope to develop, not only a hatred of Prussian autocracy and despotism, — against which the German people themselves were struggling before the war and which they must meet after it is over,— but an equal prejudice against the wonderful system of government by which in spite of militarism Germany has evolved in less than forty-five years an intelligent, coördinated, intensive, highly educated, and efficient nationalism such as the world never knew before.

Those who just now are talking almost hysterically about a policy of preparedness are making certain false assumptions. They are advocating a national policy which, if adopted in the one-sided and incomplete way in which it is at present being presented, will set us back fifty years in possibility of true progress. The notion that preparedness is a mere military thing, to be had by superimposing upon the most wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient army and navy establishment in the world a new mass of similar expenditures, is a delusion. If we are so insistent upon preparation for war, and if we are, as we say, still unprepared after spending on such preparations over three billion dollars in the last twenty years, exclusive of pensions, let us at least in our preparation recognize an essential part of its true basis. The power behind military Germany is industrial Germany. The organization of German life is doubtless extreme, but the current preparedness doctrines, however much they may differ on military or naval estimates, agree at least in this: they ignore absolutely every necessity for improving the industrial organization, the economic basis for national unity. Sweat-shops, child-labor, industrial anarchy held in check by martial law, the exploitation of the worker, lack of an intelligent policy in handling the immigrant, industrial accidents crippling and burdening the worker, industrial diseases unregulated and unprevented, the almost total absence of effective labor legislation on the side of inspection and regulation, the exploited tenant farmer, the stupid chaos of liquor legislation, the whole mass of haphazard, slipshod laws which seem to defy all attempts at coördination and economy of administration — all these and a hundred others are true problems of preparedness which are today ignored.

It is a disciplined democracy which America needs, a democracy disciplined to a capacity for true leadership such as will effectuate a Pan-American federation, as a new world-contribu-

tion of democracy toward the foundations of peace. The strident patriots who are expounding crude preparedness propagandas, in principles and purposes identical with all the armed peace propagandas which have proved wrong in a hundred years, ignore all such considerations. If they have their way, there may be an additional reason for ignoring the economic basis of national unity, the plea of poverty: that we can't afford it. The propagandists of preparation seem ready to do anything but improve the quality and character of our democracy. To them it is all a matter of guns, soldiers, submarines, and huzzas for the flag; not the establishment of a democracy supremely worth fighting for.

True preparedness calls, not merely for an external, but for an internal and industrial programme. The national defense orators who to-day fill the papers with their speeches seem to have in mind only enormous naval and military expenses — a programme which leaves pressing industrial problems as usual to private initiative and to philanthropy. Already, for example, one organization of public-spirited citizens is planning a programme for the alien which ought in its essential features to have been a governmental policy expressed in effective law at least twenty-five years ago.

Every destructive and disintegrating force in America is logically and by instinct on the side of the militant, for the militant programme retards the normal development of a sane industrial programme, an effective government, an organized democracy. Most of us, except the extreme pacifists, are entirely willing to have our government expend all the money which may be reasonably necessary for national defenses and the protection of our national honor. We are also willing and quite anxious to have the funds provided, in part at least, by cutting millions out of the fraudulent pension rolls, out of the impossible naval stations and absurd army posts, out of the countless lootings of the pork barrel of Congress for extravagant and unnecessary public buildings, and the endless appropriations for river and harbor improvements, which improve nothing but the political fences of statesmen. No country in the world has so little to show for her enormous expenditures on military and naval establishments as our own. A timely and patriotic programme of preparedness might well begin with a policy of retrenchment against waste and extravagance, an expression of self-denial akin to self-discipline. Nothing so revolutionary and so desirable has as yet been more than suggested. There are pending as I write, thus early in the session of Congress, bills involving the expenditure of $300,000,000, for munition factories where they will do local political interests the most good.

How can a sane programme for the perfection of a democracy of peace be even thought of in the midst of such a clamor for military preparedness — and appropriations? Yet that programme must be considered. The danger to America to-day is the ascendency at this time of shortsighted men, unduly excited over preparation for war, who cannot visualize the America whose great need is preparation for peace, for the evolution by patient labor and infinite pains, by the love and loyalty and wisdom of her freemen, of that difficult and ideal democracy, which harmonizes and blends political and industrial freedom — the only liberty which can enlighten the world.

THE NEW NAÏVETÉ

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

We have a new art, these days. Many persons, surely not to be accounted ignorant, think that it is the sweet old art of poetry with a morning freshness on its face to meet the new day and the new hour. That it has freshness of a kind is indisputable. Is it that of the child or of the *ingénue?* That of the student whose eyes are now lighted with the joy of discovery after long poring over the mysteries, or of the youth who finds the sun coming up in the east — often as that has happened — a revelation? That of the painted lady, or of the gentlewoman cherishing the gracious sincerities which keep life sweet?

The two phases of this new art, or, perhaps more correctly, this new movement in the old art of poetry, are imagism and *vers libre.* Technically they are not at all the same thing, but practically they spring from the same intellectual and æsthetic condition. They announce different doctrines, but it is easy to see that the imagist's declaration that it is his first aim to use the accurate phrase and show the thing he sees as it is, and the renunciation by the writer of free verse of what he looks upon as the shackles of an established law and order in poetry, are both advocacies of the return to nature, that frequently recurring hope of artists and preachers alike, of philosophers and statesmen and moralists. What is the basis of faith in a creed of this sort? What constitutes a return to nature, and what indeed is nature? How far back must we go to find nature? Can we stop in the Middle Ages, or in decadent Rome, or in David's Judæa, or with the men of the Stone Age, or with the monkeys that preceded the Stone Age, or with the nucleated cell that preceded the monkeys, or with the molten rocks that preceded the cell? Just why man in nineteen hundred, or in nineteen hundred and fifty, is not a part of the chain of nature as much as the cave-dweller, and why the elaborations of his speech and his social system are not as much a part of nature as the cave-dweller's roar of rage or fear and his brandished club, I am not at all able to see.

That returning to nature is going back, however, and going back a long way, even to the naïveté of infancy, is very clearly the actual, if not the conscious, doctrine of the new movement in poetry. Poem after poem in this sort is full of the simple wonder of a child picking up pebbles on the beach and running to some other child with yellow hair, in happy wonder at finding the pebble and the hair of a like color. That big-eyed recognition of agreement between two sense-impressions is about as far toward correlation of their material as the imagists or the writers of free verse ever get.

Every new movement in art makes new assumptions about the art itself, has new understandings of its purpose, its reason for being, its fundamental character. The ostensible assumption of this movement is evidently not the assumption of its own naïveté. It is rather the assumption of a degree of advanced artistry which gives warrant for disregarding the sense for poetic

form that man has developed through the ages. The movement toward imagism and free verse is theoretically a revolt against the prevailing literary form or forms; but the interesting thing is that the attempt to revert to more elementary forms has resulted at once in a reversion to the more elementary in substance. It is an astonishing thing. Among a highly sophisticated people, at the heart of a more eagerly progressive civilization than the world has ever known before, there develops in the highest, most complex, and most intellectual of the arts, the art of literature, a movement which encourages the inexperienced, the untutored, the unthinking to participate in that art. When, after centuries of hard self-tutelage, man has come to realize that he carries life forward with any certitude only by relating a multitude of experiences as fully as possible, then suddenly he stops, refuses to burden his mind with the business of so relating them any longer, is content merely to look at things, like a child, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to report the retinal image to the brain, to transfer it to innocent blank paper, and lastly to impose it on a credulous world for poetry.

Hypothetically the thing is impossible. In fact it is exactly what has happened. The books are in print in ample proof, and the magazines are adding evidence plentifully. There is a reason in all this somewhere, inexplicable as it may seem, but perhaps it is safest to do no more than hazard the guess. My guess is that the very variety in the phenomena that the human organism is called upon to survey is too much for the palpitant sensibilities of minor poets. They relax under the strain and find it easier and more in accordance with their physical, æsthetic, and mental limitations to take experiences one at a time. If we were all to do that, our human world would go back promptly to chaos — or to wondering babyhood clutching at the moon. Fortunately the world is not made up of minor poets trying to justify themselves by a philosophy and an art-theory adapted to the range of their vision and their capabilities.

Some exhibit of what passes for poetry in *vers libre* is almost necessary. In any school of art, of course, it is always possible to pick out contemporary examples which are not representative and which may therefore falsely seem to condemn it. The lines which follow were quoted in an editorial in a daily paper under the caption, 'This is Poetry.' They are not my choice, but that of the editorial writer who declared them 'worthy of a place in any anthology of English literature.' They are given here, therefore, as having so much approach to a critical approval.

I will arise:
I will go up into the lofty places
Apart from all man's work, and there commune
With God and mine own soul. I will search out
By lonely thought some meaning or accord
Or radiant sanction that may justify
The ways of life. The void and troubled world
Will I renounce, to gain in solitude
What the world gave not — sense of life's design.

As I have sufficient reasons of my own for believing, the writer of this, highly skilled in verse of a better sort, would probably not have written it in free verse, if he had thought it real poetry. With him it was doubtless a mere chip of the workshop, not quite to be thrown away, and yet not to be made beautiful as poetry is beautiful. Why it is not itself poetry is a matter for but a word. From beginning to end it is bald commonplace, an obvious platitudinous thing, without glamour and without glow. It is idea without feeling, the skeleton of thought unclothed. That any one should think it poetry is part of the explanation of the currency of *vers libre*. There are others than the

writers of free verse who are persuaded of its charm. It has a constituency.

In a poem entitled 'The Poet,' John Gould Fletcher, prominent among the writers of the new school, has given us what may pass for a partial picture of what a poet of this sort is.

> The poet, with his big gray eyes,
> Smiling, looked out of the window
> And replied:
> 'The wind is shifting and stirring the tree-tops,
> Light is oozing out of them into the white gaps of the sky,
> The roofs faintly glimmer
> With the subtle, cold silver of the stars.'

This is not all of the poem, but with relation to the matter at issue here it contains the rest. The poet stands at the window of life and looks out. He sees the wind in the tree-tops and the silver of the rain in the air, but that is all. He is simply a bit of impressionable wax on which the stylus of life may leave its mark. As he stands at the window, he is barely concerned about the wind or the rain, and he does not care at all whether anybody has an umbrella. His smile is as 'childlike and bland' as that of Harte's 'Heathen Chinee,' and its guilelessness is much more genuine.

The questions which arise at once in reading this, are two. Is this the portrait of a real poet, or is it not? Why is this the mood of poetry, or if not, why not? In the first place, poetry is an intensely personal thing, but it is not personal in this way. The real poet does not look upon the sun and the rain as things existing largely for the purpose of providing him with sensations. That would be to centre the world in himself. The little poet does that just as any other little man does, but the real poet does not. Poetry is the treatment of that portion of life, or, perhaps, that portion of our human outlook upon life, which lies between the cold detachment of philosophy and the warm self-interest of religion. The poet wants to know what the world is. In that wish he is eternally curious with the philosopher, but, as it is a need as well as a wish, he is also eternally alive in his emotions with the religious man. His curiosity takes him away from himself into the world, and the human vitality of his interest in the world makes him quick to catch its glow and color. He is not willing simply to see things and live in the procession of his own retinal changes. He receives impressions, but he goes beyond that in reducing those impressions to some sort of order, in finding a character in them, in giving that character a touch of some quality drawn from his own nature. This is beautiful, he says, and this is rich and wonderful, and this again is terrible. He so expresses a judgment, but it is not a judgment of the intellect alone. It is a judgment of the personal feelings, but it is a judgment of those feelings as they look upon the thing judged in its large human relationships, not simply in its relations to the judging mind itself. Such judgment demands coördination of a variety of experiences. It will not rest in receptivity. It is a process of interpretation, and in the great poetry of the world such judgment goes forward as a part of the continually changing values and understanding of values that make up the web of life.

Response to impressions and representation of those impressions in their original isolation are the marks of the new poetry. Response to impressions, correlation of those impressions into a connected body of phenomena, and final interpretation of them as a whole are, have been, and always will be the marks of the enduring in all literature, whether poetry or prose. Failure to carry his work forward to interpretation is for any writer ultimate failure. Falling short of that, as the imagists do fall short of it, is dropping back from art into journalism.

It is a peculiarity of the new poetry

that its failure in interpretation is so complete that one poem is hardly distinguishable from another; and, even when they are by different writers, one is not at all rememberable as distinct from another after twenty-four hours. They run together into a descriptive blur, the lights of the city softening and spreading, the cool green depths of the woods turning to indistinct shadow, the velvety richness of the mosses at the roots of the trees becoming simply color and then grayness and then nothing. Under the influence of the same experiences, one imagist's view of the world would be the same as another's. They are all of them no more than the medium for the transmission of those experiences, the air through which light passes to the eye, sometimes clear air, sometimes misty air, sometimes smoky air, but always air, whether a breath of miasm over a fen or a wind blowing across the hills, — always air.

A sympathetic critic, recently discussing the work of Mr. Fletcher, says that he 'sees nature very much as the painter or the musician,' and in the preceding sentence this critic has just declared that for the musician or the painter 'the emotion of color or the emotion of sound' is sufficient. That is a prime defect in the whole conception upon which imagism is based. Literature, if it is to fulfill its function, must go beyond music and painting in the matter of interpretation. It must exhibit the life of the mind as establishing a value in the things presented. It must reveal the creative intelligence as dominant over the sensuous organism. The weakness of imagism is that the sensuous organism becomes so quickly both the objective and the subjective factor in it — objective as the thing whose experiences are worth while, and subjective as that which shuts up its experiences within itself for the appraisal that shall be its pleasure.

The other day I finished reading a comparatively recent English novel, *The Man of Iron*, by Richard Dehan. It occurred to me as I put the book down that the writer had drawn into the net of words that make its nearly seven hundred pages, more of those things that touch the senses — sights, sounds, colors, odors — than would suffice several imagists for the production of a number of volumes of poetry each.

And what is true of this novel is true in a degree of the modern novel in general. The difference between the novelist and the imagist is in the use that each makes of his material. The imagist presents his sensuous world in detached bits, a flower here, a glimpse of crannied wall there, a flash of sunlight on the water somewhere else. He does not apply his mind to these bits at all. They simply exist, and he reports their existence, fully perhaps, but baldly, as might the dullest prosaist. The novelist, on the other hand, takes these various aspects of his material world and makes them parts of an organic whole, something that his mind shapes, the creation of an intelligence taking hold of the issues of life and refusing to be subjected by them or borne under.

One interesting if unfortunate consequence of the development of imagism and free verse has been the irruption into print of a considerable body of writers who would probably be technically helpless before the difficulties to be encountered in writing real and singing poetry. This is a field too large for survey here, but there is illustration at hand in the work of Amy Lowell, one of the foremost American representatives of the school, loudly acclaimed in many quarters and not to be looked upon as a barbarian breaking into the sacred city through the failing vigilance of the guards at the gates. Her technical mastery of her art is worth considering, since she may safely be assumed to be

more competent than most of her kind. The following lines are taken from a recent volume of hers, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*, and they are abundantly instructive with regard to the technical limitations which may be the negative promptings accounting in part for imagism and *vers libre*. These lines, it is to be said, are attempts in a regular form of rhymed verse.

> And to get it out he made great shift.

The context of this line does not matter. Neither do the rules of rhetoric matter, as rules. At any time and at any stage of literary development the line is a bad line, almost atrociously bad, bad with the badness of a sophomore versifier who has just ceased being a freshman. The words are awkward in their arrangement, they are bald, prosy, and trivial in themselves, and they have been changed from their natural order to bring them into artificial agreement with an exigency of the verse as verse. A writer who has achieved even a moderate control of the singing word knows better than to force consciousness of the raw mechanism of his art upon his reader in the fashion of such gaucherie as this.

> In the library with its great north light
> Clotilde wrought at an exquisite
> Wreath of flowers
> For her Book of Hours.

These lines have a touch of romantic beauty, but the rhyming necessity of pronouncing 'exquisite' with the sound of long *i* and a heavy accent on the last syllable turns it all into ugliness at once. Torturing words into barbarous pronunciations to make them rhyme is torturing the reader too, and such a monstrous verbal perversion is enough to spoil the page on which it stands.

> Till reaching the table again, her face
> Would bring recollection, and no solace
> Could balm his hurt till unconsciousness
> Stifled him and his great distress.

This is wooden metre and worse than wooden rhyme. It makes me feel as if I were looking at something akin to my first page of Chaucer and trying to accept some scholar's assurance that Chaucer is musical. The language of free verse — even if this were free verse — is not a new language with new quantities and new sounds. So far as I know, it is the English language of everyday use, and in that language 'solace' has no accent on the second syllable and 'unconsciousness' no accent on the last.

> In the morning he selected all
> His perfect jacinths. One large opal —

This is pure freakishness. Addressed to children, such verbal distortions might be amusing rather than offensive. For the ears of adults, they are merely so many tortures. If they were infrequent, they might be felt to be excusable, but hardly a page is free from them. The bad taste of one is not out of the mouth before we must swallow another dose of literary rudeness that seems almost illiteracy. It is impossible to read far without realizing that technical insufficiency is not an accident of the verse, but a part of its very spirit. The consciousness of the writer here, as in the movement in general, is centred, not in the reader, not in the thing of which she writes, but in herself. If she were more mindful of the reader, she would not give him so many distresses, would not wish to carry him so joltingly over so rough a road, would not be so regardless of his natural instinct for beauty. If she had a clearer and more devoted interest in the thing itself, the subject of her verse, she would be more anxious to have it brought before her reader unobscured by such a host of metrical entanglements and verbal infelicities.

That egotistic self-consciousness is a primary motive in the new movement appears sufficiently in the demand on

the part of Mr. Ezra Pound, the self-appointed high priest of the coterie, that poets be endowed so that they may escape the need of writing to please the public. The art impulse exhibits itself in two forms, as expression and as communication. The musician, sitting alone before his instrument and evoking its harmonies for his own ears, is finding his pleasure in expression, and with that his pleasure stops. It is a quite legitimate pleasure for him, but literature is essentially an art of communication. Words were invented for hearers, and writing for readers. They are quite futile spent in soliloquy or in anything that approaches soliloquy. The great writers have been deeply conscious of their fellows. They have never wished to shut themselves off in a little world where they could say their tinkling say, regardless of those who heard. They have always wanted to be a voice and an influence. Nothing but sterility can come from isolation in a world of art from which the great demands of life and the need of understanding it and interpreting it have been more or less excluded.

At the same time that imagism and *vers libre* as developed into an art cult are freakish and barren in themselves, it is no doubt true that they are indicative of some new romantic impulses which will be ultimately fruitful in the way of a fuller and more vital poetry. It is interesting to remember that the romantic movement of the eighteenth century had as one of its early influences the poems of Ossian. They were the *vers libre* of their day, although without that designation they were hailed as something not so much new as old, something antique, whether genuine or fraudulent, not at all as the latest and most progressive innovation. This is how the first paragraph of the 'Carric-Thura' looks, taken out of the Ossian and printed after the fashion of our latest presumption.

> Hast thou left thy course in heaven,
> Golden-haired son of the sky?
> The west has spread its gates;
> The bed of thy repose is there.
> The waves come to behold thy beauty.
> They lift their trembling heads.
> They see thee lovely in thy sleep;
> They shrink away with fear.
> Rest in thy shadowy cave, O sun!
> Let thy return be in joy.

It must be admitted that this would not quite pass for the free verse of our day, because it has a different subject-matter; but technically, in its form, it is its perfect match, an imitation of our newest manner nearly two centuries ago. It did not then become the vogue of English poetry, although it found an echo later in some of Byron's work. Its bombast and turgidity forbade that, but it did give an impulse toward the breaking of the shackles of the classicism then decaying. Some like consequence we can expect from this movement of our day, although we are not now tied to outworn forms that we should throw away. It will not endure in itself. It is little more than a child's flutter of excitement over the world that it is beginning to discover; but it is the sign in its way of a fresh kind of interest in the variety of our modern life. As they go on and develop into vital forces in the interpretation of our human actualities, imagism and *vers libre* will cease to have anything more than historical importance. Even so, they will have stimulated a productive activity and will in that degree be a part of the fuller poetry which triumphs over them. That fuller poetry will believe in art for life's sake, and so it will not be petty with self-consciousness. The mark of that serpent is over the new poetry in all its ways, and there is no surer mark of ultimate inadequacy and decay.

POETRY TO-DAY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

Those poets whose fate it is to be young along with the youth of the twentieth century face a problem unique in its difficulty. Alone among the singing-men of our race, it is theirs to extract the poetry from a man-made and essentially unpoetic world — the world of mechanistic science, of great industrial centres, of the uncrystallized human mass. Theirs, too, to write of man as though he were the creature of an environment without mystery and without God.

In performing this task, as difficult as it is novel, there must inevitably be much discarding of old forms and fashions, much testing of new methods. So many young writers have found in *vers libre* the appropriate vehicle for their inspiration that the increasing body of cadenced, more or less rhythmic writing, which escapes the status of prose without arriving at that of formal verse, is often called the New Poetry. This restriction of the 'newness' to certain forms, is, of course, a perfunctory and inadequate classification. If there is a new poetry, — and one must acknowledge that it is coming on rapidly even if not yet quite arrived, — its real basis is a new spirit. Taken by and large, poetry grows out of and implies an attitude toward life. It is a metaphysic of the relation of man to his environment.

You may not like the way the new poet is solving his problems as compared with the way that Tennyson and Browning solved theirs, but, after all, poetry is poetry. And even when it is not poetry to those who read, if it has been poetry to those who wrote, it is not worthless, for it has fulfilled toward at least one human creature its true function of freeing the spirit. The genuine thing in poetry, under any guise, is forever justified, forever triumphant. Open-mindedness toward the new poetry, then, befits us. We cannot afford to patronize or ignore any possible source of poetry, because poetry, like art, has become too much an exotic in modern life. It is to-day completely detached from our affairs. The new poets specifically recognize this condition and offer, rather pitifully, different remedies, so much less deep-seated than the disease that one can hardly expect their success.

However superficial and forgotten our knowledge of the beginnings of English letters, we are aware that our case was not always thus. Poetry was basal in the life of our remote forefathers. For them it was, literally, the language of the soul. When the spirit spoke, it spoke in numbers for the numbers came. Poetry was the wild, hardy, deathless thing, growing in the depths of the Dark Ages as gorse grows on the moor. It fed on war and war's alarms. Prose was the fragile plant, the garden flower. Not until King Alfred made peace of a kind in England and strengthened the land against invasion, did the story of English prose begin.

The repetition of these familiar facts

may be pardoned because of their bearing upon our attitude toward current verse. Since poetry was once an integral part of men's lives, and since free verse derives from the stressful Saxon poetry, with its assonance, its alliteration, its lines of varying length to fit the singer's feeling, its general emotional plasticity, one takes up these little experimental volumes with a stir of hope. Will one find, this time, something of the essential spirit of an elder day as well as its unfettered rhythm? Will the latter show itself again a vital thing, flexible to the writer's thought, a power in his hand — or will it be merely a toy with which he makes a conventional protest against convention? In all the earthly choir there are no singers so feeble and futile as those who ape the forms of revolt because it is the fashion in their set!

II

There is a new life, and it demands a new poetry. Man has become a city-dwelling animal. From the fields he has emigrated to the factories. To a great extent he has left behind his sanity, his soul, his God.

It was of the very nature of the old poetry that it was concerned with meanings, with relations, with the soul. We hardly called it poetry unless, for us, it threw light on the path. It is of the very nature of the new poetry that it evades these issues in the shape we knew them once. The new philosophy has not yet taken shape. Here and there we see it forming, but more often the new poets are satisfied to depict, without comment or deduction, whatever they choose for subject, be it a garden rose, a July day, or a human life. The greater part of the new poetry deifies observation and deprecates thought.

Well — what else can it do? We know what we were. We know not what we shall be. It remains to be seen whether the Creator has use for the factory-made world of man's devising. If he has, doubtless we shall learn how to make it both tolerable and poetic. One thing is certain: in the transvaluation of values that industrialism is bringing about, industrialism itself will not endure unless it somehow provides for the man of good will his chance for poetry. Beside this issue the minimum wage becomes a minor matter.

Belgium has produced a poet who grips the question of the future explicitly, fervently, firmly. The octopuscities of these latter days obsessed Verhaeren's imagination and he has faith that they are a development, not a retrogression, and that our path lies through them to some great future yet to be attained by the mass rather than by the individual. No poet in England or America has yet worked out so definite, even if so unconvincing, a philosophy as this. Most of them are in a more tentative stage of thought, hesitating to make assertions of any kind, perhaps denying that assertions are part of a poet's function. You may take or leave what they have to give. They offer, as life offers, a cup whose flavor for you depends largely upon your own sense of taste.

Where the work of the 'younger set' diverges from the old traditions and adopts free verse, it exhibits two distinct strains. One shows the French influence, while the other derives, through Whitman, from the close-to-life singing of our Saxon fathers. On French soil it is free verse that is the exotic, in spite of the brilliant modern mastery of the method that the French have shown. The native French forms, imported into England with the Normans and receiving their final naturalization at Chaucer's hands, were exact and measured, depending upon rhyme

and fixed length of line. If we had not these remote but still potent facts of ancestry to help us explain current phenomena, we might well wonder why some of the new poetry is so bold and unconstrained, so palpably close to the breathing world, while some of it is so remote and delicate that its very freedom seems a kind of graceful artifice.

Chief producers of the latter type, we note the interesting group of imagists, who frankly acknowledge the influence of the post-symbolist French poets. Their not very exhaustive account of themselves (in the preface to *Some Imagist Poets*) is that they mean to present an image definite in its particulars, adhering to terms of common speech so far as choice of the 'exact word' permits; to create new rhythms and to produce 'clear, concentrated' poetry. Mr. John Gould Fletcher adds to these articles of faith a belief that poetry should be as free as to cadence and the groupings of cadences as music is in regard to time, these gradations of *tempo* being used for emotional ends and welded into a unity, taking the poem as an artistic whole. Miss Lowell's summing-up is that poetry should exist because it is a created beauty.

Success is always legitimate. The imagist poets have assailed their especial problem valiantly, and often with as prosperous an issue as the limitations they have set permit. They are almost always adroit and often exquisite, though some of them at times, failing to achieve the clear image that their ideal demands, become vague and futile. Miss Lowell is the most prolific and impressive member of the group, and her work is adorably full of color. She is especially fortunate in conveying by the weight and shine and shape and lilt of words themselves, the inner essence of the image she would offer. Words could hardly give a more coruscating picture of the electric contact between two whose antagonism is founded on essential attraction than does 'Fireworks' in a recent *Atlantic*. *The Precinct, Rochester*, is so perfect a presentation that it carries almost as many implications and connotations as any cathedral close could do to the seeing eye — which is saying much.

Here is a little verse by 'H.D.' from *An Imagist Anthology*, which is typical of the minor imagist somewhere near his best. It would be hard to recall more vividly an August afternoon.

O wind
rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it sideways.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air;
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat,
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

To be a good imagist obviously demands mastery of the *nuance*. You do not really represent an object unless you depict, or so imply that you seem to depict, the connotations of that object as it seems to our deepest perceptions. In other words, things *do* have a meaning. There is a sense of tears in them, or a sense of laughter, and no image can be perfect that takes no account of an object's soul. One is not clamoring for morals plastered over the universe precisely, especially as we all like to make our own morals; but surely if the things that we see have no meaning, then also they have no beauty. The demand of the mind for meaning is as insistent as the demand of the eye for beauty, and the two attributes are practically inseparable for man.

III

The imagists are the only group of the oncoming poets who have the advantage of a body of doctrine and an official designation. They need these benefits to compensate for their lack of fundamental conceptions, of philosophy in short, for the poetry-lover refuses to be wholly satisfied without this. His interest in objects and in lovely words is great, but, frankly, they satisfy only a small part of his appetite for poetry.

Two poets of very unusual ability who adhere strictly to the presentation of their subject without comment and without philosophy are Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters. They are the best examples of the new spirit in so far as that spirit dictates 'Hands off the Soul of Man!' Both have seen that, if the poet is to present his subject with such complete detachment, then the only possible subject for him to present, in order to be read much or long, is that one in which we are always vitally interested — namely, the life of our individual fellow man. Mr. Frost adds to his interest in New England lives an equally compelling interest in New England landscapes. He presents both with a clarity, an austerity, a detachment almost terrible. Reading *North of Boston* one suddenly asks one's self if Mrs. Wharton knows that she too is a poet? For if these are poems — and one willingly admits that they are poems of a high order — then *Ethan Frome* is also a poem of identically the same school, but an even greater poem than these rather wonderful productions of Mr. Frost. For it has precisely the same clarity, austerity, detachment, the same exalted and just phraseology. It, too, is a hopeless tragedy presented absolutely without comment, yet one hears in the background the whirring of Clotho's wheel. Destiny, cruel and sardonic if you will, but conscious and volitional, presides, while Mr. Frost's tragic characters, actual as they are, yet seem as little to attain human dignity as do the lichens on his birch trees. They are insignificant, patient growths, unconsidered excrescences on that Great Futility, the universe. Considering them, one has a flash of insight, perceiving that man is not man unless God is God — and no poetic art can make this otherwise.

The author of *A Spoon River Anthology* in presenting his marvelous human exhibit uses a device which permits the reader to escape the agony of witnessing helpless suffering which is experienced so often in *North of Boston*. Spoon River folk, a whole community of Southern Illinois, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, speak to us from the peace of their graves. The fever is forever past, the agony a bygone matter. There remains dry wisdom, a deep perception of the crucial thing in each life's little day. This is recounted with an almost miraculous concision and definiteness. A whole personality goes into half a page. The vulgarities, the grossness, the pettiness of average lives are unblushingly recorded, but so are the great moments, the high decisions, and the things upon which they hinge. It is just in this perception of the creative part played in personality by the apparently negligible incident that Mr. Masters is strongest. The book displays immense insight into the hearts of men. Certain of the poems add to this imagination, tenderness, and beauty of an unusual order. Consider this account of *Anne Rutledge*. It will be remembered, she was the young girl who was betrothed to Lincoln in early life. The biographies attribute his fundamental melancholy to the shock of her death, which unbalanced him temporarily, and it is certain that he entered political life as an anodyne for her loss.

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music;
'With malice toward none, with charity for all.'
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln;
Wedded to him, not through union
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

Surely this is a great poem of its kind. It indicates the high-water mark of achievement in strictly reportorial poetry and points out with some sureness the direction such poetry must take for its best growth. Here is human life in its simplicity and here are tenderness and that glorifying touch of imaginative vision which alone can make any picture of human life imperishable.

IV

If the evolution of twentieth-century poetry were to proceed strictly according to *a priori* considerations, we might expect its present phase to end here with this admirable objective work. For such work, once done as well as possible, has no conceivable future, since it can have no further development. But apparently logic has as little to do with poetry as with life. Mechanistic science and industrialism to the contrary, it is still fluid and still free. So we have other developments. There are a dozen other poets singing bravely and gracefully, each according to his own belief. Of these Louis Untermeyer is probably the most widely known and Margaret Widdemer the latest comer. These and others are still writing with much charm and sensitiveness the 'old' poetry, although touched by the 'new' spirit. Then there are still others, like Mr. Vachel Lindsay who believes that in order to restore poetry to a world bereft of it, there must be a closer personal relation between the poet and his hearers. He should be again the wandering minstrel — a belief which Mr. Lindsay put to the happy test of experience. There are other young poets, like Mr. Fletcher of the Imagists, who say that Mr. Lindsay's rousing, rattling verse 'intended to be read aloud' is literary rag-time. So they go, to each man his sufficing belief and to each the joy of working it out with an adequate talent — for they are all clever and competent, these new poets.

Fluid and free, again, is the work of James Oppenheim and Lincoln Colcord. Both follow Whitman very closely, almost slavishly, in the matter of form — or formlessness — and both feel themselves unconstrained and sure in the possession of a philosophy fitted for the on-coming age. One may respect these convictions and believe conviction basal to any poetry destined to further development, without wholly accepting the immediate creed of either poet. Oppenheim finds all perfections, glories, laws, and sanctions in the individual will; Colcord, whose *Vision of War* is the most serious and worthy piece of work the great European conflict has yet brought to print, presents the final goal of the New Age as the life of the mass in a perfect brotherhood of love, labor, and service, only to be achieved after long eras more selfish and more material than any we have yet known. All great convulsions discipline us for this end. Hunger and war are our schoolmasters. But 'the world has yet to pass through the Dark Ages of Democracy while practice is catching up with theory.' However, the Great Dream once dreamed, is deathless. Mr. Colcord explicitly defies mechanistic science and industrialism — those modern foes of the spirit — to

defeat it. The one thing of which his breadth of vision seems unconscious is that men once called this same dream of a blissful world-state 'the New Jerusalem descended from God,' and defied the world, the flesh, and the devil to compass its defeat.

It is worth noting — though no man can say what is the exact significance of the fact — that poetic activity with a concurrent tendency to freedom in verse-form is likely to be synchronous with the gestation of war. Whitman's work lies well within the field of force that played about our Civil War; so also does the Transcendentalist movement in New England, which surely was a vehement attempt at putting poetry into practice. 'Free verse,' this, indeed, the freest of all and the finest!

Obviously the poetic activity of our passing hour is unusually large and varied. It is, obviously also, a little hard here, a little cold there, now too 'cosmic' and now too rigidly objective, sometimes too contentedly complacent and self-willed. Even where it is noblest and finest, as perhaps in the *Vision of War*, it nevertheless fails to answer the deepest cry of the soul of man. By these signs it is not yet great poetry. But, and this is the innermost joy of it, it is the plasma of which great poetry is made. Without committing ourselves too freely to any of the new poets we may delight in their achievement and look forward with certainty to the coming of others whom they mutely prophesy. 'There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.'

THE FAILURE

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

I

At an unearthly hour in the morning John Scidmore sat up suddenly in his bed and remembered Julia Norris's telephone message. He rose at once, switched on the shaded light on the bureau, and looked at his watch: the minute hand had just swung past three o'clock.

Undisturbed by her husband's nocturnal prowling, Kitty Scidmore slept with almost childish naturalness. He plunged the room into darkness again and felt his way out into the hall and down the short flight of stairs to the dining-room.

The night was unusually warm. As he opened the garden window, pungent odors of dry stubble wet with a late October dew floated toward him. He leaned out and drew in a deep breath, but his attempts at calmness failed utterly.

He knew that it was absurd to fret; he might just as well go back to bed and sleep peacefully. One could not place a line of insurance at three o'clock in the morning. Upon what day had Julia Norris telephoned? Was it last Friday? Yes, he remembered now, perfectly. He had been busy with a peevish customer who haggled about a twenty-five-cent overcharge. In the midst of

the controversy, in her characteristically impulsive way, Julia Norris had rung up: —

'Oh John! is that you, John? Place ten thousand dollars with the Falcon Insurance Company on my flats in the Richmond District.'

He had recognized her voice even before she gave her name. And he had been *so sure* he would not forget. Why, he had been so *very* sure that he had not troubled to make a memorandum. And to think that the excitement of arguing a twenty-five-cent overcharge should have so completely put to rout Julia Norris's order!

A sudden rage at his carelessness seized him. How he loathed his life, his work, and the soul-killing routine and cramped vision of the figurative counting-house! He switched on the light and peered into the mirror over the mantel, smiling satirically at the reflection greeting him, — the reflection of plain Johnny Scidmore, insurance broker's clerk, a commonplace, rather undersized, law-abiding citizen just turning forty, whose face showed the lack of that forceful ability necessary to convert opportunity into success.

As he drew back from the glass with a shrug of disgust, the futility of his life flashed over him. He still could remember the time when he went blithely to the day's work, buoyed by youth's intangible hope of better things. But the years soon took their toll of enthusiasm, and there were days when John Scidmore went through his paces like a trick horse urged by the whip of necessity. Lately he had been worried to find how easily he was forgetting things — telephone messages, instructions from his chief, orders to place insurance. So far nothing very important had slipped by him, but now he felt quite sure that he could never trust himself again. There were many reasons why he should have remembered Julia's Norris's orders. First, because she was his wife's friend; second, because a ten-thousand-dollar order to his credit was not an everyday occurrence; and third, because the circumstance that had overshadowed it was relatively of so little importance.

For over a week, then, Julia Norris's property had gone without insurance protection. What if it had burned up? What if it were burning up at this very moment? He sat down suddenly.

He got up again, fumbled about, and found cigarettes and a box of matches. Two cigarettes quieted him. He began to think that he was a silly fool, mooning about when he should have been sleeping. In the morning he would take an early train to San Francisco and place the line without further ado. Yes, after all, he was as silly and notional as a young schoolgirl. He put down the window, turned off the lights, and crawled upstairs to bed.

II

True to his resolve, John Scidmore took an early train to San Francisco next morning, although he could not have said why. It was as impossible to place insurance at eight-thirty as it was at three A.M., since no self-respecting insurance office opened until nine. Still there is a certain comfort in even futile activity when one has the fidgets.

It was a beautiful October morning such as often veils the Berkeley hills in faint purple and draws a soft glamour over the city of San Francisco; and as Scidmore walked briskly down the elm-shaded streets of Berkeley toward the train he felt elusively happy, notwithstanding the ripples below the surface of his content.

The office-boy was taking books out of the safe when he arrived at the office. In a corner by the wash-basin one of the stenographers stood, fluffing up her

hair. A janitor dusted the desks with casual attention.

As Scidmore entered he noticed a woman sitting near the counter. She rose instantly, lifting her veil, smiling a welcome at him. He crossed over to her — it was Julia Norris. His heart began to beat violently, but the next moment he had recovered himself and was able to smile back at her in perfect self-control.

'You are early,' he said, offering her his hand.

'Yes, and I'm in trouble. You know those flats I insured last week — they burned down early this morning. They tell me there is n't a stick left standing.'

His hand fell as if a blow had wilted it. 'The flats you insured last week —' he echoed, sparring for time. 'I don't believe I — understand.'

'Why, did n't you get my telephone message? I 'phoned last Tuesday. I thought I talked to *you*. I was sure it was your voice. Could I have rung up the wrong office?'

Her uncertainty steadied him. Unconsciously she opened a door of escape. Scidmore laid his hat on the counter. Julia Norris fluttered back to her seat and he sat down beside her.

'I suppose I've bungled things again,' she went on. 'Usually I leave everything to Mr. Rice, but this insurance matter I took into my own hands. I wanted you to have the business, so I left positive instructions with Mr. Rice to let me know when the next insurance policy expired. That was last Friday. I 'phoned you at once. I can't imagine —'

As she rattled on, pointing an accusing finger at herself, John Scidmore grew surer and surer of his next step. There was not the faintest note of calculation in his attitude; confused and dazed he merely followed her lead.

'And you never received any policy?' he questioned. 'Not after a week? You must have thought we were rather inattentive — or slow.'

She shook her head. 'I forgot the whole transaction — until this morning. Rice 'phoned me at eight o'clock.'

'But there may still be a chance,' Scidmore suggested, shamed by the very ease with which he was escaping. 'Perhaps another clerk got the message. I'll question them all. Or — maybe you rang up the Falcon's office direct.'

She laid a gloved hand on his arm as she shrugged.

He shook his head. 'You can't imagine how this bothers me,' he went on. He began to feel a certain boldness, such as thieves feel when they put over a sharp trick. He wanted to prolong the discussion, to dally with danger. 'To think that in trying to be of service to me you should have gone astray. I would n't have had it happen for — Let me see, what was the amount of your order?'

'Ten thousand dollars.'

'*Ten thousand dollars!* That's a lot of money.'

'Yes,' she admitted slowly, as she moved toward the door. 'I'm pretty comfortable, but nobody likes to throw money into the street.'

He thrust his hands into his pockets in an effort at nonchalance. He could feel his temples throbbing. But his confusion cleared before Julia Norris's unruffled smile, deepening a growing sense of irritation. She was not greatly concerned, first, because she did not have to be, and second, because her faith in his integrity was unshaken. Her complacency and trustfulness enraged him. What was ten thousand dollars to her?

In the midst of his musings, her voice, curiously remote, roused him.

'I'm going to have lunch with Kitty,' she said, almost gayly.

'Lunch with Kitty?' he echoed. Then, floundering with mingled con-

sternation and embarrassment, he finished, 'Oh, yes, — won't that be fine! Yes, by all means do!'

And yet, unnerved as he was, he went through the conventional motions of courtesy, bowing her to the door, pressing her hand cordially, sweeping her a good-bye with exaggerated warmth. Even when she was gone her unperturbed smile mocked him. She did not have the slightest suspicion of his unworthiness, and therein lay the essence of the sudden and unqualified hate he began to feel for her.

III

John Scidmore questioned all the clerks as they entered the office. Had any one received a telephone message about a week ago from Mrs. Julia Norris? He was playing his game so earnestly that he would not have been surprised to find somebody acknowledging the transaction. The manager came in at ten o'clock; Scidmore even presented the case to *him:* Mrs. Julia Norris, a client of his, had telephoned an order for insurance over a week ago. Nobody remembered it. The property to be insured had burned up. Of course, Mrs. Norris might have been mistaken (she admitted as much), but there was just a chance —

The manager, instantly interested, adjusted his glasses. A ten-thousand-dollar line neglected! Incredible! He began to investigate personally, calling up one clerk after another, while Scidmore listened like a highwayman, tempting chance from a spirit of sheer bravado. Nobody remembered, even under the most searching cross-examination. The private exchange operator, who was usually very keen about such matters, could not place the call.

Then came a discussion of how to prevent such a lapse should one occur. Scidmore sat at the manager's desk, quite the hero of the hour — a very important personage, whose ten-thousand-dollar client had come to grief. It was years since he had figured in a question of office policy. Gradually the uniqueness of his position pushed Julia Norris and her loss into a hazy background.

He returned to his routine work with a gay spirit. Several times during the morning the manager called him for further conference and inquiry. Finally a letter was drafted to Mrs. Julia Norris, to the effect that the California Insurance Brokers' Company regretted exceedingly to inform her that upon closer examination no trace could be found of her telephone message. They could only conclude that she inadvertently had rung up the wrong office. Inquiry at the Falcon Company's office, however, developed that no such insurance had been placed, even by a rival firm. They hoped that this unfortunate occurrence would not stand in the way of other favors at her hands, and so forth.

John Scidmore signed the letter with a flourish.

All morning the fiction of Julia Norris's mistake still persisted. Why had she not taken greater precautions? The idea of telephoning in a line of insurance and not inquiring the name of the person who took the message! Common sense would dictate such a course. He began to feel abused, as if Julia Norris had betrayed him in some way.

IV

It was not until John Scidmore had scrambled aboard the ferryboat on his way home and sat himself down in his usual place, under the pilot-house, that his inflated spirits began to collapse. The afternoon had been spent in a mad rush of business, — an avalanche of petty orders and details such

as periodically afflicts an insurance broker's office.

The sense of security which had enveloped him all day fell away before a vague uneasiness. Before an audience, he had played his part spiritedly; without the spur of interested auditors his performance lagged. There was an element of excitement in serving moral fiction to unsuspecting listeners, but hoodwinking himself proved a boresome task. The boldest highwayman had a cleaner record: at least such an outlaw made bold plays and took great chances. He had not risked so much as his little finger on his enterprise, and his victim's cheek was still warm with the kiss of betrayal. Lies, thievery, murder — one by one these suggestions of outlawry mentally passed in review and sank into insignificance before this sinister word — *betrayal.* In all the calendar of human weaknesses, John Scidmore could recall none that served so contemptible an end as betrayal. And he, John Scidmore, had been guilty of this crowning meanness.

If the memory of Julia Norris's confidence stabbed him, what of the attitude of his superiors at the office? *They* had never even thought of questioning him. As he looked back on the events of the morning he was appalled. It seemed that all these years he had built up barriers of moral responsibility only to see them swept away before a freshet of fears.

A tramping of feet warned him that the boat was swinging into the slip. He rose mechanically. The exertion of following the scrambling crowd and finding himself a seat on the train interrupted his self-accusation. By the time he was comfortably settled again, he mentally had begun his defense.

Why should he make such an absurd fuss over confessing his fault to Julia Norris? She was rich; her husband had left her a cool million. Ten thousand dollars did n't matter, and besides, she was Kitty's friend. Had he the right to purchase a quiet conscience at the expense of Kitty's pride?

What had he given Kitty in the fifteen years of their wedded life? Had he played the game boldly and well? Did she hold her head high at the mention of his name? No, he had fallen short of his own standards. How much more must he have fallen short of her hopes for him. And now he was lacking the courage to swallow his medicine. He was ready to whimper and whine at the load which his own inefficiency had forced upon his conscience. He argued that strong men made bold plays and damned the consequence; in other words, they took a chance. But his soul was tricking itself out in a dramatic subterfuge. What he really had discovered was something to excuse his weakness, and this something loomed up conveniently in the person of Kitty Scidmore, his wife.

V

When Scidmore arrived home, he went directly to his room and closed the door. The thought of meeting Kitty troubled him. But after he had slipped on an old coat and freshened up, he felt better.

At the dinner table he noticed a tired, pinched look about his wife's mouth. Julia Norris was every day as old as his wife, but time had dealt kindly with her. Her face was still fresh and rosy; there was not even a glint of gray in her hair. Resentment began to move him, resentment at Julia Norris, at her fortune, at her friendship for his wife, at every detail connected with his memory of her.

Kitty began to talk. Scidmore sat silent, crumbling his bread. Finally the dread subject came to life. Kitty looked up and said, —

'Julia was late to-day, as usual. Poor dear Julia, what a generous soul she is!'

Scidmore began to fidget. 'Late? How did that happen? She left our office long before ten o'clock.'

'Oh, but you don't know Julia! She did a thousand and one things before she arrived here. And such a dishevelled creature as she was! And so full of apologies and troubles! Nothing to speak of — she laughed them all away in five minutes.'

'Then she did n't tell —'

'About the insurance? I should say she did. She was so worried for fear you'd be distressed about it all. She admitted that *she* was to blame. But she knows how conscientious you are, and she was afraid —'

Scidmore impatiently interrupted his wife. 'Julia Norris ought to have some business sense, Kitty; upon my word she should. And it *has* worried me. A woman like that — one never can be sure of just what she does think. It's an even chance that deep down she believes that she delivered the message to me, and that *I* neglected it.'

He could feel his face flushing with mingled indignation and disapproval as he voiced his displeasure.

Kitty got up to pour a glass of water.

'Why, John,' she half chided, 'I'm sure Julia would n't be guilty of such a thought. You don't know her — generous — impulsive. Why, she'd forgive you for neglecting, if you really had neglected anything. As a matter of fact she said very decidedly, "If I'd been dealing with anybody but John Scidmore, I do believe I'd be inconsistent enough to try to blame the other fellow, but of course I know —" '

'Yes,' he broke in excitedly, 'that 's just it. That's the way she puts it, to you. But such a remark as that just bears out what I say — she's not altogether satisfied. I know what she thinks; I saw it in her face this morning — *this is what comes of trying to help one's poor friends.*'

His wife stopped pouring water and laid down the pitcher. 'Nonsense. Julia Norris has perfect faith in you.'

'Why should she have?' he persisted hotly. 'Is n't it just as possible for me to forget, to overlook a telephone message, as the other fellow? I'm not infallible any more than she is.'

'No,' Kitty returned very quietly. 'I don't think she imagines that you are infallible. But she knows that if you took her message and forgot it, you'd admit it.'

He rallied from this blow with a feeling of fierce antagonism. 'Well,' he sneered sarcastically. 'If she's silly enough to have any such notions, she *does* need a guardian! As a matter of fact, I'd conceal my mistakes as quickly as any one else would.'

Kitty began to laugh, a full-throated. indulgent laugh, that made him bite his lips. 'What a lot of foolish brag you're indulging in, Johnny Scidmore. Well, after all, let's forget about it; Julia herself laughed it off.'

He crumpled the napkin in his hand. 'Yes, that's just it. *She* can laugh over it, while we — why, if we lost ten thousand it would be a tragedy. I could n't help thinking to-day after she'd left the office, suppose, just suppose, I *had* received Julia Norris's 'phone message — and forgotten it. The very thought made me sick all over.'

He paused, frightened at the lengths to which his uneasiness had forced him. His wife's smile gave way to a puzzled look as she returned very quietly, —

'Do you really think it worth while to face these imaginary situations?'

His resentment flared again at the comfortable evenness of her tone. 'Yes, I do,' he snapped back. 'It helps one to exercise one's morals. I wanted to know just how I would act in such

an emergency. And I've found out. The very thought frightens me too much. I know that I should feel morally bound to confess, but I'd never have the courage of my convictions. Now, what do you suppose you would advise me to do in a situation like that? What would you tell me to do?'

Kitty Scidmore looked straight at her husband. He dropped his eyes.

'I would not advise you, John,' she said, distinctly.

He glanced up at her. 'You'd not say a word?'

She shook her head. 'No, it would n't be necessary.'

He began to stir his tea. His hand was shaking, and his spoon rattled noisily against the teacup.

VI

After he had helped Kitty with the dishes, John Scidmore left the house for a walk. It was a calm, beautiful night, lit by a slender moon hung high in the heavens and stars twinkling cheerily. As he went along the elm-shaded streets, he drew in deep breaths, striving to steady the tumult within him.

Kitty's words hummed themselves into his inner consciousness. 'No, John, it would n't be necessary.' What did she really mean? Did she think he had the courage to settle such a question decisively — righteously? Did — He stopped, turning the phrase over in his mind. He knew that materially he had been a failure. People called him a *nice* fellow and let it go at that. Was it possible for his wife, the wife who had lived so close to all his weaknesses, to glorify him with so large a hope? The thought began to thrill him.

He heard the Old Library clock on the University campus chime nine.

He began to walk slowly in the direction of the chiming clock. He was still undecided, still battling with his cowardice. The shrill whistle of an incoming train arrested him. This same train would swing back to San Francisco in ten minutes. He retraced his steps. In ten minutes — His legs seemed weighted. He wondered whether he would really catch it.

Standing before the massive façade of the Hotel Fairmont, John Scidmore had a fleeting hope that Julia Norris would not be at home. But almost as instantly he felt a desperate need to clear himself at once. If he waited even an hour he could not vouch for the outcome. He walked rapidly into the lobby, gave his name to the hotel clerk, and awaited the reply with beating heart. Mrs. Norris *was* in. A bell-boy, answering the clerk's summons, showed him to her apartments.

A maid ushered him into a reception room. He sank into one of the luxurious chairs, drumming upon its arms with nervous fingers.

A lamp on the centre table threw a rich, golden light over the surroundings. Thrown over a chair a lace scarf fell with the undulating softness of a cascade. Near a vase of blood-red roses a long white glove had been dropped carelessly.

He did not wait long. Julia Norris came toward him with her usual warm smile, and a hand outstretched in welcome. He stood up. She was very simply dressed, in white, and a band of velvet at her throat set off a fine cameo ringed with pearls, but her air of quiet elegance caught and held his resentful eyes. A fierce, unreasoning hate began to sway him; for a moment his vision blurred.

As she stepped back to pick up her lace scarf from the chair, John Scidmore recovered his poise.

'I was afraid you would be out,' he began inadequately.

She threw the scarf about her shoul-

ders. 'I was preparing to drift downstairs to watch the dancing,' she answered. 'You caught me just in time.'

He stood irresolutely, almost awkwardly, watching her dainty manipulations of the filmy lace. Then quite suddenly, so suddenly as to surprise even himself, he blurted out, —

'I lied to you this morning. I took your order for insurance. I forgot to place it.'

She stood for a moment in silence. 'What made you —'

John Scidmore shrugged. His vision was clearing. He felt quite calm. 'You suggested the idea yourself. You were so ready to take the blame. I suppose it was self-preservation. I began to strike blindly — as any desperate man would. I'm not what they call a success — I never have been. You know how it is, some people — Oh, well! Some of us don't get by, that's all.'

He turned away. Julia Norris touched him on the shoulder. 'John, can't you see that the ten thousand dollars does n't matter to me? But you and Kitty — you and Kitty *do* matter.'

He began to crush his hat between his clasped hands.

She threw the scarf from her shoulders. 'Look here, John —'

He stopped her with an abrupt gesture. 'I've won this victory for Kitty's sake,' he said. 'This is the first time in my life I've lived up to her hope of me. If you were a failure you'd realize how much that means.'

She was standing by the vase of roses, scattering petals with ruthless fingers. She crossed over to him and put both her hands in his.

'You're not a failure, John Scidmore,' she said simply.

The rose-petals were dropping in a steady shower upon the table. He saw them lying lightly on the white glove. He felt a great relief as he put his clenched hand to his eyes.

VII

As John Scidmore rode home he felt desperately tired. He never remembered a day that had seemed longer.

He dragged up the elm-shaded street, down which he had whistled his confident way twelve hours before, a shuffling, ineffectual figure. As he opened the front door his hand shook.

He lingered in the hall, hanging his hat with unnecessary care, twisting his necktie into shape, smoothing the thin wisps of hair about his temples.

He found Kitty in the living-room. A tiny fire crackled in the grate. Standing in the doorway he watched the needle which Kitty deftly plied slipping about its task with fascinating gleams. Her face was happily flushed and she was humming softly to herself. The elegant memory of Julia Norris rose before him. He saw again the golden shower of light from the huge table-lamp, the vase of American Beauty roses, the lace scarf thrown carelessly across a brocade chair. He pressed his lips together and entered the room.

Kitty looked up. He stopped short. 'Something new?' he ventured.

She gave a little laugh. 'New? I should say not. Just freshening up a bit for to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' he echoed dully. 'What's on for to-morrow?'

'Guest day at the club. Mrs. Wiley has asked me to pour tea. What kept you out so late, Johnny?'

He crossed over to the fire, pulling his easy chair into place. 'I went over to the city — to see Julia Norris.'

He stood a moment, undecided, his back turned toward Kitty, his hand upon the chair. He was waiting for Kitty to question him. Finding that she did not answer, he turned and looked at her. She was intent on her sewing, but he fancied that the flush of happiness suddenly had fled her cheeks.

'I went over to see Julia Norris,' he repeated desperately. 'You said your advice would n't be necessary.'

He sank into a chair. Across the room he heard the monotonous ticking of a clock.

He was wondering what Kitty would say. Of course she understood; the whiteness of her face told him that her feminine intuition had bridged the gaps in his explanation. He began to have a terror lest she would come up to him, or speak — perhaps even weep. The fire in the grate flared up suddenly, turned faintly blue, and died. Still Kitty said nothing; still the clock ticked rhythmically.

He leaned back, closed his eyes, and drew a long breath. Kitty was stirring. She came over and dropped gently before the fire, leaning her head against him.

'I forgot to tell you,' she said slowly. 'I asked Julia Norris over for Sunday dinner. She's so awfully stuffed up in that horrible hotel.'

Her bravery smote him more than tears could have. He did not answer, but he just put out his hand and touched her hair caressingly, as she finished, —

'It's very grand, I know, and all that. But, after all, it is n't home, Johnny, is it?'

THE ORIENTAL MANNER OF SPEECH

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

THE Oriental I have in mind is the Semite, the dweller of the Near East, who, chiefly through the Bible, has exerted an immense influence on the life and literature of the West. The son of the Near East is more emotional, more intense, and more communicative than his Far-Eastern neighbors. Although very old in point of time, his temperament remains somewhat juvenile, and his manner of speech intimate and unreserved.

From the remote past, even to this day, the Oriental's manner of speech has been that of a worshiper, and not that of a business man or an industrial worker in the modern Western sense. To the Syrian of to-day, as to his ancient ancestors, life, with all its activities and cares, revolves around a religious centre.

Of course this does not mean that his religion has not always been beset with clannish limitations and clouded by superstitions, or that the Oriental has always had a clear, active consciousness of the sanctity of human life. But it does mean that this man, serene or wrathful, at work or at play, praying or swearing, has never failed to believe that he is overshadowed by the All-seeing God. He has never ceased to cry, 'O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such know-

ledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it!'

And it is one of the grandest, most significant facts in human history that, notwithstanding his intellectual limitations and superstitious fears, because he has maintained the altar of God as life's centre of gravity, and never let die the consciousness that he was compassed about by the living God, the Oriental has been the channel of the sublimest spiritual revelation in the possession of man.

Note the Syrian's daily language: it is essentially biblical. He has no *secular* language. The only real break between his scriptures and the vocabulary of his daily life is that which exists between the classical and the vernacular. When you ask a Syrian about his business he will not answer, 'We are doing well at present,' but '*Allah mûn 'aim*' (God is giving bounteously). To one starting on a journey the phrase is not 'Take good care of yourself,' but 'Go in the keeping and protection of God.' By example and precept we were trained from infancy in this manner of speech. Coming into a house, the visitor salutes by saying, 'God grant you good morning,' or 'The peace of God come upon you.' So it is written in the tenth chapter of Matthew, 'And as ye enter into the house, salute it. And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it; but if it be not worthy, let your peace return unto you.'

In saluting a day-laborer at work we said, '*Allah, yaatik-el-afie*' (God give you health and strength). In saluting reapers in the field, or 'gatherers of the increase' in the vineyards or olive groves, we said just the words of Boaz, in the second chapter of the book of Ruth, when he 'came from Bethlehem and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee.' Or another scriptural expression, now more extensively used on such occasions, 'The blessing of the Lord be upon you!' It is to this custom that the withering imprecation which is recorded in the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Psalm refers: 'Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion: let them be as the grass upon the housetops which withereth afore it groweth up: wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom. Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord.'

In asking a shepherd about his flock we said, 'How are the blessed ones?' or a parent about his children, 'How are the preserved ones?' They are preserved of God through their 'angels,' of whom the Master spoke when he said, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father.' Speaking of a good man we said, 'The grace of God is poured upon his face.' So in the book of Proverbs, 'Blessings are upon the head of the just.'

Akin to the foregoing are such expressions as these. In trying to rise from a sitting posture (the Syrians sit on the floor with their legs folded under them), a person, using the right arm for leverage, says, as he springs up, '*Ya Allah*' (O God [help]). In inquiring about the nature of an object, he says, '*Sho dinû?*' (what is its religion?) And one of the queerest expressions, when translated into English, is that employed to indicate that a kettleful of water, for example, has boiled beyond the required degree: 'This water has turned to be an infidel' (*kaffer*). It may be noticed here that it is not the old theology only which associates the infidel with intense heat.

So this religious language is the Oriental's daily speech. I have stated in my autobiography that the men whom

my father employed in his extensive building operations were grouped with reference to their faith. He had so many Druses, so many Greek Orthodox, so many Maronites, and so forth.

The almost total abstinence from using 'pious' language in ordinary business and social intercourse in America may be considered commendable in some ways, but I consider it a surrender of the soul to the body, a subordination of the spirit of the things which are eternal to the spirit of the things which are temporal. In my judgment, the superior culture of the West, instead of limiting the vocabulary of religion to the one hour of formal worship on Sunday, and scrupulously shunning it during the remainder of the week, should make its use, on a much higher plane than the Orient has yet discovered, coextensive with all the activities of life.

Again, the Oriental's consideration of life as being essentially religious makes him as pious in his imprecations and curses as he is in his aspirational prayer. Beyond all human intrigue, passion, and force, the great avenger is God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me: I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.'

By priests and parents these precepts have been transmitted from generation to generation in the Orient, from time immemorial. We all were instructed in them by our elders with scrupulous care. Of course as weak mortals we always tried to avenge ourselves, and the idea of *thar* — revenge — lies deep in the Oriental nature. But to us our vengeance was nothing compared with what God did to our 'ungodly' enemies and oppressors.

The Oriental's impetuosity and effusiveness make his imprecatory prayers, especially to the 'unaccustomed ears' of Americans, bloodcurdling. And I confess that on my last visit to Syria, my countrymen's (and especially my countrywomen's) bursts of pious wrath jarred heavily upon me. In his oral bombardment of his enemy the Oriental hurls such missiles as these: 'May God burn the bones of your fathers'; May God exterminate your seed from the earth'; 'May God cut off your supply of bread (*yakta rizkak*)'; 'May you have nothing but the ground for a bed and the sky for covering'; 'May your children be orphaned and your wife widowed'; and similar expressions.

Does not this sound exactly like the One Hundred and Ninth Psalm? Speaking of his enemy, the writer of that psalm says, 'Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children. Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.'

Such were the mutual wishes I so often heard expressed in our neighborhood and clan fights and quarrels in Syria. When so praying, the persons would beat upon their breasts and uncover their heads, as signs of the total surrender of their cause to an avenging Omnipotence. Of course the Syrians are not so cruel and heartless as such imprecations, especially when cast in cold type, would lead one to believe. I am certain that if the little children of his enemy should become fatherless, the imprecator himself would be among the first to 'favor' them. If you will keep in mind the juvenile temperament of the Oriental, already mentioned, and his habit of turning to God in all circumstances, as unreservedly as a child turns to his father, your judgment of

the son of Palestine will be greatly tempered with mercy.

Does it not seem now perfectly clear why Jesus opened the more profound depths of the spiritual life to his much divided, and almost hopelessly clannish, countrymen, when he said to them, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor [in the original, *quarib* = kinsman] and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven.'

Here we have the very heart and soul of the Gospel, and the dynamic power of Jesus' ministry of reconciliation. Yet to many devout Christians, as well as to unfriendly critics of the New Testament, the command, 'Love your enemies,' offers a serious perplexity. An 'independent' preacher in a large Western city, after reading this portion of the Sermon on the Mount to his congregation, stated that Jesus' great discourse should be called, 'The Sarcasm on the Mount.' Is not love of enemies beyond the power of human nature?

This question is pertinent. And it is an obvious fact that we cannot love by command; we cannot love to order. This mysterious flow of soul which we call love is not of our own making; therefore we cannot *will* to love. Such a discussion, however, falls outside the scope of this article. What I wish to offer here is a linguistic explanation which I believe will throw some light on this great commandment.

The word *love* has been more highly specialized in the West than in the East. In its proper English use it means only that ardent, amorous feeling which cannot be created by will and design. In the West the word *love* has been relieved of the function of expressing the less ardent desires such as the terms *to like*, *to have good will toward*, and *to be well-disposed toward* imply.

Not so in the East. The word *like*, meaning *to be favorably inclined toward*, is not found either in the Bible or in the Arabic tongue. In the English version it is used in two places, but the translation is incorrect. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy and the seventh verse, 'If the man like not to take his brother's wife,' should be rendered, 'If the man *consent* not'; and in the fourth chapter of Amos, the fifth verse, 'For this liketh you, O ye children of Israel,' is in the original, 'For this ye *loved*, O ye children of Israel.' In any standard concordance of the Bible, the Hebrew verb *Aheb* — to love — precedes these quotations.

So to us Orientals the only word which can express any cordial inclination of approval is *love*. One loves his wife and children, and loves grapes and figs and meat, if he likes these things. An employer says to an employee, 'If you *love* to work for me according to this agreement, you can.' It is nothing uncommon for one to say to a casual acquaintance whom he likes, 'I must say, *Sahib* [friend], that I love you!' I know of no equivalent in the Arabic for the phrase, 'I am interested in you.' *Love* and *hate* are the usual terms by which to express approval and disapproval, as well as real love and hatred.

From all this it may be seen that when the Great Oriental Teacher said to his countrymen, who considered all other clans than their own as their enemies, 'Love your enemies,' he did not mean that they should be enamored of them, but that they should have good will toward them. We cannot love by will and design, but we certainly can will to be well-disposed even toward those who, we believe, have ill will toward us. He who really thinks this an impossibility gives evidence not of

superior 'critical knowledge,' but of being still in the lower stages of human evolution.

II

But the Oriental's juvenile temperament and his partial disregard for concrete facts have led his Anglo-Saxon cousin to consider him as essentially unveracious. 'You cannot believe what an Oriental says.' 'The Orientals are the children of the "Father of Lies." ' 'Whatever an Oriental says, the opposite is likely to be the truth'; and so forth.

I do not wish in the least to undertake to excuse or even condone the Oriental's unveracity, any more than to approve of the ethics of American politicians during a political campaign. I have no doubt that the Oriental suffers more from the universal affliction of untruthfulness than does the Anglo-Saxon, and that he sorely needs to restrict his fancy, and to train his intellect to have more respect for facts. Nevertheless I feel compelled to say that a clear understanding of some of the Oriental's modes of thought will quash many of the indictments against his veracity. His ways will remain different from the ways of the Anglo-Saxon, and perhaps not wholly agreeable to the latter; but the son of the East — the dreamer and writer of scriptures — will be credited with more honesty of purpose.

It is unpleasant to an Anglo-Saxon to note how many things an Oriental says, but does not mean. And it is distressing to an Oriental to note how many things the Anglo-Saxon means, but does not say. To an unreconstructed Syrian the brevity, yea, even curtness, of an Englishman or an American, seems to sap life of its pleasures and place a disproportionate value on time. For the Oriental, the primary value of time must not be computed in terms of business and money, but in terms of sociability and good fellowship. Poetry, and not prosaic accuracy, must be the dominant feature of speech.

In showing the reason why Jesus taught in parables, biblical writers speak of the indirect method, the picture language, the concealing of the truth from those 'who had not the understanding,' and so forth. But those writers fail to mention a most important reason, namely, the *sociable* nature of such a method of teaching, which is so dear to the Syrian heart. In view of the small value the Orientals place upon time, the story-teller, the speaker in parables, is to them the most charming conversationalist. Why be so prosy, brief, and abstract? The spectacular charm and intense concreteness of the parable of the Prodigal Son is infinitely more agreeable to the Oriental mind than the general precept that God will forgive his truly penitent children. It was for this, no less than for other reasons, that it was said of Jesus, 'And without parables spoke he not unto them.'

Just as the Oriental loves to flavor his food strongly and to dress in bright colors, so is he fond of metaphor, exaggeration, and positiveness in speech. To him mild accuracy is weakness. A host of illustrations of this thought rise in my mind as I recall my early experiences as a Syrian youth. I remember how those jovial men who came to our house to 'sit' — that is, to make a call of indefinite duration — would make their wild assertions and back them up by vows which they never intended to keep. The one would say, 'What I say to you is the truth, and if it is not, I will cut off my right arm' — grasping it — 'at the shoulder.' 'I promise you this,' — whatever the promise might be, — 'and if I fail in fulfilling my promise I will pluck out my right eye.'

To such speech we always listened

admiringly and respectfully. But we never had the remotest idea that in any circumstances the speaker would carry out his resolution, or that his hearers had a right to demand it from him. He simply was in earnest; or as an American would say, 'He meant that he was right.'

Such an Oriental mode of thought furnishes us with the background for Jesus' saying, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.'

To many Western Christians, especially in the light of the Protestant doctrine of the infallibility of the letter of the Bible, these sayings of Christ present insurmountable difficulties. To such the question, 'How can I be a true disciple of Christ, if I do not obey what he commands?' makes these misunderstood sayings of Christ great stumbling blocks. Some time ago a lady wrote me a letter saying that at a prayer meeting which she attended, the minister, after reading the fifth chapter of Matthew, which contains these commands, said, 'If we are true Christians we must not shrink from obeying these explicit commands of our Lord.'

My informant stated also that on hearing that, she asked the preacher, 'Suppose the tongue should offend, and we should cut it off; should we be better Christians than if we did endeavor to atone for the offense in some other way?' The preacher, after a moment of perplexed silence, said, 'If there is no one here who can answer this question, we will sing a hymn.'

The best commentary on these sayings of Christ is given by Paul in the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. This is precisely what the Master meant: 'Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.' Cutting and mutilation of the body has nothing to do with either passage, nor indeed with the Christian life. The amputation of an arm that steals is no sure guaranty of the removal of the desire to steal; nor would the plucking out of a lustful eye do away with the lust which uses the eye for an instrument.

With this should be classed also the following commands: 'Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' 'If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.'

From all that I know of Oriental modes of thought and life I cannot conceive that Jesus meant by all these sayings to give brute force the right of way in human life. He himself drove the traders out of the temple by physical force. These precepts were not meant to prohibit the use of force in self-defense and for the protection of property, but were given as an antidote to that relentless law of revenge which required 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The Master does not preach a gospel of helplessness, but enjoins a manly attitude toward peace and concord, in place of a constantly active desire for vengeance and strife.

III

Again let me say that an Oriental expects to be judged chiefly by what he means and not by what he says. As a rule, the Oriental is not altogether unaware of the fact that, as regards the letter, his statements are often sadly lacking in correctness. But I venture to say that when a person who is conversing with me knows that I know that what he is saying is not exactly true, I

may not like his manner of speech, yet I cannot justly call him a liar.

While on a visit to Syria, after having spent several years in this country, where I had lived almost exclusively with Americans, I was very strongly impressed by the decidedly sharp contrast between the Syrian and the American modes of thought. The years had worked many changes in me, and I had become addicted to the more compact phraseology of the American social code.

In welcoming me to his house, an old friend of mine spoke with impressive cheerfulness as follows: 'You have extremely honored me by coming into my abode [*menzel*]. I am not worthy of it. This house is yours; you can burn it if you wish. My children also are at your disposal; I would sacrifice them all for your pleasure. What a blessed day this is, now that the light of your countenance has shone upon us'; and so forth, and so on.

I understood my friend fully and most agreeably, although it was not easy for me to translate his words to my American wife without causing her to be greatly alarmed at the possibility that the house would be set on fire and the children slain for our pleasure. What my friend really meant in his effusive welcome was no more nor less than what a gracious American host means when he says, 'I am delighted to see you; please make yourself at home.'

Had the creed-makers of Christendom approached the Bible by way of Oriental psychology, had they viewed the scriptures against the background of Syrian life, they would not have dealt with Holy Writ as a jurist deals with legislative enactments. Again, had the unfriendly critics of the Bible real acquaintance with the land of its birth, they would not have been so sure that the Bible was 'a mass of impossibilities.' The sad fact is that the Bible has suffered violence from literalists among its friends, as from its enemies.

For example, in their failure to heal a sick lad (Matthew XVII: 19) the disciples came to Jesus and asked him why they could not do the beneficent deed. According to the Revised and the Arabic versions, the Master answered, 'Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove.' Colonel Robert Ingersoll never tired of challenging the Christians of America to put this scripture to a successful test, and thus *convince* him that the Bible is inspired. In the face of such a challenge the 'believer' is likely to feel compelled to admit that the church does not have the required amount of faith, else it could remove mountains.

To one well acquainted with the Oriental manner of speech this saying was not meant to fix a rule of conduct, but to idealize faith. In order to do this in real Syrian fashion, Jesus spoke of an infinitesimal amount of faith as being capable of moving the biggest object on earth. His disciples must have understood him clearly, because we have no record that they ever tried to remove mountains by faith and prayer.

Of a similar character is the Master's saying, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God,' which has quickened the exegetical genius of commentators to mighty efforts in 'expounding the scriptures.' Judging by the vast number of persons in this country who have asked my opinion, as a Syrian, concerning its correctness, and the fact that I have myself seen it in print, the following interpretation of this passage must have been much in vogue.

The walled cities and feudal castles of Palestine, the explanation runs, have

large gates. Because of their great size, such gates are opened only on special occasions to admit chariots and caravans. Therefore, in order to give pedestrians thoroughfare, a smaller opening about the size of an ordinary door is made in the centre of the great gate, near to the ground. Now this smaller door through which a camel cannot pass is the eye of the needle mentioned in the Gospel.

I once heard a Sunday-school superintendent explain this passage to his scholars by saying that a camel could pass through this eye of a needle — meaning the door — if he was not loaded. Therefore, and by analogy, if we cast off our load of sin outside, we can easily enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Were the camel and the gate left out, this statement would be an excellent fatherly admonition. There is perhaps no gate in the celestial city large enough to admit a man with a load of sin strapped to his soul. However, the chief trouble with these explanations of the 'eye-of-the-needle' passage is that they are wholly untrue.

This saying is current in the East, and in all probability it was a common saying there long before the advent of Christ. But I never knew that small door in a city or a castle gate to be called the needle's eye; nor indeed the large gate to be called the needle. The name of that door, in the common speech of the country, is the 'plum,' and I am certain the scriptural passage makes no reference to it whatever.

The Koran makes use of this expression in one of its purest classical Arabic passages. The term employed here — *sum-el-khiat* — can mean only the sewing instrument, and nothing else.

Nothing can show more clearly the genuine Oriental character of this New Testament passage and that of the Teacher who uttered it, than the intense positiveness of its thought and the unrestrained flight of its imagery. I can just hear the Master say it. Jesus' purpose was to state that it was extremely difficult 'for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God.' (Mark x : 24.) To this end he chose the biggest animal and the smallest opening known to his people and compared the impossibility of a camel passing through the eye of a needle with that of a man weighted down with earthly things becoming one with God.

IV

Perhaps the one phase of his speech which lays the Oriental open to the charge of unveracity is his much swearing. Of course this evil habit knows no geographical boundaries and no racial limits. However, probably because of their tendency to be profuse, intense, and positive in speech, the Orientals no doubt have more than their legitimate share of swearing. But it should be kept in mind that in that part of the world swearing is not looked upon with the same disapproval and contempt as in America; swearing by the name of the Deity has always been considered the most sacred and solemn affirmation of a statement. It is simply calling God to witness that what has been said is the sacred truth. Thus in the twenty-first chapter of the book of Genesis Abimelech asks Abraham, 'Now, therefore, swear unto me here by God that thou wilt not deal falsely with me, nor with my son, nor with my son's son.' 'And Abraham said, I will swear.'

In Syria this custom has undergone no change since the days of Abraham. Swearing is an integral element in Oriental speech. Instinctively the speaker turns his eyes and lifts his hands toward heaven and says, 'By Allah, what I have said is right and true. *Yeshhedo-Allah* [God witnesseth] to the truth of my words.' In a similar man-

ner, and as in a score of places in the Old Testament, the maker of a statement is asked by his hearer to swear by God as a solemn assurance that his statement is true and sincere. Of such importance is this mode of speech to Orientals that the Israelites thought of Jehovah Himself as making such affirmations. In the twenty-second chapter of Genesis we have the words, 'By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord.' Further light is thrown on this point by the explanation given to the verse just quoted in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where it is said, 'For when God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, he swore by Himself.'

I have no doubt that this thought of God swearing by Himself sprang from the custom of Oriental aristocrats of sealing a vow, or solemnly affirming a statement, or an intention to do some daring deed, by saying, 'I swear by my head' — an oath which, whenever I heard it in my youth, filled me with awe. Thus, also, in the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah we have the words, 'The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength.'

Among the Mohammedans, swearing 'by the most high God' and 'by the life of the Prophet' and 'by the exalted Koran' in affirmation of almost every statement, is universal. The Christians swear by God, Christ, the Virgin, the Cross, the Saints, the repose of their dead, the Holy City, the Eucharist, Heaven, great holidays, and many other names. A father swears by the life of a dear child, and sons of distinguished fathers swear by them. 'By the life of my father, I am telling the truth,' is a very common expression. The antiquity of this custom is made evident by the passage in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis and the fifty-third verse: 'And Jacob swore by the fear of his father Israel.' However, the word 'fear' does violence to the real meaning of the verse, which the Arabic version rescues by saying, 'And Jacob swore by the *heybit* [benignity, or beautiful dignity] of his father.' He swore by that which he and others loved, and not feared, in his father.

But what must seem to Americans utterly ridiculous is the Oriental habit of swearing by the moustache and the beard, which is, however, one phase of swearing by the head. To swear by one's moustache, or beard, means to pledge the integrity of one's manhood. 'I swear by this,' is said solemnly by a man with his hand upon his moustache. Swearing by the beard is supposed to carry more weight because, as a rule, it is worn by the older men. To speak disrespectfully of one's moustache or beard, or to curse the beard of a person's father, is to invite serious trouble.

I remember distinctly how proud I was in my youth to put my hand upon my moustache, when it was yet not even large enough to be respectfully noticed, and swear by it *as a man*. I recall also to what roars of laughter I would provoke my elders at such times, to my great dismay.

Here it may easily be seen that swearing in the Orient had so lost its original sacredness and become so vulgar, even as far back as the time of Christ, that He deemed it necessary to give the unqualified command, 'Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' This was perhaps the most difficult command to obey that Jesus ever gave to his countrymen.

Of the other characteristics of Oriental speech, I wish to speak briefly of three before I bring this article to a close.

The first is the juvenile habit of imploring 'in season and out of season' when asking a favor. To try to exert 'undue' influence, virtually to beg in most persuasive tones, is an Oriental habit which to an American must seem unendurable. One of the most striking examples of this characteristic is the parable of the unrighteous judge, in the eighteenth chapter of Luke. 'There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city, and she came unto him saying, Avenge me [the original is 'do me justice'] of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, *lest by her continual coming she weary me.*'

Here is a case — by no means a rare exception in that country — where a judge rendered a verdict against his own best judgment in sheer self-defense. And I must say that, knowing such Oriental tendencies as I do, especially as manifested by widows, I am in deep sympathy with the judge.

Yet it was this very persistence in petitioning the Father of all men which gave mankind the lofty psalms and tender prayers of our scriptures. It was this persistent filial pleading and imploring which made Israel turn again and again to the 'God of righteousness' and say, 'We have sinned,' and ask for a deeper revealing of his ways to them. Job's cry, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' may not be the proper language of modern etiquette, but it certainly is the language of religion. In the very parable just quoted, Jesus recommends to his disciples the insistence of the widow as a means to draw the benediction of heaven upon them, and to secure for them justification at the hands of the righteous judge. Honest seekers after spiritual gifts should not be averse to imitating this Oriental trait. They should never be afraid to come to their Father again and again for his gracious blessing, or refrain from 'storming the gates of heaven with prayer.'

The second characteristic of Oriental speech is its intimacy and unreserve. Mere implications which are so common to reserved and guarded speech leave a void in the Oriental heart. It is because of this that the Orientals have always craved 'signs and wonders,' and interpreted natural phenomena in terms of direct miraculous communications from God to convince them that He cared for them. Although Gideon was speaking with Jehovah Himself, who promised to help him to save his kinsmen from the Midianites, he asked for a more tangible, more definite sign. We are told in the sixth chapter of Judges, thirty-sixth verse: 'Gideon said unto God, If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken, behold I will put a fleece of wool on the threshing-floor; if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry upon the ground, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken. And it was so.' But Gideon, still unsatisfied, speaks again in childlike simplicity and intimacy: 'Let not thine anger be kindled against me, and I will speak but this once: let me make trial, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night.'

It is not at all uncommon for old and tried friends in Syria to give and ask for affectionate assurances, that they do love one another. Such expressions are the wine of life. Especially when new

confidences are exchanged or great favors asked, a man turns with guileless eyes to his trusted friend and says, 'Now you love me; I say you love me, don't you?' 'My soul, my eyes,' answers the other, 'you know what is in my heart toward you; you know and the Creator knows!' Then the request is made.

One of the noblest and tenderest passages in the New Testament, a passage whose spirit has fed the strength of the Christian missionaries throughout the ages, is that portion of the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel where Jesus speaks to Peter in this intimate Syrian fashion. How sweet and natural it sounds to a son of the East! 'So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' How characteristic also is Peter's answer, 'Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee.' Then came the precious request, 'Feed my lambs.' Three times did the affectionate Master knock at the door of Peter's heart, till the poor impetuous disciple cried, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.'

The third characteristic of Oriental speech is its unqualified positiveness. Outside the small circles of Europeanized Syrians, such qualifying phrases as 'in my opinion,' 'so it seems to me,' 'as I see it,' and the like, are almost entirely absent from Oriental speech. Such expressions, also, are rarely used in the Bible, and then only in the New Testament, in which Greek influence plays no small part. Thus in the seventh chapter of his second Epistle to the Corinthians, Paul, in giving his opinion on marriage said, '*I suppose*, therefore, that this is good for the present distress,' and so forth. I am not aware that this form of speech is used anywhere in the entire Old Testament.

The language of the Oriental is that of sentiment and conviction, and not of highly differentiated and specialized thought. When you say to him, 'I think this object is beautiful,' if he does not think it is so, he says, 'No, it is not beautiful.' Although he is expressing his own individual opinion, he does not take the trouble to make that perfectly clear: if an object is not beautiful to him, it *is not* beautiful.

From an intellectual and social standpoint, this mode of speech may be considered a serious defect. So do children express themselves. But it should be kept in mind that the Oriental mind is that of the prophet and the seer, and not of the scientist and the philosopher. It is the mind which has proven the most suitable transmissive agency of divine revelation.

When the seer beholds a vision of the things that are eternal, he cannot speak of it as a supposition or a guess, or transmit it with intellectual caution and timidity. 'Thus saith the Lord.' 'The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of man, prophesy.' When we speak of the deepest realities of life, we do not beset our utterances with qualifying phrases. True love, deep sorrow, a real vision of spiritual things transcend all speculative speech; they press with irresistible might for direct and authoritative expression.

This seeming weakness in Oriental speech and in the Bible is in reality tremendous spiritual strength. Through our sacred scriptures we hear the voices of those great Oriental prophets who spoke as they saw and felt; as seers, and not as logicians. And it was indeed most fortunate for the world that the Bible was written in an age of instinctive listening to the divine Voice, and in a country whose juvenile mode of speech protected the 'rugged maxims' of the scriptures from the weakening influences of an over-strained intellectualism.

THE POMINKA

BY E. NELSON FELL

On the tenth of November, 1907, we struggled in the face of a furious *bouran* (blizzard) across the open space which separated our house from the office. The air was full of icy particles, which cut your face and made you wonder whether you would succeed in reaching your goal or not. When we reached the office, Rucker did not allow us time to take off our coats, but burst out with the question, —

'Have you heard that Sultan Hacen Akaev is dead?'

'No! when did he die?'

'Yesterday, in his winter quarters on the Topor, about forty miles from here.'

'How did you hear?'

'By Kirghiz telegraph.'

The dissemination of news by natives, who possess no mechanical appliances, is a phenomenon noted by all travelers in remote regions. Whether in Africa, where travel is on foot, or in Asia, where it is on horseback, the news of every event is passed from mouth to mouth and from village to village, with a rapidity and certainty which is little short of marvelous. Within twenty-four hours of the sultan's death, it is probable that every living person within a circle of five hundred miles had heard of it.

The death of so rich a man as Sultan Hacen Akaev was an event of considerable importance in Kirghiz life. In addition to the important question of the distribution of his vast flocks and herds, and the readjustment of the social organization of his *aool* or village, was the important question of the *pominka* which would follow his death.

As in Ireland a funeral is made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies and feasting, so, in Kirghiz land, the custom is that a notable man, before he dies, makes all the necessary dispositions for a great festival, to be held six months or a year after his death, to which all his friends and the whole countryside shall be invited. In this way, not only does the dying man provide in a worthy way for the dignity and honor of his family, but he also carries with him, beyond the grave, the tradition and law of Kirghiz hospitality. It is indeed a wonderful law; chiefly wonderful because it is universally obeyed. To the guest within the aool nothing can be denied, no matter what the previous relations between guest and host may have been. The duty of hospitality prevails over all other sentiments. Most laws and customs are sometimes broken, but this law is never violated, not even in death.

As is natural, the greater the wealth of the deceased, the greater the extent of the festivities. The pominka of Sultan Hacen Akaev would be, no doubt, on an unusually large scale.

The week beginning May first was the time set for the festival; and, for months beforehand, little else was talked of among the Kirghiz. We, also, were planning to attend in state, and Rucker was especially interested in the preparations; for his particular work threw him into rather closer relations, than the rest of us, with the Kirghiz.

He had a large vocabulary of their language at the tip of his tongue, and, when he visited them, could dispense fairly well with the services of an interpreter.

He used frequently to visit his particular friend Ospan, the *Volostnoi Oopravitel* of the Noura district, who was continually begging him to join the aool and become one of them. 'Why do you work so hard?' Ospan would say. 'Buy some fat-tail sheep and come and live with us; my men will look after your animals for you; you will not have to do anything; you will have all the *koumiss* you want, and plenty of mutton tallow; you will grow fat; what more can a man want?' How he resisted such seductive appeals, I do not know.

Our preparations were on an extensive scale, for in the East appearances count for a great deal. We sent forward large new *yurtas*, our best rugs, silk hangings, and cushions; and we groomed our horses to the last point. Also we took a small private store of provisions; for at times the menu of the East becomes unendurable to the palate of the West.

On the day appointed, we started on horseback, with a cavalcade of friends, servants, and Russo-Kirghiz interpreters. We were decked out in everything Kirghiz we could muster; our horses were weighted down with heavy silver-mounted bridles of native workmanship; those of us who could endure them suffered tortures on Kirghiz saddles. Mine was a Cossack affair, something like a Texas saddle, but with a thick leather cushion strapped across the seat. It is strange how many ways there are of accomplishing the same thing, and how wedded each of us is to his own. I considered these Cossack saddles the most awkward things in the world, whereas the Cossacks regarded my beautiful Whippy with the utmost contempt.

Rucker was in great glory. On his feet were huge felt linings encased in Kirghiz-made leather boots with silver mountings. On his legs were sheepskin trousers, untanned, having the wool inside, and these were tucked into his boots. Above, he wore a *khalat*, a loose wadded coat of gorgeous silk, with a silver-mounted belt around his waist, from which hung several pouches of fancy leather, heavily silver-mounted. On his head was a pink silk *malachai*, lined with the fur of the red fox. We were very proud of him, and we hoisted him into the saddle, as his costume deprived him of the natural power of movement.

'Kusain,' he shouted, 'fasten my koumiss skins on my saddle.'

Kusain hung a skin of koumiss holding about two gallons on each side of the saddle; and with this his outfit was complete.

We were a gay party and galloped over the steppes enjoying the bright air of spring. We naturally grouped ourselves round Rucker, and were making merry over the bags of koumiss which were bounding at his side, when, suddenly, there was a loud explosion, and Rucker and all of us were covered with a shower of the powerful-smelling fluid. Koumiss ferments with great violence, and the heat of the sun had distended the skin bottles to the danger point. Probably Rucker's horse was jostled by his neighbor's and the blow was sufficient to start the charge. Every one within fifty feet received his share, but Rucker himself was a sad sight. The evil stuff dripped over his pink malachai and his crimson and green khalat. Stains of various hues spread in channels all over him. Worse than all was the peculiarly pungent perfume which he exhaled. For days he was a burden to himself and to us, but to his particular Kirghiz friends he was a source of great delight.

Several miles from the aool, and long before we could see it, we saw a large party of gayly dressed riders dashing toward us; they had ridden out to meet us and escort us in honor to our tent.

'Salaam Alaikum! Aman! Aman!'

It all seemed very gay and very simple and natural. They turned and rode with us to the encampment.

When we arrived at the aool, it was the scene of the most animated life conceivable. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, had come in to enjoy the sport, for such a pominka might never occur again during their lifetime. A hundred piebald two-year-old horses had been allotted for slaughter, to feed the multitude, — a number hitherto unheard of, — and as for the sheep, no one thought of counting them. All day and night the feasting went on; from tent to tent great steaming platters of boiled meat and skins of koumiss were carried. Every one ate and drank for three days to his utmost capacity.

When our arrival was known, the head-men of the aool called at our tent to welcome us. Our samovar was set on the usual round table, about six inches high, and round it we all squatted on rugs on the ground. The tea was dispensed by our servant. It is served in small cups and saucers, boiling hot, of course. As soon as the Kirghiz receives his cup, he immediately pours half of it into his saucer, nibbles off a small piece of sugar which he holds between his teeth, and sups the tea with an appreciative gurgle. As he drinks the tea, he obtains the sensation of sweetness with an extraordinarily small consumption of sugar. As soon as his cup is empty, the attendant replenishes it without asking any question. When he has had enough, he turns his cup, bottom side up, on his saucer.

After tea, the bard began to sing, and the usual compliments were exchanged.

'The Ulkum Bai is a great lord of mighty wealth,' said the head-man; 'we know he has much money, for he spends thousands of roubles every day. He places bread in the mouths of many Kirghiz, and we are grateful to him for it. The name of Peel' (the nearest approach they could ever make to my name) 'will endure like a rock in our memories for ever. But the Bai is as thin as the poorest Kirghiz on the Steppes. If the Bai will look round, he will see that all rich men are fat. We cannot understand why the Bai is not also fat.'

This was the moment for which I had been preparing with some care. It was our custom to converse with the Kirghiz through a Russo-Kirghiz interpreter. We spoke in Russian, and the interpreter was supposed to reproduce our words in Kirghiz. The interpreter was usually a Kirghiz of no especial education or attainments. In my interviews with the native head-men, I had always felt at a disadvantage because, when I wanted to indulge in a discourse on a high plane of thought, I must first put it into Russian and then trust to the mercy of the Russo-Kirghiz interpreter. To my great annoyance, my most elevated and elevating periods were reproduced with a few guttural gurgles and tongue rattles, and of course the whole effect was lost. Before the pominka, I had especially coached my own interpreter, Noorman. 'You must try hard to reproduce my words: it is I who am talking, not you; you babble all day for your own pleasure; this time I want you to use my own phrases exactly; it is perhaps a virtue to be brief, but I want to set up my own standard for myself, and, when I proclaim a full yard of magnificent sentiment, I do not want you to cut it down to half an inch.'

This, then, was the crucial moment when Noorman's training was to be

put to the test. I glanced at him with a severe look, and, assuming my most impressive manner, I turned to the headman and replied as follows: —

'In our own country, we do not consider wealth merely as a means to satisfy our own desires, but rather as a responsibility for the development of the happiness of those around us.'

We all looked toward Noorman; there was a gurgle in his throat, a slight movement of his lips; then silence. He had finished. It was very depressing.

The chief broke the awkward silence and resumed on the same line of thought. 'We know the Bai is rich, but we do not understand why the Bai works so hard. Why does he not sit down and enjoy his wealth?'

This was a splendid opening, and I replied, —

'The wise men of our country consider that wealth is a measure of success rather than an object and an aim in itself. Wealth does not produce happiness. Only the mind that is conscious of work well done can be considered truly happy.'

'B-r-r-r; G-g-g-g; B-r, G-g,' mumbled Noorman, and closed his mouth with a click.

All my training and coaching had been in vain; it was useless to pursue such lines of thought. I think the headman understood it also, for he changed the subject abruptly and said, —

'Where do you live?'

'In New York,' I replied.

'I don't know where that is,' he said. 'I have heard of Akmolinsk and Pavlodar, but I have not heard of New York. If you wish to go to New York, in which direction should you travel?'

I confess to a feeling of malice, for I walked to the door of the tent, and, facing north, I stretched out one arm to the east and the other to the west. I waved first one arm, then the other. 'You can go to my country either by traveling in this direction or in that.'

'Why do you say that you can reach one place by traveling in two directions which are directly contrary to each other?'

'The earth on which we stand is round like the orange which you see on the table,' I replied; 'you arrive on the opposite side of the ball whether you travel this way or that.'

'Why do you say that the earth is round,' the chief asked, 'when we see that it is flat?' And he waved his arm over the plain, which certainly seemed to support his idea.

Why, indeed, had I said it? It is much safer to stick to tallow and koumiss and horses. I gave the conversation a hard wrench, and, with a great effort of memory, using their own language, I said, —

'Ak burat bar?' (Have you any thoroughbred horses?) The effect was magical; every one forgot about oranges and round worlds and the duties of wealth; they all began to chatter at once; harmony and peace were restored.

For three days the pominka lasted, a continuous feast, day and night, with sports thrown in. Wrestling is very popular; even the women engage in hard-fought bouts; but especially popular are the sports and games with which horses are concerned. The sheepskin contest always draws a large crowd. The skin of a freshly slaughtered sheep is seized by a mounted rider, who gallops off; hundreds dash after him and try to wrest it from him; the man who succeeds dashes off with it himself, and so it changes hands. It is a rough sport and so is the wrestling on horseback; but every one is so good-natured and good-humored that it is seldom that any one is hurt.

One form of sport (?) they have which is not inspiring; it is, in fact, disgusting. Every aool of consequence has its eating champion, and, on festal

occasions, the champions of different aools are pitted against each other. The two champions sit down facing each other, and platter after platter of boiled meat (always without salt) is put in front of each man, who crams the meat into his mouth with his hands and gulps it down, like a wolf. Bowl after bowl of koumiss and samovar after samovar of tea disappear in like manner. The quantity which these gastronomical giants are able to consume is astonishing. An ordinary accomplishment for one hero at a sitting is: —

One entire sheep
Eight gallons of koumiss
Two gallons of tea.

Wonderful, but horrible!

The pominka usually closes with the most popular event of all, the horse-race. It is a cross-country race and starts from a point about twelve or fifteen miles away. Tiny little boys are put up as jockeys, whose little legs are too small to grip the saddle. The crowd gathers near the finish and waits patiently for an hour or two. Little specks appear on the horizon, and a number of horsemen gather to meet them. As they come nearer, the partisans of each horse close in round it and gallop by its side, urging it forward with whip and shouts. They grow more and more excited as they draw near the goal; one rider whips out a rope and, fastening one end to the saddle of the racing-horse, ties the other to his own and drags him along. Another does the same on the other side, another hooks on to the bridle, and so on, till there may be a dozen fresh horses dragging the tired racehorse along, with terrific yells and shouts. It is a scene of the greatest possible animation; the crowd is immense, all well mounted, racing hither and thither. There is no defined finish, no judge, but there never seems to be any difficulty in deciding which horse is the winner. The honor is much prized both for the horse and the rider. It is indeed wonderful to see how the little fellows of six and eight years of age can endure such a ride. The prize may be of money, of cloth, or anything else. But, whatever it is, it is immediately distributed by the winner amongst his friends. He likes the honor of winning, but the prize itself has no attractions for him. I have never observed this habit on our Western race-courses. The odd thing is that it is all done so naturally, so good-humoredly, without any definition of rules, or without intervention of stewards or judges or police; they play the game like real sportsmen.

We left in the dust of the finish, but we were careful to see that Rucker had no koumiss bags concealed about his person.

AN APRIL MORNING

BY BLISS CARMAN

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The goldenwings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

GOVERNMENT AND PROHIBITION

BY JOHN KOREN

I

So much prejudice and finality of opinion surround the question of drink-reform that he who approaches it judicially risks being misunderstood both as to his purpose and as to the bearing of the argument. It is not a welcome task to paint the shadow sides of a movement absorbing so many men and women whose purity of intention is beyond cavil. But where is the contrast, the authenticated story of 'human wreckage saved by prohibition'?

In closing this series of articles the writer is conscious that truth-telling has earned him the lasting enmity of prohibition leaders and a place on the black-list of thousands who follow them blindly. For the sincerity of their convictions he has but respect, believing that in all things they intend well. He wills the same great end as they — temperance — but would strive for it through other means. He also ventures to hope that in criticism as well as in suggestion he has, however imperfectly, reflected the sense of many people who see perhaps more clearly than he that a social millennium will not dawn until we have been made ready for it, not by force but by persuasion.

Lest new misconception arise, it must be said that criticism of the extreme prohibition wing is not directed against all who hold by sumptuary law as a cure for intemperance. If there be general assent among them to the ultimate object, there is pronounced dissent as to ways and means of achieving it. Therefore, it were unjust to hold the mass of prohibitionists accountable for all the activities and vagaries of more or less self-constituted leaders. This avowal is perhaps especially needful when the relation of the prohibition movement to government is under discussion. Personal motives and intentions are not to be scrutinized, but merely the inexorable consequences of a misguided propagandism. If now and then extreme instances are cited to illustrate very present perils, they must stand to the credit of those who provide them or who undertake their defense.

The prohibition method of drink-reform in its radical manifestations is indictable because it tends to pervert both the theory and the practice of government. This assertion doubtless will seem singularly harsh and unjust to the men and women who devoutly believe that the over-shadowing tyranny of the liquor traffic is the real bane of our body politic. They have graven on their minds the image of an alcohol octopus whose paralyzing tentacles draw legislators and civic authorities of whatever name into a deadly embrace, and which rules to ruin. The picture, however magnified and distorted, is not one of pure fancy; the liquor interests at times and in places have imposed a deadening weight on government and have corrupted where they should have obeyed. Domination, real or attempted, in political affairs, interference in elections, tampering with the police and other public officials, and general disregard of law have justly been charged

against the liquor traffic. Such evils have been largely of a local nature, quite amenable to correction through an enlightened community sentiment, but have helped wonderfully to point the argument for prohibition.

The opposition to prohibition is invariably ascribed by its promoters to the machinations of the trade. Naturally, the powerful liquor organizations, like any other concern, resent interference with their business, especially when they are faced with the possibility of its utter destruction without compensation. But the suggestion is that 'by some obscure influence they induce others who have not the same interest to join in fighting their battles.' The belief of temperance reformers that they need reckon only upon the opposition emanating from the trade simply reveals their ignorance of the forces with which they have to deal. They would dam the stream without studying its origin and source. First-hand knowledge of the saloon and the social want it meets, they scorn. That actualities show alcoholic indulgence to be far too deep-rooted in humanity to be dug out by any summary process, they deny. Particularly in this land of compulsory virtue, reformers have come to live in an atmosphere of phrases untempered by facts. The 'solution of the liquor problem' is one of them. By this, of course, is meant general prohibition, that short-cut to virtue, which shall accomplish by a wave of the legislative wand that which all the efforts of saints and sages have failed to achieve in a score of centuries. To those who attend more to words than to actual life the saloon incarnates all the evil powers of the world, and war against it becomes a holy crusade justifying any weapon or mode of attack, since they believe emotionally that the salvation of the world hangs by the one issue.

But in the comfortable glow of reform people are apt to forget that, in combatting oppression by an overreaching traffic, it is possible to invite another species of tyranny more inimical to government because it is subtler, less tangible, and more enduring in its effects — the tyranny of political and social coercion exercised in the name of public morals. The use of force to obtain a 'sanctified' end is as ancient as history, soiling the pages of Christianity itself. The prohibition propaganda merely illustrates a phase of such coercion, and the application of methods that are the more dangerous because of their apparent innocence. A slight reflection on our theory of government should make this clear.

It is an accepted article of our political faith that the success and durability of a just form of government require the consent of the governed. To deny this concept or to circumvent it is to invade the very fundamentals of liberty. But this sound underlying theory of democracy is easily subject to perversion. As President Hadley of Yale University puts it in his *Standards of Public Morality:* 'Not content with saying that all just government is based on the consent of the governed, the enthusiastic advocates of democracy hold that if you could only find what a majority of the governed wanted, you could easily incorporate it into law. Never was there a greater practical error. Public law, to be effective, requires much more than the majority to support it. It requires general acquiescence. To leave the minority at the mercy of the whims of the majority does not conduce to law or good government or justice between man and man. Even Rousseau, the leading apostle of modern democracy, saw this most clearly. He said in substance: "A majority of the people is not the people and never can be. We take a majority vote simply as the best available means

of ascertaining the real wishes of the people in cases when it becomes necessary to do so."'

These elementary political principles are lightly brushed aside by those who strive for sumptuary legislation. Yet coercion through a crude illegal use of the police power is not a whit more subversive of ideals of government than the enactment by fabricated majorities of statutory and constitutional laws that violate what millions regard as inherent personal rights. Still, the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp — public virtue to be attained by compulsion — continues. That experience has shown it to be a costly phantom is forgotten or wilfully denied, and a vacuous belief is maintained in the usefulness of law as such, provided it has a seemingly beneficent object.

It is axiomatic that when law reflects general consent in regard to public needs, 'its enforcement takes care of itself.' But when law is enacted by insincere majorities, particularly a measure that undertakes to regulate personal habits and modes of life, its fate is foredoomed. The greatest obstacle is not the active hostility of bad men to such a law, but the unreadiness of good men to support it, for a widespread passive opposition suffices to destroy its vitality. Illustrative of this attitude toward prohibition is the reply of a prominent physician to the question whether he had read any of the alcohol articles in the *Atlantic*. 'No,' said he, 'I never read anything about alcohol; I am afraid of being deprived of it.'

Oftentimes an obnoxious law, by common consent, becomes a dead letter, and its enforcement is not even publicly advocated. But the preservation of liberty by means of a general permission to ignore law does not point to a wholesome social condition. Prohibitory laws, however, are not allowed to die after the manner of other legislation that a community may have outgrown. Even the tolerant citizen will grow apprehensive over the prospect of a complete liberation of forces that stand athwart order and decency. Outwardly, at least, prohibition is always upheld; and from time to time occur sincerely enthusiastic and some locally successful attempts at enforcement. The proper redress when prohibition is shown to be a failure is, of course, to secure its repeal by existing legal expedients. But just as many men allow social and political considerations to override the conviction that prohibition should not be attempted, so, from the same motives, they acquiesce in its habitual violation rather than advocate the repeal of the law. Then there are everywhere large minorities personally hostile to the policy of prohibition, whose existence alone can account for the huge scale upon which it has been and is being violated. From circumstances like these arise conditions that are destructive of the social order we call government. Let us see how these generalizations fit the prohibition propaganda as well as the enforcement of prohibition laws.

The adoption of prohibition as a state's policy need not occur in response to an overwhelming voluntary demand for the extinction of drink-selling; for the present-day prohibition cult is not a spontaneous growth but a condition of mind requiring constant and artificial nurture. The advocacy of prohibition does not necessarily even connote enthusiasm for total abstinence as a personal habit. It will be observed that abstinence or temperance societies of the old pattern are not the leaders of the national movement, nor is its promotion the reason for their being.

In the early days of the prohibition agitation genuine fervor directed the majorities in several campaigns. For the most part its fires burned out quick-

ly, leaving scarce a trace. Of later years it has become increasingly evident that such embers as still remain must be fed with specially prepared fuel if they are to be fanned into flame; and the task of doing so has finally become the paid occupation of a certain class of reformers. This does not imply a prevailing lukewarmness toward temperance. Only a blunted sense of the public feeling round about the country could lead one to deny a very active, wholesome resentment against the saloon and the methods of its backers; but to identify this feeling with an unconquerable desire for prohibition is to read it sadly amiss. For instance, the recent return to prohibition by the State of Alabama would probably not have taken place except to avenge the high-handed interference by the liquor interests in municipal affairs. In general, were this not so, we should not have witnessed the remarkable upward trend in the consumption of liquor during the past decade; nor would it be necessary to build up elaborate local state and national machinery to deal with every trick and device of coercive campaigning in order to foster the necessary sentiment. The old-line Prohibition Party was not adapted to the work, as experience in the United States has shown that a political temperance party pure and simple, whose vision of public policies is bounded by prohibition, is not enduringly an efficient factor in state or national affairs. And so in order to gain the momentum in the prohibition campaign desired by the extremists, a new agency became necessary, and the Anti-Saloon League was fashioned to supply it.

II

The recent manifestations of the prohibition movement, particularly in its bearings upon government, cannot be thoroughly understood without knowing what the Anti-Saloon League stands for, its character, purposes, and methods. Ostensibly, it is 'a federation of churches and temperance societies to promote public morals,' and it has also been described as representing a 'militant church movement.' This is true in the sense that it finds its main support within certain large Protestant denominations, — the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and, to an extent, the Lutheran (chiefly the smaller English-speaking portion), — and naturally finds adherents within lesser church organizations. These great religious bodies have their strength in rural or semi-rural districts whence also the prohibition movement recruits its force.

On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Jewish congregations, counting together about as many members as the others just mentioned, have their stronghold in the cities; but they are not identified with the prohibition movement as such, much less affiliated with the Anti-Saloon League. Indeed, their most prominent spiritual leaders have declared against the prohibition agitation as a religious propaganda and stand aloof from it as a political measure. In all the prohibition states, except Arizona, Colorado, and Maine, the majority of church communicants belong chiefly to the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian bodies; yet in more than half of all the states the Roman Catholic is the religion of the plurality, and in nearly one half of all the states it has a larger membership than the combined denominations which are said to support the programme of the Anti-Saloon League, but among whose members there assuredly are many who refuse it endorsement. Moreover, only two fifths of our population are reckoned as communicants of any church, and only fifteen per cent of the population belong to the particular denom-

inations which the Anti-Saloon League would claim for its own. Does it not, therefore, savor of a recrudescent Know-Nothing spirit, when this organization presumes to call its propaganda an American church movement, and to speak in the name of the people of the United States?

To be sure, the Anti-Saloon League is of ecclesiastical origin: it was given life by a wandering Methodist preacher some twenty years ago; the active workers are drawn from churches; pulpits are its forum, and tribute is received from Sunday collections. In many respects, however, it seems to be singularly worldly and wholly undemocratic. In spite of its ramifications and ubiquitous agents, it is a markedly centralized body. Supreme control is vested in the General Superintendent. He assigns the state superintendents; local or state groups have no choice in the matter. In brief, headquarters selects, directs, and pays all of its officers, including the legislative superintendent at Washington, who conducts the campaign on Congress.

The Anti-Saloon League is thus a very compact, practically self-perpetuating, and, in a public sense, irresponsible group, which knows no political fealty to other principles than that of prohibition, but seeks to bind all parties to its chariot. The corps of professional workers employed in every state is not amenable to local discipline or control. Its lack of public responsibility apparently covers the expenditure of vast sums of money, — one and a quarter millions per annum is admitted, — contributed by churches, individuals, and corporations for political purposes, which are not regularly accounted for as such. It is this organization, backed by its own professional publications and dominating no small portion of the general press, which, under the emblem of religion, has obtained control of the propaganda for state and national prohibition.

The methods followed by the new type of workers in ordinary prohibition campaigns, the frequent proscription of candidates for office who choose to follow their own convictions, the intimidation of voters through implied threats of social and business boycott, the frank appeal to the emotions of voters instead of to their understanding through the employment of women and children as special pleaders for the cause, — all of which makes for unstable majorities, — are tolerably well known. Let us rather turn to the national aspects of the situation.

The attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward Congress has recently been stated by Mr. William H. Anderson, State Superintendent for New York, than whom no one can speak with greater authority, as follows: 'The Anti-Saloon League is not asking any member of Congress to declare that he is in favor of National Prohibition, but simply that he shall not become an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic by refusing to vote to allow the people of the nation, by states, through their representatives, to determine this question in the manner provided therefor by the framers of the Constitution.'

Many very specific instances have been published, with names and dates, which seem to disprove this assertion, not to mention the openly avowed intention of seeking the defeat of candidates in the next elections to Congress who refuse 'to permit this question to be settled by reference to the states, so that the people may elect legislatures pledged for or against ratification.'[1]

Note, also, the assumption that he who refuses assent to the proposed constitutional amendment thereby be-

[1] The Portland (Oregon) *Journal*, Dec. 18, 1915.

comes 'an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic.' Yet for the most part it is accepted in silence. Is this simply through indifference, the traditional American willingness to submit to political manipulation rather than to oppose it, or does courage really fail? So long as the Anti-Saloon League successfully dangles the bugbear of a moral issue before the public conscience, eternally but wrongfully declaring the prohibition issue to be one between right and wrong and not one of social expediency, it is perhaps natural that many should become frightened. Politicians, both large and small, are thus made to seek cover, or, when in extremity, to enter into prohibition servitude as a means of safety and preferment. Then, too, it is so easy to represent that the question lies solely between temperance workers and the liquor interests, for only those directly connected with it would humanly show the same intense zeal as the temperance agitators themselves. As Mr. Fabian Franklin says, 'The opinion that nobody is concerned in the matter except the prohibitionists on the one hand, and those who make money out of liquor on the other, is not only false but so monstrously false, that its almost unchallenged currency must be set down as one of the most interesting and instructive of psychological curiosities.' [1]

But this pronouncement of the attitude of the League toward Congress is of far greater import than in the respects just discussed. To quote Mr. Franklin again: 'A doctrine more dangerous, more subversive of the spirit of representative government than that here laid down concerning the duties of members of Congress in relation to the most solemn responsibility they are ever called upon to discharge, it would be difficult to imagine.'

[1] *The Unpopular Review*, October–December, 1915, p. 296.

Nothing less is contemplated than a *de facto* reversal of the process by which amendments to the Federal Constitution are intended to be made. The provision of the Constitution that the Congress, by a two-thirds vote in both houses, has power to propose amendments to the Constitution, which become effective when ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the states, necessarily implies a deliberative act on the part of the Congress and imposes a solemn obligation for the nature of the amendment proposed. The requirement that an amendment must be submitted to the several states for ratification is merely in order that there may be a sufficient check upon any action of the Congress. But the Anti-Saloon League would have the nation's chosen representatives abdicate as a deliberative body, efface personal conviction, and forego their greatest responsibility, so that 'the people of the nation' may determine the question of national prohibition, under threat that he who refuses becomes an 'avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic.'

The transparent plea is made that 'the people of the nation' through its legislatures should be allowed to decide. In reality this is an appeal for coercion through a minority of the population. For in ratifying a proposed amendment to the Constitution, the votes of the different state legislatures are equal units, no matter how great the disparity of the populations they represent. Thus the four least populous states in the Union would have just as much weight as the four most populous, containing thirty times as many inhabitants. As stated in the first article of this series, a situation might arise in which thirty-six legislatures representing less than one half of the population imposed their will on twelve states representing the majority. Yet we are adjured to 'let the people de-

cide.' The true implication is, let the rural minorities say how the urban majorities shall live. The expedient lies in passing up the decision to the legislatures, in many of which, however, the large city populations have a smaller proportionate representation than the rural. Logically, if 'the people' are to decide in the sense the Anti-Saloon League would have us interpret its plea, there should be a nation-wide referendum for the guidance of the Congress as well as of the state legislatures.

The prophecy is frequently made that national prohibition will become law within ten years. The reasoning behind it is plain: Should Congress submit the national prohibition amendment, a state legislature may act on the question of ratification whenever it sees fit, without any time limit; and naturally every effort would be made to seize upon the right moment for securing a favorable majority. If ratification should fail at the first attempt, a legislature may presumably reverse its action at a subsequent session; but whether a legislature can reverse its act of ratification is dubious and cannot be definitely known until the Supreme Court has passed on the question. Many hold that it cannot.

Thus it may be needful only to accumulate during an indefinite period the ratification votes of thirty-six state legislatures, the requisite majority for an acceptance of the amendment; and if ratification once made is irrevocable, any subsequent revulsion of public sentiment — and how rapidly it shifts, the history of the prohibition movement teaches us — would be of no avail. The reason for urging the Congress to stand aside and delegate its responsibility to the state is therefore evident, since it foreshadows 'the clear possibility of the adoption of the most momentous or radical of changes in the organic law being brought about by the vote of the legislatures of a handful of states previously disinclined to it, at a time when an indefinite number of the states previously favorable to it had experienced a reversal of sentiment on the subject.'

If the country should wish to repeal the proposed amendment, it would be necessary to secure a two-thirds majority for repeal in both houses, as well as the consent of three-fourths of the state legislatures. But any thirteen states — and there are more than that number in the prohibition column today — would have the power, by refusing their assent, to make repeal impossible, no matter how insistent and sincere the demand for it in the other thirty-five. And a governmental policy fraught with such incalculable consequences, reaching into the very depths of our political and social life, the wellspring of ceaseless strife and of corruption, should be left to chance legislatures in the name of a public opinion which they cannot truly voice!

What hypocrisy may lurk behind the phrase, 'Let the people decide'! Is then representative government, as exemplified by the Congress, opposed to the interests of the people because it is a deliberative body, bound by certain rules, forms, and accountability for its actions? There is something humorous in the suggestion that a state legislator, drawn from goodness knows what patch in the hinterland, must possess a better sense of a national policy than he who is charged with specific responsibility for it, and who now is virtually being asked to delegate his authority.

III

The attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward government is more clearly revealed through its practices under prohibition. Of later years, perhaps emboldened by many successes, this body undertakes, not only to secure

sumptuary legislation but to dictate how it shall be enforced. Under local self-government, the function of making penal acts effective belongs to the established police authorities, coöperating with the proper judicial tribunals. Somehow these usual custodians of order do not seem to meet the exigencies of prohibition, since it is held necessary to create extraordinary police agencies charged with the single duty of enforcing the edict against drink. In Maine, a few years ago, the scandalous inactivity of the sheriffs and the police became too notorious even for that state to endure, and a commission was established with roving powers to visit every part of the commonwealth and supplement or rather supplant the work of the local police forces. Bitter resentment against this interference with local self-government, mixed of course with political considerations, soon put an end to the experiment. Recent prohibition legislation would anticipate all these difficulties.

The State of West Virginia wrote into her prohibition law open distrust of existing police powers when she established a prohibition commissioner endowed with authority on a par with that of the state's attorney-general and with the right to appoint a practically unlimited number of deputies to assist him in upholding the new law. This innovation in government has at least been welcomed by place-seekers: West Virginia is overrun by deputies armed with extraordinary power to interfere with personal liberty, as illustrated by their searching the baggage of inoffensive travelers, perhaps through passengers, and haling them before some magistrate upon the discovery of a small quantity of contraband goods, or on pure suspicion. Merely to provide the pay of these deputies has become a notable drain upon the already meagre state treasury; but that is a detail. The core of the situation is what the effect must be upon government when, in order to vindicate a single piece of legislation, it is thought necessary to brand the usual police authorities, chosen by the people or locally appointed, and who are sworn to execute all laws for public safety and welfare, as incapable of trust in the one respect of enforcing prohibition. What a singular travesty on methods of securing community order and decency! Incidentally, what a commentary on the assumption that in West Virginia, for instance, prohibition is backed by an all-pervasive and sound public sentiment!

This resort to specially devised agencies for the purpose of compelling obedience to a single law is illustrated in other prohibition states by the appointment of 'state rangers' (Tennessee), and 'liquor deputies,' or whatever fragrant name they may enjoy. The introduction of such elements into the governmental machinery of the state, and their maintenance, self-evidently denote a control of offices in the interest of no other public policy than that of prohibition; for its enforcement, especially in some Southern states where it is attempted, has become the pivot on which the whole scheme of government revolves. In view of the recent rampant criminality in some of the Southern states, one wonders whether their quest of public order and respect for law has no other meaning than enforcement of legislation against drink.

Perhaps the most sinister phase of the enforcement work is the pressure brought upon the courts — the undisguised efforts to influence their action in trials for violations of the liquor law. The practice of intimidation of this sort may even be threatened before the prohibition law in a given state goes into effect. For example, in the Portland (Oregon) *Journal*, December 18, 1915, we read, under the cap-

tion 'Dry League Chief Tours East-State,' the following story: —

'Superintendent R. P. Hutton of the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon is now making a tour in Eastern Oregon, explaining the prohibition law, telling "what is in it," and "how to get the good of it." "The proposed law and the proposed officials will secure more results with a bunch to back them, than the best law and the best officials can get if only an unorganized public sentiment is behind them."

'That is the burden of Mr. Hutton's message, and he is arranging for *organized demonstrations of public backing for enforcement to be made in the court room* when the first half-dozen trials come up in each county or in the local community.'

The violation of the sanctity of the courts by means of 'organized demonstration' of public backing for enforcement is an expedient borrowed from Southern prohibition states where it has been extensively used. Instances of mobs showing noisy hostility to prisoners on trial for ordinary offenses are fortunately exceedingly rare; and everywhere such offenders would be summarily punished. But in Southern prohibition states it appears to be allowable, not only to exact public pledges from judges and prosecuting officials in regard to the enforcement of prohibition (as to other laws they are presumably to be trusted), but to instruct a judge in open court, ask him to set aside any doubt that may attach to the possible guilt of the defendant and demand that the full penalty of the law shall be imposed.

To what length such intimidation of the courts may be carried was shown in Chattanooga, Tennessee, not many years ago. The local superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League served notice through the public press that at a given time he and others would call on the judge of the criminal court and find out why the prohibitory law was not enforced. To be sure, past grand juries had returned several hundred indictments against violators, and many fines and workhouse sentences had been imposed. Still, the judge permitted the self-constituted delegation to appear before the bench, listened meekly to the harangue against his administration of justice, and acceded to the demand that all holders of Federal special-tax certificates as liquor-dealers should be summoned before the open court. In Tennessee, as in many other prohibition states, the possession of such a certificate is *prima-facie* evidence of a violation of the law. The court surrendered to the mob and issued an order for the holders of these certificates to appear at a given time 'for further instruction.' In the end the tax certificates were surrendered, not to the court, who had no legal right to receive them, but — to the local superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League! And the farce proceeded 'while a large audience sat amazed at the outrageous spectacle.'

Tennessee, however, is not the only state that has suffered frequent degradation of her criminal courts at the hands of Prohibitionists. Coercive tactics against the courts have been employed also in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina — 'organized demonstrations' for enforcement is the polite name for this species of intimidation. It is easy to blame the judges for cowardice, but it requires a stiff backbone to stand up against onslaughts by those who have it in their power to end one's official career and scruple not at the means.

IV

To keep perpetual watch on the criminal courts is, however, an irksome occupation and cannot fully meet the needs of enforcement which may be

blocked by negligent prosecuting officials, and, moreover, requires the co-operation of other officials, especially that of the municipal authorities in large centres. So the infamous 'ouster' law was invented for the removal of officials whose activities or inactivities have become obnoxious to some people. This instrument of prohibition, manufactured and demanded solely in support of sumptuary law, is revolutionary, since it would substitute court-made for representative government.

Under the 'ouster' act of Tennessee, which prohibitionists elsewhere seem eager to emulate, the prosecuting attorney of the state, or of any city or county, may file a motion in the circuit or criminal courts for the removal of a public official from office for cause; or a suit to the same effect may be entered on the petition of ten citizens. Should the courts sustain the motion, they may remove officials elected by the people and substitute for them men who would be rejected at the polls. This is not fiction but fact. At this writing the cities of Memphis and Nashville are ruled by court-made mayors. The mayor of Memphis, for instance, was removed from office by ouster process, but in the meantime he was reëlected to serve a new term beginning with the present year. The prohibitionists, however, by the aid of the courts succeeded in restraining him from holding the office to which he had been legally chosen, and he is at present replaced, through court order, by a man who has not been elected. A more violent usurpation of the powers and prerogatives which our Constitution has lodged in the hands of the voters has rarely been witnessed. What hold the courts, when thus arraying themselves against the people, can have upon public confidence, it is for the prohibitionists to say, the sponsors of the ouster theory, which was put into practice at their behest, and solely intended as an adjunct in enforcing prohibition. Until its invention, known processes of law were thought sufficient to safeguard the public against inefficient or corrupt government.

It is probable that the ouster law will eventually prove its own undoing. When political faction is arrayed against political faction it proves an exceedingly convenient club wherewith those who are out of office may wreak vengeance upon those who are in. In several counties in Tennessee ouster proceedings have been begun against county officials by their political opponents and on the most flimsy pretexts, involving such questions as that of public road-building. Meanwhile, popular government becomes a by-word, and turbulence, strife, and bitterness succeed peaceful order. Over the whole spectacle is written in large letters — PROHIBITION.

That persons whose ruling idea is to make operative laws directed against one evil may, in their effort, become the spokesmen of essential lawlessness, is an easily understandable mental phenomenon. Accustomed to interfere with the course of justice and with representative government, it is natural that they should lack respect for property when it belongs to the liquor traffic. Therefore they demand its confiscation. In the absence of express provisions in our laws guaranteeing that no man shall be deprived, without compensation, of property rights that have enjoyed legal protection, the question of the legality of confiscation may be purely academic. The economic significance of the interests involved is not the real issue, although, purely from a business point of view, reasonable people may regard apprehensively their prospective obliteration, for the capital involved in the production of liquors consumed in this country ex-

ceeds eight hundred millions of dollars, and the disbursements for materials, taxes, transportation, wages, and other objects during one year amount to nearly the same sum. All this is exclusive of the retail trade, the sum of whose capital and outlay for wages, rent, and supplies other than liquors, exceeds a billion dollars per year. These figures far transcend ordinary comprehension, and the sudden extinction of the property and employment they represent would plainly cause financial disturbances on a scale rarely witnessed, affecting agriculture, commerce, industry, and banking throughout the land.

But even if it could be shown that this industry and the trade under it comprehend the sum total of the social and political ills from which we suffer, the confiscation of its property without compensation would lack all justification. The expropriation of the entire retail business could, of course, not be contemplated. It is a commonplace to state that the traffic in intoxicants has not only enjoyed the same legal sanction and protection as other business, but has been utilized liberally for purposes of taxation benefiting all citizens alike. No public murmur is raised against participation in this 'blood money,' and an instance is probably yet to be recorded of a prohibitionist who has refunded to the local, state, or national government his pro-rata share of the taxes levied on the trade, in order that he may not profit in any sense from the iniquitous traffic. Notwithstanding all this, the ruthless destruction of all the property involved is demanded as an act of justice — or is there a motive of retribution?

In other countries ethical principles in similar cases are followed also when there is no direct legal requirement of compensation. So far as the liquor industries themselves are concerned, there seems to be no question. France even granted the manufacturers of absinthe compensation, and Switzerland reimbursed the growers of the plant from which the poison is distilled; Russia compensated the producers of vodka upon the abolition of the state monopoly; England expropriates ancient rights to sell liquor for a reasonable consideration; and in countries where the underlying principle has recently come up for discussion, as in Norway and Sweden, there appears to be no disagreement about the equity of compensation, even for old selling privileges. The United States stands alone, and, may we not say, in the unenviable position of being willing to derive a large part of its revenue for state and Federal purposes from the liquor traffic, in long years representing billions of dollars, but ready to destroy by vote the creature of its own protection and profit without a cent in return. The might is there, also the 'legal' right, but where the justice? If the principle of confiscation without compensation be generally defensible, we might, as the next step, at the behest of Anti-Tobacco leagues prohibit the growing, manufacture, and sale of tobacco, which also form an important item of revenue to the Federal government, and let those made to suffer bear their own losses.

V

The final element in considering the relation of prohibition to government is how its non-enforcement affects the public mind. The introduction to the first volume published by the Committee of Fifty sketches this aspect of the situation as follows: —

'There have been concomitant evils of prohibitory legislation. The efforts to enforce it during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths, and law in general, and

for officers of the law, legislators, and public servants. The public have seen law defied, a whole generation of habitual law-breakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates for office hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation. Through an agitation which has always had a moral end, these immoralities have been developed and made conspicuous.'

The day before Christmas of 1915, a news dispatch was sent broadcast over the country, stating that the saloons of Portland, Maine, had been closed by the chief of police. No surprise was expressed that such institutions should still exist after sixty years of prohibition; nor was it intimated that they would be suppressed for good and all. Only two questions were asked: first, when will the dealers open again? and second, the more significant of the two, what is the political move behind the order to close? This instance is commonplace enough, but it illustrates abundantly the demoralization that seizes upon society at large when it tolerates such conditions.

A community whose public policy centres about the question whether prohibition shall be enforced loses its political sanity. The sense of right becomes warped when habitually in elections the fitness of a candidate is measured by his stand in relation to enforcement; and schooling in evasion and hypocrisy becomes an equipment for public affairs. Disrespect for public service, all too frequent in American life, augments ten-fold, and low standards are taken for granted.

High-minded individuals may writhe helplessly under such a condition; the political parties do not heed it as they jockey for position. But a party creed declaring absolute loyalty to a law while totally indifferent to its violation in letter as well as in spirit, is no choicer than the party creed definitely opposed to the same law or actively aiding its evasion. When enforcement is made a constant issue, the influence upon the public is bad enough; but when complete apathy settles upon a community, or the patrol wagon makes an occasional trip in search of revenue merely, decent respect for the government has ceased. A prominent publicist and investigator said to the writer that he had remained a steadfast prohibitionist for many years until he lived for a while in a prohibition state and observed the corroding effect on the public mind that is dominated in all its relations to government by the consideration whether fundamental and statutory laws shall be honored.

Gravely we are told to make light of such disquieting symptoms, to discount the aberrations of the zealots who really mean to vindicate pure government although their actions may seem to belie it. For when the sun of national prohibition rises it will melt away all the impure ice that encrusts sumptuary law unenforced; its rays will make virtue spring up in the habitation of vice, dissolve all hostile opposition, and cause personal and civic morality to flourish in barren places. Does the picture allure by its verisimilitude, or shall we face the pitiless facts?

What the future may hold in store we can only forecast from the present, and so far, unfortunately, the promises of prohibition have far outstripped performance. Some day, no doubt, society will be ready for measurement by new standards; but until then progress is not made by adding new evils to those that now burden us.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

'THE power of the Parthians was not so formidable as German liberty,' exclaims the greatest of Roman historians in concluding his description of the Teutonic nations. A semi-nomadic people, organized by tribes and communities under leaders chosen for their birth, popularity, and military prowess; living in scattered dwellings, for they despised cities and would not allow a continuity of houses; honoring the virtue of their women; recognizing as law their inherited customs, which were binding upon kings and freemen alike; trying offenders before members of the tribe; deciding important matters and enacting laws for their princes in the public assembly where not even kings were permitted to command, but only to persuade; jealous of their personal independence to the extent of laxity in their attendance, for too great punctuality might savor of servility; carrying their weapons wherever they went, for arms were the badge of liberty and citizenship; accompanied in their wars by their women and children, the darling witnesses of their conduct and the applauders of their valor — such were the people who, even when defeated, shook the Roman power. 'We have triumphed,' says Tacitus, 'and Germany is still unconquered.'

The successive bands of Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, who overwhelmed Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, brought with them this Germanic inheritance. Nowhere else was the barbarian conquest so thorough. The Roman provincials were all but exterminated, Roman civilization obliterated. Nor did Rome ever succeed, as on the continent, in casting the spell of her political, religious, or intellectual empire over these conquerors. English history — which in its broad aspects includes the history of the American people — begins with the Anglo-Saxon conquest, and throughout its course is essentially the record of the struggle, at times against foreign or reactionary kings, at other times against particular interests, for the preservation and development of the institutions and ideals which so profoundly impressed the Roman historians. The Germanic assembly became the prototype of the Witenagemot; the Witenagemot, after a long struggle with the Norman kings, emerged as the Parliament, and on this side of the Atlantic came to be known as Congress and State Legislature. The right of the people to choose the sovereign was vindicated by the Bill of Rights, and again by the Act of Settlement which brought the Hanoverian kings to England. From the conception of law as the growth of the free customs of the people developed the great body of the English Common Law, a law supreme over sovereign as well as subject, which Anglo-Saxons have carried as a treasured inheritance into every part of the world, and which they have made the basic law of most of the American commonwealths. The self-reliant warriors of Tacitus are reflected in the constitutional amend-

ment declaring that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed; the intense individualism which he described finds expression in the guaranties of religious freedom, of freedom of speech and of the press, of the right to assemble and petition, of security of life, liberty and property, and of many other rights, which have been claimed, reaffirmed, and emphasized in a long line of charters and declarations extending from Magna Carta to the Fifteenth Amendment. While repudiating the divine right of kings, the Anglo-Saxon people have steadily aimed to realize the divine right of man.

To this history the kindred people who remained in the ancestral home on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and in Schleswig offer no parallel. In fact, the direction of their development diverged sharply from the time when the progenitors of the modern Anglo-Saxons took their departure. They settled largely among the Roman provincials. The invaders brought with them their native law, the Romans remained subject, as before, to the *Corpus Juris*. The influence of the Church was such as gradually to efface the memory of Germanic institutions. Charlemagne, whom Germans to-day are proud to hail as the first Kaiser, well-nigh exterminated the Saxon tribes who dwelt between the Rhine and the Elbe, and overthrew the *Irmensäule* — said by some to commemorate the victory of Arminius over Varus. The Holy Roman Empire drew the Germanic races more and more under the spell of the ancient civilization. During the Hohenstaufen rule Roman law gained the ascendancy. In making the sovereign the source of law, and in placing him above the law, in inculcating an attitude of subjection and respect for prerogative, it offered advantages which the princes were glad to appropriate, and in 1495 it was formally adopted as the law of the Empire. Long before this the tribal organization had given way to the feudal system, and, as the power of the Emperors grew weaker in the struggle with the Papacy, the nobles seized upon every prerogative which the successors of the Cæsars lost. By the Peace of Westphalia most of them gained the formal recognition of their territorial independence and sovereignty, and to these were added a swarm of knights of the Empire who exercised a more or less capricious lordship over the peasantry, the villagers, and the despised Jews. In the twelfth century the Germans pushed across the Elbe, and farther to the East the Teutonic Order established its military supremacy over the heathen, non-German Prussians.

In all this territory, comprising two fifths of modern Germany, there was a mingling of Germanic and Slavic blood which may account, partly, for the special apathy of Prussians toward Germanic ideals of freedom. By the end of the eighteenth century the habit of subjection had become fixed. The lords of Hesse-Cassel, Brunswick, and Hesse-Hanau complacently drove a bargain in human chattels with George III — himself by descent, inheritance, and every instinct a German princeling — and sent twenty-nine thousand of their subjects to subjugate the American colonies. The work of the Peoples' Parliament in Prussia was frustrated by the refusal of the King to recognize his subjects in the preamble of the proposed constitution, and the members were forcibly dispersed. The Frankfurt Parliament drafted an imperial constitution, including in it a Bill of Rights, offered the German crown to the Prussian King, and as a reward was hounded into obloquy. In ignominy ended these feeble efforts of the German people to accomplish something

politically for themselves. The future developments were the work of the princes, and resulted in giving to Prussia a sham constitution, and in bestowing upon the Empire an organic law which, while it carefully prescribed the model for military uniforms, overlooked rights of person and of property, and provided an appointive federal council which, under the scheme arranged, can nullify every act of the lower house.

Under this régime the Germanic birth-right of independence and individual initiative has been contentedly bartered away for workmen's pensions and insurance, and for petty employment in a widely ramified bureaucracy, until the ancient spirit of the race finds only a hollow mockery in the action of the Social Democrats, who leave the Reichstag in a body when the cheers for the Emperor are announced. The rights of man have vanished before the divine right of the State, and the divine right of the State is personified in the King and Emperor.

Let this not be understood as a glorification of Anglo-Saxon democracy, for that is still in the making. Though we have liberty, we have not yet learned to curb the abuse of liberty by the cunning, nor the misuse of it by the incompetent. Nor is it the intention of this article to disparage the great work of German philosophers, poets, artists, scientists, and musicians, or even the products of present-day German materialism. The outstanding fact is that, having from a common origin reached these opposite extremes of political development, no nations had more to learn from each other than had the Anglo-Saxon nations — England and the United States — and Germany.

The dying Faust sees his highest ideals realized on a free soil and among a free people: —

> Freedom alone he earns as well as life
> Who day by day must conquer them anew.

The political apostasy of the German people and the eclectic attitude of the American mind made sympathetic intercourse mutually desirable, and in no way could American citizens of German birth have better served both their native and their adoptive lands than by mediating between the distinctive habits of thought which they presented. To do this required complete sympathy with our institutions, an understanding of American history, and an appreciation of the political inheritance which came to us through England. As natural heirs to the best that the Fatherland has produced in culture and in human character, and as the legatees of Anglo-Saxon freedom, it was their high privilege to reunite through mutual understanding the long-separated branches of the Germanic family. This was the mission of the German element in the United States.

II

The incentive which brought the Pilgrims to New England also inspired the German immigrations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1677 William Penn visited the Pietists of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The desire to escape the persecutions of the state church led to the settlement by members of this sect of Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1683. Other sects — the Moravians, Mennonites, Lutherans, Dunkers — followed. The same ideal was the impelling motive for all — freedom to worship after the dictates of their own consciences. They were quickly converted to the political thinking of their Anglo-Saxon neighbors and bore an honorable part in the Revolutionary War. They and their descendants became Americans in every sense of the word.

The high tides of German immigration during the first seventy years of

the nineteenth century are marked by the political troubles in the old country — the suppression of the student societies and turnvereins in 1820, the revolution of 1832, and the more important revolution of 1848. Each of these disturbances sent its quota of political refugees to America. Driven from their native land, these enthusiasts cherished for many years the idea of founding in the new world a German state in which their aspirations for German nationalism, unity, and freedom could be realized. They severely upbraided their countrymen who had preceded them for having allowed themselves to become Americanized. As Germans they felt that they had a mission to fulfill, and that mission was nothing less than the complete Germanizing of the United States. This was to be accomplished through their intellectual superiority, and also by founding German communities and from these as centres making their influence felt throughout the country. A German university was to be established. It was at one time proposed to concentrate German immigration in Wisconsin, until through a preponderance of the population they had succeeded in replacing English with German as the language of the courts, of the legislature and of the schools. Many schemes were suggested for planting German states in the western territories. *Niles's Register* remarks in a contemporary paragraph that 'a plan is in progress in the southwest of Germany to make up a state and ship it over to America to become the twenty-fifth member of the confederacy.'

Fantastic though these schemes appear, they were seriously undertaken, and fully justified the nativistic ideas of the Know-Nothing Party of the fifties. One society alone sent twenty-five hundred immigrants into Texas for the purpose of founding another Germany.

The secession agitation and the Civil War put an end to these dreams. The German element saw their adopted country threatened with the sectionalism which had been the tragedy of the German people, and with commendable spirit they threw themselves on the side of the Union cause.

The succeeding immigration differed markedly from those that have been described. Neither religious liberty nor political freedom was the goal of the swarms which landed on our shores during the eighties and nineties. They had no spiritual interest in America, for they came hither primarily to improve their material condition. There was also this striking difference — the earlier immigrants brought with them bitter memories of German disunion and of the tyrannies of their petty princes. Pride of nationality they had, but little of state or country. Their political allegiance, and all that it implied, they were glad to cast off as a loathed garment. The later arrivals, on the other hand, came, not as refugees, but as the subjects of a united empire whose power and achievements inspired them with a conscious pride. They were prone to criticize the institutions and customs of the new country and to make invidious comparisons with what they had left behind. The better educated revived the separatist ideals of the former revolutionaries, but with the Empire, rather than the German people, as the background. To journalists, clergymen, and teachers, who depended upon a German-speaking public for their livelihood, this movement was, of course, a matter of practical interest. But there were many others who, before leaving the old country, had become obsessed with the rapidly developing ideas of Germany's imperial destiny in politics, commerce, and culture.

These ideas, too, had stimulated in

the Fatherland a greater interest in those who had migrated to other countries. In 1881 there was organized the 'Educational Alliance for the Preservation of German Culture in Foreign Lands.'[1] It sought to retain at least the spiritual and intellectual allegiance of German emigrants. 'Not a man can we spare,' — so read its declaration of principles — 'if we expect to hold our own against the one hundred and twenty-five million who already speak the English language and who have preëmpted the most desirable fields for expansion.'

A similar thought inspired the Pan-German Alliance.[2] 'The Germans are a race of rulers,' it declared; 'as such they must be respected everywhere in the world. We do not believe that German national development ended with the results of 1871, great and glorious though they were.' A number of branches of this society, as well as of the Navy League,[3] were established in the United States.

Many of the educated class kept in touch with these movements in Germany. They began to agitate among their countrymen for the solidarity of the German element, the preservation of the German language, and the spread of German culture. Their appeals found a ready response among the recent arrivals, and even engaged the attention of the older element, who, though having no interest in Germany as a state, still cherished the memory of the Fatherland as the home of Goethe, of Schiller, of Grimms' Fairy Tales, of the philosophers and musicians. The agitators, permeated with the teachings of modern German historians, pointed to what they regarded as signs of the impending dissolution of the British Empire; Germany was destined to overthrow the colossus with the feet of clay, and succeed it as a world-empire; German culture would be supreme, the German language the universal tongue. Anglo-Saxon civilization they both disparaged as decadent and cordially hated; Puritanism represented its most odious phase. They proclaimed that only in a political and geographical sense were they Americans — in all other respects they remained Germans; they condemned any approach to assimilation, and decried the moral of Zangwill's *Melting Pot*. Some sought to give the propaganda a patriotic guise by declaring that it was the sacred mission of the German element to guard themselves, their language, and their culture from native influences in order that as a chosen people they might save America from the decay which was destroying the vitals of everything Anglo-Saxon. A monthly magazine, *Der deutsche Vorkämpfer*, began publication as the special exponent of these ideas.

The media for the propaganda were the German newspapers, German societies, churches, and schools. There are probably six hundred periodicals in the United States printed in the German language. From 1890 on, the number has been diminishing, and the circulation has been practically stationary. It was, of course, highly important for them to maintain the interest of their subscribers in things German, especially in view of the fact that the immigration, which reached its high tide in 1882, dwindled during the nineties, and after 1900 practically ceased.

Organizations of every kind have always been a feature of German life in America. The national 'Sängerbund' was organized in 1849. The turnvereins organized as far back as 1848 and have had a national alliance since 1850.

[1] Allgemeiner deutscher Schulverein zur Erhaltung des Deutschthums im Auslande.

[2] Alldeutscher Verband.

[3] Flottenverein.

To-day they boast forty thousand members, and have a normal school in Indianapolis. In 1870 the association of German teachers [1] was formed, and soon after that a training school was established in Milwaukee. In 1885 a national organization of German schools [2] was started, but met with the opposition of certain elements which, while they favored the propaganda for the German language in parts of Austria and Hungary, could see no reason for such a movement in the United States.

There are associations of German veterans and reservists, many mutual aid and benefit societies, the well-known singing societies, and innumerable other organizations.

Under the influence of the new propaganda, all these societies were brought into closer touch with one another. In 1897 the German societies of Pennsylvania were organized into a state federation. Other states followed, and in 1901 the state federations were united in the National German-American Alliance.[3] This achievement the Germans regard as of the greatest importance for their future. The Alliance claims to be the head and front of everything German in the United States.

The Alliance now claims to reach through its subordinate state and local federations and individual societies no less than two million German citizens. Its principal objects, as officially announced, are to increase the feeling of solidarity and unity among the German element; to oppose nativistic efforts; to remove purely educational tests as a requirement for citizenship; to combat Puritan influences, particularly prohibition and the restriction of the liquor traffic; to bring about legislation making compulsory the teaching of German in certain grades of the public schools, and to revise school histories in the direction of emphasizing German influences in the national and institutional development of the United States.

Ever since its organization the Alliance has been energetically pursuing these objects. It is active in supporting the training school at Milwaukee. Prizes and medals are offered to encourage scholarship in German. Its standing committee on historical study examines textbooks to assure itself that the German cause is given proper consideration. At the recent national convention it recommended the introduction of the study of German history in the public schools 'for the reason that only with a knowledge of the history of German politics and culture could an understanding of American history be acquired.' It is made the duty of every subordinate society to see to it that its members become voters as soon as possible. 'Become citizens and exercise your right of suffrage. Accept public office and support German candidates,' was the admonition of the president of the Alliance in a recent address.

Though disclaiming partisan politics, the organization has always urged its members to vote for candidates favoring legislation on behalf of the German language and the 'liberal' view as opposed to prohibition. Several states have made the teaching of German in the grade schools obligatory upon petition of a certain number of voters.

Prohibition appears to have been the favorite bugbear of the Alliance from the beginning. It would be hard to equal the bitterness of the opposition to this movement. A 'shameful and despicable propaganda,' a 'criminal activity,' the 'work of a dark

[1] Deutschamerikanischer Lehrerbund.
[2] National deutschamerikanischer Schulverein.
[3] Deutschamerikanischer Nationalbund.

brood,' are some of the epithets which the official *Bulletin* reports its members as using. In some way it has come to be regarded as directed especially against the German element. 'The question involves the existence of the German people in the United States, just as the existence of Germany and Austria are at stake on the battlefields of Europe,' declared the president of the Alliance recently. This hatred is due to the belief that prohibition is peculiarly representative of Puritanism; and Puritanism, to their minds, is the typical product of the Anglo-Saxon spirit.

And right here the Alliance has drawn the racial line. It was indicated by the opposition to the treaty of arbitration with England proposed by President Taft, and in the attempts to frustrate every movement looking to a better understanding with English-speaking nations — what the leaders of the Alliance have denominated 'Anglo-Saxon imperialism.' As announced in the official *Bulletin*, 'The National Alliance is waging war against Anglo-Saxonism, against the fanatical enemies of personal liberty, and political freedom; it is combating narrow-minded, benighted knownothingism, the influence of the British, and the enslaving Puritanism which had its birth in England.' 'German, German to the core,' is the watchword proclaimed by the New York *Staatszeitung*, the most influential German daily in the United States. This newspaper denounced the Young amendment to the New York constitution, which proposed to make the ability to read and write the English language a requirement for the suffrage. 'It is a pro-British propaganda,' the *Staatszeitung* declared, 'and it will not cease with the end of the war, but will only begin at that time. It affects primarily us Americans of German blood, who, in this war also, will be put upon our own resources. The race war which we shall be compelled to go through on American soil will be our world-war.'

III

With the outbreak of the war in Europe the separatist ideal was intensified and the activities of the Alliance multiplied. Word was sent to every locality to organize a press bureau; to be ready to send communications to the local newspapers in answer to any unfriendly criticism of Germany, and, if no retraction followed, to cancel subscriptions. A special call for this work was issued to schoolteachers and to all those who had studied in Germany. From the headquarters of the Alliance resolutions were sent to nearly every newspaper in the United States demanding that it follow a policy of impartiality in its news service and editorial columns. Finally, as these measures did not bring about a revulsion of sentiment in favor of the Fatherland, all publications friendly to the Allies were denounced as controlled by British capital or suborned by the 'reptile fund' of Downing Street. 'Read German papers only,' became the watchword. As a result, it was claimed that the circulation of many papers printed in English experienced a serious decline, while the German press prospered correspondingly.

The Anglo-Saxon rights to assemble and petition the government were availed of with frequency and ostentation. 'We have long since given up the attempt to convert the Anglo-Americans — we must now impress them with our power,' advised the *Westliche Post*. Accordingly, mass meetings were held which every loyal German was urged to attend. Forms of petitions favoring the Vollmer Resolution, which forbade the export of arms, were sent

to every society with the request that they be filled out and forwarded to members of Congress. The 'American Truth Society,' an organization inspired by the Alliance, sent questionnaires to every representative and senator for the purpose of learning his attitude on this and other questions. Those sending in unsatisfactory answers were threatened with the united opposition of the German element. 'Not as Republicans, not as Democrats, not as Progressives should we vote,' declared one of the leaders, 'but as German-Americans, as hyphenated citizens.'

To this, of course, no objection could be raised. But it was not long before partisanship developed into an abuse of these constitutional privileges. In the dark days following the Lusitania tragedy, when it was a matter of honor with every American to forget personal prejudices in unswerving loyalty to the country, the summons was sent from the headquarters of the Alliance to every state organization requesting it to wire the President that their members and an overwhelming majority of the citizens of their respective states were opposed to drastic measures against Germany as unjustified. In response to this mandate telegrams poured in upon a sorely harassed executive, denouncing the victims of the tragedy for having traveled on a British ship; asserting that the tragedy would not have occurred had this government put an embargo on munitions and insisted upon the right to ship provisions to the central allies; that England had purposely failed in her duty to convoy the Lusitania in order to invite her destruction and bring on a war with Germany; and urging that reparation be demanded of the British government.

At a mass meeting of German citizens in St. Louis resolutions were adopted, excusing the sinking on the ground of our unneutral attitude in failing to lay an embargo on munitions. 'The American passengers were warned by the German Ambassador in the English newspapers. That warning saved the lives of hundreds of Americans, and for this Count von Bernstorff should receive the thanks of the American people.' At a mass meeting in New York, which Captains von Papen and Boy-Ed and the Turkish Consul-General attended as guests, one speaker declared that 'so long as our government permits the export of arms, so long will German-Americans refuse to ask that ships like the Lusitania be spared.' The degree of patriotism that inspired some of the promoters of this demonstration may be judged from the fact that one of the prominent speakers was subsequently indicted with the notorious Franz von Rintelen, for conspiracy in restraint of the foreign commerce of the United States.

When the mass of petitions failed to move the administration, it was denounced as merely the Washington branch of the English government; the Secretary of State was dubbed the messenger boy of Sir Edward Grey, and the heads of the government were contemptuously referred to as the 'ammunition brokerage firm of Wilson and Bryan.' Apparently our German friends had entirely forgotten the provisions of sections ninety-four to ninety-seven of the *Reichsstrafgesetzbuch*, which would have been promptly applied to similar conduct in the beloved Fatherland.

The denunciations which German-Americans have heaped upon the unfortunates of the Lusitania for their foolhardiness in risking their lives and jeopardizing the friendly relations of the United States and Germany can be aptly turned against the National Alliance itself. The April issue of the offi-

cial *Bulletin* called upon all Germans to defeat the 'starvation blockade' of England by forwarding provisions to their relatives and friends in Germany by parcel post, and gave detailed directions for such shipment. Any interference with such packages, it was advised, would constitute a *casus belli*. To excite feeling against England old disputes were revived and the long-forgotten tirades which they occasioned were reprinted and circulated. The officers of the Alliance were officious in presenting before the State Department the claims of citizens whose property had been held up by the British blockade. The German societies in the South urged the cotton-growers to insist upon their right to ship their product to Germany unless an embargo should be placed on munitions. England, they repeated again and again, had always been the tyrant of the seas, the sworn enemy of America.

A feature of the agitation has been the large number of organizations which have, apparently, sprung spontaneously into existence. Among these are the 'American Neutrality League,' which professes to favor simon-pure neutrality by opposing the export of arms; the 'American Independence Union,' which advocates a real independence of England by the observance of true neutrality; the 'American Truth Society,' which professes to have that jewel, so far as it relates to the war, in its exclusive possession; the 'Friends of Peace,' who abhor the munitions traffic on humanitarian grounds and whose convention in Chicago was promoted by the president of the New York federation of German societies; and many others. All are mere aliases for the same agencies — the same names appear in the directorates and memberships. So apparent was this fact that the president of the National Alliance suggested the advisability of the officers of the 'American Independence Union' resigning in favor of gentlemen whose names would not so clearly betray their German origin and partisanship. He also urged the members to form branch societies of the 'American Neutrality League,' cautioning them, however, to avail themselves, so far as possible, of Anglo-Americans for the official positions.

The American Truth Society has been the principal literary agency of the propaganda. In view of the reiterated protestations of undivided loyalty which head all petitions circulated by the German sympathizers, the pamphlet, *A German-American War*, published immediately after the Lusitania tragedy, is interesting. The author, who is the president of the society, seriously questions the loyalty of the German element in the event of a war with Germany, and goes so far as to predict a revolution which would drench the country in blood. If this is the brand of truth the society espouses, its work need not be taken seriously.

Besides these organizations there are those which are frankly German in name as well as in sympathy, such as the 'German Defense Committee,' and the 'German Information Bureau.'

Just as the German government counted upon an insurrection in Ireland, so the Alliance and the partisans of Germany in this country turned to Irish organizations for support. As far back as 1907 a working agreement was made with the Ancient Order of Hibernians; in 1910 the scope of the agreement was enlarged. Since the war the branch societies have been urged to get into touch with similar Irish organizations. Accordingly, Germans have assisted ostentatiously in the celebration of Irish holidays. In some places the enthusiasts further 'hyphenated' their citizenship by the

formation of 'German-Irish-American' organizations.

There is no question that these activities, like the discontent in Ireland, were carefully noted by agents of the German government and set down as an asset in the event of war. Several years ago the Kaiser conferred upon the president of the National German-American Alliance the Order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class — not a high honor, to be sure, but a trinket which would naturally be appreciated by any German who felt that he was only geographically and politically an American.

Bernhardi predicted that in the event of war between England and Germany the United States would gladly seize upon the opportunity to effect the conquest of Canada. A pamphlet addressed to the German element has recently made its appearance in the United States. The author proposes the following plan: —

'Many Americans are hoping for an expedition against Canada during this war; some, of course, are dubious about such a proceeding in view of the weakness of the American Army. For that reason the idea is freely advanced in the American press that recourse should be had to the five hundred thousand German reservists in the United States, who would form the backbone of an army that could immediately be pushed against the Canadian frontier. In this long frontier England has always presented the most vulnerable part of her entire colonial empire; Canada, too, presents a far greater area for friction with the United States than the West Indian Archipelago.

'But even if the German-Americans cannot persuade their countrymen of the advantages of such a proceeding against Canada, they nevertheless have the opportunity of inciting and equipping the German reservists in America for an independent campaign against Canada, even though the official circles of the German element would, to appearances, have to keep aloof. Before the battle of the Falkland Islands the plan had received consideration of sending the five cruisers of Admiral Spee to Vancouver and of providing a rendezvous on this rich island for the army which was to be improvised in this manner. The *Times* gave the alarm and the British Ambassador in Washington protested to the American government against the massing of armed Germans on the Canadian border which the press described.

'Some other rendezvous than Vancouver could be selected, and, if it were not betrayed, such an expedition against Canada promises satisfactory results. Troops there are in plenty, since, according to official statistics, five hundred and fifty thousand German reservists are being detained in the United States, of whom thirty-five thousand are in New York City and fifty-three thousand in Chicago. These men are lacking neither in enthusiasm nor warlike spirit. Furthermore, the German troops would undoubtedly be received with open arms by the Germans of Canada, who, according to the census of 1911, number five hundred twenty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.'

These statements might be regarded as merely the vaporings of an irresponsible pamphleteer but for the fact that the volume contains an introduction bearing the name of Admiral von Knorr, of the German Navy. Then, too, the indictments recently returned against the German Consul-General at San Francisco, together with several members of his staff, for conspiracy to organize a military expedition, give the statements some degree of official endorsement.

IV

It is quite improbable that all this persistent, and ofttimes intemperate, propaganda, has gained converts for the German cause. It has, however, had one important effect — it has encouraged the amazing effrontery with which agents of the German government and German subjects in private life have prosecuted their designs in the United States. While these demonstrations were not taken seriously by native Americans, they served, nevertheless, to give to these foreigners an exaggerated idea of the strength of the pro-German sentiment. Backed by this sentiment they could defy the law and transgress diplomatic privilege. This was the natural inference which the attachés of the German embassy and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador drew from the expressions at the 'peace' meetings which followed the Lusitania tragedy. The convicted officials of the Hamburg-America line, the perpetrators of passport frauds and bomb outrages, and the paid instigators of strikes felt that their crimes were condoned by a large and influential portion of the public, and that the rest were at most indifferent.

The field seemed prepared for an active propaganda from official sources. In April, 1915, Franz von Rintelen, an agent of the German secret service, was sent to New York with a large fund for the purpose of convincing labor of the inhumanity of the munitions industry. The notorious 'Labor's National Peace Council' was promoted. To the everlasting credit of the representatives of labor be it said that they were never deceived as to the true purposes of the organization, or tempted by its campaign fund. The character of the 'labor' interested in the movement can be gauged by the personalities of those subsequently indicted in connection with its work. A few individuals were attracted to Washington by the promises of a junket with all expenses paid, and the group was dubbed a 'convention.' 'Part of the activities of this organization,' says District Attorney H. Snowden Marshall, 'consisted in stirring up strikes in various plants which were engaged in munition manufacture. In each case where a strike was purchased there was labor opposition to the strike.' With Von Rintelen's departure, which occurred just in time to enable him to escape the clutches of the law, and with the indictment of the other promoters, the labors of the council came to an end.

German agents next turned their attention to the organization of the 'American Embargo Conference.' With this work the German embassy was kept closely in touch. Germans were cautioned to keep in the background, in order that the movement might have, to all outward appearances, a purely American character. Nevertheless, the National Alliance is actively supporting the work, which consists chiefly in flooding members of Congress with petitions, letters, and post-cards calling for the interdiction of the traffic in munitions. The Alliance also makes frequent appeals to its members to support the *Fatherland*, a magazine whose editor, as published correspondence shows, has received payments from German agents. Many efforts have been made by them to acquire control of a newspaper or press agency for promulgating the German view in the United States.

German diplomacy failed, according to Maximilian Harden, because it proceeded on the theory that the other man was a stupid fellow. The efforts of the German agents in the United States have failed because they underestimated the intelligence of the American

people. 'Nowhere,' says Dr. Eduard Meyer, professor of history in the University of Berlin, 'has the general hostility to Germany manifested itself more surprisingly or with greater intensity than in the United States. Here at least we had flattered ourselves that we had gained a firm foothold.' The appeals to the civilized world, issued broadcast by German professors and theologians at the beginning of the war, have given place to pamphlets with such inquiring titles as 'Why do the Nations Hate us?' 'Why are we Disliked Abroad?' 'The Unfriendliness of America,' and so on. The solutions presented are in the main the same. It is the answer which the parvenu in wealth and power always flings at his critics: 'They are jealous of my success.'

Viewed in the light of history, the propaganda of those Germans who are only geographically and politically Americans is as unnatural as it is pernicious. It stands condemned by the results which would follow its adoption by other nationalities in this country. The United States would become a polyglot jumble of compact organizations in which French, Italians, Slovaks, Poles, Jews, Greeks, and every other people would strive to preserve their peculiar customs, institutions, and languages; the more virile would naturally attempt to impose their distinctive ideas of culture on all the others; racial feuds would disrupt the country and make of it a heterogeneous mass of warring factions. Under these influences an American nation would be impossible, and without an American nation the American state would succumb to disintegration.

Nor can the activity of these propagandists be defended under the ægis of a superior German culture. True culture demands neither a press agent nor a conscious propaganda. Twenty-two hundred years after Chæronea Greek thought still dominates the modern world. Germans are proud to assert that Lessing discovered Shakespeare before he was duly appreciated even by his own countrymen, and that to-day his dramas enjoy a greater vogue in Germany than among English-speaking peoples. This was not the result of any imperial policy, of any 'will to power,' nor was any propaganda necessary to attract Longfellow, Bancroft, and the thousands of other Americans who have studied in German universities. The influence of true German culture lies in the power of no man and of no government either to limit or to destroy. It is prized as highly by native Americans as by native Germans. But every people — and in time this will include the Germans themselves — resents the muezzin-call of the zealots of modern 'Kultur.' It makes neither for comity nor for good will. Japan has acquired more 'Kultur' than any other country, and yet no peoples entertain for each other the same degree of dislike as the Germans and the Japanese.

The separatist ideal pursued with increasing zeal during the last twenty years made the fulfillment of the mission of the German element impossible. A people that insisted upon the superiority of their own culture, disparaged the Anglo-Saxon race as decadent, put themselves in ostentatious opposition to everything which might savor of English influence, had simply fallen from their high calling. Under the influence of false leaders they became nothing more or less than the dupes of Prussian Junkerdom.

In estimating the activities of the Germans during the last eighteen months, allowance must be made for the high tension of feeling produced by the war. Nor must it be imagined that the majority of Germans in this country subscribe to the opinions put forth by the noisy propagandists. This group,

though compact and well organized, forms but a small fraction of the thirty millions of citizens of German birth or descent in this country. But it is for this majority, for the descendants of those who fought at Oriskany; of those who over the trenches of Yorktown heard the opposing commands given in their native tongue, and finally saw the garrison march out to the music of German airs; of those who fought under Schurz and Sigel in the Civil War, to rebuke these false prophets, and to turn the aspirations of their countrymen in the direction of true American nationalism.

SHARKS OF THE AIR

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

THE sea raid, the land raid, the airship raid — this was the trio of bugaboos under the menace of which Britain, uninvaded, almost unthreatened, for a thousand years, stirred uneasily at the outbreak of the war and turned anxious eyes toward the leaden mist curtain which veiled the North Sea. Then the bulldog of the Navy, after a tentative snap or two, set its teeth in an ever-tightening stranglehold, and with the dying gasps of German sea-power the threat of the sea and land raids disappeared for good. So far as England was concerned, only the ways of the air were left open to Germany; only the menace of the Zeppelin remained.

And when weeks had lengthened to months, and summer had given way to autumn, and autumn to winter, without the threatened bombing from the sky, the name of Zeppelin ceased to have interest for the stolid Briton, now just awakening to the fact that he had a mighty task to perform beyond the seas. Continued immunity bred contempt, and even the fore-running raids of the spring of 1915 failed to stir London from her impassive calm. By midsummer she was showing signs of being bored with the whole subject, and the sky-searching antics of the comedians in her packed music halls began to be greeted with yawns from the stalls. She was becoming impatient of her darkened streets, and captious 'Pro Bono Publicos' wrote to the papers demanding more illumination and a general return to 'Business as Usual.'

The 'authorities' still kept up a pretense of preparedness. The so-called anti-aircraft guns — really a nondescript lot of ordnance, left over after the fittest of the few available pieces had been requisitioned for use in France, on the coast or by the Navy — still had their crews of half-trained amateurs, and the golden beams of the searchlights continued to whirl and dip and curtsey in their nocturnal minuets. Buckets of water and boxes of sand stood ready for emergency use in the art galleries and museums, and on the hoardings conspicuous posters gave with meticulous particularity instructions as to how one should act if Zeppelin bombs began raining in his vicinity.

At the first sight of a hostile airship, we were told, we should repair at once to the nearest cellar, and in case a smarting sensation in the nostrils indicated the release of deleterious gas, the mouth and nose should be covered with a moist double bandage containing a layer of carbonate of soda. Some of the pharmacies displayed patent anti-gas respirators in their windows, but none would admit ever having had an inquiry for one.

'We've got a war to fight. Zepps ain't war; fergit 'em.' So a London bus conductor summed up the situation to me, and so seemed to feel the majority of his fellow townsmen of all classes.

Such, as regards Zeppelins, was the spirit of 'London and the Eastern Counties' — to use the official phrase — as the summer of 1915 waxed and began to wane. Something of how this spirit met the trying events of the months which followed, I shall try to show by a few extracts from my journal. In deference to the wishes of the British Censorship the names of several points in London have been slightly altered.

I

On Board Yacht ———
en voyage,
Wroxam Broad to Hickling Broad
August —

We sailed and poled along the river and canal yesterday, and in the afternoon moored to the bank at this point, which is but a mile or two from the North Sea. The morning papers, which we picked up as we passed through the little village of Potter Heigham, contained an official bulletin telling of a Zeppelin raid on the 'Eastern Counties' the previous night; and later in the day word was brought us that Lowestoft, the great trawlers' port about twenty miles to the southeast, had been heavily bombed. A second raid in this vicinity seemed, therefore, anything but likely.

The afternoon closed in one of those characteristic butterfly chases of sunshine and showers so familiar to the August *voyageur* on The Broads, and, lounging at ease on deck after dinner, we had watched the twilight aeroplane patrol, stenciled in black silhouette against the glowing western clouds, pass north from Yarmouth to meet its fellow from the Cromer hangars. A half hour later the sharp staccato of its engine, rather than its blurred image against the paling afterglow, told us of its homeward flight.

It was a good two hours after the drumming of the aeroplane's engine had ceased to be heard that a strange new sound became audible, first distantly, in the puffs of the quickening night breeze, soon more imminent and with steady insistence. It was apparently the booming explosions of powerful gas engines, and presently, blending with this, could be distinguished a buzzing clackity-clack that suggested whirring propellers.

'Another aeroplane,' suggested one. 'A fleet of aeroplanes,' hazarded another. 'A dirigible threshing-machine,' opined a third. And, judging by the now almost overpowering rush of sound, the latter was nearest to the truth.

The whole universe seemed to have resolved itself into one mighty roar, and I distinctly recall that the mainsail halyard by which I steadied myself vibrated to the beat of the pulsating grind from above. For a moment — sensing rather than seeing — I was aware of a great black bulk blotting out the stars above the river, and then, stabbing the darkness like a flaming sword, the yellow flash of a searchlight leapt forth from the dusky void and ran in swift zigzags back and forth across the marshes and canals beneath. Now a herd of cows could be seen staggering

dazedly to their feet, now the startled bridge-players on the deck of the house-boat moored above were revealed, and now our own eyes blinked blindly in the yellow glare before the questing shaft darted on down the river to spot-light an eel-fisher's shanty on the dyke and the gaunt frame of a towering Dutch windmill beyond.

Now it found the sharp right-angling bend of the river, quivered there for a second or two, and then flashed out, leaving a blanker blackness behind. At almost the same instant the 'Thing of Terror' — a hurtling mass of roaring engines and clattering propellers — shot by overhead, followed by a confused wake of conflicting air-currents. It passed straight down above the middle of the river at a height of not over 300 feet, and beneath the dimly guessed bulk of it bright chinks and squares of light, broken by the shadows of moving men, plotted the lines of two under-slung cars. A Zeppelin had passed almost within a stone's throw.

The lights of the car leaped sharply upward almost as soon as the bend of the river was reached, and at the end of a couple of minutes the roar of the engines dwindled to a distant buzz and died away completely. Ten minutes passed, during which the old eel-fisher went on stringing his traps across the river and the house-boaters resumed their interrupted bridge. Then a red signal light flashed out in the heavens in the direction of Yarmouth, and at almost the same moment, clear and sharp, came the sound of furious light-artillery fire. This lasted for only a minute or two, and there was another eight- or ten-minute interval before a still more distant sound of gun-fire became faintly audible. Drowning the crack of these latest shots suddenly came the roll of a heavy boom, quickly to be followed by another, and another, and another, until a dozen or more had sounded. Then the peaceful silence of the early evening resumed its sway.

The eel-fisher finished sinking his traps before paddling up the gangway of the yacht and venturing a casual inquiry as to whether or not we had 'chanct to see the Zepp.' 'Her do this onct befoor,' he chirruped. ' 'Er gets bearin's from 'e' riv'r an' then 'eds off fu No'ich o' Ya'muth. I be thinkin' if 'er knowed this grouse moor b'longed tu Ser Edderd Grey, 'er'd a bombed it good as 'er goed by.'

This morning the London papers have the bulletin of still another raid on the 'Eastern Counties,' with a good many casualties; also an account of how a Zeppelin was brought down in the North Sea and destroyed by aeroplanes from Nieuport.

II

LONDON, *September* —

Yesterday's papers had the usual account of an air raid on the 'Eastern Counties,' and during the day word was passed round that this had consisted of an attempt to bomb the Woolwich Arsenal. This morning they have finally had to add 'and London' to the regular formula, as last night, for the first time, bombs were dropped upon the heart of the city and seven million people watched the whole performance. It was the nearest thing to their promised 'big raid' that the Germans have yet brought off, and to-day London — in the defense of the metropolitan area of which guns were fired for the first time in many hundreds of years — appears to have declared a sort of informal half-holiday to note the consequences.

To Londoners, a Zeppelin raid appears to be a good deal like the paradoxical 'man-sitting-on-the-pin' joke — it is funniest to those who miss the point. To the ones in the swath of the

raid, like the one who sits on the pin, it is anything but a laughing matter. 'But the swath of the raid is so narrow, London so broad; the killed so few, Londoners so many. If this is the worst the Huns can do, on with "Business as Usual!"' There is no denying that this epitomizes the spirit of London —even as it mourns its dead — on the morrow of the first great air raid of history. For myself, I must admit that I was rather too near the point of the pin, and have since seen rather too many of the 'pin-pricks,' to be able to look at the diversion from quite the standpoint of the great majority.

Last night was clear, calm, and moonless — ideal Zeppelin conditions — and walking down from my hotel to the Coliseum at eight o'clock, I noticed that the searchlights were turning the dome of the sky into one great kaleidoscope with their weaving bands of brightness. The warming-up drill was over as I entered the music hall, and, returning home at the end of the 'top-liner's' act, I picked my precarious way by the light of the stars and the diffused halos of what had once been street lamps. I was in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two, all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focused in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires of the 'City.'

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly, these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the skyline. Many of these fires died away quickly, — sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court; more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets, — others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

The wooden clackity-clack of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about half a mile distant. After that, things happened so fast that my recollections, though photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last 'calmly calculative' act was to measure one of the oncoming airships — then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead — between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right hand, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas-bag with about a half inch to spare.

Up to this moment, the almost undeviating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they *seemed* not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it oc-

curred to me that the basement — for the next minute or two at least — would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a small but brilliant light winked twice or thrice from below the leading airship, and a point or two of change was made in the course, with the possible purpose (it has since occurred to me) of swinging across the great group of conjoined railway termini a half mile or so to the north. This meant that the swath of the bombs would be cut at least a hundred yards to the northeast, and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window.

During the next half minute the bombs fell singly at three- or four-second intervals. Then the blinking light flashed out under the leader again, — probably the order for 'rapid fire,' — and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fire-trails — not unlike the wakes of meteors — lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any one time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs, the lines of fire streamed in a forward curve, but from about halfway down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth, the hiss of cloven air — similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell — became audible, and a second or two later, the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell in a length of five blocks, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the next. Broken glass tinkled down to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo — it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half-latched door, and all down one side of the square curtains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. (I did not sit down and ponder the question at the moment, but the phenomenon is readily explained by the fact that, because the force of the explosives used in Zeppelin bombs is invariably exerted upwards, the air from the lower level is drawn in to fill the vacuum thus created. This also accounts for the fact that all of the window glass shattered by the raiders has fallen on the sidewalks instead of inside the rooms.)

Tremendous as was the spectacle of the long line of fires extending out of eyescope to the City and beyond, there is no denying that the dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun-fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to be almost 'hovering' when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a Maypole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward, — probably at the release of a heavy bomb, — but, controlled by rudders and planes, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. Indeed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the lithe grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift

swayings and rightings, in the powerful guiding movements of those hinged 'tails,' and all at once the picture of a gaunt 'man-eater' nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South-Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words 'Sharks! Sharks of the air!' leaped to my lips.

While the marauders still floated with bare steerage-way in flaunting disdain, the inexplicably delayed firing order to the guns was flashed around, and — like a pack of dogs baying the moon, and with scarcely more effect — London's 'air defense' came into action. Everything, from machine guns to three- and four-inchers, — not one in the lot built for anti-aircraft work, — belched forth the best it had. Up went the bullets and shrapnel, and down they came again, down on the roofs and streets of London. Far, far below the contemptuous airships the little stars of bursting shrapnel spat forth their steel bullets in spiteful impotence, and back they rained on the tiles and cobbles.

Suddenly a gruffer growl burst forth from the yelping pack, as the gunners of some hitherto unleashed piece of ordnance received orders to join the attack. At the first shot a star-burst pricked the night in the rear of the second airship, and well on a line with it; a second exploded fairly above it; and then — all at once I was conscious that the searchlights were playing on a swelling cloud of white mist which was trailing away into the northeast. The Zeppelin had evidently taken a leaf from the book of the squid.

The tinkle of shrapnel bullets on the roof sent me down at this juncture to join the gathering of my fellow guests on the ground floor, where, on the manager's calling attention to the fact that my knees were shaking from the cold, I was glad to avail myself of the loan of his overcoat. I was not unappreciative of his delicacy in attributing the undeniable shiver in my frame to the cold, and I have not yet entirely made up my mind just to what extent the chill night air, standing in a twisted and cramped position in order to look up, and sheer funk shared the responsibility for it.

I have been under shell-fire on several occasions, and I confess quite frankly that I never before felt anywhere near so 'panicky' as during that long half minute in which the airships appeared certain to pass directly overhead. The explanation of this, it seems to me, may be found in the fact that, in the trenches or in a fort which is under fire, one is among cool, determined, and often callous men who are meeting the expected as a part of the day's work, while in a Zeppelin raid one is more or less unconsciously affected by the unexpectedness of it, and by the very natural terror of the unhardened non-combatants. At any rate, to say that there was not a very contagious brand of terror 'in the air' in the immediate vicinity of the swath of last night's raid would be to say something that was not true of my own neighborhood.

As soon as the firing ceased I slipped into my street clothes and hurried out, reaching the 'Square' perhaps ten minutes after the last bomb had fallen. That terror still brooded was evident from the white, anxious faces at street doors and basement gratings, but a mounting spirit was recorded in the gratuitous advice shouted out by the 'Boots' at a hotel entrance to a portly and not un-Teutonic-looking gentleman who went puffing under a street light.

'No use hurryin', mister,' chirped the young irrepressible. 'Last Zepp fer Berlin's jus' pulled out.'

At the end of a block my feet were crunching glass at every step, and a few moments later I was in the direct track of the raid. By a strange chance — it

is impossible that it could have happened by intent — that last fierce rain of bombs had descended upon the one part of London where the hospitals stand thicker than in any other; and yet, while every one of these was windowless and scarred from explosions in streets and adjacent squares, not one appeared to have been hit. One large building devoted entirely to nervous disorders was a bedlam of hysteria, and the nurses are said to have had a terrible time in getting their patients in hand. From another, given over to infantile paralysis, hip-disease, and other ailments of children, came a pitiful chorus of wails in baby treble. The other hospitals, including one or two foreign ones, appeared to be proceeding quietly with their share of the work of succor, receiving and caring for the victims as fast as they could be hurried in.

The fires, except for a couple of wide glows in the direction of the City and a gay geyser of flame from a broken gas main in the next block, had disappeared as by magic, and most of the places where bombs had dropped in this vicinity could be located only by the little knots of people before the barred doors, or by following a line of hose from an engine.

Except for an occasional covered stretcher being borne out to a waiting ambulance, the killed and maimed were little in evidence; and but for a chance encounter with a friend who was doing some sort of volunteer surgical work, I should have failed entirely to have an intimate glimpse of the grimmer side of the raid. I jostled him at a barrier where the crowd was being held back from a bombed tenement, and he pressed me into service forthwith.

'They are trying to uncover some kiddies on the second floor. Four of them — all in one room,' he explained. 'Two floors above smashed in on them. Everybody fagged out, and I'm after some brandy to buck 'em up. You're fresh. Take this armlet and tell the police at the door I sent you.'

The little lettered khaki band passed me by the police cordon, and I found myself in the lantern-lighted hallway of a rickety brick building such as they erected as tenements in London thirty or forty years ago. Two blanket-covered bodies lay on the floor waiting to be removed to the morgue, and a third, hideously mangled but still breathing, was being hastily bandaged by a doctor before sending on to the hospital. A dozen children were crying in a room which opened off the hall, and there, too, a hysterical woman in a nightgown, her face and hands streaming blood, was being restrained by a couple of uniformed police-women from rushing up the sagging stairway.

A fireman who had collapsed on the floor gave me his axe, and a special constable with a lantern guided me up the quaking stairs to a little back flat, where several men, distinguished by armlets as some kind of volunteers, were hacking away at the pile of débris which filled most of one of the rooms. Four children had been sleeping in that room, explained the policeman, and one of them had been heard whimpering a while back. There was no light but a lantern and a flash torch, he added, and every one was dead played out; but just the same, they were going to stick to it as long as there was a chance that the 'nipper' was alive.

This must have been somewhere around midnight, and it was by the first light of dawn leaking in through the shattered beams and rafters that we reached the last of the little bruised bodies buried under the débris. The ghastly interval between was in many respects the most trying I have ever experienced. Somebody's strength, or nerves, or courage was giving way

every few minutes, and there was one dreadful quarter hour during which we all had to knock off and help hold down the now stark-mad mother who had somehow escaped from the room below. For our reward we found that the youngest child was breathing, and might continue to do so, according to the doctor, for several hours. Its two brothers and its sister had mercifully been killed outright in the first crash.

Same day, 7.30 P.M.

I wrote the foregoing after a couple of hours of sleep; then went out and spent the rest of the day back-tracking the raiders. As the swath was largely cut through the tenement and slum districts of the East End, the property damage was not great, but, for the same reason, the loss of life must have been considerable. Pathetic little funerals — the kind one sees advertised on posters of enterprising Shoreditch and Whitechapel undertakers as costing two pounds, ten shillings, with hearse and two carriages, with an extra carriage added for an even three pounds — were to be seen here and there; but withal there was a remarkable absence of 'hate' observable in the crowds that thronged from far and near to view the work of the nocturnal visitors from beyond the North Sea.

It is, indeed, well said that the Briton is a poor hater, and almost the only evidence that I could see of his being stirred by the events of last night was in the heightened activity of recruiting. The astute authorities, quick to see the advantage of taking the tide at flood, kept speakers — both civilians and soldiers — all day at the barriers where the crowds were held back in the vicinities of the points bombed, and many hitherto wavering volunteers were gathered in as a consequence. Here and there threatening crowds gathered in front of bakeries and butcher shops which bore German names; but their leaders were half-tipsy cockney dames whom the ever imperturbable 'Bobbies' had no trouble in hustling on out of the way. No, stubborn fighter that he is, the Briton is only the most indifferent of haters.

III

From the time of the big raid, in early September, until the second week in October there was not a single night on which the moon, wind, clouds, or some combination of meteorological conditions was not unfavorable to Zeppelin action, and it was not until this date that they tried to come again. Although rather nearer than before to two or three of the explosions, I had no such opportunity to view the progress of the raid as on the previous occasion, and this latest bombing is, perhaps, most memorable to me as having served to shake the monumental calm of two of the most famous and impressive of all London's institutions, the 'Bobby' and the Frivolity chorus girl. I turn again to my journal.

LONDON, *October* —

I was at the Frivolity last night with my friend Captain J—— of the Royal Artillery, home from France on a week's leave, to see an oculist. About nine-thirty, the nearing boom of heavy explosions heralded another Zeppelin attack. I started for the door at once, but J——, an old Londoner, pulled me down into my stall by the coat-tail, dryly observing that, right before us under the Frivolity footlights, there was transpiring an infinitely more epochal event than anything that could possibly be seen outside.

'We have had other Zeppelin raids,' he shouted close to my ear, to make himself heard above the uneasy bustle which filled the theatre as the bombs

boomed more imminent, 'but never before in history has man beheld the Frivolity chorus shaken from its traditional languor. But now look! They faint to left and right, and I'm jolly certain that M—— does n't get her cue to embrace G—— until the next act. 'Pon my word, I never expected to live to see the waters of this fount of brides for the British peerage so disturbed.' J——'s voice trailed off into wondering speechlessness.

'Boom!' This time it was close at hand, and the rattle of falling débris could be heard above the discordant wail of the mechanically laboring orchestra. Utterly unable to sit still any longer, I shook off J——'s restraining arm and reached a side exit just as two bombs fell, in quick succession, a hundred yards up the Avenue. Again I was conscious of those strange rushes of air from the 'wrong' direction which I had experienced during the previous raid. The panes of the upper windows shivered to bits, but the fragments, striking the reinforced glass of the marquee, were robbed of their force before they had caromed to the sidewalk.

On both sides of the Avenue glass was falling in countless tons, — in one great corner building alone, 25,000 pounds of plate glass are estimated to have been shattered, — and there is no doubt that many were killed and injured by being caught under the vitreous avalanche.

Almost immediately, three or four more bombs fell beyond the Avenue, there was another crescendo of falling glass, and then a lone Zeppelin — apparently at the end of its ammunition — headed up and off to the northeast pursued by a single searchlight beam and a scattering gun-fire.

The Frivolity chorus, having been soothed and revived, resumed its wonted demeanor and took up the dropped thread of the performance, and J——, no longer held a fascinated captor by the wonder of its lapse, joined me on the sidewalk to see what had been happening outside. It is a remarkable fact that the great majority of the audience, many of whom had not stirred from their seats, elected to remain and see the show out. From the three theatres opposite, however, one of which had been struck, considerable numbers were pouring forth. But not in all the now dense crowd in the Avenue were there the symptoms of a panic.

As we stepped from the curb, something tinkled against my foot. Picking it up, it turned out to be a still warm piece of torn steel which J—— identified at once as a fragment of the casing of an incendiary bomb. It was not over an eighth of an inch thick, but of such superlative quality that it rang like a silver bell even to the tap of a fingernail. A far more murderous fragment of shivered metal, which J—— kicked into a few minutes later, was a piece of shrapnel casing, and there is no doubt that the casualties from anti-aircraft-gun projectiles are very considerable.

The police and fire department work was even more remarkable than in the September raid. Not a single tell-tale glow marked the path by which the Zeppelin had come, and the only fire in our immediate vicinity was the spout from another sundered gas main. Barriers already shut off the crowds from the points where the worst damage had been done, and the work of removing the dead and wounded was being carried on quietly and expeditiously.

A bomb falling in the Avenue, midway between a motor bus and a taxi, had taken a heavy toll of the passengers of both, while the two vehicles, still standing upright, had been flattened until their appearance was not unlike that of their respective 'property' prototypes occasionally employed to give perspective to the stage-setting of a

street. A dozen or more dead and wounded lay in a row in front of a gin palace which had collapsed under a bomb; but, as far as we could see or learn, there had been little if any loss of life in the historic old theatre which had been struck.

A sinister coincidence had landed one bomb on a temporary wooden building occupied as Belgian Refugee headquarters. Miraculously, however, although the rickety frame was blown quite out of shape, no fire was started among the small mountains of highly inflammable baggage on which the bomb exploded.

'The 'Uns ain't satisfied with wot they did to 'em in Belg'um,' snorted an indignant coster, viewing the wreck; 'the baby-killers 'ad to follow 'em to Lunnon.' This was, I believe, about the nearest thing to 'hate' that I heard expressed during the several hours we mingled with the crowds on the streets.

Faring on down the 'bomb-track' into that historic section of Old London which lies to the east of the Avenue, we came upon an apparition quite as astounding to me as the spectacle of the 'panicky' Frivolity girls had been to J——. It was nothing less than a London police constable, hatless, breathless, and so little master of himself that he was unable to respond with the customary 'First to the right, second to the left, and so on' formula when we asked him the way to the B—— Court, where we had heard there had been heavy damage. Slamming down on the pavement a heavy burden which he carried by a loop of wire, he began jabbering something to the effect that the 'bloomin' pill' came down ' 'arf a rod' from where he stood, and that orders called for the instant fetching of all 'evidences' to the nearest station. I switched on my electric-torch, — everybody here has carried them since the streets were darkened, — to recoil before the sight of the pear-shaped cone of dented steel toppled over on the cobbles at my feet.

'Good heavens, man, you've got an unexploded bomb!' I gasped, backing against the wall. 'What do you mean by slamming it around in that way?'

'If she did n't go off after fallin' from the sky, I fancy she can stand a drop of a few inches,' was the reply. 'It is n't 'avin' 'er 'ere, sir, that gets my nerves. They went to pieces when she came down and bounced along the pavement in front of where I stood.'

'Perhaps she has a time fuse, set to go off when she gets a crowd around her,' said the irrepressible J—— by way of encouragement. 'The Huns are adepts at just such forms of subtlety. Better leave her alone for a spell.'

Shaking in every limb, but still resolved to carry out 'orders' to the last, the doughty chap slipped his bleeding fingers through the wire loop and trudged off on his way to the station, staggering under the weight of half a hundred pounds of 'T.N.T.' [1] That he reached there without mishap is evidenced by a flashlight in one of the 'penny pictorials' this morning showing both him and his booty at the wicket of the B—— Street Police Station.

Two or three times during the next couple of hours searchlights flashed out to the east and south, and the blink of shrapnel bursting under barely defined patches of pale yellow indicated that the raid was an ambitious one, participated in by many airships. The heart of the city, however, was not reached again. I have it on good authority this morning that a number of bombs were exploded on the works at Woolwich, but even if true, this only goes to show that Britain's great arsenal, if not less, is at least not more vulnerable than the non-military areas.

If possible, London took this latest

[1] Trinitrotoluol.

raid even more calmly than the previous one, and the level-headed practicality of the remark of the bus conductor I have quoted — 'We've got a war to fight. Zepps ain't war; fergit 'em!' — may be taken as fairly representing the frame of mind in which the metropolis awaits the really frightful visitation that Germany has promised.

For three months following the October visitation there were no further air raids on England, and it was known that this immunity was due to one or more of four things: the strengthening of Britain's anti-aircraft defenses, unfavorable weather, the efficacy of the Allies' reprisals on South German cities, or a dawning realization on the part of Germany that the maximum physical damage which can possibly be inflicted on Great Britain by air raids can never be more than an insignificant fraction of the damage done to the Teutonic cause as a consequence of resorting to this form of terrorism.

As weeks lengthened to months without an attack — even though incessant reports from a score of sources told of feverish Zeppelin construction in all parts of the Kaiser's dominions — there awakened a hope in the breasts of Germany's enemies and her friends that the humanitarian consideration had been the moving one. This hope was rudely crushed by the mid-January aeroplane raid — evidently a scouting reconnoissance — upon Kent, and the renewed Zeppelin attacks on Paris and the Midland counties. Subject only to the weather, then, and to such defensive measures as may be taken in France and England, we now know that this least warranted and most cruel of all forms of Teutonic 'frightfulness' may be expected to continue until the end of the war.

MEISSNER PASHA ON THE EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE

BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

I

It has been well said, in summing up the development of colonial railways throughout the world, that the Briton has built his lines to help him carry 'The White Man's Burden,' while most of the German lines were constructed to help shift 'The White Man's Burden' back upon the shoulders of the black. This same diversity of spirit has been observable in many phases of British and Teutonic colonial endeavor in all parts of the world. The one represents what has been called the 'humanitarian school,' the other the 'repressive'; and the results — British success and German failure — are pretty well commensurate with their respective deserts.

Germany 'bludgeoned' and blundered in China, Polynesia, and on both coasts of Africa, and the place where she 'bludgeoned' the least happens to be the only one in which she was able to get a really comprehensive constructive programme well under way. This was in Asiatic Turkey, and possibly some explanation of Teutonic success

ASIA MINOR, ILLUSTRATING THE POSSIBILITIES OF A TEUTONIC ATTACK ON THE SUEZ CANAL

there is found in the fact that Asiatic Turkey was not a German colony, and Germany therefore did not, up to the outbreak of the war, have a sufficiently free hand to warrant swinging the bludgeon in quite the same way as where the standard of the double-headed eagle was already planted. Now that the Kaiser has been supreme for a year over a considerable portion of this region there is ample evidence that the old repressive policy has begun to act automatically in alienating the peoples to whom it is applied. However that may be, it is also true that a very potent factor in gaining for Germany the strong position which there is no denying that she held in the several years immediately preceding the war, was Meissner Pasha, the railway-builder.

Meissner, who is but a few years older than the Kaiser, went out to Turkey as a young engineer shortly before Wilhelm ascended the throne, and has made one portion or another of the Ottoman Empire his special field of endeavor ever since. As Germany's 'Eastward Ho!' policy was a nebulous hope rather than a definite plan, up to the beginning of the present century, the first decade or so of his work in Turkey was as unselfish in character as were the labors of those distinguished Britons who have built the railways of Argentina and Peru or reformed the customs of China. During this period the foundation of the present railway system was laid in what was then Turkey in Europe, and considerable construction was also carried on in Asia Minor. How much of Meissner's work of the last fifteen years has been in direct furtherance of the Kaiser's far-reaching Eastern ambitions, it would be very difficult to say; probably, indeed, he has little idea himself. But however much he has been made a pawn in the game of *Realpolitik*, I am

confident that there are very few who have followed his work of the last thirty years who will not grant that the mainspring of his personal efforts was a deep and sincere affection for Turkey and the Turkish people. The type is a common one in the last century of British history, but Meissner is the only German I have ever met worthy of inclusion with the elect.

'Meissner's looks and accent are Teutonic,' an American missionary of Basra said to me in 1912, 'but his humanity is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. He has enough heart to qualify for an Indian civil servant — a mighty rare thing in a German — and there is no question of the sincerity of his devotion to the Turks.'

There was no doubt of the sinister activities of the great majority of the Germans whom one met in all parts of Asiatic Turkey in 1912–13, whether they professed to be archæologists, engineers, officials, or masked their missions behind cloaks of inconsequent bluster or disdainful reserve. Yet meeting Meissner Pasha among all of these, I nevertheless formed an opinion of him very similar to that quoted above, and I distinctly recall bracketing him — in an article which I wrote, in 1913, for *Indian Eastern Engineering* of Calcutta — with Sir William Willcocks as one of the 'Restorers of the Garden of Eden'; this, of course, on the assumption that railways were quite as essential as dams and canals to Mesopotamian reclamation. Doubtless he, like all the rest of his countrymen, was entirely cognizant of, and committed to, the 'Deutschland über Alles' programme; but in his case at least, I am sure, this was leavened with a strong desire to be also of service to Turkey. Whether or not he had an ulterior motive, it is undeniable that, as Chief Engineer of the Hedjaz and Bagdad railways, he played — and is still playing — a highly important part in the extension of Germanic influence over Asiatic Turkey; and for this reason, if for no other, some of his observations regarding the possibilities and limitations of these lines, in the event of Germany's ever trying to 'consolidate' her position beyond the Mediterranean, should be of especial interest at this time, when such an attempt seems about to be launched. I am setting down no statement that I have any reason to believe was made to me in confidence, nor yet anything that Herr Meissner could have especial grounds for desiring to withhold from publicity, either now or in the future.

II

My most extended conversation with Herr Meissner took place during a tour I made in his company over the Bagdad-Samara section of the Bagdad Railway, — work upon the southern end of which was just getting under way, — and a political turn was given to our talk, if I remember correctly, by my inquiring why, when it was apparent to every one that the descent of Italy on Tripoli meant the almost inevitable defection of the former from the Triple Alliance, all the German officers I had met in Bagdad appeared to be so well pleased with the course events had taken.

'I think you will find,' said Herr Meissner, raising himself on his elbow to ease the jolting of the *arabanah* by which we were traveling, 'that they are pleased because, while it is fairly certain that Italy has been lost to the Alliance, there is no possible doubt that Turkey has been gained.'

'Then you believe that Turkey is more powerful than Italy?' I asked incredulously.

'Not *I* necessarily,' he corrected, 'but *they* — the German officers. They

believe that Turkey is, not more powerful than Italy, perhaps, but far more useful to Germany, especially in certain contingencies. As for myself, I heartily regret anything that might make war more likely, for my own country in the first place, and, in the second place, for Turkey — especially Asiatic Turkey — which I have spent the best part of my life trying to build up.'

'You mean that Germany believes she could strike a successful blow at Egypt and the Suez Canal through Palestine?' I queried in surprise.

'I mean that a certain section of German military opinion holds such a thing possible, and that, also, command of — or shall I say coöperation with? — Turkey, might exert potent influence on events in the Middle as well as the Near East.'

'You mean — India?' I asked with dawning comprehension.

Herr Meissner neither spoke nor even nodded; but his smile was palpably confirmative.

'Germany, even with Turkey, could not threaten India across these endless miles of deserts, in a hundred years,' I protested. 'Russia, incomparably better situated geographically and strategically, and with an age-long thirst for warm water, has shrunk from the task for half a century.'

'Possibly you are correct,' was the reply. 'But our militarists probably tell each other (though they would hardly tell you) that, with the Bagdad Railway all the way to the Persian Gulf, with two or three branches to the Persian border and beyond, and with the not invulnerable Russo-Perso-Indian Railway through to Baluchistan and Karachi, things might eventuate which would enable them to turn these deserts and their peoples to good account. Also, they doubtless tell each other that the Egyptian adventure would be consummated first, and that the success of this could not fail to have a great influence on India.'

A blue print map of Asiatic Turkey and the route of the Bagdad Railway was spread out across our knees, and suddenly there leaped to my mind what I felt sure was the correct explanation of that long détour of the railway to Mosul, on the Tigris, concerning which I had heard so much puzzled speculation in India.

'Your Excellency has, I think, furnished me with a clue as to why the Bagdad Railway is being built three or four hundred miles out of its way, through the sterile north Mesopotamian region and down the almost desert right bank of the Tigris, when it could have followed the direct route along the old caravan road by the Euphrates, where it would have been in a potentially fruitful country all the way to the Persian Gulf,' I hazarded boldly. 'Was it not because this more roundabout route flanks Armenia on the south and parallels the Persian frontier for four hundred miles on the west, while Mosul, situated at the hub occupied by old Nineveh, is an ideal point of departure for the penetration — either peaceful or warlike — of Northern Persia?'

Again Herr Meissner confirmed my conjecture with a smile though not with words.

Since the 'Egyptian adventure' had been hinted to be held as a condition precedent to the threatening of India, I now began to grope for light in that direction.

'But surely Your Excellency does not believe it possible to push a sufficient force across the Egyptian frontier to create more than a temporary diversion at the Suez Canal,' I said. 'The Turks would never be equal to organizing an adequate army, to say nothing of the task of transporting it across the great stretches of desert be-

tween the Hedjaz Railway and the Canal.'

'True,' admitted Herr Meissner, 'but the organization would hardly be left in Turkish hands. As for transportation — as the builder of the Hedjaz Railway, the problems in that connection would doubtless be turned over to me. I should probably be called to look after the task in person if I were still active in Turkey, and at least in an advisory capacity if I had been superannuated home.'

'And do you think the thing could be done? Would you welcome the task?' I asked.

'It would hardly be proper for me to state my views on the transportation problems,' he replied, 'but I may say that certain influential German strategists believe that the Suez Canal could be cut and held if sufficient strength could be concentrated for the attack. Just to what extent they would count on favoring diversions elsewhere I cannot say. As to whether or not I would welcome the task, let me register a most emphatic negative. Its success — let us say the cutting of the Canal and the conquest of the Nile Delta — would bring a series of events in its train that could do no good and might result in much harm to Turkey; while its failure would mean the end of her as a nation — perhaps actual dismemberment. How great a blow such an event would mean to me I will hardly need tell you. My thirty years of work in this country have made me almost as much of a Turk as I am a German.'

In reply to further questions Herr Meissner stated plainly that anything in the way of a 'surprise' attack on the Canal could be nothing more than a raid, which might or might not inflict some damage before retiring. A real attack would involve many months of preparation, including not only the laying of light railways across the desert, but the practical reconstruction — preferably a double-tracking — of the Hedjaz line to Damascus, the French-built railway from Damascus to Aleppo *via* Rayak, and the main trunk of the Bagdad Railway from Aleppo through Asia Minor to the Bosporus. The completion of the tunnels on the Bagdad Railway through the Taurus and Amanus mountains would, he considered, be an absolute *sine qua non* to the success of such an expedition as that under discussion.

'Ten years from now a force operating from the north and east against Suez might be fed from Mesopotamia, but it is certain that the reclamation of that region will not have gone far enough in less than a decade to make it a considerable exporter of food. As it will be for the next ten years, then, with the enemy in front, deserts to the south and east, and Palestine and Syria hardly able to feed their own populations, an army moving on Suez would have to be fed from Asia Minor and munitioned from Europe. For that very considerable task an unbroken double track all the way from Scutari, opposite Constantinople, to near the Palestine frontier would seem to be almost imperative. As you have doubtless observed, railway construction in Turkey is beset with more difficulties and fraught with more delays than in any other country in the world. The throwing down of two, or even four, tracks of light railway to and across the Egyptian frontier would be no prohibitive task at any time, — the country is hardly so forbidding as that stretch of the Sudan across which Kitchener laid track at the rate of a mile or two a day when he tried to relieve Gordon at Khartum, — but the providing of really adequate communications with the Bosporus might well be a matter of years. I should greatly deplore, for reasons I have already stated, the under-

taking of this operation at all; but if it has to come, I should at least hope that it may not be inside of five years, or, better still, ten.'

To my inquiry as to whether or not he meant to imply that an operation against Suez undertaken inside of five years — say, previous to 1917 — would be foredoomed to failure, Herr Meissner was noncommittal, but to a somewhat less pointed question he vouchsafed a qualified answer.

'Supposing,' I said, 'that five or ten years had gone by, and that the adequate railway communications which you have stipulated had been established in the interim, and that only three or four months of light-railway construction at high speed were necessary to throw an attacking army upon Egypt, would not those three or four months — considering the central position of Suez — always be sufficient for the massing of overwhelming forces — English, Indian, Egyptian, and Australian — at that point for its protection?'

'Frankly, I am not competent to express an opinion,' replied Meissner; 'but' — after a moment's hesitation — 'I think our strategists — though they discount help from Egypt, India, and Australia — would reckon on being faced by superior numbers and base their expectations of success on superiority of organization, personnel and *matériel;* and they might hint at "diversions" among the Mohammedans of North Africa and the Middle East.'

The foregoing sums up, so far as my notes and memory go, the main points of Meissner Pasha's observations — as expressed in the course of our meetings of 1912 — regarding the rôle likely to be played by the Hedjaz and connecting railways in the event of a Turko-German attack upon Egypt. Worth pondering over, however, by those who have taken it for granted that Germany's establishment of unbroken communications with Constantinople means anything like a breaking of the Allies' blockade through the opening up to her of the mineral and agricultural wealth of Asiatic Turkey, is this remark of Meissner's regarding the resources of the region in question: —

'There has been far too much of a tendency in Germany and England to look upon this part of the Ottoman Empire as a great storehouse, the wealth of which would become available to the world immediately the doors were unlocked by means of railways. This is a most erroneous impression. The wealth is here, but it is potential, not existent, wealth, and will only be won at the end of many years of patient preparation. Mesopotamia may be shipping a few foodstuffs five years from now, but I do not look to see the oil of Hitt, or the copper of Diarbekir, figuring in world returns before 1920.'

These facts are, of course, known to any one who is familiar with the vast voids of the interior of Turkey-in-Asia, but they seem very little appreciated by people in general. As a matter of fact, the Central Empires will gain nothing whatever of use to them from Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, and from Asia Minor they will secure only an almost negligible food-supply and an even less considerable amount of short-staple cotton.

III

I left lower Mesopotamia in the spring of 1912, and made my way to Mosul and Aleppo over the route of the Bagdad Railway, stopping not infrequently at the camps of the engineers along the way. From Aleppo I went to Damascus and Beirut, and spent the following two months in Palestine and Arabia, not a little of the time along the route of the Hedjaz Railway. Re-

turning to Aleppo in the autumn, I encountered Meissner Pasha — who had come up the Euphrates by *arabanah* from Bagdad — and had the pleasure of another evening in his company. Almost his first question, on hearing where I had been, was, 'What do you think of the Hedjaz Railway?' And in reply I took from my pocket the manuscript of an article I had just completed and was about to dispatch to the *Railway Age Gazette* of New York, on the railroads of Syria and Palestine, and indicated the following paragraph: —

'Although it still bears evidence — in solidly constructed culverts and bridges and well-run levels — of the skill of the distinguished engineer who built it, the Hedjaz line, opened scarcely half a decade ago, has deteriorated to a point where it has no rival for the title of "The Worst Run, and the Worst Run-Down Railway in the World." Most of its engines — their boilers eaten out by the alkali water — are on the scrap-heap, and the rest are on their way there. The trains, nominally run on the constantly varying Arab time, can rarely be depended upon to leave even their termini within an hour or two of the minute scheduled. All in all, the much vaunted "Pilgrim's Railway" rivals the remains of Baalbek for the completeness of its ruin, failing to come up to the latter only on the score of picturesqueness.'

'That about epitomizes my impression of the Hedjaz Railway as it is today, your Excellency,' I added, 'and I might say further that, if it has ever to be put in shape for that little operation against Egypt which we discussed in Mesopotamia, the cleaning-up job will be on a scale to make Hercules's labor with the Augean Stables look like a sideshow.'

It was a flippant, not to say a rude, speech, and I regretted it the moment it had passed my lips. Meissner's reply, however, was 'more in sorrow than in anger.'

'I don't wonder that the Hedjaz Railway seems a joke to you, or to any foreigner, or to any but myself who have spent some of the best years of my life in the building of it. So perhaps you will find it hard to believe me when I say that its steady destruction — I can use no other word — under the *laissez-aller* policy of the Turks has been to me the nearest approach to a tragedy I have ever known. Less than five years ago, I turned over to the Ottoman government one of the best built railways Asia had ever known, and they have made of it — yes, you have used the right word — a ruin. Do you wonder that I refused to undertake the construction of the Bagdad Railway until the Porte had agreed to operate it, after completion, under German management?

'As for having to employ it for operations against Egypt (there would be no use in denying to you after what you have seen of where it runs, that strategic considerations were not lost sight of in keeping it so far from the coast and the dangers of a sea raid), if that contingency ever arises, why, we will simply have to make out the best we can with it. There is no other line of communications available — assuming of course that sea-control were in the hands of the enemy. But please believe me when I say that, from the bottom of my heart, I hope that contingency may never arise.'

I met Meissner Pasha more or less casually on several other occasions during my subsequent travels in Asiatic Turkey, but at no time did I hear him say, nor yet have I ever had authentic word of his doing, aught to indicate that — personally at least — he was not entirely sincere in the sentiments expressed that evening in Aleppo regarding a possible attack upon Egypt

from Turkey. I have of course always known that, like all the other Germans in the Near East, he was chained for life to the Kaiser's war chariot, and it is, therefore, with no surprise that I read in the late Berlin papers that he is directing the railway preparations for the long-heralded advance on Suez. There can be no doubt that he is doing the best he can with the facilities at his disposal, and it may be taken for granted that Meissner's best — because he is trusted by the Turks and Arabs and has the faculty of getting on with them — will be a good deal more than any other German could accomplish under the circumstances. But deep in his heart he knows that, however good his best is, it will not be good enough, for the task ahead of him is far more nearly prohibitive than it was at the time he told me that an indispensable condition precedent to its success was a double-track railway between Sinai and the Bosporus. Not only is there no double track — except for considerable sidings — along any portion of this tenuous line, but even single-track communication is still unestablished through the Taurus and Amanus mountains. Practically all of the food, and every bit of the munitions, of an army operating against Suez will have to break bulk at least twice and be portaged over what are now snow-clogged passes of considerable altitude, and after that be worried along a zigzag route to Palestine over lines which, though connecting, are not of uniform gauge, and were, up to the outbreak of the war, under German, French, and Turkish management respectively. Then will come the trans-shipment to the light desert railways in the rear of the army. To tinker this sorry patchwork into an efficient line of communications for a modern army is the task set for Meissner Pasha and his engineers, and there is no doubt that they will 'do the best they can' at it, however far that best would seem foredoomed to fall short of what would be necessary for anything approaching success.

It might also be pointed out that the actual military problem of attacking Suez — according to the views outlined by Meissner Pasha as being those of the German strategists of three years ago — has become an incomparably more difficult one. The 'diversions' in North Africa and the Middle East have failed utterly to materialize, while, on the other hand, the active coöperation of India and Australia with Great Britain has become a *fait accompli*. With undisputed sea-control, the ability of Britain to concentrate overwhelming numbers for the defense of Suez is greater than ever before, while — more important still, perhaps — the vaunted superiority of Teutonic personnel and matériel has been proved a myth on every field of Europe. Even with the way clear between Germany and Constantinople, Suez is safer to-day than it was at the outbreak of the war.

For the resolute and energetic Meissner Pasha, the consolation obtained through being able to restore the ruin of the Hedjaz Railway will probably be a good deal more than offset by the realization that the words he spoke in 1912 regarding the consequences of a Turko-German-Egyptian adventure hold good with added force to-day; and, moreover, that the worst of the alternatives he conceded at that time —the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire — seems in process of inevitable fulfillment.

KITCHENER'S MOB

II. IN THE TRENCHES AT LOOS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

We were wet and tired and cold and hungry, for we left the train miles back of the firing-line and had been marching through the rain since early morning. But as the sergeant said, 'A bloke standin' by the side of the road watchin' this 'ere column pass would think we was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic.' The roads were filled with endless processions of singing, shouting soldiers. Seen from a distance, the long columns gave the impression of imposing strength. One thought of them impersonally, as battalions, brigades, divisions, cohesive parts of a great fighting machine; but when our lines of march crossed — when we halted to make way for each other — what an absorbing pageant of personality! Each rank was a series of intimate pictures. Everywhere was laughing, joking, singing, a merry minstrelsy of mouth organs. The jollity in my own part of the line was doubtless a picture in little of what was happening elsewhere. We were anticipating the exciting times just at hand. Gardner, who was blown to pieces by a shell three days later, was dancing in and out of the ranks singing, —

'Oh! won't it be joyful!
Oh! won't it be joyful!'

Mac, who had less than a week to live, was throwing his rifle in the air and catching it again in sheer excess of animal spirits. Three rollicking lads, all of whom we buried during the week in the same shell-hole, under the same wooden cross, stumbled along with an exaggerated show of utter exhaustion, singing, —

'We never knew till now how muddy mud is,
We never knew how muddy mud could be.'

And little Sammy P., who had fibbed bravely about his age to the recruiting officers, trudged contentedly along, his rifle slung jauntily over his shoulder, munching army biscuit with the relish of an old campaigner. Several days later Sammy said good-bye to us, smiling bravely through his tears, and made the journey back along the same road — this time in a motor-ambulance. And as I write, he is hobbling about a London hospital ward, one trouser leg pathetically empty.

I remember that march in the light of our later experiences, in the light of the official report of the total British casualties at the battle of Loos. Sixty thousand British lads killed, wounded and missing! Marching four abreast, a column of casualties fifteen miles long! I see them plodding cheerily through the mud, their faces wet with the rain, 'an' a bloke standin' by the side of the road would think they was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic.'

I was marching with the sergeant — a favorite with the boys. They respected him as a soldier and liked him as a man. He was in a talkative mood.

'Lissen to them guns barkin'! We're in for it this time, stryght!' Then turning to the boys behind, —

''Ave you got yer wills made out,

you lads? You're a-go'n' to see a scrap this time, an' it ain't a-go'n' to be no flea-bite, I give you my word!'

'Right you are, sergeant! I'm leavin' me razor to 'is Majesty. 'Ope 'e'll tyke the 'int. I don't like to see Royalty with 'air on their fyces.'

'Strike me pink, sergeant! You gettin' cold feet?'

'Less sing 'im "I want to go 'ome"! Get 'im to cryin' like a byby!'

'W'ere's yer mouth organ, Ginger?'

'Right-O! Myke it weepy now! Slow march!'

'I want to go 'ome!
I want to go 'ome!
Jack Johnsons, coal-boxes and shrapnel, O Lor'!
I don't want to go in the trenches no more.
Send me across the sea
W'ere the Allemand carn't shoot me!
Oh my! I don't want to die!
I want to go 'ome!'

It is one of the most plaintive and yearning of soldiers' songs. 'Jack Johnsons' and 'coal-boxes' refer to two greatly dreaded types of high explosive shells. More than half of the boys who sang it to the sergeant on this occasion were killed within a fortnight.

'Wyte,' the sergeant said, smiling rather grimly; 'just wyte till we reach the end of this 'ere march! You'll be singin' that song out o' the other side o' yer fyces.'

We halted in the evening at a little mining village, and were billeted for the night in houses, stables, and even in the water-soaked fields, for there was not sufficient accommodation for all of us. With a dozen of my comrades I slept on the floor in the kitchen of a miner's cottage, and listened far into the night to the constant procession of motor-ambulances, the endless tramp of marching feet, the thunder of guns, the rattle of windows, and the sound of breaking glass.

The following day we spent in cleaning our rifles, which were badly caked with rust, and in washing our clothes. We had to put these still wet into our packs, for at dusk we fell in, in column of route, along the village street, and our officers told us what was before us. I remember how vividly and honestly one of them described the situation.

'Listen carefully, men! We are moving off in a few minutes to take over captured German trenches in the neighborhood of Loos. No one knows yet just how the land lies there. The reports we've had are confused and rather conflicting. The boys you're to relieve have been having a hard time. The trenches are full of dead. Those who are left are worn out with the strain, and they need sleep. They won't want to stop long after you come in, so you must n't expect much information from them. You'll have to find out things for yourselves. But I know you well enough to feel certain that you will. From now on you'll not have it easy. You'll have to sit tight under a heavy fire from the German batteries. You'll have to repulse counter-attacks, for they'll make every effort to retake those trenches. But remember, you're British soldiers! Whatever happens, you've got to hang on!'

We marched off on a road nearly a foot deep in mud. It had been churned to a thick paste by thousands of feet and by all the heavy wheel-traffic incident to the business of war. The rain was still coming down steadily; it was pitch-dark, except for the reflected light on the low-hanging clouds of the flashes from the guns of our batteries and those from the bursting shells of the enemy. Every few moments we halted to make way for long files of motor-ambulances, which moved as rapidly as the darkness and the awful condition of the roads would permit. I counted twenty of them during one halt, and then stopped, thinking of the pain of the poor fellows inside, their wounds

wrenched and torn by the constant jolting and pitching. We had vivid glimpses of them by the light from flashing guns, and of the Red Cross attendants at the rear of the cars, steadying the upper tiers of stretchers on either side. The heavy garrison artillery was by this time far behind us; but batteries of field artillery were concealed in the fields and in the ruins of houses on every side. They were firing at a tremendous rate. The big shells from the larger guns to the rear went over us with a hollow roar like that of an express train heard at a distance. They exploded several miles away with a sound of jarring thunderclaps.

In addition to the motor-ambulances there was a constant stream of outgoing traffic of other kinds: dispatch-riders on motor-cycles, feeling their way cautiously along the side of the road; ammunition-supply and battalion-transport wagons, the horses rearing and plunging in the darkness. We approached a crossroad and halted for some batteries of field pieces moving to pass to new positions. They clattered by on the slippery cobbled road, the horses at a dead gallop. In the red lightnings of gun-fire they looked like a series of splendid sculptured groups.

We moved on and halted, moved on again, stumbled into ditches to get out of the way of headquarters cars and motor-lorries, jumped up, and pushed on. Every step through the thick mud was taken with an effort. We frequently lost touch with the troops ahead of us and had to march at the double to catch up. I was fast getting into the despondent, despairing frame of mind that often follows physical weariness, when I remembered a bit of wisdom in a book by William James which I had read several years before. He had said, in effect, that men have layers of energy, reserves of nervous force which they are rarely called upon to use but which are, nevertheless, assets of great value in times of strain. I had occasion to test the truth of this statement during that night march and at intervals later, when I felt that I had reached the end of my strength. And I found it to be practical wisdom which stood me in good stead on more than one occasion. How, I wonder, did Professor James learn it?

II

We halted to wait for our trench guides at the village of Vermelles, about three miles back of our lines. The men lay down thankfully in the mud, and many of them were soon asleep, despite the terrific noise. Our batteries, concealed in the ruins of the houses, were keeping up a steady fire, and the German guns were replying almost as hotly. The weird flashes lit up the shattered walls and revealed men asleep, with their heads thrown back over their pack sacks, their rifles leaning across their bodies; others standing in attitudes of suspended animation. The noise was deafening. One was thrown entirely upon his own resources for comfort and companionship, for it was impossible to converse. While we were waiting for the order to move, a homeless dog put his cold nose into my hand. I patted him and he crept up close beside me. Every muscle in his body was quivering. I wanted to console him in his own language, but I knew very little French, and I should have had to shout into his ear at the top of my voice to make myself heard. When we marched on I lost him, and I never saw him again.

There was a further march of two and a half miles over open country — the scene of the great battle. The terrain was a maze of abandoned trenches, and was pitted with shell-holes. We crossed what had been the first line of British trenches — which marked the

starting-point of the advance — and from there the ground was covered with the bodies of our fallen comrades — men who had 'done their bit,' as Tommy says, and would never go home again. Some were huddled in pathetic little groups of two or three, as they might have crept together for companionship before they died. Some were lying face downward just as they had fallen; others in attitudes revealing dreadful suffering. Many were hanging on tangles of German barbed wire, which the heaviest of bombardments never completely destroys. We saw them only by the light of distant trench-rockets, and stumbled on and over them when the darkness returned.

Marching across country under fire is an unpleasant experience, even though it is dark and the enemy's shelling is haphazard. We machine-gunners were always heavily loaded. In addition to the usual infantryman's burden, we had our machine guns to carry, together with our ammunition, water-supply, tools, and instruments. We were very anxious to get under cover, but we had to go slowly. By the time we reached our trench we were nearly exhausted.

The men whom we relieved were packed up, ready to move out, when we arrived. We threw our rifles and equipment on the parapet and stood close to the side of the trench to allow them to pass. They were cased in mud. Their faces, seen by the glow of matches or lighted cigarettes, were haggard and worn. A week's growth of beard gave them a wild, barbaric appearance. They talked eagerly. They were hysterically cheerful — voluble from sheer nervous reaction. They had the prospect of a short reprieve from the sickening horrors, the sight of maimed and shattered bodies, the deafening noise, the nauseating odor of decaying flesh. As they moved slowly along, there were the usual conversations which take place between incoming and outgoing troops.

'W'ot sort of a week you had, mate?'

'It ain't been a week, son; it's been a lifetime!'

'Lucky fer us you blokes come w'en you did. We've about reached the limit.'

''Ow far we got to go for water?'

''Bout two miles. Awful journey! Tyke you five hours to do it. You got to stop every minute, so much traffic along that trench. Go down Stanley Road about five 'unnerd yards, turn off to yer left on Essex Alley, then yer first right. Brings you right out by an old farm w'ere the pump is.'

''Ere's a straight tip! Send yer water fatigue down early in the morning. Three o'clock at the latest. They's thousands usin' that well an' she goes dry after a little w'ile.'

'You blokes want any souvenirs, all you got to do is pick 'em up. 'Elmets, revolvers, German di'ries, rifles. You wyte till mornin'! You'll see plenty.'

'Is this the last line o' Fritzie's trenches?'

'Can't tell you, mate. All we know is, we got 'ere some'ow, an' we been a-'oldin' on. My Gawd, it's been awful! They've calmed down a bit tonight. You blokes is lucky comin' in just w'en you did.'

'I ain't got a pal left out o' my section. You'll see some of 'em. We ain't 'ad time to bury 'em.'

They were soon gone, and we were left in ignorance of the situation. We knew only approximately the direction of the living enemy, and the dead spoke to us only in dumb show, telling us unspeakable things about the horrors of modern warfare.

Fortunately for us, the fire of the German batteries, during our first night in captured trenches, was directed chiefly upon the positions to our

right and left. The shells from our own batteries were exploding far in advance of our position, and we judged from this that we were holding what had been the last line of German trenches, and that the British artillery was shelling the probable line along which a new German entrenchment would be made. We felt more certain of this later in the night when working parties were sent from the battalion to a point twelve hundred yards in advance of the trenches we were then holding. They were to dig a new line there to connect with entrenchments which had been pushed forward on either side of us.

At daybreak we learned that we were slightly to the left of Hill 70. Hulluch, a small village, still in the possession of the Germans, was to our left front. Midway between Hill 70 and Hulluch and immediately to the front of our position, there was a long stretch of open country, which sloped gently forward for six or eight hundred yards and then rose gradually toward the skyline. In the first assault, the British troops had pushed on past the trench which we were holding and had advanced up the opposite slope nearly a mile farther on. There they started to dig themselves in, but an unfortunate delay in getting forward had given the enemy time to collect a strong force of local reserves behind their second line, which was several hundred yards beyond. So heavy a fire had been concentrated upon the British troops that they had been forced to retire to the line we were then occupying, meeting with heavy losses both in advancing and retiring. The ground in front of us for the distance of nearly a mile was covered with bodies.

All of this we learned later. We knew nothing of our exact position during the first night; but as there appeared to be no enemy within striking distance of our immediate front, we stood on the firing benches vainly trying to get our bearings. About one o'clock, we witnessed the fascinating spectacle of a counter-attack at night.

It came with the dramatic suddenness, the striking spectacular display of a motion-picture battle. It was hard for me to realize that I was witnessing an actual attack. I had been anticipating this very thing for so many weeks. I had visualized it for myself time after time, but my imaginings had been woefully inadequate. I would not have believed such a stupendous pictorial effect was possible.

There was a sudden hurricane of rifle- and machine-gun fire, and in an instant all the desolate landscape was revealed under the light of innumerable trench-rockets. We saw the enemy advancing in irregular lines to the attack. They were exposed to a pitiless infantry fire. I could follow the curve of our trenches on the left by the almost solid sheet of flame issuing from the rifles of our comrades against whom the assault was launched. The artillery ranged upon the advancing lines at once; the air was filled with the roar of bursting shells and the melancholy *whing-g-g* of flying shrapnel. I did not believe that any one could cross that fire-swept area alive, but before many moments we heard the staccato of bursting bombs and hand-grenades, which meant that some of the enemy at least were within striking distance. There was a sharp crescendo of deafening sound; then, little by little, the firing ceased, and word came down the line: 'Counter-attack against the —— Guards; and jolly well beaten off, too!' Another attack was attempted before daybreak, and again the same torrent of lead, the same hideous uproar, the same sickening smell of lyddite, the same ghastly noonday effect, the same gradual silence, the same result.

III

The brief respite which we enjoyed during the first night soon came to an end. We were given time, however, to make our trenches tenable. Early the following morning we set to work removing the wreckage of human bodies. Never before had death revealed itself so terribly to us. Many of the men had been literally blown to pieces. We had to gather the fragments in blankets. It was horrible beyond the power of words to express. For weeks we had to eat and sleep and work and think among such awful sights. We became hardened to them finally. It was absolutely essential that we should. Life would have been unbearable otherwise.

The trenches and dug-outs had been battered to pieces by the British artillery as a preliminary to the infantry assault; and since their capture the work of destruction had been carried on by the German gunners. Even in their wrecked condition we could see how skillfully these earthworks had been constructed. No labor had been spared to make them as nearly shell-proof and as comfortable for living quarters as possible. Under a clayish surface soil from two to three feet in depth there was a stratum of solid chalk, and advantage had been taken of this by the German engineers who planned and supervised the work. Many of the shell-proof dug-outs were from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface of the ground; entrance to these was made in the front wall of the trench on a level with the floor. A stairway just large enough to permit the passage of a man's body led down to them. The roofs were reinforced with heavy timbers, and so strongly were they built throughout that most of them were intact despite the heavy bombardments.

There were larger surface dug-outs with floors but slightly lower than that of the trench. These were evidently built for living quarters in times of comparative quiet. Many of them were six feet wide and from twenty to thirty feet long, and quite palatial compared to the wretched little 'funk-holes' to which we were accustomed. They were roofed with logs a foot or more in diameter, placed one on top of the other in tiers of three, with a covering of earth three or four feet thick. But although they were solidly built, they had not been proof against the rain of high explosives. They were for the most part in ruins, the logs splintered like kindling-wood and strewn far and wide over the ground.

We found several dug-outs, evidently officers' quarters, which were almost luxuriously furnished. The walls and the floors were of wood. There were rugs for the floors and pictures and mirrors for the walls; and in each of them there was the jolliest little stove, with a removable lid on the top. We discovered one of these underground palaces at the end of a blind alley leading off from the main trench. It was at least fifteen feet underground, with two stairways leading down to it, so that, if escape were cut off in one direction, by reason of the trench caving in and blocking the passageway, it was still possible to get out on the other side.

We immediately took possession, built a roaring fire, and were soon passing round canteens of hot tea. Life was worth while again. We agreed that there were less comfortable places than German officers' dug-outs in which to have breakfast.

The respite was short, however. We were soon to have borne in on us that death comes swiftly in war; that one's life hangs by a thread; that the most trivial circumstance saves or destroys. Shortly before noon, Mac came into the half-ruined dug-out where the off-

duty machine-gunners were making tea over a fire of splintered logs.

'Jamie,' he said, 'take my place at sentry for a few minutes, will you? I've lost my water bottle. It's 'ere in the dug-out somew'ere. I'll only be a minute.'

I went out to the gun position a few yards away, and just as I did so the German batteries began a bombardment of our line. One's ear becomes trained in distinguishing the size of shells by the sound they make in traveling through the air, and it is possible to judge the direction and probable place of their fall. Two of us were standing by the machine gun. We heard the terrifying sound which we knew meant danger, possibly death: the awful whistling roar of a high explosive. We dropped to the floor at once. The explosion blackened our faces with lyddite and half blinded us. The dug-out which I had left less than a moment before was a mass of wreckage. Seven of our comrades were inside.

One of them crawled out, pulling himself along with one arm. The other arm was terribly shattered and one leg was hanging by a tendon and a few shreds of flesh.

'My Gawd, Jamie, look wot they did to me!'

He kept saying it over and over while we cut the cords from our bandoliers, tied them about his leg and arm, and twisted them up to stop the flow of blood. He was a fine healthy lad; a moment before he had been telling us what he was going to do when he went home on furlough. Now his face was gray with pain; his voice grew weaker and weaker, and he died while we were working over him.

High-explosive shells were now bursting all along the line, throwing tons of earth high in the air. The ground rocked beneath us. Great masses of earth and chalk were blown in on top of men seeking protection where there was none. I heard frantic cries for 'Picks and shovels!' 'Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers this way, for God's sake!' The voices sounded as weak and futile as the squeaking of rats in a thunderstorm. When the bombardment began, all off-duty men were ordered into the deepest of the shell-proof dug-outs, where they were really quite safe. But those English boys were no cowards. Orders or no orders, they came out to the rescue of their comrades. They worked without a thought of their own danger. I felt actually happy, for I was witnessing splendid heroic things. It was an experience which gave a man a new and unshakable faith in his fellows.

The sergeant and I rushed into the ruins of our machine-gun dug-out. The roof still held in one place. There we found Mac, his head split in two as though it had been done with an axe. Gardner's head was blown completely off, and his body so terribly mangled that we did not know until later who he was. Preston was lying on his back, with a great jagged, bloodstained hole through his tunic. Bert Powell was wounded in so many places that we exhausted our supply of field-dressings in bandaging him. We found little Charlie Harrison lying close to the side of the wall, gazing at his crushed foot with a look of incredulity and horror pitiful to see. One of the men — he had been a Thames river-policeman in civilian life — gave him first-aid with all the deftness and tenderness of a woman.

The rest of us dug feverishly in a great heap of earth at the other end of the shelter. There we uncovered Walter, a lad who had kept us laughing at his drollery on many a rainy night. The earth had been heaped loosely on him and he was still conscious.

'Good old boys!' he said weakly, 'I

was about done for.' In our haste we dislodged another heap of earth which completely buried him again, and it seemed a lifetime before we were able to remove it. I have never seen a finer display of pure courage than Walter's.

'Easy, boys! I can't feel anything below me waist. I think I'm 'urt down there.'

We worked as swiftly and as carefully as we could. We knew that he was badly wounded, for the earth was soaked with blood; but when we saw, we turned away sick with horror. Fortunately, he lost consciousness while we were trying to disentangle him from the fallen timbers, and he died on the way to the field dressing-station. Of the seven in the dug-out, three were killed outright, three died within half an hour, and one escaped with a crushed foot which later had to be amputated.

What had happened to our little group was happening to others along the entire line. Americans may have read of the bombardment which took place that autumn morning. The dispatches, I believe, described it with the usual official brevity, giving all the information necessary from the point of view of the general public:—

'Along the Loos–La Bassée sector there was a lively artillery action. We demolished some earthworks in the vicinity of Hulluch. Some of our trenches near Hill 70 were damaged.'

'Damaged'! It was a guarded admission! Our line was a shambles of loose earth and splintered logs. At some places it was difficult to see just where the trench had been. Had the Germans launched a strong counter-attack immediately after the bombardment, as we expected they would do, we should have had great difficulty in holding the position. But they failed to do this and we at once set to work rebuilding.

The loose earth was put into sandbags, parapets remade, the holes blasted out by shells filled in. The worst of it was that we could not get away from the sight of the mangled bodies of our comrades. Arms and legs stuck out of the wreckage, and on every side we saw ghastly distorted human faces — the faces of the men whom we had known, with whom we had laughed and joked and shared rations for months past. Those who have never had to undergo experiences of this sort cannot possibly know the horror of them. It is not in the heat of battle that men lose their reason. Battle-frenzy is, perhaps, a temporary madness; but when the fighting is ended there comes the real danger. The strain is relaxed. Men look about them and see the bodies of their comrades torn to pieces as though they had been hacked and butchered by fiends. One thinks of the human body as inviolate, a beautiful and sacred thing. The sight of it dismembered or disemboweled, lying in the bottom of a trench, tramped into the mud, smeared with blood and filth, is so revolting as to be almost unendurable.

And yet we *had* to endure it. It was impossible to escape it. The ground in front of our trenches was strewn with bodies. They were lying in the trenches and were scattered over the fields to the rear of us for more than a mile, for there had not yet been time to bury those who had fallen before reaching the German line. Worse even than the sight of the bodies were the cries and entreaties of wounded men, dying before our eyes while waiting to be taken back to the field dressing-stations. The stretcher-bearers were doing magnificent work, but there were so many wounded that some had to wait for hours before they could be carried back. We were compelled to listen to their groans and pleadings, knowing that we could do nothing more for them.

'I'm shot through the stomach, matey! Can't you get me back to the ambulance? Ain't they some way you can take me back out o' this?'

'Stick it, old lad! You won't 'ave much longer to wyte. They'll be some o' the Red Cross along 'ere in a jiffy now.'

'Give me a lift, boys, can't you? Look at my leg! Do you think it will 'ave to come off? Maybe they could save it if I could get back to 'ospital in time. Won't *some* of you give me a lift? I can 'obble along with a little 'elp.'

'Don't you fret, sonny! You're a-go'n' to ride back in a stretcher presently.'

Some of the men, in their suffering, forgot everyone but themselves, and it was not strange that they should do so. There were others with more iron in their natures, who endured fearful agony in silence. During memorable half hours, filled with danger and death, many of my gross misjudgments of character were made manifest to me. Men whom no one had credited with heroic qualities revealed them. Others failed rather pitiably to live up to one's expectations. The most startling and unexpected revelations were made. It seemed clear to me that there was strength or weakness in men for which they were in no way responsible; but doubtless it had always been there, waiting to be called forth at just such crucial times.

During the afternoon I heard the hideous, hysterical laugh of the soldier whose nerve is gone. One of the men picked up an arm and threw it far out in front of the trenches, shouting as he did so in a way that made my blood run cold. I knew what had happened. Then he sat down and started crying and moaning. He was taken back to the rear — one of the most pitiable victims of a war of unspeakable horrors. I heard of many instances of nervous breakdown, but I witnessed surprisingly few of them. Frequently I saw men trembling from head to foot; they pulled themselves together, however, under the taunts of less susceptible Tommies.

(*To be concluded*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SMOKING

My complaints against smoking are not those of the Puritan outsider. My innocence, in fact, was early lost. Already at thirteen my friends and I were guiltily aware of the joys of corn-silk cigarettes and catalpa-bean cigars. Our bravest would even confess the voluptuous delights he found in strange stogies compounded of dried autumn leaves, and he would wistfully wonder if any nicotinish weed could ever seduce him from their discovered charm. I remember our going far out of our way to find illicit smokes. Opium and hashish were out of the range of our New Jersey town, but there were the thick fumes of ground coffee which I smoked in a pipe with hot and blinding relish, and

there were less happy experiments for which I was jeered by my more conventional friends.

We came to tobacco, therefore, with some slight boredom from these weird and exotic pleasures. At first the neat little packages of cigarettes appealed to our æsthetic taste. My dried-leaf friend had a long debauch of twirling cigarettes with one hand out of a thin sheet of Rizla and a pinch of tobacco. We never succumbed to cigars, and the innocent novelty of cigarettes finally palled, so that I think we never smoke now except for purely social and gregarious reasons, especially when ladies press tobacco upon us and we yield for fear of mollycoddledom. Most burdensome is the cigarette-smoking lady who forces you into an unholy competition of numberless cigarettes, merely to keep up the reputation of your sex. Masculine solicitation I can refuse with a wearied air. The only time I find I really crave a smoke is as the crowning touch to an unusually bad dinner. The stale and strident taste which smoking always leaves with one is the healthiest reminder to avoid all those occasions which make one crave it.

The cigar I always look upon as the most manifest symbol of blatant maleness. It can apparently be held in the teeth only at a certain angle, and this angle always gives a peculiarly rakish expression to the most benevolent faces. The cigar has a tendency to bring out unconsciously in a man's expression all of those saloon-keeper and tough-politician traits which are latent, I suppose, in every man. I am often amused to see how the faces of devout clergymen or cultivated lawyers change as soon as they get a cigar into their mouths. The hat unconsciously slips back on the head, the cheeks unconsciously become jowlish, the eye sly and beery. An estimable human being has, with the cigar as a pencil, drawn a caricature of himself as a predatory male. The cigar-smoker leaves a trail behind him. His staleness is ever with you. About every smoker there clings an atmosphere of noisomeness. Odor follows everywhere like the rumor of graft or the fact of a prison sentence.

The cigarette, on the other hand, shared by both sexes, has an undeniable æsthetic charm. It is friendly, sociable, light. Its odor does not cling boorishly to every curtain and garment. It passes with the light thoughts which it creates. Of a man it tends to make a poet, just as the cigar tends to make a dive-keeper of him. For a woman it is the symbol of emancipation, the temporary substitute for the ballot.

The pipe, warmly defended as the true smoke, is the most amusing of all the smoking manifestations. To see men smoking pipes is a spectacle irresistibly funny. If the cigar brings out their latent, blatant maleness, the pipe puts it all to sleep. Pipe-smokers always invest the act with a religious solemnity. They refer to it as an aid to calm contemplation. Meditative thought is supposed to be the undercurrent of the long and fragrant pipe. But if the smoker is conscious of his smoking, how can he use his attention for thought? And if he is unconscious, what is the use of doing it? One decides that smoking is really a substitute for thought, and that it is this that accounts for its perennial popularity. At the best, it may be the fixation means for a hypnotic reverie, the bowl of the pipe taking the place of that navel which the East Indian saint is supposed to contemplate. But normally it is a mere escape from care, a harmless submersing of the mind in sensuous and tobaccoish fog.

To see a man peacefully smoking a pipe is to witness a triumph over nature. It is to see aggressive masculinity

soothed and pacified to an idyllic harmlessness. Fierce and lustful man rendered as tame as a tabby-cat! For pipe-smoking does always make me think of cats. Women smoke with nervous alertness. They have something of the air of the kitten putting up the electric back at this puppy of a world. But the pipe-smoking man is the blinking, dozing domestic tabby. Pipe-smoking is merely the way men purr. One can almost hear the murmur of their contented souls. The rising smoke registers the gentle gurgle of their nicotinish purr. Blessed be the civilizing pipe, which brings out the tabby in otherwise unbridled man!

THE PASSING OF EMILY RUGGLES'S

AUTUMN has come and school has opened, yet no tops have appeared in our town. These be degenerate days! In the New England village where I live there is not a top to be had. Neither are there marbles in the spring, nor hoops, nor paper soldiers, nor slingshot elastic, nor — but let us simply say we have no Emily Ruggles's.

Miss Emily Ruggles kept the little notion store in the Massachusetts town where my boyhood was spent. She was almost as terrifying as her store was alluring. She must have been nearly six feet tall, and she had a deep bass voice and a forbidding manner. It was said that she wore a ramrod in the back of her dress, and on Sunday when she was sitting very straight in her pew across the aisle from ours, wrapped in her best Paisley shawl, I used furtively to watch for some visible confirmation of this rumor. I thought the ramrod might slip up and show at the back of her neck. It was also said, I believe on sound authority, that she sent a substitute to the Civil War, and was highly indignant that she was n't allowed to go herself. For us youngsters who scrambled every Memorial Day for the cartridge-shells ejected by the G.A.R. firing squad after the salute, this was a thrilling fact about Miss Emily.

Her little store was in Lyceum Hall Block, close to the Post Office, and you climbed four steps to enter it, by a single heavy door without any slam-absorber. When you had pushed open this door and entered the somewhat dim interior, you looked toward the back of the room between two parallel counters, and behind a third counter which connected them at the rear you saw Miss Emily sitting, swathed in her weekday shawl. She looked at you sternly, to see if you were going to shut the door, and shut it quietly, and after you had done so, she demanded, in her deep bass voice, 'Which side, young man?'

This question had much point, for on the right side of the store, both in the counter and on the shelves behind it, were the notions — spools, needles, calico, garter elastic, and a hundred other things your mother was always wanting; while on the left side were kept marbles, paper soldiers, lead soldiers, slingshot elastic, air-guns, bows and arrows, slates, whistles, school pencils, compasses, paint-boxes, and a hundred other things *you* were always wanting. Miss Emily sat strategically at the rear of the store, and did not move till she knew for certain what it was you were after. Nowadays this would be called efficiency. In those days our parents called it crankiness.

When Miss Emily took your pennies for an 'aggie' or a 'snapper' or a big glass 'popper,' she did so sternly, and she always examined them closely as if she expected counterfeits. She never smiled sweetly on you, and called you 'Sonny' or 'Little boy.' She never smiled at all. She called you, invariably, 'Young man,' in her aggressive

bass. But the fact remained that she invariably kept on hand just the kind of marbles and toy soldiers and paper soldiers and dolls and pencils and paints the heart of youth desired, and slingshot elastic of pure rubber, which nobody else ever kept and which is quite unprocurable to-day; and she always put in an extra marble or two with a ten-cent purchase, and she never stretched the elastic on the yard-stick when she measured it, and the steps to her shop were worn hollow by the tread of children's feet. That was her prim New England way of expressing her affection. She studied for weeks to procure a window display which would delight the hearts of all the youngsters, and then she thundered at the first child who entered, 'Shut the door, young man — and don't slam!'

She knew the season for every game. She knew when marble time was due, and the appearance of glittering 'aggies' in her window invariably preceded by one day the drying up of the sidewalk along the Common. She knew when top time had arrived, and when the tops filled her window, then we laid aside our other sports and obeyed the call. At Valentine time her window was full of the most ravishing confections of paper lace and pink cupids and amorous poetry — but never a 'comic.' The nefarious trade in 'comics' was carried on by a druggist who also was suspected of selling something stronger than soda. Miss Emily would have nothing to do with such iniquitous things as 'comics.' And all the time the left-hand window was constantly changing its display, the right-hand window contained the same bales of calico and boxes of spools, till they were faded and dusty and fly-specked. Miss Emily's real interest was in the children's trade.

Long ago Miss Emily joined her fathers. Her store passed with her. There is none in that town to take its place, nor in other towns, either. No doubt most of the things she sold (except that marvelous sling elastic of pure rubber three quarters of an inch wide) can still be bought, some in one store, some in another. But they cannot be bought from the same counter. They are not assembled together for the eye of childhood to gloat over, not even in the occasional toy store of the large cities. Certainly there are no such shops any more in the villages and smaller towns, their steps worn hollow by the tread of little feet. Spinsters we have with us still, and children, too; but one form of mutual dependence between the two seems to have gone forever.

I have wondered sometimes if that is the reason the boys in the town where I live now never play marbles, or spin tops. In the past five years I have not seen a single game of marbles or once heard the shrill request, 'Gimme a peg at yours!' It is not strange that the slingshot has vanished, for automobile tires use up all the available rubber. But why should tops and marbles vanish from the earth? They have gone the way of the delightful children's matinees at the old Boston Museum. no doubt, and the Kate Greenaway books, and the jack-stones little girls used to toss by the hour, sitting on the front steps. It makes one feel middle-aged and mournfully reminiscent.

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THE RECORD OF THE ADMINISTRATION

BY HENRY JONES FORD

To get a fair idea of what President Wilson's administration has done, the conditions under which it has had to work should first be considered. This is a matter rarely taken into account, the usual assumption being that as a matter of course settled means exist by which the President can discharge his constitutional functions. This is a common error. The means never have been settled, but have varied from time to time — always without attaining permanent system. Administrative policy has been formulated by makeshifts devised from time to time; and it so happened that President Wilson took office at a time when actual practice had been revolutionized and conditions were wavering and confused.

It is the duty of the President to 'give to the Congress information on the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.' There is no provision as to the form in which he shall present his measures, or the mode by which he shall get them before Congress. English tradition governed the original practice. There were then no standing committees to intervene between the recommendations of the administration and the action of the House. The House exercised its functions of criticism and control through the Committee of the Whole. When the sense of the House was ascertained, a select committee would be appointed to prepare the bill; which usually meant that the select committee's work would be done for it by the administrative department concerned. The system was precarious, as it rested merely on traditional practice; and it soon broke down under pressure of party spirit. In ceasing to rely upon the administration for the drafting of measures, Congress had recourse to committees, and thus originated the peculiar system of standing committees which has had such a monstrous development.

With Jefferson's advent to office, it became party usage to allow the administration to pick the chairmen of important committees. This system of guiding legislation by private arrangement between the administration and the standing committees lasted until John Quincy Adams's administration, when it was ruptured by party violence. With this collapse disappeared from our political system all recognition of the legislative initiative of the President simply as the President. The President may exercise an actual initiative of masterful authority, but he derives it from an extra-constitutional source — his position as head of his

party and its national leader. The connection between the executive and legislative departments — without which business could not be carried on — is supplied by party organization. This is the prime cause of that massive development of party machinery peculiar to the United States.

The President's position as the national leader of his party may be nominal and titular rather than real and actual, and his legislative initiative be correspondingly abridged. It was on the wane for many years, largely owing to some developments in Congressional procedure. It has been computed that it would take over sixty years to consider in regular order the bills introduced in a single session. The inconveniences of the situation were counteracted by the growth of an autocratic system of control in the Speakership. The process was the acme of simplicity, If the Speaker did not wish a bill to be passed he would not recognize any one to move its consideration. It became a regular practice for members to visit the Speaker to explain the purpose for which they desired recognition and to get his consent. In addition, through a small Committee on Rules, of which he was a member with such colleagues as he chose to appoint, he virtually controlled the time of the House. This committee always had the right of way, and at any time it could bring in a special order fixing the time when any given matter should be taken up by the House and also the period to be allotted to its consideration; and nothing else could be considered until action had been taken on the report of the committee.

The development of this autocratic power, which was not the work of any one speaker and which went on no matter which party was ascendant, tended to displace the initiative which the President exercised as a party leader. There was a period when the chief seat of authority in the administration was not the Presidential office, but a group of undertakers embracing the Speaker and some leading chairmen of committees in both Houses. This system of rule was suddenly overthrown by the parliamentary revolution of March 19, 1910, which took away from the Speaker the power to appoint the committees, ousted him from membership in the Committee on Rules, and made his functions simply those of a moderator.

The party caucus then became the seat of Congressional management. By a caucus rule adopted on January 19, 1911, committee appointments are made by the Committee on Ways and Means. The Committee on Rules now acts under caucus direction in reporting the special orders under which important legislative business is necessarily transacted. Under the old system the President had to negotiate with a group of undertakers. Under the new system he must work through the party caucus. The new system is more public than the old; but it is more extensive. Under both systems the House becomes an instrument for registering party determinations of policy arrived at outside of the chamber. The deliberative function of Congress now hardly survives except in the Senate, and but imperfectly there.

I

Such were the conditions with which President Wilson had to deal in making his legislative recommendations. He had exceptional qualifications for his task. Public affairs had been his lifelong study. His intellectual development has had such singular unity that by consulting his article in the *International Review* on 'Cabinet Government in the United States,' written when he was a Princeton senior of twen-

ty-three, one will find in embryo the constitutional views that run through all his books and essays. The fullness of knowledge which he possesses would not, however, of itself be politically efficacious. Literary pursuits do not usually make for political capacity, as they cultivate habits of thought rather than habits of action, and are apt to establish characteristics of aloofness and idiosyncracy.

Woodrow Wilson's career was rather peculiar in that to fondness for books he united fondness for people, and his social contacts were broad, numerous, and diversified. The situation of the scholar who is transferred from the study to the political arena is apt to suggest the proverbial fish out of water. In Wilson's case practical politics was a congenial sphere, in which he could move with ease and opportunity. Since he has this skill, which he derives from his character, his knowledge and his forensic ability put weapons in his hands which he can wield with great effect.

His career as Governor of New Jersey had been marked by vigor of initiative. He took an active part in shaping measures and in conducting legislation; he attended party caucuses, and on one occasion at least he served as a member of a committee appointed by the caucus to prepare a bill. These activities were carried on under steady fire from a faction of his party that not only opposed his views, but questioned the propriety of his behavior. He defended his conduct with unruffled temper, dauntless courage, and unfailing resources, and he needed them all, for, although his behavior was thoroughly constitutional in every sound and proper sense, he was disregarding old traditions. The complaint was frequently lodged against him that he was unwilling to allow the legislature to take the responsibility. This had reference to his practice of going on the stump and appealing to the people when measures that he was championing stuck on the legislative ways. It will appear from this that he takes the view that the duty of recommendation involves the full exercise of the authority and influence of the executive office; whereas the view has been prevalent that all it means is that the Congress may be requested to take the subject into consideration.

President Wilson's selection of the members of his Cabinet should be judged with respect to the conditions noted in the foregoing. Considered from that point of view it displayed political sagacity. Elements of individual capacity, expert knowledge, and caucus good-will entered into it, but the ruling principle of choice was manifestly party influence. It showed that President Wilson was not moved by his personal preferences, but was controlled by the obligations of his trusteeship. That he acted wisely was soon displayed by the spirit of mutual confidence and hearty coöperation promptly manifested in the relations between the White House and the party leaders in the Congress.

It was also much to President Wilson's advantage that he did not approach the solution of his legislative problems in any doctrinaire spirit. He held views of tariff revision and currency reform that were in general accord with the beliefs and principles of his party, but he had not committed himself on details. It may be remembered that in his speech in reply to the formal notification of his nomination to the Presidency he remarked that he did not know enough about currency reform to be dogmatic about it. With clear views as to principles and objects, he met the party leaders with an open mind in respect of details and in an attitude of deference to their knowledge and experience.

It would be a complete misconception

of the situation to imagine that he had a programme to impose upon Congress. His position has not been dictatorial but instrumental. He takes part freely in party deliberations, is open to suggestions and advice, and exerts his influence to arrive at sound conclusions; but the most characteristic feature of his administration is the energy with which he exerts all his influence, from whatever source derived, to promote action. He does not stand aloof or remain inert at any stage of the legislative process with respect to party measures. The natural desire of the Congressional leaders to avail themselves of his great capacity for service is the true explanation of his extraordinary influence with Congress. His personality stands out from the open way in which he accepts his responsibilities, and it is not sufficiently observed that his party associates have had much to do with shaping those responsibilities.

The tariff bill is a good instance of this. The measure was put in provisional shape by the Ways and Means Committee before President Wilson was seated in the White House. The call for the extra session was in pursuance of the policy favored by the Congressional leaders, and he promptly entered into coöperation with them in settling details of the measure. By March 25, a complete draft was in his hands, and he announced his readiness to support the measure. He recommended it in the address which he personally delivered to Congress when it met on April 7, 1913. This matter of the mode of delivering a message appears to be the only one as to which President Wilson has acted of his own motion in making an innovation. His decision to restore the practice of Washington's time was the subject of some censorious remarks by party associates, particularly in the Senate; but the fact that he was entirely within his individual rights could not be questioned, and the arrangement was acquiesced in without active opposition.

The practical significance of President Wilson's advocacy of the tariff bill was not fully revealed until the Senate began to ride over the House in the usual fashion. The bill passed the House on May 8, and the Senate kept it under consideration for about four months. Agents of business interests flocked to Washington to exercise their customary privilege of writing the tariff schedules through the agency of senatorial prerogative. But they were amazed to find the situation singularly intractable, and they laid the blame upon President Wilson. They were not wrong about that. The President publicly declared that he had taken his stand with the House leaders for the pending bill, and that he was 'not looking for or accepting compromises.' Eventually he startled his opponents by directing public attention to the tariff lobby, remarking, —

'It is of serious interest to the country that the people at large should have no lobby, and be voiceless in these matters, while great bodies of astute men seek to create an artificial opinion and to overcome the interests of the public for their private profit. It is thoroughly worth the while of the people of this country to take knowledge of this matter.'

Probably no other presidential utterance ever had such a tremendous reverberation throughout the country. The discomfited lobby resorted to a campaign of personal calumny which is still furtively pursued, but the bill was saved. It passed the Senate toward the close of September; an agreement between the two Houses was soon reached and on October 3 the bill became law. For a disinterested judgment upon the character of the measure the reader should consult Professor Taus-

sig's standard *Tariff History of the United States*. He found that the Act 'gave little evidence, if indeed any at all, of the sort of manipulation which had affected the details of the Tariff Acts of 1895, 1897, and 1909.'

The instrumental character of the President's activity was as strikingly displayed in the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. As in the case of the tariff bill the Democratic party leaders in the House had wisely made an early start. A preliminary draft of the measure was made before President Wilson was inaugurated. The details were considered in conference with the President, with the result that when the bill was submitted to the House it ranked as an administration measure which he would do all in his power to promote. He signified this by making it the subject of a special message. The tariff bill had been out of the House for over a month and was on its weary way through the Senate, when, on June 23, 1913, the President addressed Congress in behalf of the currency bill, making a frank avowal of his own participation in the work of preparing it. This feature of his address is particularly interesting as a revelation of his ideas of the constitutional function of his office. He said:

'The committees of the Congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel. I appeal to you with a deep conviction of duty. I believe that you share this conviction. I therefore appeal to you with confidence. I am at your service without reserve to play my part in any way you may call upon me to play it in this great enterprise of exigent reform, which it will dignify and distinguish us to perform and discredit us to neglect.'

This pledge of active support was unflinchingly maintained. Without it the probability is that the measure could not have been passed, and that still another of the temporary patchworks and vicious compromises that have characterized Congressional treatment of the currency question would have been the result. One piece of patchwork legislation in the past, that had the effect of creating a vested interest of enormous influence adverse to sound financial legislation, was the lowering of national bank capital requirements so as to call into existence a host of petty banks whose activities were more akin to those of a pawn-shop than to proper banking functions. The system of currency supply was limited, expensive, and oppressive to an extent that engendered continual dissatisfaction and complaint, caused periodical stringency and occasionally produced desolating panics. Incidentally the situation acted as a nursery of demagogues, to whose activity and influence it was the habit of ignorant politicians to impute the unrest of the people; whereas, as Burke long ago pointed out, the career of the demagogue is not a cause but an effect of the public uneasiness.

But any step toward radical treatment of the situation had to contend with banking opposition in every Congressional district, in much the same spirit in which people doing a lucrative business from their ownership of wells and pumps might oppose the entrance of a conduit from a reservoir. The teachings of experience had, however, educated banking interests in favor of a system of currency supply based upon assets, in place of the old system of bond-secured supply. But

banking interests were committed to the principle of one central institution as a source of currency supply, to be controlled by the member banks and to be essentially a bank of banks. In opposition to this the administration favored a system of district reserve banks operating under public control. Issue was thus joined for one of the greatest battles of our political history. The opposition to the administration measure was active, extensive, and powerful; attempts to manipulate its provisions were numerous and persevering; but its features were subjected to no serious change.

The success of the administration in passing the Federal Reserve Act is to be attributed to the care taken to secure party cohesion and to President Wilson's tenacity of purpose. Early in September, 1913, when the case in support of the measure had been fully prepared, it was submitted to the Democratic party caucus. Two weeks of sharp discussion followed behind closed doors, where, in the privacy of a party conclave, members gave expression to any doubts, scruples, or objections entertained. A change of system so great and radical as that proposed by the bill supplied matter for wide-ranging criticism; but as a result of patient explanation and mature consideration a hearty agreement was reached, and the bill was assured of steady and united party support in the House. The legislative machinery controlled by the Committee on Rules acting under caucus instruction was now set in brisk operation. On September 9 an elaborate report upon the provisions of the measure was presented to the House by the Banking and Currency Committee. Debate upon it began the next day and it passed the House on September 18 by a vote of 286 to 84, the majority in its favor being 39 votes more than the Democratic party majority in the House.

This emphatic approval of the measure by the representative assembly apparently did little, however, to smooth its passage through the Senate or to abridge the veto power which particular interests may exercise through that body. That the bill was preserved in its original character was due to the inflexible determination of the President. Although the House Committee that prepared the measure had given a long time to public hearings, additional hearings were allowed by the Senate Committee, lasting until October 25. A month of committee consideration followed, then came three days of caucus consideration, and at last, on December 1, the bill was reported to the Senate. The delay was due chiefly to the opposition of banking interests clinging tenaciously to the old project of one central bank for currency emissions under banking control.

Vehement opposition to the pending measure was expressed by associations of bankers. The opposition was sufficiently influential to cause a party break in the Senate, one effect of which was to divide the Banking Committee into two numerically equal sections, one of which reported the administration bill with amendments, and the other reported a substitute measure. When the struggle was at its height, the attitude of banking interests became rather menacing, conditions being mentioned without which they would refuse to do business under the law. Tremendous pressure was exerted to induce the President to consent to a compromise, but he would not budge from the position he had taken in support of the House measure. When it became manifest that either the essential features of the House bill would have to be accepted or else currency reform would fail of enactment at that session, the banking opposition began to subside.

The situation had reached a crisis when the president of the largest bank in the country performed a timely public service by avowing to the Senate Committee that the House measure was based upon sound principles and that much of the opposition was due to the selfishness of some and to the ignorance of others. Thereafter, evidences of willingness to accept the situation and make the best of it began to appear. The bill, after having been held up for months, now moved on briskly to enactment. Senate debate began on December 1, the final vote was taken on December 19, the Committee of Conference reached an agreement on December 22, and the President signed the bill the following day — a notable Christmas gift from the Democratic party to the nation.

The value of the measure in opening sources of currency supply adjusted to business requirements and in providing means for coping with financial panics is generally conceded; but it is doubtful whether there is due appreciation of the far-reaching importance of the principle of public control asserted by the bill as successfully championed by the President. If the new system had been surrendered to banking control it would probably have been ably and successfully managed as a means of currency supply, mainly concerned with the interests of the banking business. But the banking business in this country falls short of a proper discharge of the banking function as regards either extent or economy of service. Only the intervention of public authority can correct the conditions, and the creation of the Federal Reserve Board provides an appropriate agency for that purpose.

While the Federal Reserve Act was on its way through the Senate, measures for regulating business conditions were being put in shape. The matter is one to which President Wilson had given great attention and which he had discussed in public addresses more frequently than any other political issue. He had strongly condemned the mere penalizing of corporations, visiting upon innocent shareholders the sins of their servants. In opposition to this mode of dealing with the trust problem, he had insisted that guilt is personal and that penalty should be personal. But this method necessarily requires that responsibility shall be definite, whereas the existing Anti-trust Act was so vague that occasions might arise in which business men were at a loss to know what would be lawful and what not. To give precision and definiteness to the law was the aim of the measures promoted by the President.

Shortly after the passage of the Federal Reserve Act he brought the matter forward in a personal address to Congress, on January 20, 1914. In this he contended that practices in hurtful restraint of trade 'can be explicitly and item by item forbidden by statute in such terms as will practically eliminate uncertainty, the law itself and the penalty being made equally plain.' But in addition he held that 'the business men of the country desire something more than that the menace of legal process in these matters be made explicit and intelligible. They desire the advice, the definite guidance and information which can be supplied by an administrative body—an inter-state trade commission.' Pursuant to these recommendations the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and the Trade Commission Act were passed. Not until the courts have interpreted the provisions of the Clayton Act may its practical efficacy be computed, but it is unquestionably a sincere and painstaking attempt to deal with a problem which presents such peculiar difficulty in this country as to suggest that the root of trouble is the imperfect development of the sov-

ereignty of the State under our constitutional system. It would follow that improvement of administrative authority is now the greatest need, and the creation of the Trade Commission initiates a policy that will have important development. The declared purpose of the Commission is to be constructive and not destructive. It is known that business men are already resorting to the Commission for information and advice, thus introducing a practice that has long been followed by corporation management in other countries.

The fact is generally recognized that the Wilson administration has been signalized by the passage of a singularly large number of measures of the first rank, but little notice has been taken of the fact that it has been quite as notable for administrative improvement. Achievement of this character does not impress the popular imagination, but it is of immense public value. Space will not admit of details, but examination of department reports (particularly those of the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior) will disclose impressive instances.

II

While President Wilson was engaged upon this programme of reform, which had been his principal concern as a student of public affairs and with regard to which his Cabinet had been framed, he was confronted with difficult external problems. The serious nature of one of these problems received little popular attention, but it was none the less pressing. Whatever opinion may be held of the situation in the Philippines, it is manifest that the policy of assimilation has been a failure. The Filipinos remain stubbornly averse from becoming American citizens and are insistent upon the restoration of their independence. At one time hopes were entertained that an American interest could be built up, and the Federalista party was founded; but it was never more than an official contrivance and soon collapsed under popular antipathy or indifference. For three successive sessions of the legislature no appropriation bills were passed and disbursements were made by the edict of the governor-general, in amounts and for purposes designated by him. The chronic disaffection to our rule that pervades the islands was inflamed to a perilous extent and the situation was full of menace. In dealing with it Mr. Wilson was unfortunately not in a position to correct the governmental system; but he made administrative changes that soon produced a better state of feeling. Since then relations between the government and the assembly have improved so much that deadlocks no longer occur, and the appropriations are made in a constitutional manner. The internal discord invariably characteristic of the kind of government we have imposed upon the islands has not been wholly eliminated, but it has been less mischievous.

A radical change of policy has been made in the Moro country, in which a formidable revolt was going on at the time President Wilson took office. The country had been under military rule, but the army is too massive and unwieldy an instrument for the ordinary tasks of government. It could put down insurrection, but could not maintain order. Periodical outbreaks took place, the suppression of which would be attended by a shocking butcher's bill. The details might be exploited in the United States for political effect, and considerations of this nature hampered the military authorities. During the presidential campaign a large insurgent band was encamped about ten miles from the army headquarters in Jolo and practically ruled the island,

while our troops remained inactive. After the change of administration the Moro country was taken under constabulary control.

Thereafter, if insurrection were contemplated, it did not get a chance to organize. The native constables are constantly mixing with the people, and hearing the gossip. Now, if a datto begins sacking rice and collecting munitions with a view of making a foray, he will not have more than started before the constabulary are on the scene wanting to know what is going on. As a result of this policy the country has been kept in order, and industrial tendencies have been developed that discourage the predatory spirit. Newspaper readers will perhaps have noticed that the Moro country has not been a source of exciting news during the present administration. Administrative handling of the situation in the Philippines has been attended by successes that are really of great value although unobserved in the United States.

While the serious nature of the Philippine situation has received little or no attention, there has been keen solicitude as to possible entanglement of this country in Mexican affairs. The assassination of President Madero precipitated a crisis at the outset of President Wilson's administration, and the course pursued antagonized an influential body of opinion. Business interests both in the United States and in Europe generally favored the recognition of General Huerta, and there were strong reasons in favor of such action. According to international law recognition of Huerta was no more than acquiescence with a *de facto* situation, without approval of the mode in which that situation was established.

There are abundant precedents for such action, which is favored by the great practical convenience of having some authority that can be held to account for injuries and offenses. But the present convenience may be dearly purchased, since it puts a premium on the revolutionary game that will keep attracting fresh players. This consideration evidently governed President Wilson's policy. His refusal to recognize Huerta clouded all that dictator's negotiations for the disposal of concessions and franchises, and eventually starved out his government. It is clear that the episode has greatly reduced the value of the stakes of revolution, and if the Wilson policy should become recognized as the settled policy of the United States, the financing of revolutionary movements will cease to be attractive. They are rarely formidable if dependent upon their own resources.

Apart from the Huerta episode the Mexican policy of the administration presents only one feature of permanent interest — the adroitness with which the situation was turned to account in improving our relations with other American countries. The behavior of the administration toward Mexico has conformed throughout to well-recognized principles of international law, and presents no novel features. There is, however, a blatant strain of sentiment which apparently holds that the United States is a most favored nation to whose case the ordinary rules of international morality do not apply. Germany was censurable for taking advantage of the weakness of China to seize territory there some years ago. Austria was censurable in moving against Servia in disregard of the feelings and interests of other powers. But America, in view of her moral superiority, may do as she pleases without fear of consequences. Such pretensions are, however, resented by other nations, and when the administration resorted to force in its dealings with Mexico alarm and anxiety were felt throughout the Americas.

Although the administration was resolved not to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, it was equally resolved to uphold the honor of the flag. The action of Mexican officials at Tampico in taking a number of our sailors from a navy launch and refusing to make suitable amends and apologies for the act of violence, led to the occupation of Vera Cruz by our national forces in April, 1914. General Huerta was at first defiant, but his position gradually became untenable and he left the country in July, 1914. The leading South American states now took occasion to ascertain the intentions of the United States, the movement taking the form of an offer of mediation by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The situation was one of delicacy and, if mishandled, might have been mischievous. President Wilson extracted from it the opportunity for a signal stroke of statesmanship. He cordially accepted the offer of mediation, declaring, —

'This government will be glad to take up with you for discussion in the frankest and most conciliatory spirit any proposals that may be authoritatively formulated, and will hope that they may prove feasible and prophetic of a new day of mutual coöperation and confidence in America.'

The President's acceptance of South American mediation was denounced by some as a blow to our prestige as a nation; but those who do not render judgment from the standpoint of immediate prejudice saw that it was a masterstroke of policy. The Springfield *Republican* with entire truthfulness declared: —

'The incident is worth hundreds of tours of South American capitals by our Secretaries of State, with innumerable banquet speeches on Pan-American solidarity. It is worth dozens of Pan-American conferences. For an act like this crystallizes fine words and eloquent periods into a landmark of Pan-American diplomacy. It establishes a precedent; possibly it opens an era.'

The acceptance of this mediation was followed by the A. B. C. conference at Niagara Falls, which, although without definite result, brought about understandings that contributed to the installation of the Carranza government, to whose authority Vera Cruz was transferred in November, 1914. Since then the authority of the Carranza government has been gradually extended through the country, but not, up to the time of this writing, with sufficient efficacy to suppress disorder and outrage, some cases of which have involved the death of American citizens.

But the Carranza government provides an authority that can be held to account, and it has given evidence of readiness to accept its obligations and of energy in fulfilling them to the best of its ability. Public opinion seems now to be settling down to the conclusion that President Wilson has successfully handled a difficult situation, and if one may now venture to anticipate the verdict of history, it may be said that his incidental diplomacy displays that highest quality of statesmanship which is able to convert an untoward event into an advantage.

Apart from the diplomatic *entente* produced by it, the Mexican policy of the administration presents no novel or original features; but incidentally there have been revealed weak and discreditable characteristics of our politics that will be a growing peril as our national interests expand. In other nations it is a salutary practice to keep the management of foreign relations out of the arena of party strife, but in our Congress there is a strong disposition to make it a football of the electioneering game. It is not the habit of the American people to pay much attention to

what is said in Congress, for the reason that public policy is formed outside of it. Hence the newspapers usually give only brief reports of its proceedings, and this apparently tends to make Congressional utterance the more strident, so as to gain attention by sheer vehemence. It is true that, although violent in speech, Congress is habitually moderate in action; but meanwhile it fails to perform its proper function of clarifying public opinion, and serves rather to confuse and to mislead. The effect becomes really dangerous in emergencies arising in our foreign relations, as they do not usually present simple questions in ethics and readily admit of misrepresentation.

Thus it has been exhibited as a gross inconsistency that American citizens have been warned to keep out of Mexico while at the same time they have not been warned to keep off vessels sailing under a belligerent flag; yet the distinction is well marked in law. For a government to order its nationals out of a country in a condition of anarchy is as common a precaution as roping off a danger-zone at a fire, and it involves no abridgment of rights of citizenship. There are abundant precedents on this point supplied by the practice of every civilized country. The only place where people have a full and unqualified right to be is in their own country; and if for any reason they choose to expatriate themselves, they have only such privileges of travel or residence as are provided by treaty stipulations or conceded by international law. The high seas are, however, the common property of nations, and the right to use them as such is not suspended by war, although it is then qualified by belligerent rights. But travel or residence in a foreign country is not a right but is a conditional privilege. No authority holds that our government is bound to claim for our citizens the right to go where they please and stay where they please in Europe. If they do go they take their risks, and they have no right to expect anything more from their government than that it will insist that they shall be dealt with according to law, and that reparation shall be obtained in case of violation of rights secured by treaty or acknowledged by international law.

As a matter of fact, probably many more Americans have gone into the European war area than have gone into Mexico since the outbreak of civil war there; but there has been no outcry in home politics over their troubles, and in respect to European affairs opposition to the policy of the administration has followed lines different from those followed in respect of Mexican affairs. The administration has been censured on the one hand for lack of manly virtues, as shown by failure to make an energetic protest against the invasion of Belgium, and since then for failure to give expression to the moral disapprobation of this country for the acts and policies of the Germanic powers. On the other hand, it has been criticized for insistence upon the right of American citizens to the use of the sea at the risk of involving the country in the war that is desolating Europe. On the latter point it is not disputed that the position of the administration has been distinct and positive. Germany was notified that 'American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in traveling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas.' Great Britain was notified that 'in so far as the interests of American citizens are concerned, the government of the United States will insist upon their rights under the principles and rules of international law as hitherto established, covering neutral trade in time of war, without limitation or impairment by

Orders in Council or other municipal legislation by the British Government, and will not recognize the validity of prize court proceedings taken under restraints imposed by British municipal law in derogation of the rights of American citizens under international law.'

In maintaining this position the United States has been, and still is, involved in serious controversies with Great Britain regarding property rights and with the Germanic powers regarding human rights. The case is too incomplete to warrant any statement of conclusions, even if space admitted an examination of particulars. Our correspondence with belligerent governments relative to neutral rights was enough to fill two large printed volumes up to October 15, 1915, and the mass has much increased since then. It is manifest that the behavior of the belligerents on both sides has been affected by the insistence of the United States on neutral rights, and that even the frantic ruthlessness of Germany has been checked. Examination of the record will show that never before during a European war has so much respect for neutral rights been successfully exacted.

While refraining from any attempt to compute results, as being at present impracticable, it is nevertheless possible to discern the general policy pursued. It is a policy that is not new, going back as it does to our national beginnings. It is a policy that has always at the time been repugnant to chivalric ideals, but it has always been approved by history as sound and proper. It was fully expounded by Alexander Hamilton in his 'Pacificus' letters during Washington's administration, when the administration was censured for not going to the rescue of France just as the present administration is censured for not going to the rescue of Belgium. The cardinal principle of this policy was thus stated by Hamilton: —

'Under every form of government rulers are only trustees for the happiness and interest of their nation, and cannot, consistently with their trust, follow the suggestions of kindness or humanity toward others, to the prejudice of their constituents.'

If this principle of trusteeship be accepted, it follows that it is not the business of the President of the United States to avenge the wrongs of Belgium or to put this nation in a position of moral approbation or disapprobation of any other nation. His proper business is to uphold, protect, and defend the rights and interests of the United States. Hence knight-errantry, however noble its ideals may be, is quite inadmissible. A policy of knight-errantry has received such distinguished championship that the notion seems to have become somewhat diffused that perhaps it might have accomplished something; but no real grounds exist for such a belief. It has been made perfectly clear that Bismarck's policy of breaking the sticks one at a time has been discarded and that it is the present policy of Germany to try to break once and for all the entire fagot of her international problems. All her preparations were made with that purpose, of which the invasion of Belgium was an essential feature. It is not in the least likely that an undertaking that was not deterred by the risk of forcing England into the war could have been affected by anything the United States could say or do. Nothing would have happened save an impairment of the ability of our government to act with effect in maintaining American rights and interests.

But although our government kept within the bounds of its own duty, it went as far as that duty permitted in attempting mediation. On August 5,

1914, just as hostilities were beginning, President Wilson sent a cable message to all the belligerent powers in which he said, 'I should welcome an opportunity to act in the interest of European peace, either now or at any other time that might be thought more suitable, as an occasion to serve you and all concerned.' Only formal acknowledgments were received from the belligerents, but this offer of service still stands, and it is well understood that President Wilson's attitude is one of constant readiness to act for the restoration of peace whenever an opportunity arrives.

In connection with the European war new issues have been developed in our domestic politics, and they are now engaging thought and action. Their trenchant influence has already been displayed by a break in the President's Cabinet, and new party formations may eventually result from them. But at this writing they are still in the nebulous stage, and no exact survey of them is practicable. Hence this examination of the policy of the administration will not be carried any further, and therefore it only remains to attempt some assessment of constitutional value for the period that has been considered. Viewed from this standpoint, it may be remarked that the action of the Wilson administration in dealing with external problems will not permanently retain the overshadowing importance it now seems to have. The instructions of history enable one to say with confidence that the policy pursued will be regarded as prudent and sensible, and conforming to well-settled principles of national behavior. And likewise the storm of detraction through which it has had to move exhibits nothing new, but has been the common lot of our presidents in time of great public excitement.

Where the Wilson administration has most strongly marked our constitutional system is in the changes introduced in the relations between the President and Congress, in furtherance of the legislative programme supported by the President in respect of our domestic problems. How deeply the thoughts and desires of President Wilson were bound up with these problems is abundantly attested by essays on public affairs contributed by him to this magazine in the days of his literary activity. The outbreak of the European war was undoubtedly a most untoward event, restricting his activities and abridging his opportunities in moulding political structure. In a letter to a friend in the Senate, before his inauguration as President, he wrote that 'one of the objects I shall have most in mind when I get to Washington will be conferences with my legislative colleagues there with a view of bringing some budget system into existence.' That immensely important matter has not, however, made any visible progress as yet, although it has been the subject of some conference with party leaders.

Nothing more than a provisional estimate of his career can be attempted now. The record is far from complete. He is not yet quite sixty years of age, and he is in the fullness of his mental powers and his working capacity. His typical characteristic as a statesman is, however, definitely settled and distinctly manifest. He applies himself to his tasks, not in the spirit of a gladiator, or of an experimentalist, or even of a reformer, but always in the spirit of a trustee. He regards his office as one of such power and responsibility that inaction on public issues would be culpable, but he is constantly mindful of the fact that the power is not an individual prerogative but is derived from the representative value of the office.

While he makes an energetic use of the influence of his office to promote action, it is always with respect to measures to which his party is committed and in the exercise of his recognized function as the party leader. If distraction of sentiment or vacillation of purpose enfeebles party policy in Congress, he has an effective resource in that he is quite able and willing to appeal to public opinion so as to bring its instructions to bear upon the situation.

Thus while he moves forcefully he moves cautiously, testing the ground for each step he takes, like an elephant crossing a bridge. But while his temper and method are strictly constitutional, he conceives it to be the President's duty to take an active part in shaping the details of legislation, in promoting action and in enforcing party discipline. He has set up such high standards of constitutional propriety and he has established such cogent precedents that the character of the presidential office will be permanently affected. It will be practically impossible hereafter for any one who takes office as President of the United States to pretend that he can acquit himself of his legislative obligations merely by requesting Congress to take matters into consideration. Our constitutional system is yet to be democratized; has yet to attain its definite form. When the time comes for history to display the process, the methods of Wilson's administration will appear as the mark of a new era.

TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY

As a child I was afraid of world without end, of life everlasting. The thought of it used to clutch me at times with a crushing sense of the inevitable, and make me long to run away. But where could one run? If never-ending life were true, then I was already caught fast in it, and it would never end. Perhaps it had never had a beginning. Life everlasting, eternity, forever and ever: these are tremendous words for even a grown person to face; and for a child — if he grasp their significance at all — they may be hardly short of appalling. The picture that Heaven presented to my mind was of myself, a desperate little atom, dancing in a streak of light around and around and around forever and ever. I do not know what could have suggested such an idea; I only know that I could not think of myself caught there in eternity like a chip in a whirlpool, or say 'round again, and round again, and round again' for more than a minute, without hypnotizing myself into a state of sheer terror. Of course, as I grew older I threw off this truly awful conception; yet shorn of its crudeness and looked at with grown-up eyes, there were moments when, much as I believed in, and desired, eternal life, that old feeling of 'round again, and round again' would swoop back upon me with all its unutterable weariness, and no state of bliss that I could imagine seemed to me proof forever against boredom. Nevertheless, I still had faith to believe that eternity and enjoyment of life could in some way be squared, though I did not see how it was to be done. I am glad that I had, for I came

at last to a time when faith was justified by sight, and it is of that time that I wish to write here.

If this paper ever chances to be printed, it will be read, I think, by two sets of persons. There will be those who will wonder if I speak of something that is really there, or who will be quite sure that I do not — that I either imagined or made up the whole thing, or else that it was entirely due to the physical condition of convalescence. Others there will be, who will believe that I am speaking of the truth that is there, because they, too, have seen it. These last will think that it was not because I was returning to health that I imagined all life as beautiful, but that with the cleared vision that sometimes attends convalescence I 'saw into reality,' and felt the ecstasy which is always there, but which we are enabled to perceive only on very rare and fleeting occasions.

It is these last for whom I wish to write. If this clearing of the vision is an occasional occurrence of convalescence, then what I saw is of far more value than it would be had my experience been unique.

I do not really know how long the insight lasted. I have said, at a rough guess, twenty minutes. It may have been a little shorter time, it may have been a little longer. But at best it was very transitory.

It happened to me about two years ago, on the day when my bed was first pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital. I was recovering from a surgical operation. I had undergone a certain amount of physical pain, and had suffered for a short time the most acute mental depression which it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. I suppose that this depression was due to physical causes, but at the time it seemed to me that somewhere down there under the anæsthetic, in the black abyss of unconsciousness, I had discovered a terrible secret, and the secret was that there was no God; or if there was one, He was indifferent to all human suffering.

Though I had hardly reëstablished my normal state of faith, still the first acuteness of that depression had faded, and only a scar of fear was left when, several days later, my bed was first wheeled out to the porch. There other patients took their airing and received their visitors; busy internes and nurses came and went, and one could get a glimpse of the sky, with bare gray branches against it, and of the ground, with here and there a patch of melting snow.

It was an ordinary cloudy March day. I am glad to think that it was. I am glad to remember that there was nothing extraordinary about the weather, nor any unusualness of setting — no flush of spring or beauty of scenery — to induce what I saw. It was, on the contrary, almost a dingy day. The branches were bare and colorless, and the occasional half-melted piles of snow were a forlorn gray rather than white. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees, while human beings, in no way remarkable, passed along the porch.

There was, however, a wind blowing, and if any outside thing intensified the experience, it was the blowing of that wind. In every other respect it was an ordinary commonplace day. Yet here, in this everyday setting, and entirely unexpectedly (for I had never dreamed of such a thing), my eyes were opened, and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality.

I cannot now recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually; I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time

in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty, and importance. I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light — in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was a part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I *imagined* all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I *saw* the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful beyond all belief is a woman's hair. Nor had I ever guessed how marvelous it is for a human being to walk. As for the internes in their white suits, I had never realized before the whiteness of white linen; but much more than that, I had never so much as dreamed of the mad beauty of young manhood. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a nearby branch, and I honestly believe that only 'the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy' can in the least express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I cannot express it, but I have seen it.

Once out of all the gray days of my life I have looked into the heart of reality; I have witnessed the truth; I have seen life as it really is — ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy, and a value unspeakable. For those glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me — the trees in the wind, the little birds flying, the nurses, the internes, the people who came and went. There was nothing that was alive that was not a miracle. Just to be alive was in itself a miracle. My very soul flowed out of me in a great joy.

No one can be as happy as I was and not have it show in some way. A stranger passing paused by my bed and said, 'What are you lying here all alone looking so happy about?' I made some inadequate response as to the pleasure of being out-of-doors and of getting well. How could I explain all the beauty that I was seeing? How could I say that the gray curtain of unreality had swirled away and that I was seeing into the heart of life? It was not an experience for words. It was an emotion, a rapture of the heart.

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great theme.

Then, the extraordinary importance of everything! Every living creature was intensely alive and intensely beautiful, but it was as well of a marvelous

value. Whether this value was in itself or a part of the whole, I could not see; but it seemed as though before my very eyes I actually beheld the truth of Christ's saying that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in Heaven. Yet *what* the importance was, I did not grasp. If my heart could have seen just a little further I should have understood. Even now the tips of my thoughts are forever on the verge of grasping it, forever just missing it. I have a curious half-feeling that somewhere, deep inside of myself, I know very well what this importance is, and have always known; but I cannot get it from the depth of myself into my mind, and thence into words. But whatever it is, the importance seemed to be nearer to beauty and joy than to an anxious morality. I had a feeling that it was in some way different from the importance I had usually attached to life.

It was perhaps as though that great value in every living thing was not so much here and now in ourselves as somewhere else. There is a great significance in every created thing, but the significance is beyond our present grasp. I do not know what it is; I only know that it is there, and that all life is far more valuable than we ever dream of its being. Perhaps the following quotation from Milton may be what I was conscious of: —

> What if earth
> Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
> Each to each other like, more than on earth is thought.

What if here we are only symbols of ourselves, and our real being is somewhere else, — perhaps in the heart of God? Certainly that unspeakable importance had to do with our relationship to the great Whole; but what the relationship was, I could not tell. Was it a relationship of love toward us, or only the delight in creation? But it is hardly likely that a glimpse of a cold Creator could have filled me with such an extravagant joy, or so melted the heart within me. For those fleeting, lovely moments I did indeed, and in truth, love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more: of myself I was hardly conscious, while with my neighbor in every form, from wind-tossed branches and little sparrows flying, up to human beings, I was madly in love. Is it likely that I could have experienced such love if there were not some such emotion at the heart of Reality? If I did not actually see it, it was not that it was not there, but that I did not see quite far enough.

Perhaps this was because I was still somewhat in the grip of that black doubt which I had experienced, and of which I have spoken. I think it was owing to this doubt also that afterwards I had a certain feeling of distrust. I was afraid that all that beauty might be an uncaring joy. As if, though we were indeed intensely important in some unguessed way to the great Reality, our own small individual sorrows were perhaps not of much moment. I am not sure that I actually had this feeling, as it is very difficult, after the lapse of almost two years, to recapture in memory all the emotions of so fleeting and so unusual an experience. If I did, however, I comfort myself, as I have said, with the thought of the intense joy that I experienced. The vision of an uncaring Reality would hardly have melted me to such happiness. That the Creator is a loving Creator I believe with all my heart; but this is belief, not sight. What I saw that day was an unspeakable joy and loveliness, and a value to all life beyond anything that we have knowledge of; while in myself I knew a wilder happiness than I have ever before or since experienced.

Moreover, though there was nothing exactly religious in what I saw, the accounts given by people who have passed through religious conversion or illumination come nearer to describing my emotions than anything else that I have come across.

These testimonies I read almost a year after my hospital episode. I came upon them by chance, and was astonished to find that they were describing very much what I had passed through. I think if I had had nothing to match them in my own experience I should almost certainly have felt sure that these people, because of the emotional excitement within themselves, imagined all the beauties that they described. Now I believe that they are describing what is actually there. Nor are poets making up — as the average mind believes, and as I think I always believed — the extravagant beauty of which they sing. They are telling us of the truth that is there, and that they are occasionally enabled to see.

Here are some of the testimonies offered by people who have experienced illumination in one form or another.

'Natural objects were glorified,' one person affirms. 'My spiritual vision was so clarified that I saw beauty in every natural object in the universe.' Another says, 'When I went into the field to work, the glory of God appeared in all his visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how every straw and beard of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow, if I may so express it, in the glory of God.' The father of Rabindranath Tagore thus describes his illumination: 'I felt a serenity and joy which I had never experienced before . . . the joy I felt . . . that day overflowed my soul. . . . I could not sleep that night. The reason of my sleeplessness was the ecstasy of soul; as if moonlight had spread itself over my mind for the whole of that night.' And when Tagore speaks of his own illumination he says, 'It was morning; I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music; one marvelous rhythm.' (Note his sense of rhythm, of which I also was conscious.) 'The houses in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole — inexpressibly glorified.' (Perhaps the significance of that tremendous importance which I felt, but failed to grasp, was that we are all parts of a wonderful whole.) 'I was full of gladness, full of love for every tiniest thing.'

And this was what — in a smaller degree — I, too, saw for those fleeting moments out there upon the hospital porch. Mine was, I think, a sort of accidental clearing of the vision by the rebirth of returning health. I believe that a good many people have experienced the same thing during convalescence. Perhaps this is the way in which we should all view life if we were born into it grown up. As it is, when we first arrive we are so engaged in the tremendous business of cutting teeth, saying words, and taking steps, that we have no time for, and little consciousness of, outside wonders; and by the time we have the leisure for admiration life has lost for us its first freshness. Convalescence is a sort of grown-up rebirth, enabling us to see life with a fresh eye.

Doubtless almost any intense emotion may open our 'inward eye' to the beauty of reality. Falling in love appears to do it for some people. The beauties of nature or the exhilaration of artistic creation does it for others. Probably any high experience may momentarily stretch our souls up on tiptoe, so that we catch a glimpse of that

marvelous beauty which is always there, but which we are not often tall enough to perceive.

Emerson says, 'We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision.' I believe that religious conversion more often clears the eyes to this beauty of truth than any other experience; and it is possible that had I not still been somewhat under that black cloud of doubt, I should have seen further than I did. Yet what I did see was very good indeed.

The following quotation from Canon Inge may not be entirely out of place in this connection: 'Incidentally I may say that the peculiar happiness which accompanies every glimpse of insight into truth and reality, whether in the scientific, æsthetic, or emotional sphere, seems to me to have a greater apologetic value than has been generally recognized. It is the clearest possible indication that the truth is for us the good, and forms the ground of a reasonable faith that all things, if we could see them as they are, would be found to work together for good to those who love God.'

In what I saw there was nothing seemingly of an ethical nature. There were no new rules of conduct revealed by those twenty minutes. Indeed, it seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an over-anxious morality. It was a little as though (to transpose the quotation),

> I had slept and dreamed that life was duty,
> But waked to find that life was beauty.

Perhaps at such times of illumination there is no need to worry over sin, for one is so transported by the beauty of humanity, and so poured out in love toward every human being, that sin becomes almost impossible.

Perhaps duty may merely point the way. When one arrives at one's destination it would be absurd to go back and reconsult the guide-post. Blindness of heart may be the real sin, and if we could only purify our hearts to behold the beauty that is all about us, sin would vanish away. When Christ says, 'Seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you,' He may mean by 'all these things' spiritual virtues even more than things temporal, such as what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. It may be that He stood forever conscious of a transcendent beauty, and joy, and love, and that what grieved Him most was mankind's inability to behold what was there before their very eyes.

Perhaps, too, this may be the great difference between the saints and the Puritans. Both are agreed that goodness is the means to the end, but the saints have passed on to the end and entered into the realization, and are happy. (One of the most endearing attributes of saints of a certain type was — or rather is, for one refuses to believe that saints are all of the past — their childlike gayety, which can proceed only from a happy and trustful heart.) The Puritan, on the other hand, has stuck fast in the means — is still worrying over the guide-posts, and is distrustful and over-anxious.

It is like walking and dancing. One could never dance unless he had first learned to walk, or continue to dance unless walking were always possible; yet if one is too intent upon the fact of walking, dancing becomes impossible. The Puritan walks in a worried morality; the saint dances in the vision of God's love; and doubtless both are right dear in the sight of the Lord, but the saint is the happiest.

Father Tyrrell says, 'For Jesus the moral is not the highest life, but its condition.'

Some may object that I preach a dangerous doctrine; others, that I am

trying to whip a mad moment of Pagan beauty into line with Christian thought. Possibly I am; yet I am trying not to do the one or the other. I am merely wondering, and endeavoring to get at the truth of something that I saw.

And all the beauty is forever there before us, forever piping to us, and we are forever failing to dance. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extravagant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that is always there.

This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. I have had a little taste of bliss, and if Heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. But that was not the greatest thing that those twenty minutes revealed, and that did most to end all dread of life everlasting. The great thing was the realization that weariness, and boredom, and questions as to the use of it all, belong entirely to unreality. When once we wake to Reality — whether we do so here or have to wait for the next life for it, — we shall never be bored, for in Reality there is no such thing.

Chesterton has pointed out the power for endless enjoyment of the same thing which most children possess, and suggested that this is a God-like capacity; that perhaps to God his creation always presents itself with a freshness of delight; that perhaps the rising of the sun this morning was for Him the same ecstatic event that it was upon the first day of its creation. I think it was the truth of this suggestion that I perceived in those twenty minutes of cleared vision, and realized that in the youth of eternity we shall recapture that God-like and child-like attribute which the old age and unreality of Time have temporarily snatched from us.

No; I shall have no more fear of eternity. And even if there were no other life, this life here and now, if we could but open our dull eyes to see it in its truth, is lovely enough to require no far-off Heaven for its justification. Heaven, in all its spring-tide of beauty, is here and now, before our very eyes, surging up to our very feet, lapping against our hearts; but we, alas, know not how to let it in!

Once again, when I was almost recovered, I had another fleeting visitation of this extreme beauty. A friend came into my room dressed for the opera. I had seen her thus a great number of times before, but for a moment I saw her clothed in all that wild beauty of Reality, and, as before, my heart melted with joy at the sight. But this second occasion was even more transitory than the first, and since then I have had no return. Tagore's illumination, he says, lasted for seven or eight days, and Jacob Boehme knew a 'Sabbath calm of the soul that lasted for seven days, during which he was, as it were, inwardly surrounded by a divine light. The triumph that was then in my soul,' he says, 'I can neither tell nor describe; I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead.'

And this miraculous time was with him for a whole week, while I have only tasted it for those few short minutes! But he was a saint, and had really ascended to the holy hill of the Lord through clean hands and a pure heart, while I was swept there momentarily, and, as it were, by accident, through the rebirth of returning health. But when the inspired ones testify to a great joy and a great beauty I too can cry, 'Yes, I have seen it also! Yes, O Beauty, O Reality, O Mad Joy! I

too have seen you face to face!' And though I have never again touched the fullness of that ecstatic vision, I know all created things to be of a beauty and value unspeakable, and I shall not fail to pay homage to all the loveliness with which existence overflows. Nor shall I fear to accord to all of life's experiences, whether sad or gay, as high, as extravagant, and as undismayed a tribute of enthusiasm as I am capable of.

Perhaps some day I shall meet it face to face again. Again the gray veil of unreality will be swirled aside; once more I shall see into Reality. Sometimes still, when the wind is blowing through trees, or flowers, I have an eery sense that I am almost in touch with it. The veil was very thin in my garden one day last summer. The wind was blowing there, and I knew that all that beauty and wild young ecstasy at the heart of life was rioting with it through the tossing larkspurs and rose-pink canterbury bells, and bowing with the foxgloves; only I just could not see it. But it is there — it is always there — and some day I shall meet it again. The vision will clear, the inner eye open, and again all that mad joy will be upon me. Some day — not yet perhaps — but some day!

WAS IT REALITY?

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has allowed me to read the proof-sheets of the foregoing article and to comment briefly upon some medical and non-medical aspects of the experience there described. Did drugs, disease, or weakness distort the writer's vision? Is it truth or a morbid fancy that he presents to us?

The drug question can be answered promptly. To my personal knowledge the writer of this article took no anæsthetic, no morphine, and no drug of any kind during the seven days previous to that which he describes. After such an interval, drugs could not possibly have influenced him. As to disease and weakness, the following considerations seem to me pertinent. I have ascertained by inquiry that there was no fever in the case, no fasting, nor any of the conditions under which ascetics see visions. By a slight, brief illness the patient had been cooped up for ten days in a dreary hospital ward. When convalescent he was wheeled into the fresh air and renewed his acquaintance with wholesome sights and sounds.

What he then saw reminds me of the impressions one gets on looking at a sunset with the fresh half of the retina instead of with the staled half which ordinarily confronts the sky. The segment of retina on which the bright light of sky and clouds usually falls is considerably dulled or guarded against the dazzle of the sky-scape. The landscape proper, with its lower lights and duller colors, is received by the other half of the retina, which accordingly becomes keener and more sensitive because it is not in the habit of protecting itself

against strong light. By stooping or lying down one partly inverts the eye, reverses the retinal segments and brings the fresh, unsated part of the eye-ground against the bright sunset colors. The familiar but fascinating result is that the sky colors appear brighter, more varied, and more beautiful.

This result is so easily verifiable and so interestingly parallel to the experience described in 'Twenty Minutes of Reality' that I want to analyze it further. No one questions that the greater beauty appreciated by the fresh half of the retina is reality and not delusion or morbidness. The unsated tissues give us true sight of the colors — show us subtler and more delicate hues, unperceived by the work-a-day vision. Ordinary perception is untrue, because it has become blinded by overuse. It is calloused and numb. It misses the fine points. But when (by standing on our heads or approaching that attitude in more comfortable ways) we suddenly see things afresh — the new truth is beautiful truth. It is not merely strange or bizarre. The familiar cloud-masses and glowing horizon are there, but enhanced; not deformed, but fulfilled.

All this seems to me strikingly parallel to the 'Twenty Minutes.' Familiar and unshaken, yet glorified — such was the new aspect of things. Such it is when the fresher healthier strip of retina gets a chance to mirror the truth. A keener delight in perception is notoriously a mark of health. It is to the healthy palate that food tastes wonderfully good. It is the diseased organism that finds no savor. To me therefore there are signs of unusual health in the type of perception which this convalescent reports. He describes the activity characteristic of sound senses, refreshed by rest and reinvigorated by the shock of a return from prison conditions to more normal life.

But the essay reminds me not only of the glories of standing on one's head but of the glories of childhood. The glittering new painted universe which was enjoyed for those 'Twenty Minutes' is after all a very familiar one. It is simply the world of our unsated, unsophisticated childhood — the Golden Age of Kenneth Grahame and Stevenson. Now I do not for a moment assert that children are always closer to truth than adults, but I do assert without fear of contradiction that they are healthier than adults. In their daily output of energy, in their muscular control and coördination through the larger movements of trunk and limb, wherein consists the beauty and the security of motion, children are vastly our superiors. In the soundness of their sleep, in their power to survive infectious disease they leave adults far in the rear.

There is no doubt, then, that childhood is the acme of physical health. There is also, I think, no doubt that in the 'Twenty Minutes' which I am examining, a child's type of perception is recorded. If it was the child's type, it was probably an unusually healthy type. No evidence of morbidity appears from this point of view.

Deserting now the medical standpoint, I want to suggest in closing that our ordinary prosaic perceptions show strong evidence of morbidity. The familiar pictures on our walls are all but invisible to most of us. Shall we pride ourselves on this sort of blindness? It means falsity, not fact. The blindness, to be sure, is in our brains, not in our eyes. It is not incurable. The powers are not atrophied — they are merely in abeyance. Yet while they are thus off duty we are almost as bad as blind. Familiarity breeds not so much contempt as callousness. Satiety is our average or 'normal' state about much of our experience in adult life; and satiety is demonstrably untrue, unscientific, maimed — in short, diseased. To

shock us into fresh perception, to bring back the true world we have lost by habitual dullness and inattention we need just such an experience as led up to the 'Twenty Minutes of Reality.' A little hunger brings out the taste of food. Ten days of hospital atmosphere, and then convalescence and the return to the sky and the moving winds, might well crack the crust of habit and show us reality. In my belief this is just what happened.

SONGS OF WAR

Written within sound of the guns on the British front

BY GILBERT FRANKAU

SIGNALS

THE hot wax drips from the flares
On the scrawled pink forms that litter
The bench where he sits; the glitter
Of stars is framed by the sand-bags atop of the dug-out stairs.
And the lagging watch-hands creep,
And his cloaked mates murmur in sleep —
Forms he can wake with a kick —
And he hears, as he plays with the pressel-switch, the strapped receiver click
On his ear that listens, listens;
And the candle-flicker glistens
On the rounded brass of the switch-board where the red wires cluster thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
Wires that whisper and chatter
At night, when the trench-rats patter
And nibble among the rations and scuttle back to their lair;
Wires that are never at rest —
For the linesmen tap them and test,
And ever they tremble with tone: —
And he knows from a hundred signals the buzzing call of his own,

The breaks and the vibrant stresses, —
The Z, and the G, and the Esses,
That call his hand to the answering key and his mouth to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
On the words that his mouth shall utter,
When rifle and maxim stutter
And the rockets volley to starward from the spurting parapet;
And always his ear must hark
To the voices out of the dark, —
For the whisper over the wire,
From the bombed and the battered trenches where the wounded moan in the mire, —
For a sign to waken the thunder
Which shatters the night asunder
With the flash of the leaping muzzles and the beat of battery-fire.

AMMUNITION COLUMN

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain: —
And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again;
Railroad, lorry and limber, battery, column and park;
To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay where the shells embark —
We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long dull day drags by,
As I sit here watching our 'Archibalds' *strafing* an empty sky;
Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the plane —
Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the chain,
Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are hungry again: —
Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun;
To the loader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops where the steam-lathes run —
There's a lone mule braying against the line where the mud cakes fetlock-deep!
There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn where the drivers sleep;

And I hear the plash of the orderly's horse as he canters him down the lane —
Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in the chain;
And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again; —
From wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's forearm at breech,
To the working-party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech. —
So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right,
At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of another night
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again. . . .
Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain!

THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our flashes?
Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and the shuddering crashes?
Saw ye our work by the roadside, the gray wounded lying,
Moaning to God that he made them — the maimed and the dying:
Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them! We are the guns!

We are the guns and ye serve us! Dare ye grow weary,
Steadfast at night-time, at noon-time; or waking, when dawn winds blow dreary
Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier water,
To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute decided for slaughter?
Swift the clock runs;
Yes, to the ultimate second. Stand to your guns!

We are the guns and we need you! Here in the timbered
Pits that are screened by the crest and the copse where at dusk ye unlimbered,
Pits that one found us — and finding, gave life (Did he flinch from the giving?);
Labored by moonlight when wraith of the dead brooded yet o'er the living,
Ere, with the sun's
Rising the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him? Strip us for action!
Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's refraction!
Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped soul's assoiling;
Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of the barrel recoiling
Deafens and stuns!
Vengeance is ours for our servants! Trust ye the guns!

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the burden?
Hard is this service of ours which has only our service for guerdon:
Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which aforetime we trusted;
Flawed, the clear crystal of sight; and the clean steel of hardihood rusted?
Dominant ones,
Are we not true serfs and proven — true to our guns?

Ye are the guns! Are we worthy? Shall not these speak for us,
Out of the woods where the torn trees are slashed with the vain bolts that seek for us,
Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell flighting,
Hissing that rushes to silence and breaks to the thud of alighting;
Death that outruns
Horseman and foot? Are we justified? Answer, O guns!

Yea! by your works are ye justified — toil unrelieved;
Manifold labors, coördinate each to the sending achieved;
Discipline, not of the feet but the soul, unremitting, unfeigned;
Tortures unholy by flame and by maiming, known, faced, and disdained;
Courage that shuns
Only foolhardiness; even by these are ye worthy your guns!

Wherefore, — and unto ye only — power has been given;
Yea! — beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and riven;
Yea! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the skies' high dominions;
Yea! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the Death-angel's pinions!
Vigilant ones,
Loose them, and shatter, and spare not! We are the guns!

WAR AS AN INSTITUTION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

In spite of the fact that most nations, at most times, are at peace, war is one of the permanent institutions of most free communities, just as Parliament is one of our permanent institutions in spite of the fact that it is not always sitting. It is war as a permanent institution that I wish to consider: why men tolerate it, what hope there is of their coming not to tolerate it, and how they could abolish it if they wished to do so.

War is a conflict between two groups of men, each of which attempts to kill and maim as many as possible of the other group, in order to achieve some object which it desires. The object is generally either power or wealth. It is a pleasure to exercise authority over other men, and it is a pleasure to live on the produce of other men's labor. The victor in war can enjoy more of these pleasures than the vanquished. But war, like all other natural activities, is not so much prompted by the end which it has in view as by an impulse to the activity itself. Very often men desire an end, not on its own account, but because their nature demands the actions which will lead to the end. And so it is in this case: the ends to be achieved by war appear, in prospect, far more important than they will appear when they are realized, because war itself is a fulfillment of one side of our nature. If men's actions sprang from desires for what would in fact bring happiness, the purely rational arguments against war would have long ago put an end to it. What makes war difficult to suppress is that it springs from an impulse rather than from a calculation of the advantages to be derived from war.

War differs from the employment of force by the police through the fact that the actions of the police are ordered by a neutral authority, whereas in war it is the parties to the dispute themselves who set force in motion. This distinction is not absolute, since the state is not always wholly neutral in internal disturbances. When strikers are shot down, the state is taking the side of the rich. When opinions adverse to the existing state are punished, the state is obviously one of the parties to the dispute. And from the suppression of individual opinion up to civil war, all gradations are possible. But, broadly speaking, force employed according to laws previously laid down by the community as a whole may be distinguished from force employed by one community against another on occasions of which the one community is the sole judge.

I have dwelt upon this difference, because I do not think that the use of force by the police can be wholly eliminated, and I think that a similar use of force in international affairs offers the best hope of permanent peace. At present, international affairs are regulated by the principle that a nation must not intervene unless its interests are involved: diplomatic usage forbids intervention for the mere maintenance of international law. America may protest when

American citizens are drowned by German submarines, but must not protest when no American citizens are involved. The case would be analogous in internal affairs if the police would only interfere with murder when it happened that a policeman had been killed. So long as this principle prevails in the relations of states, the power of neutrals cannot be effectively employed to prevent war.

In every civilized country two forces coöperate to produce war. Only educated men are likely to be warlike at ordinary times, since they alone are vividly aware of other countries or of the part which their own nation might play in the affairs of the world. But it is only their knowledge, not their nature, that distinguishes them from their more ignorant compatriots. To take the most obvious example, German policy, in recent years before the war, was not averse from war, and not friendly to England. It is worth while to try to understand the state of mind from which this policy sprang.

The men who direct German policy are, to begin with, patriotic to an extent which is almost unknown in more civilized countries, such as France and England. The interests of Germany appear to them unquestionably the only interests they need consider. What injury may, in pursuing those interests, be done to other nations, what destruction may be brought upon populations and cities, what irreparable damage may be done to civilization, it is not for them to consider. If they can confer what they consider benefits upon Germany, everything else is of no account.

The second noteworthy point about German policy is, that its conception of national welfare is purely competitive. It is not the *intrinsic* wealth of Germany, whether materially or mentally, that the rulers of Germany consider important: it is the *comparative* wealth, in the competition with other civilized countries. For this reason, the destruction of good things abroad appears to them exactly as desirable as the creation of good things in Germany. In most parts of the world, the French are regarded as the most civilized of nations: their art and their literature and their way of life have an attraction for foreigners which those of Germany do not have. The English have developed political liberty, and the art of maintaining an empire with a minimum of coercion, in ways for which Germany, hitherto, has shown no aptitude. These are grounds for envy, and envy wishes to destroy what is good in other countries. The Germans, quite rightly, judged that what was best in France and England would probably be destroyed by a great war, even if France and England were not in the end defeated in the actual fighting. I have seen a list of young French writers killed on the battlefield; probably the German authorities have also seen it, and have reflected with joy that another year of such losses will destroy French literature for a generation — perhaps, through loss of tradition, forever. Every outburst against liberty in our more bellicose newspapers, every incitement to persecution of defenseless Germans, every mark of growing ferocity in our attitude, must be read with delight by German patriots, as proving their success in robbing us of our best, and forcing us to imitate whatever is worst in Prussia.

But what the rulers of Germany have envied Great Britain most was power and wealth — the power derived from command of the seas and the straits, the wealth derived from a century of industrial supremacy. In both these respects, they feel that their deserts are higher than ours. They have devoted far more thought and skill to military and industrial organization. Their av-

erage of intelligence and knowledge is far superior to ours. Their capacity for pursuing an attainable end, unitedly and with forethought, is infinitely greater than ours. Yet we, merely (as they think) because we had a start in the race, have achieved a vastly larger empire than they have, and an enormously greater control of capital. All this is unbearable; and nothing but a great war can alter it.

Besides all these feelings, there is in many Germans, especially in those who know us best, a hot hatred on account of our pride. Farinata degli Uberti surveyed Hell '*come avesse lo inferno in gran dispitto.*' Just so, by German accounts, English officer prisoners look round them among their captors — holding aloof, as though the enemy were noxious unclean creatures, toads or slugs or centipedes, which a man does not touch willingly, and shakes off with loathing if he is forced to touch them for a moment. It is easy to imagine how the devils hated Farinata, and inflicted greater pains upon him than upon his neighbors, hoping to win recognition by some slight wincing on his part, driven to frenzy by his continuing to behave as if they did not exist. In just the same way the Germans are maddened by our spiritual immobility. At bottom, we have regarded the Germans as one regards flies on a hot day — they are a nuisance, one has to brush them off, but it would not occur to one to be turned aside by them. Now that the initial certainty of victory has faded, we begin to be affected inwardly by the Germans. In time, if we continue to fail in our military enterprises, we shall realize that they are human beings, not just a tiresome circumstance. Then perhaps we shall hate them with a hatred which they will have no reason to resent. And from such a hatred it will be only a short journey to a genuine *rapprochement.*

The problem which must be solved, if the future of the world is to be less terrible than its present, is the problem of preventing nations from getting into the moods of England and Germany at the outbreak of the war. These two nations, as they were at that moment, might be taken as almost mythical representatives of pride and envy — of cold pride and hot envy. Germany declaimed passionately, 'You, England, swollen and decrepit, overshadow my whole growth — your rotting branches keep the sun from shining upon me and the rain from nourishing me. Your spreading foliage must be lopped, your symmetrical beauty must be destroyed, that I too may have freedom to grow, that my young vigor may no longer be impeded by your decaying mass.' England, bored and aloof, unconscious of the claims of outside forces, attempted absent-mindedly to sweep away the upstart disturber of meditation; but the upstart was not swept away, and remains so far with every prospect of making good his claim. The claim and the resistance to it are alike folly. Germany had no good ground for envy; we had no good ground for resisting whatever in Germany's demands was compatible with our continued existence. Is there any method of averting such reciprocal folly in the future?

II

I think that if either the English or the Germans were capable of thinking in terms of individual welfare rather than national pride, they would have seen that, at every moment during the war, the wisest course would have been to conclude peace at once, on the best terms that could have been obtained. This course, I am convinced, would have been the wisest for each separate nation as well as for civilization in general. The utmost evil that the enemy

could inflict through an unfavorable peace would be a trifle compared to the evil which all the nations inflict upon themselves by continuing to fight. What prevents the acknowledgment of this obvious fact is pride, the pride which cannot bear to admit defeat.

The mood in which Germany embarked upon the war was abominable, but it was a mood fostered by the habitual mood of England. If we had realized the futility of empire, if we had shown a willingness to yield colonies to Germany without waiting for the threat of force, we might have been in a position to persuade the Germans that their ambitions were foolish, and that the respect of the world was not to be won on imperialist lines. But by our resistance we showed that we shared their standards. We, being in possession, became enamored of the *status quo*. The Germans were willing to make war to upset the *status quo;* we were willing to make war to prevent its being upset in Germany's favor. So convinced were we of the sacredness of the *status quo* that we never realized how advantageous it was to us, or how, by insisting upon it, we shared the responsibility for the war. In a world where nations grow and decay, where forces change and populations become cramped, it is not possible or desirable to maintain the *status quo* forever. If peace is to be preserved, nations must learn to accept unfavorable alterations of the map without feeling that they must first be defeated in war, or that in yielding they incur a humiliation.

It is the insistence of legalists and friends of peace upon the maintenance of the *status quo* that has driven Germany into militarism. Germany had as good a right to an empire as any other great power, but could only acquire an empire through war. Love of peace has been too much associated with a static conception of international relations. In economic disputes, we all know that whatever is vigorous in the wage-earning classes is opposed to 'industrial peace,' because the existing distribution of wealth is felt to be unfair. Those who enjoy a privileged position endeavor to bolster up their claims by appealing to the desire for peace, and decrying those who promote strife between the classes. It never occurs to them that, by opposing changes without considering whether or not they are just, the capitalists share the responsibility for the class-war. And in exactly the same way, England shares the responsibility for Germany's war. If actual war is ever to cease, there will have to be political methods of achieving the results which now can be achieved only by successful fighting, and nations will have to admit voluntarily adverse claims which appear just in the judgment of neutrals.

It is only by some such admission, embodying itself in a parliament of the nations with full power to alter the distribution of territory, that militarism can be permanently overcome. It may be that the present war will bring, in the western nations, a change of mood and outlook sufficient to make such an institution possible. It may be that more wars and more destruction will be necessary before the majority of civilized men rebel against the brutality and futile destruction of modern war. But unless our standards of civilization and our powers of constructive thought are to be permanently lowered, I cannot doubt that, sooner or later, reason will conquer the blind impulses which now lead nations into war. And if a majority of the great powers had a firm determination that peace should be preserved, there would be no difficulty in devising diplomatic machinery for the settlement of disputes, and educational systems which would implant in the minds of the young an invincible

and ineradicable horror of the futile slaughter which the defenseless children are now taught to admire.

But besides the conscious and deliberate forces leading to war, there are the inarticulate feelings of common men, which, in most civilized countries, are always ready to burst into war-fever at the bidding of statesmen. If peace is to be secured, the readiness to catch war-fever must be somehow diminished. Whoever wishes to succeed in this must first understand what war-fever is and why it arises.

The men who have an important influence in the world, whether for good or evil, are dominated as a rule by a threefold desire: they desire, first, an activity which calls fully into play the faculties in which they feel that they excel; secondly, the sense of successfully overcoming resistance; thirdly, the respect of others on account of their success. The same desires, usually in a less marked degree, exist in men who have no exceptional talents. But such men cannot achieve anything very difficult by their individual efforts; to them, as units, it is impossible to acquire the sense of greatness or the triumph of strong resistance overcome. Their separate lives are unadventurous and dull. In the morning they go to the office or the plough; in the evening they return, tired and silent, to the sober monotony of wife and children. Believing that security is the supreme good, they have insured against sickness and death, and have found an employment where they have little fear of dismissal and no hope of any great rise. But security, once achieved, brings a nemesis of *ennui*. Adventure, imagination, risk, also have their claims; but how can these claims be satisfied by the ordinary wage-earner? Even if it were possible to satisfy them, the claims of wife and children have priority and must not be neglected.

To this victim of order and good organization, the realization comes, in some moment of sudden crisis, that he belongs to a nation, that his nation may take risks, may engage in difficult enterprises, enjoy the hot passion of doubtful combat, stimulate adventure and imagination by military expeditions to Mount Sinai and the Garden of Eden. What his nation does, in some sense he does; what his nation suffers, he suffers. The long years of private caution are avenged by a wild plunge into public madness. All the horrid duties of thrift and order and care, which he has learned to fulfill in private, are thought not to apply to public affairs: it is patriotic and noble to be reckless for the nation, though it would be wicked to be reckless for one's self. The old primitive passions, which civilization has denied, surge up, all the stronger for repression. In a moment, imagination and instinct travel back through the centuries, and the wild man of the woods emerges from the mental prison in which he has been confined. This is the deeper part of the psychology of the war-fever.

But besides the irrational and instinctive element in the war-fever, there is always also, if only as a liberator of primitive impulse, a certain amount of quasi-rational calculation and what is euphemistically called 'thought.' The war-fever very seldom seizes a nation unless it believes that it will be victorious. Undoubtedly, under the influence of excitement, men overestimate their chances of success; but there is *some* proportion between what is hoped and what a rational man would expect. Holland, though quite as humane as England, had no impulse to go to war on behalf of Belgium, because the likelihood of disaster was so obviously overwhelming. The London populace, if they had known how the war was going to develop, would not have

rejoiced as they did on that August Bank Holiday long ago. A nation which has had a recent experience of war, and has come to know that a war is almost always more painful than it is expected to be at the outset, becomes much less liable to war-fever, until a new generation grows up. The element of rationality in war-fever is recognized by governments and journalists who desire war, as may be seen by their invariably minimizing the perils of a war which they wish to provoke. At the beginning of the South African War, Sir William Butler was dismissed for suggesting (so I understand) that 60,000 men and three months might not suffice to subdue the Boer republics. And when the war proved long and difficult, the nation turned against those who had made it. We may assume, I think, without attributing too great a share to reason in human affairs, that a nation would not suffer from war-fever in a case where every sane man could see that defeat was very probable. The importance of this lies in the fact that it would make aggressive war very unlikely if its chances of success were very small.

The economic and political forces which make for war could be easily curbed, if the will to peace existed strongly in all civilized nations. But so long as the populations are liable to war-fever, all work for peace must be precarious; and if war-fever could not be aroused, political and economic forces would be powerless to produce any long or very destructive war. The fundamental problem for the pacifist is to prevent the impulse toward war which seizes whole communities from time to time. And this can be done only by far-reaching changes in education, in the economic structure of society, and in the moral code by which public opinion controls the lives of men and women.

III

A great many of the impulses which lead nations to go to war are in themselves essential to any vigorous or progressive life. Without imagination and love of adventure, a society soon becomes stagnant and begins to decay. Conflict, provided it is not destructive and brutal, is necessary in order to stimulate men's activities, and to secure the victory of what is living over what is dead or merely traditional. The wish for the triumph of one's cause, the sense of solidarity with large bodies of men, are not things which a wise man will wish to destroy. It is only the outcome in death and destruction and hatred that is evil. The problem is, to keep these impulses, without making war the outlet for them.

All Utopias that have hitherto been constructed are intolerably dull. Any man with any force in him would rather live in this world, with all its ghastly horrors, than in Plato's Republic or among Swift's Houyhnhnms. The men who make Utopias proceed upon a radically false assumption as to what constitutes a good life. They conceive that it is possible to imagine a certain state of society and a certain way of life which should be once for all recognized as good, and should then continue forever and ever. They do not realize that much the greater part of a man's happiness depends upon activity, and only a very small remnant consists in passive enjoyment. Even the pleasures which do consist in enjoyment are satisfactory, to most men, only when they come in the intervals of activity. Social reformers, like inventors of Utopias, are apt to forget this very obvious fact of human nature.

It would, of course, be easy to produce peace if there were no vigor in the world. Pacifism, if it is to be both victorious and beneficent, must find an

outlet, compatible with humane feeling, for the vigor which now leads nations into war and destruction. This problem was considered by William James, in an admirable address on 'The Moral Equivalent of War,' delivered to a congress of pacifists during the Spanish-American War of 1898. His statement of the problem could not be bettered; and, so far as I know, he is the only writer who has faced the problem adequately. But his solution is not adequate; perhaps no adequate solution is possible. The problem, however, is one of degree: every additional peaceful outlet for men's energies diminishes the force which urges nations toward war, and makes war less frequent and less fierce. And as a question of degree, it is capable of more or less partial solutions.

Every vigorous man needs some kind of contest, some sense of resistance overcome, in order to feel that he is exercising his faculties. Under the influence of economics, a theory has grown up that what men desire is wealth; this theory has tended to verify itself, because people's actions are more often determined by what they think they desire than by what they really desire. For this reason, public opinion has a great influence in directing the activities of vigorous men. In America, a millionaire is more respected than a great artist; this leads men who might have become either the one or the other to choose to become millionaires. In Renaissance Italy, great artists were more respected than millionaires, and the result was the opposite of what it is in America.

Some pacifists and all militarists deprecate social and political conflicts. In this the militarists are in the right, from their point of view; but the pacifists seem to me mistaken. Conflicts of party politics, conflicts between capital and labor, and generally all those conflicts of principle which do not involve war, serve many useful purposes, and do very little harm. They increase men's interest in public affairs, they afford a comparatively innocent outlet for the love of contest, and they help to alter laws and institutions when changing conditions or greater knowledge create the wish for an alteration. Everything that intensifies political life tends to bring a peaceful interest of the same kind as the interest which leads to desire for war. And in a democratic community, political questions give to every voter a sense of initiative and power and responsibility which relieves his life of something of its narrow unadventurousness. The object of the pacifist should be to give men more and more political control over their own lives, and in particular to introduce democracy into the management of industry, as the syndicalists advise.

The problem for the reflective pacifist is twofold: how to keep his own country at peace, and how to preserve the peace of the world. It is impossible that the peace of the world should be preserved while nations are liable to the mood in which Germany entered upon the war — unless, indeed, one nation were so obviously stronger than all others combined as to make war unnecessary for that one and hopeless for all the others. As this war has dragged on its weary length, many people must have asked themselves whether national independence is worth the price that has to be paid for it.

There is a degree of interference with liberty which is fatal to many forms of national life — for example, Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was crushed by the supremacy of Spain and Austria. If the Germans were actually to annex French provinces, as they did in 1871, they would probably inflict a serious injury upon those provinces, and make them less fruitful for civilization in general. For

such reasons, national liberty is a matter of real importance, and a Europe actually governed by Germany would probably be very dead and unproductive. But if 'hegemony' merely means increased weight in diplomatic questions, more coaling stations and possessions in Africa, more power of securing advantageous commercial treaties, then it can hardly be supposed that it would do any vital damage to other nations; certainly it would not do so much damage as the present war is doing. I cannot doubt that, before the war, a hegemony of this kind would have abundantly satisfied the Germans. But the effect of the war, so far, has been to increase immeasurably all the dangers which it was intended to avert. We have now only the choice between the certain exhaustion of Europe in fighting Germany and possible damage to the national life of France by German tyranny. Stated in terms of civilization and human welfare, not in terms of national prestige, that is now in fact the issue.

IV

Assuming that war is not ended by one state conquering all the others, the only way in which it can be permanently ended is by a world-federation. So long as there are many sovereign states, each with its own army, there can be no security that there will not be war. There will have to be in the world only one army and one navy before there will be any reason to think that wars have ceased. This means that, so far as the military functions of the state are concerned, there will be only one state, which will be world-wide.

The civil functions of the state — legislative, administrative, and judicial — have no very essential connection with the military functions; and there is no reason why both kinds of functions should normally be exercised by the same state. There is, in fact, every reason why the civil state and the military state should be different. The greater modern states are already too large for most civil purposes, but for military purposes they are not large enough, since they are not world-wide. This difference as to the desirable area for the two kinds of state introduces a certain perplexity and hesitation when it is not realized that the two functions have little necessary connection: one set of considerations points toward small states, the other toward continually larger states. Of course, if there were an international army and navy, there would have to be some international authority to set them in motion. But this authority need never concern itself with any of the internal concerns of national states: it need only declare the rules which should regulate their relations, and pronounce judicially when those rules have been so infringed as to call for the intervention of the international force. How easily the limits of the international authority could be fixed, may be seen by many actual examples.

The civil and the military state are often different, in practice, for many purposes. The states of America are sovereign except in certain respects, but they do not have separate armies and navies. The South American republics are sovereign for all purposes except their relations with Europe, in regard to which they are subject to the United States: in dealings with Europe, the army and navy of the United States are their army and navy. The self-governing dominions of Great Britain depend for their defense, not upon their own forces, but upon our navy. Most governments, nowadays, do not aim at formal annexation of a country which they wish to incorporate, but only at a protectorate; that is, civil autonomy subject to military

control. Such autonomy is, of course, in practice incomplete, because it does not enable the 'protected' country to adopt measures which are vetoed by the power in military control. But it may be very nearly complete, as in the case of our self-governing dominions. At the other extreme, it may become a mere farce, as in Egypt. In the case of an alliance, there is complete autonomy of the separate allied countries, together with what is practically a combination of their military forces into one single force.

The great advantage of a large military state is that it increases the area over which internal war is not possible except by revolution. If England and Canada have a disagreement, it is taken as a matter of course that a settlement will be arrived at by discussion, not by force. Still more is this the case if Manchester and Liverpool have a quarrel, in spite of the fact that each is autonomous for many local purposes. No one would have thought it reasonable that Liverpool should go to war to prevent the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, although almost any two great powers would have gone to war over an issue of the same relative importance. England and Russia would probably have gone to war over Persia if they had not been allies; as it is, they arrived by diplomacy at much the same iniquitous result as they would otherwise have reached by fighting. Australia and Japan would probably fight if they were both completely independent; but both depend for their liberties upon the British navy, and therefore they have to adjust their differences peaceably.

The chief disadvantage of a large military state is that, when external war occurs, the area affected is greater. The Quadruple Entente forms, for the present, one military state; the result is that, because of a dispute between Austria and Serbia, Belgium is devastated and Australians are killed in the Dardanelles. Another disadvantage is that it facilitates oppression. A large military state is practically omnipotent against a small state, and can impose its will, as England and Russia did in Persia. It is impossible to make sure of avoiding oppression by any purely mechanical guarantees; only a liberal and humane spirit can afford a real protection. It has been perfectly possible for England to oppress Ireland in the past, in spite of democracy and the presence of Irish members at Westminster. Nor has the presence of Poles in the Reichstag prevented the oppression of Prussian Poland. But democracy and representative government undoubtedly make oppression less probable: they afford a means by which those who might be oppressed can make their wishes and grievances publicly known; they make it certain that only a minority can be oppressed, and then only if the majority are nearly unanimous in wishing to oppress them. Also the practice of oppression affords much more pleasure to the governing classes, who actually carry it out, than to the mass of the population. For this reason, the mass of the population, where it has power, is likely to be less tyrannical than an oligarchy or a bureaucracy.

In order to prevent war and at the same time to preserve liberty, it is necessary that there should be only one military state in the world, but that it should act, in different countries, according to the wishes of the civil government of those countries, except when disputes between different countries are involved, which should be decided by some central authority. This is what would naturally result from a federation of the world, if such a thing ever came about. But the prospect is remote, and it is worth while to consider why it is so remote.

The unity of a nation is produced by similar habits, instinctive liking, a common history, and a common pride. The unity of a nation is partly due to intrinsic affinities between its citizens, but partly also to the pressure and contrast of the outside world: if a nation were isolated, it would not have the same cohesion or the same fervor of patriotism. When we come to alliances of nations, it is seldom anything except outside pressure that produces solidarity. England and America, to some extent, are drawn together by the same causes which often make national unity: a (more or less) common language, similar political institutions, similar aims in international politics. But England, France, and Russia were drawn together solely by fear of Germany: if Germany had been annihilated by a natural cataclysm, they would at once have begun to hate one another, as they did before Germany was strong. For this reason, the possibility of coöperation in the present alliance against Germany affords no ground whatever for hoping that all the nations of the world might coöperate permanently in a peaceful alliance. The present motive for cohesion, namely, a common fear, would be gone, and could not be replaced by any other motive unless men's thoughts and purposes were very different from what they are now.

The ultimate fact from which war results is not economic or political, and does not rest upon any mechanical difficulty of inventing means for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The ultimate fact from which war results is the fact that a large proportion of mankind have an impulse to conflict rather than harmony, and can be brought to coöperate with others only in resisting or attacking a common enemy. This is the case in private life as well as in the relations of states. Most men, when they feel themselves sufficiently strong, set to work to make themselves feared rather than loved: the wish to obtain the good opinion of others is confined, as a rule, to those who have not yet acquired secure power. The impulse to quarreling and self-assertion, the pleasure of getting one's own way in spite of opposition, is native to most men. It is this impulse, rather than any motive of calculated self-interest, which produces war, and makes the difficulty of bringing about a world-state. And this impulse is not confined to one nation: it exists, in varying degrees, in all the vigorous nations of the world.

But although this impulse is strong, there is no reason why it should be allowed to lead to war. It was exactly the same impulse which led to dueling; yet now civilized men conduct their private quarrels without bloodshed. If political contest within a world-state were substituted for war, men's imaginations would soon accustom themselves to the new situation, as they have accustomed themselves to absence of dueling. Through the influence of institutions and habits, without any fundamental change in human nature, men would learn to look back upon war as we look upon the burning of heretics or upon human sacrifice to heathen deities. If I were to buy a revolver costing several pounds, in order to shoot my friend with a view to stealing sixpence out of his pocket, I should be thought neither very wise nor very virtuous. But if I can get sixty-five million accomplices to join me in this criminal absurdity, I become one of a great and glorious nation, nobly sacrificing the cost of my revolver, perhaps even my life, in order to secure the sixpence for the honor of my country. Historians, who are almost invariably sycophants, will praise me and my accomplices if we are successful, and say that we are worthy successors of

the heroes who overthrew the might of Rome. But if my opponents are victorious, if their sixpences are defended at the cost of many pounds each and the lives of a large proportion of the population, then historians will call me a brigand (as I am), and praise the spirit and self-sacrifice of those who have resisted me.

War is surrounded with glamour by tradition, by Homer and the Old Testament, by early education, by elaborate myths as to the importance of the issues involved, by the heroism and self-sacrifice which these myths call out. Jephthah sacrificing his daughter is a heroic figure, but he would have let her live if he had not been deceived by a myth. Mothers sending their sons to the battlefield are heroic, but they are as much deceived as Jephthah. And, in both cases alike, the heroism which issues in cruelty would be dispelled if there were not some strain of barbarism in the imaginative outlook from which myths spring. A God who can be pleased by the sacrifice of an innocent girl could be worshiped only by men to whom the thought of receiving such a sacrifice is not wholly abhorrent. A nation whose welfare can be secured only by suffering and inflicting hundreds of thousands of equally horrible sacrifices is a nation which has no very spiritual conception of its own welfare. It would be better a hundredfold to forego material comfort, power, pomp, and outward glory, than to kill and be killed, to hate and be hated, to throw away in a mad moment of fury the bright heritage of the ages.

Men have learned gradually to free their God from the savagery with which the primitive Israelites endowed him: few now believe that it is his pleasure to torture most of the human race in an eternity of hell-fire. But they have not yet learned to free their national ideals from the ancient taint. Devotion to the nation is perhaps the deepest and most widespread religion of the present age. Like the ancient religions, it demands its persecutions, its holocausts, its lurid, heroic cruelties; like them, it is noble, primitive, brutal, and mad. Now, as in the past, religion, lagging behind private consciences through the weight of tradition, steels the hearts of men against mercy and their minds against truth. If the world is to be saved, men must learn to be noble without being cruel, to be filled with faith and yet open to truth, to be inspired by great purposes without hating those who try to thwart them. But before this can happen, men must first face the terrible realization that the gods before whom they have bowed down were false gods, and the sacrifices they have made were vain.

OF WATER AND THE SPIRIT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'I WANT to tell you — I *must* tell you all about it.'

With a kind of grave finality, the little woman in the deck chair next to mine snapped together the collapsible drinking-cup with which she had been playing, and sat up, laying a small eager hand on my arm. It was as if her groping thoughts had suddenly pushed open a door into action. I wondered if she guessed that I had been peeping at her from under dropped lids. She had the colorless make-up of a small middle-aged mouse, but her expression was amazing. It startled and arrested one. All the old lines of the face were set to small ambitions and sordid desires, but the look which should have accompanied these lines was clean gone — wiped into something big and still and simple — and her manner was that of an earnest child.

'I was in Belgium when it commenced,' she began. 'But I guess I better go back and tell it all right from the beginning,' she broke off.

'Please do,' I begged.

I did my best to speak naturally, but my voice seemed to break some spell, for her face blurred suddenly to self-consciousness.

'I — I reckon I ought to apologize for speaking to a stranger,' she stammered primly. And now her words exactly matched all the old small lines of her face. It was as if her little self, aware of something big and overwhelming that threatened to sweep her out of her depth, made a desperate clutch at conventionality.

'But I want to hear,' I protested eagerly. 'Please tell me.'

She must have seen that I was in earnest, for the little conventional self disappeared at that, and she answered simply, 'And I want to tell you — it seems like I've just *got* to tell you.'

It was September, 1914. We homing Americans were churning through an extraordinarily blue ocean toward New York and peace, while back there, just over our shoulders, a mad world was running red.

'It was like bein' torn all to pieces and put together again different,' she said. 'But I'll go back like I said, and start right from the beginning.'

For a moment she was silent, staring thoughtfully down at the cheap little metal cup, screwing the rings softly round and round, and drawing, as it were, inspiration from the sight of it.

'I come from Johnson's Falls,' she began at length. 'You would n't know where that is. It's just a little place down in West Virginia, but it's right close to the Virginia state line, and we have some mighty nice people in town. Why,' she exclaimed, 'I reckon we have some of the very best blood in the South there! But — but that is n't what I set out to tell you,' she caught herself up.

She fell into such a prolonged silence, turning the little cup, and looking at it, that at last I ventured a question to start her again.

'And I suppose,' I said, 'you belong to one of the oldest families there.'

I was sorry as soon as I had said it.

'No, I don't,' she answered simply, looking straight up at me. 'That was how it all commenced. My father kept the livery stable. But of course it would n't matter — keepin' a livery, I mean — if your family was all right. Jeff Randolph kept the grocery. Being a Randolph, of course he could. But my name's Smithson — Sadie Virginia Smithson — and my grandfather was a carpenter. I'm a dressmaker myself. That's the reason they did n't elect me to the Laurel Literary Society.' She paused a moment. 'I reckon you would n't understand about the Laurel Literary Society?' she questioned a trifle wistfully.

'Perhaps not,' I admitted.

'Well, it's a literary society, of course. The members read papers, and all like that, but it's a heap more'n that. Belonging to it kind of marks a person out in Johnson's Falls and gives 'em the — the — well, I reckon you'd call it the *entray* to all the best homes in town. If you don't belong — well, I reckon it came kinder harder on me, not belonging, than it did on some of the others. Why, I'd have said the girls that started it were my very best friends. We'd played together as children, and I called 'em all by their first names, and they *knew* I was just as smart, an' liked readin' an' all that just as well as any of 'em did. So when I was n't asked to join — well, it just seemed to knock me right out. I was n't but nineteen then, an' when you're young things hurt more, I reckon. Anyhow the slight of it got just fixed in my mind, an' I made a kind of a vow that I'd belong to that society some day if I *died* for it. And then, after a while it came to me, maybe if I could just save money enough to go abroad, they'd ask me to read a paper before the society when I got back, 'cause mighty few people have traveled much from our town. — Well,' she looked thoughtfully away at the blue water, 'many an' many a night I've put myself to sleep thinking how it would be when I read that paper. You know when you're young and kind of unhappy and slighted, how you make up things to sort of comfort yourself?'

I nodded.

'Well, I could just see the whole thing, me standing there reading an' all, and when I'd get through I could almost hear the applause. They'd some of 'em have on gloves, you know, so it would sound softer an' more genteel-like than just common bare-hand clapping. Well, it takes time for a country dressmaker to save. It took me twenty years. I did have most enough once, but then my sister was taken sick an' what I'd saved had to go for her. But I just gritted my teeth an' commenced again, and at last this spring I had enough, an' I joined a party and went. Ours was n't a regular party. It was just a professor an' his wife who were goin' anyhow, an' would take a couple of ladies with them, so there were just the four of us. Well, we traveled for a month or more, an' you better b'lieve I stretched my eyes to see all there was to see. An' then, all at once, the world just tipped itself right over an' went crazy.

'We were in Brussels when it came. The professor was sure everything would quiet down in a little bit, an' he said we'd better stay right there. And anyhow, it was n't easy to get away. It was all just awful, with one country after another slipping in. Only things came so quick a person did n't hardly have time to catch their breath an' think "how awful," 'fore something worse was jumping right on top of it. Well, we stayed and stayed, till at last the Germans came. It certainly was a sight to see 'em — but I ain't goin' to tell about that, I'm just goin' to skip right along to what I set out to tell.

'The professor and his wife had left their only child, a mighty sickly little thing, with her grandmother in Paris, and when things got so bad they were pretty near distracted to get to her. Well, one morning the professor came in and told us he'd run across a young American, a Mr. Grenville, who was being sent to Paris on some special diplomatic business. He had a big automobile, and he thought maybe he could get it fixed to take us all, too. It looked like a mighty crazy thing to do, but there was n't any holdin' the professor an' his wife on account of their child, and me and the other lady, we was afraid to be left behind. Well, after a lot of runnin' around from one official to another, they did finally get it all fixed for us to go, an' the next day we started out with an American flag on the front of our car. Of course we were stopped a lot of times and all our papers gone through and everything, but each time they let us go on account of Mr. Grenville bein' a United States official. We'd started early, an' by noon we'd come a right smart piece, an' about that time we began to hear firing on in front. Did you ever hear them big guns?' she broke off to ask, her childlike eyes questioning me.

I shook my head.

'Well, you need n't never want to hear 'em,' she said. 'When they commenced we all kind of looked at one another, an' I reckon we was all scared. Anyhow, I know *I* was. Why, at home I'm 'fraid of a thunderstorm. But still we kept on. The sound of the firin' got louder an' louder, but it was never very close, and along late in the afternoon it sort of died off, an' we commenced to draw breath again, and think every thing was goin' to be all right. I'm 'most sure now we must have missed the way, for just about that time we ran upon a piece of road that was all tore up. There were big holes in it from the shells, an' those tall poplars alongside were all snapped off, an' their branches stripped down like a child peels a switch. You could smell the fresh sap like you can in lumber camps at home. Well, we had to slow up an' kind of pick our way, and on round the very next turn we ran right up on them.'

'On the fighting!' I gasped.

'No — no; the fightin' was all over there. Just for a flash, comin' on 'em so quick like, I did n't know what they were. They looked like little sprawled brown heaps. But in the second I was wonderin', one of 'em flung up an arm and groaned.'

'How *awful!*' I cried aghast.

'Yes,' she assented simply, 'it certainly *was* awful. My words ain't big enough to tell you how awful. Runnin' up on 'em so unexpected like that, kind of cut my breath right off an' choked me. There they were, layin' all about acrost the road, an' in a wheatfield alongside, with the sun just shining down like it was any kind of a summer day. A good many of 'em were dead, but there were a plenty that were n't. They blocked the road so we had to stop, an' right where we stopped there was a young man layin' flung over on his back. He'd snatched his shirt open at the breast, an' the blood had all dripped down into the dust of the road. He opened his eyes, an' stared right up in my face, an' cried, "Water, for God's sake!" He said it over an' over in the awfullest voice, an' like it was all one word — "Water-for-God's-sake, water-for-God's-sake" — like that. I had this little drinkin' cup, an' there was a good-sized creek just a piece across the field, so I grabbed my hand-bag an' jumped out. Well, at that all of em' in the car commenced to holler an' scream at me to get back, that we could n't stop — it would n't be safe — an' we could n't do anything,

an' anyhow the stretcher-bearers would be along d'rectly. But I just said, "He wants water, an' I've got my cup here, an' there's the branch, an' anyhow," I says, "he looks kind of like my sister's oldest boy," an' with that I started on to the creek.

'Well, the professor an' Mr. Grenville jumped out of the car an' came runnin' after me, but I just turned 'round an' looked at 'em. "You all go on," I says. "He asked me for water for God's sake, an' if you try to put me back in that car I'll fight you like a wildcat." I never did anything like that, — fightin', I mean, —' she broke off to explain earnestly, 'but I would have then, an' I reckon they knew it. The professor tried to argue. "You'll be a raving maniac if you stay here," he says. "Well," I says, "look what 's here now — what difference does it make if I am?" Somehow that was the way I felt. Everything was so awful it did n't seem to matter whether anything awful happened to me or not. So I just kept on to the creek, and Mr. Grenville said, "For Heaven's sake, let her stay if she can do anything. I wish to God I could stay too." But he could n't, he was carryin' some mighty important dispatches that he just *had* to get on with. An' then he calls out to me, "Good luck and God bless you, Miss Smithson!" An' when I looked back he was standin' with his hat off. He was a mighty nice young man. But all the time the other ladies in the car was screamin' an' hollerin' for them to come on, so they had to go.'

'They left you all alone!' I cried.

'They had to,' she returned. 'Mr. Grenville had to get on with his dispatches, an' it was the last chance the professor an' his wife had of gettin' through to their child. An' the other lady — Well, she could n't do nothin' but scream anyhow. By the time I was comin' back from the creek the car was just pullin' out of sight. Somehow, to see it go like that gave me a kind of funny feelin'. I was scared, I reckon, but all the same I felt kind of still too. It seemed like for the last few weeks I'd been hustled along in a wild kind of a torrent, but now I'd touched bottom an' got my feet under me. I reckon a woman does touch bottom when there's anything she can do — anyhow, one raised to work like I've been does. But, oh, my Lord!' she cried suddenly, dropping her face to her hands, 'I wish I could keep from seein' it all still — an' hearin' it too! Did you ever hear a *man* scream?' she demanded. 'Not just groan, but shriek, an' scream?'

'In hospitals,' I said, uncertainly, 'I've heard people screaming when they were coming out of ether.'

She shook her head. 'That's different. You knew there were people, nurses and doctors, to do things for 'em; but out there was n't anything but the trampled wheat, an' the big empty sky. There was plenty of 'em who wanted water, an' begged an' cried for it; but I just said, "I'll be back to you all presently," an' went on to the first one. He was kind of delirious, but he could drink the water, an' was mighty glad to get it. I brushed the flies all away, an' spread a clean handkerchief over his wound, — he was too far gone to try an' do anything else for him, — an' went on back to the creek. Water, that was the main thing they wanted. The most of 'em that could be were bandaged already. Some of the medical outfit had been around an' got 'em tied up, but after that, I reckon the fightin' must of changed an' cut 'em off from their friends, for the stretcher-bearers did n't come, an' did n't come.

'It was all so strange an' kind of shut away there, like destruction had lit for a spell an' then flown on to the next place. The wheat was all laid over

an' tramped, and lumpy with khaki bodies, an' with caps an' guns an' things flung around in it, an' the red sun sailin' down an' down in the West, an' every here an' there awful splatters of blood in the wheat. But I did n't have time to look an' think too much — an' it was mighty lucky I did n't have. They were all English an' had run upon a German battery an' been shot to pieces 'fore they hardly knew what was happenin'. I guess some of 'em must have got away, but there was a plenty that did n't. They'd been layin' there since dawn, an' — an' they were *hungry* —' her voice broke. 'An' I did n't have anything to give 'em,' she whispered.

'They say after a while you get kind of numb to things," she went on presently, with her grave simplicity. 'I don't know how that is, but I know the things I saw made me stop every now an' then down by the creek out of sight, an' just wring an' wring my hands together in a kind of rage of pity. Once, goin' through the wheat, I tramped on something soft, an' when I looked, it was — it was just a piece of a man. I thought I'd lay right down then an' die, but I says to myself, "They want water, they want water" — an' that way I kind of drove myself on. But all the time I could see my heart under my waist just jumpin' up an' down, like it was fightin' to jump out an' run away. An' then another time —' But she broke off. 'No,' she said, 'I won't tell about that. It's so peaceful here with that blue water an' sunshine an' all, I reckon I ought n't to tell what it's like underneath when Hell takes the lid off. An' maybe some day the Lord 'll let me forget.

'But it's funny,' she went on again presently, 'how your mind grabs ahold of any foolish thing to steady you.' She paused, staring down at the little cup as though she drew remembrance from it. 'I recollect as I went back and forth, back and forth, weaving out paths through the wheat, a silly song that we used to sing to a game at school kept runnin' in my head: —

> I don't want none of your weevily wheat,
> An' I don't want none of your barley;
> An' I don't want none of your weevily wheat
> To bake a cake for Charley.

'I was mighty glad it did. For all it was so silly, it kept me from flyin' right off the handle. An' so I kept on an' on, carryin' 'em water. Some of the men thought it was funny I should be there, an' they wanted to talk an' ask me questions; but the most of 'em were sufferin' too bad to care, an' some of 'em were busy goin' along into the next world, an' were done with bein' surprised over anything in this. Most of 'em called me "Nurse" or "Sister," an' some way I liked to have 'em do it. Some of 'em certainly were brave, too. Why, I saw one young fella jump straight up to his feet an' fling his arms out wide, an' holler right up at the sky, "Are we downhearted? — No!" an' pitch over dead. You know,' she paused to explain simply, her extraordinarily childlike eyes lifted to mine for understanding and sympathy, 'it just seems to snatch the heart right out of you to see a person stand up to death like that — 'specially when they're so young like that little fella was.'

'Of course,' she went on after a moment, 'I did n't just give 'em water. I'd do any other little thing I could besides. An' every time I could do anything, I certainly was glad. Doing things seemed to ease up a little that terrible rage of pity I felt. I took my skirt off an' rolled it up for a pillow for a little fella who could n't move an' was layin' with his head in a kind of a sink-hole. He tried to thank me but he could n't, — he just sobbed, — but he caught ahold of my hand an' kissed it. That made me cry. It was so sort

of young an' pretty of him. After that I went on for a spell with the tears just pourin' down my cheeks. But presently I found the one who could n't drink the water, an' I quit cryin' then. My tears were n't big enough; only God's would have been big enough for that.

'The man's face was all gone — eyes, mouth, everything, — an' still he was alive. He must have heard me an' known somebody was there, for he commenced to scream an' moan, tryin' to say things down in his throat, an' to reach out his hands an' flop about — O my God! It was like a chicken with its head off! I thought I'd *have* to run. But I did n't. I just sort of fell down beside him, an' caught ahold of his hands, an' patted them an' talked to him like you do to a child in a nightmare. I don't know what I said at first. Just a crazy jumble of pity, I reckon; but after a little bit I found I was prayin'. I know *I* needed it, an' it seemed to help him too, for after a little bit, he stopped that awful tryin' to speak down in his throat, an' lay still just grippin' my hands. I was so crazy I could n't think of a thing to say but "God bless us an' keep us an' make his face to shine upon us an' be merciful unto us." An' I just said that over an' over.

'I guess it was n't the words that he wanted, it was the feelin' of havin' God there in all that awful dark and blood, an' some human bein' beside him who was sorry. Anyhow, every time I'd stop he'd snatch at my wrists so hard it would hurt; look —' She broke off to push up her gray sleeve, and there on her thin wrist, still vividly black and blue, were the bruised prints of fingers. 'But I was glad to be hurt — I *wanted* to be hurt. I wanted to have a share in all the sufferin'. It just seemed like my heart would break. An',' she added with great simplicity, 'I reckon that's just what it did do, for I know I broke through into something bigger than I ever had been.

'Well, after a while, God did have mercy on that poor soul, for he quit pullin' at my hands, and began to die, an' when I came 'round again to him he was gone. But that got me started, an' I left off sayin' that foolishness about the weevily wheat, an' said the little prayer instead. I said it to myself first, but after a little bit, I found I was sayin' it out loud. I don't know why, but it seemed like I *had* to say it every time I gave one of 'em water. Just "God bless us an' keep us an' make his face to shine upon us and be merciful unto us." It was somehow like a child's game — like havin' to touch every tree-box goin' along the street, or steppin' over every crack. Each one of 'em had to have the water an' the little prayer, an' then on to the next, or back down to the creek for more. Most of 'em did n't seem to notice, but some of 'em laughed, an' some stared like I was crazy, — an' maybe I was a little, — an' again some of 'em were glad of it.

'So I kep' on an' on, an' the sun went down, an' the dark came, an' it seemed like a kind of a lid had shut us away from all the world. It was n't right dark, for the stars were shinin'. It was about that time that I found the little officer. He was dyin', off in the wheat all to himself, an' he got me to take down some messages for his folks. I wrote 'em in my diary. I had a pocket flashlight in my bag, an' it made a round eye of light that stared out at every word I wrote. They were the simplest kind of words. Just love, love to mother, and love to father, and Snippy and Peg, an' good-bye to 'em all, an' how he was glad to die for England. But they look mighty strange jumpin' out there in my diary alongside of travel notes about Brussels. It's like something big an' terrible had

smashed its fist right through all the little fancy things.

'But it was funny,' she went on after a minute, 'how sort of like children so many of the men were, so trusting an' helpless. There was one little fella always said the same thing to me every time I came 'round. "They'll sure be around for us soon now, won't they, sister?" he'd say. An' I'd always answer, "Oh, yes, just in a little bit now." An' he'd settle back again, so trusting an' satisfied, an' like I really knew. That was the way they all seemed to me — just children. Even the ones that cursed an' screamed at me. An' another thing was funny,' she added lifting her grave child's eyes to mine; 'I've never been married — never known what it was to have children — but that night all those men were my children, even the biggest an' roughest of 'em. I felt 'em all *here*' — She put her hands up tight against her breast. 'An' I b'lieve I would have *died* for any one of 'em. I reckon bein' so crazy with pity had stretched me up out of bein' a scary old maid into bein' a mother.

'I recollect there was two loose horses gallopin' about. They were wild with fear, an' they'd gallop as hard as ever they could in one direction, an' then they'd wheel 'round an' come to a stand with their heads up, an' their tails cocked, an' nicker, an' snort over what they smelt, an' then take out again. Well, once they came chargin' right down on us, an' I thought sure they were goin' right over the men. I never stopped to think: I ran straight out in front of 'em wavin' my arms an' hollerin'. They just missed gallopin' right over me. But I did n't care; I b'lieve I'd almost have been glad. It was like I said — I *wanted* to be hurt too. That was because it was all so lonesome for 'em. Death an' sufferin' *is* a lonesome thing,' she stated gravely. 'When they'd scream, I felt like I'd tear my heart out to help 'em. But all I could do was just to stand on the outside like, an' watch 'em sufferin' an' maybe dyin' inside there all alone. That's why it seemed like bein' hurt too would make it easier.

'Well, along late in the night, the guns broke out again awful loud, an' presently off against the sky I saw red streaks of flame go up in two places, an' I knew they were towns on fire. I just stopped still an' looked, an' thought what it was like with the folks scurryin' 'round like rats, an' the fire an' the shells rainin' down on 'em. "That's Hell — right over there," I says out loud to myself, an' then I went on down to the creek faster than ever. Maybe I was gettin' kind of lightheaded then, an' God knows it was enough to make anybody so; anyhow, I felt like I had to hold Hell back. It was loose right over there, an' the only thing that held it off was the cup of water an' the little prayer. So I kept on back an' forth, back an' forth from the creek, faster an' faster. I thought if I missed one of 'em it would let Hell in on all the rest, so I kept on an' on. The guns were boomin', an' the flames goin' up into the sky, an' all Hell was loose, but the little prayer an' the cup of water was holdin' it back. An' then at last, when it commenced to freshen for dawn, I knew I'd won.'

She drew a deep breath, and paused, looking up at me with clear, far-away eyes.

'That was because I knew He was there,' she said.

'*He — ?*' I questioned, awestruck by her tone.

She nodded. 'Yes, God,' she answered simply. 'An' after that, that terrible lonesomeness melted all away. I knew that though I had to stand outside an' see 'em suffer, He was inside there with 'em — closer to 'em even than they was to themselves. So I

knew it was n't really lonesome for 'em, even if they were sufferin' an' dyin'. An' I'm right sure that a good many of 'em got to know that, too — anyhow, the faces of some of the ones that had died looked that way when I saw 'em in the mornin'. Maybe it was because I cared so much myself that I kind of broke through into knowin' how much more God cared. Folks always talk like He was a father 'way off in the sky, but I got to know that night that what was really God was something big an' close right in your own heart, that was a heap more like a big mother.

'An' it was all bigger an' sort of simpler than I'd ever thought it would be. Right over there was Hell an' big guns, an' men killin' each other, but here where we were, were just stars overhead, an' folks that you could do things for, an' God. I reckon that's the way,' she said with her grave simplicity, 'when things get too awful you suffer through to God, an' He turns you back to the simplest things — just the little prayer, an' the cup of water for men that were like sick children. This is the cup,' she added, holding it out for my inspection. 'An' — an' that's all, I reckon,' she concluded. 'When daylight came the stretcher-bearers did get through to us. There was a sort of doctor officer with them, an' I never in my life saw any one look so tired.

'"Who are you, an' what in thunder are you doing here?" he stormed out at me — only I don't say it as strong as he did.

'I reckon I must have looked like a wild woman. I had lost my hat and my hair was all falling down, an' I only had on my short alpaca underskirt, 'cause I'd taken off my dress skirt to make a pillow like I said; but I just stood right up in the midst of all those poor bodies, an' says, "I'm Miss Smithson — Sadie Virginia Smithson — an' I've been holdin' Hell back all night."

'I knew I was talkin' crazy but I did n't care — like the way you do comin' out of ether.'

'He stared at me for a spell, an' then he says, kind of funny, "Well, Miss Sadie Virginia, I'm glad you held some of it back, for everybody else in the world was letting it loose last night."

'He was mighty kind to me, though, an' helped get me to one of the base hospitals, an' from there over to England. But I don't know what happened to the professor an' his party.'

'Well,' I ventured after a long pause, and not knowing quite what to say, 'the Laurel Literary Society will be glad enough to have you belong to it now.'

She flashed bolt upright at that, her eyes staring at me.

'But — but you don't understand,' she cried breathlessly. 'I've been face to face with war an' death an' Hell an' God, — I've been born again, — do you reckon any of them little old things matter now?'

I was stunned by the white look of her face.

'What does matter — *now?*' I whispered at last.

'Nothin',' she answered, 'nothin' but God an' love an' doin' things for folks. That was why I had to tell you.'

BREAD AND SALT

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

To an Oriental the phrase 'bread and salt' is of sacred import. The saying, 'There is bread and salt between us,' which has been prevalent in the East from time immemorial, is equal to saying, 'We are bound together by a solemn covenant.' To say of one that he 'knows not the significance of bread and salt' is to stigmatize him as a base ingrate.

A noble foe refuses to 'taste the salt' of his adversary — that is, to eat with him — so long as he feels disinclined to be reconciled to him. Such a foe dreads the thought of repudiating the covenant which the breaking of bread together forms. In the rural districts of Syria, much more than in the cities, is still observed the ancient custom that a man on an important mission should not eat his host's bread until the errand is made known. The covenant of 'bread and salt' should not be entered into before the attitude of the host toward his guest's mission is fully known. If the request is granted, then the meal is enjoyed as a fraternal affirmation of the agreement just made. So in the twenty-fourth chapter of the book of Genesis we are told that Abraham's servant, who had gone to Mesopotamia, 'unto the city of Nahor,' to bring a wife of his master's kindred to his son Isaac, refused to eat at Laban's table before he had told his errand.

Of all his enemies, the writer of the Forty-first Psalm considered the 'familiar friend' who went back on this simple covenant to be the worst. 'Yea,' he cries, mournfully, 'mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.'

As the son of a Syrian family I was brought up to think of bread as possessing a mystic sacred significance. I never would step on a piece of bread fallen in the road, but would pick it up, press it to my lips for reverence, and place it in a wall or some other place where it would not be trodden upon.

What always seemed to me to be one of the noblest traditions of my people was their reverence for the *aish* — bread; literally, 'the life-giver.' While breaking bread together we would not rise to salute an arriving guest, whatever his social rank. Whether spoken or not, our excuse for not rising and engaging in the cordial Oriental salutation before the meal was ended, was our reverence for the food, — *hirmet-el-'aish*. We could, however, and always did, invite the newcomer most urgently to partake of the repast.

At least once each year, for many years, I carried the *korban* — the bread offering — to the *mizbeh* (altar of sacrifice) in our village church, as an offering for the repose of the souls of our dead as well as for our own spiritual security. Bread was one of the elements of the holy Eucharist. The mass always closed with the handing by the priest to the members of the congregation of small pieces of consecrated bread. The Gospel taught us also that Christ was the 'bread of life.'

The *aish* was something more than mere matter. Inasmuch as it sustained life, it was God's own life made tangible for his child, man, to feed upon. The Most High himself fed our hunger. Does not the Psalmist say, 'Thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing'? Where else could our daily bread come from?

I have often heard it said by 'up-to-date' religionists in this country that the saying in the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' was at best a beggar's lazy petition. It has been suggested that those words should be omitted from the prayer, because they pertain to 'material things.' And at any rate we can get our daily bread only by working for it.

Yes; and the Oriental understands all that. But he perceives also that by working for his daily bread he does not *create* it, but simply *finds* it. The prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread' is a note of pure gratitude to the 'Giver of all good and perfect gifts.' The Oriental does not know 'material things' as the Occidental knows them. To him organic chemistry does not take the place of God. He is, in his totality, God-centred. His centre of gravity is the altar and not the factory, and back of his prayer for daily bread is the momentum of ages of mystic contemplation. The Oriental finds kinship, not with those who go for their daily bread no farther than the bakery, but with the writer of this modern psalm: —

> Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
> Back of the flour the mill;
> Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower
> And the sun and the Father's will.

It is not my purpose to exaggerate the piety and moral rectitude of the Oriental. I am fully aware of the fact that he is lamentably lacking in his efforts to rise to the height of his noblest traditions. Nevertheless, those who know the Oriental's inner life know also that from seed-time until harvest, and until the bread is placed upon the family board, this man's attitude toward the 'staff of life' is essentially religious. In the name of God he casts the seed into the soil; in the name of God he thrusts the sickle into the ripe harvest; in the name of God he scatters his sheaves on the threshing floor and grinds his grain at the mill; and in the name of God his wife kneads the dough, bakes the bread, and serves it to her family.

In my childhood days 'kneading-day' at our house was always of peculiar significance to me. I had no toys or story-books to engage my attention, and it was with the greatest interest that I watched my mother go through the process of kneading. Her pious words and action made kneading a sort of religious service.

After making the sign of the cross and invoking the Holy Name, she drew the required quantity of flour out of a small opening near the bottom of the earthen barrel in which the precious meal was stored. It was out of such a barrel that the widow of 'Zarephath which belongeth to Zidon' drew the 'handful of meal' she had, and made of it a cake for Elijah, for which favor the fiery prophet prayed that the widow's barrel of meal 'shall not waste.'

Then my mother packed the flour in the shape of a crescent on one side of the large earthen *maajan*, — kneading basin, — which is about thirty inches in diameter. She dissolved the salt in warm water, which she poured in the basin by the embankment of flour. Then with a 'God bless' she took out the leaven — a lump of dough saved from the former baking — which she had buried in flour to keep it 'from corruption,' that is, from over-fermentation. This leaven she dissolved carefully in the salt water, and by slowly mixing the meal with this fluid, she

'hid' the leaven in the meal. It was this process which Jesus mentioned very briefly in the parable of the leaven in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.'

The kneading done, my mother smoothed the surface of the blessed lump, dipped her hand in water, and with the edge of her palm marked a deep cross the whole length of the diameter of the basin, crossed herself three times, while she muttered an invocation, and then covered the basin and left the dough to rise. The same pious attitude was resumed when the raised dough was made into small loaves, during the baking, and whenever the mother of the family put her hand into the basin where the loaves were kept, to take out bread for her family's needs.

Does it now seem strange, unnatural, or in any way out of harmony with the trend of her whole life, for such a woman to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread'? Shall we receive the gifts and forget the Giver? However circuitous our way to our daily bread may be, the fact remains that we do feed on God's own life. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'

The use of iron stoves was unknown to the Syrians in my childhood days; and this modern convenience is now used only by some of the well-to-do people in the large cities. The rank and file of the people, as in the days of ancient Israel, still bake their bread at semi-public ovens, a few of which are found in every village and town. This baking-place is mentioned often in the Bible, but the word 'oven' in the English translation is somewhat misleading. It is so because the *tennûr* — translated 'oven' in the Bible — is unknown to the English-speaking world, if not to the entire Occident. The tennûr is a huge earthen tube about three feet in diameter and about five feet long; it is sunk in the ground within a small, roughly constructed hut. The women bake their bread at the tennûr in turn, certain days being assigned to certain families. The one baking comprises from one hundred to two hundred loaves. The fuel, which consists of small branches of trees, and of thistles and straw, is thrown into the tennûr in large quantities. It is to this that Jesus alludes in the passage, 'If then God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is *cast into the oven*, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

When I recall the sight of a burning tennûr, I do not find it difficult to imagine what the old theologians meant by the 'burning pit.' The billows of black smoke, pierced at intervals by tongues of flame issuing from the deep hole, convert the chimneyless hut into an active crater. No one who has seen such a sight can fail to understand what the prophet Malachi meant when he exclaimed, 'For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.' And no one who has seen that little hut virtually plastered with the blackest soot can fail to understand the full meaning of that passage in the fifth chapter of the book of Lamentations which says, 'Our skin was black like an oven, because of the terrible famine.'

A large baking is a source of pride as well as a means of security. A Syrian housewife is proud to have the oven all to herself for a whole day. It is a disgrace — nay, a curse — to have a small baking, or to buy bread in small quantity, 'one weight' at a time. One of the terrible threats to Israel, recorded in the twenty-sixth chapter of the book of Leviticus, is this: 'When I have

broken the staff of your bread, ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall deliver you your bread again by weight: and ye shall eat and not be satisfied.' My mother often admonished us to be thankful that we were not like those who had to buy their bread by weight — that is, in small quantities.

II

The hospitality of Orientals is proverbial the world over. And while some Westerners have an exaggerated idea of Oriental generosity, the son of the East is not unjustly famous for his readiness to offer to wayfarers the shelter of his roof and his bread and salt. The person who fails to extend such hospitality brings reproach, not only upon himself, but upon his whole clan and town.

But whether hospitality is extended to strangers or to friends, it is the man who entertains, and not the woman. The invitation is extended in the name of the husband alone, or, if the husband is not living, in the name of the eldest son. In the case of a widow who has no male children, a man relative is asked to act as host. The man of the house should not allow a wayfarer to pass him without offering him a 'morsel of bread to sustain his heart.' So did Abraham of old extend hospitality to the three mysterious strangers who came upon him 'in the plains of Mamre,' as stated in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis: 'And he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant . . . and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts: after that ye shall pass on.'

How natural and how truly Syrian all this sounds! Sarah was not at all slighted because Abraham did not say, 'Sarah and I will be glad to have you stop for lunch with us, if you can.' On the contrary, she was greatly honored by not being mentioned in the invitation.

We have another striking illustration of this Syrian custom in the parable of the prodigal son, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's gospel. Here we are told that, when the wayward boy returned to his father's house, desolate but penitent, it was the father who ran out to meet the son and 'fell on his neck, and kissed him.' It was the father who said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry.' I know well that the mother of the prodigal could not have been less affectionate nor less effusive in her welcome to her poor son than his father was. But in harmony with the best traditions of the East, and without the least intention of slighting the good mother, the record takes no notice of her.

It should be stated here that the prominent mention in the Gospels of Mary and Martha as Jesus' friends and entertainers is due to the fact that to those women the Master was not merely a *guest*, but a *saint*, nay, the 'promised One of Israel.' As such Jesus was a privileged personage. Yet — and it is not at all strange in view of Oriental customs — Jesus took with him none of his women friends and disciples on such great occasions as the Transfiguration and the Last Supper.

To extend hospitality in genuine Syrian fashion is no small undertaking. Brevity on such occasions is the soul of stinginess. Oriental effusiveness and intensity of speech are never more strenuously exercised than at such

times. The brief form of the American invitation, 'I should be pleased to have you dine with us, if you can,' however sincere, would seem to an Oriental like an excuse to escape the obligation of hospitality. Again, the ready acceptance of an invitation in the West would seem to the son of the East utterly undignified. Although the would-be guest could accept, he must be as insistent in saying, 'No, I can't,' as the would-be host in saying, 'Yes, you must.'

Approaching his hoped-for guest, a Syrian engages him in something like the following dialogue, characterized by a glow of feeling which the translation can only faintly reveal: —

'Ennoble us [*sherrifna*] by your presence.'

'I would be ennobled [*nitsherref*] but I cannot accept.'

'That cannot be.'

'Yea, yea, it must be.'

'No, I swear against you [*aksim 'aleik*] by our friendship and by the life of God. I love just to acquaint you with my bread and salt.'

'I swear also that I find it impossible [*gheir mimkin*] to accept. Your bread and salt are known to all.'

'Yea, do it just for our own good. By coming to us you come to your own home. Let us repay your bounty to us [*fadhlek*].'

'*Astaghfero Allah* [by the mercy of God] I have not bestowed any bounty upon you worth mentioning.'

Here the host seizes his guest by the arm and with an emphatic, 'I *will not* let you go,' pulls at him and would drag him bodily into his house. Then the guest, happy in being vanquished 'with honor,' consents to the invitation.

Do you now understand fully the meaning of the passage in the fourteenth chapter of Luke's gospel? 'A certain man made a great supper, and bade many . . . and they all with one consent began to make excuse. . . . And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in, that my house may be filled.' So also did Lydia, 'a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira,' invite the apostles, who had converted her to the new faith. In the sixteenth chapter of the book of Acts, Paul says, 'And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. *And she constrained us.*'

In the interior towns and villages of Syria the ancient custom still prevails that, when a stranger arrives in a town late in the day, he goes and sits in the 'open space' [*saha*]. While not designed to be so, this open space corresponds to the village common. In the English Bible it is called 'the street.' Streets, however, are unknown to Syrian towns. Sitting in the saha, the stranger is the guest of the whole village. The citizen who first sees such a wayfarer must invite him to his home in real Syrian fashion. Failing in this, he brings disgrace, not only upon himself, but upon the whole town. It is needless to say that no people ever rise to the height of their ideals, and that failure to be 'given to hospitality' occurs, even in the East.

In the nineteenth chapter of the book of Judges we have the record of a stranger who sat in the saha of a certain village, but was not offered the usual hospitality very readily. This man was a Levite, and, with his wife, servant, and a couple of asses, was on his way from Bethlehem 'toward the side of Mount Ephraim.' 'And the sun went down upon them when they were by Gibeah, which belongeth to Benjamin. And they turned aside thither, to go in and to lodge in Gibeah: and when he went in, he sat him down in the street of the city; for there was no man that

took them into his house to lodging. And behold there came an old man from his work out of the field at even. . . . And when he had lifted up his eyes he saw a wayfaring man in the street of the city: and the old man said, Whither goest thou? and whence comest thou? And he said unto him, We are passing from Bethlehem-Judah toward the side of Mount Ephraim . . . but I am going to the house of the Lord; and there is no man that receiveth me to house.'

And in order to add to the shame of the inhospitable village the stranger adds, 'Yet there is both straw and provender for our asses; and there is bread and wine also for me, and for thy handmaid [the wife], and for the young man which is with thy servants: there is no want of anything.' What a rebuke to that community!

'And the old man said, Peace be with thee: howsoever, let all thy wants lie upon me; *only lodge not in the street.* So he brought him into his house, and gave provender unto the asses: and they washed their feet, and did eat and drink.'

The old man saved the name of the town.

One of the noblest and most tender utterances of Job is the thirty-second verse of the thirty-first chapter. Here the afflicted patriarch, in pleading his own cause before the Most High, says, 'The stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my doors to the traveler.'

Syrian rules of hospitality make it improper for a householder to ask a guest who has suddenly come to him such a question as 'Have you had your lunch?' before putting food before him. The guest, even though he has not had the meal asked about by the host, considers it below his dignity to make the fact known. Upon the arrival of such a visitor, the householder greets him with the almost untranslatable words, '*Ahlan wa sahlan.*' Literally translated, these words are 'kindred and smooth ground'; which, elucidated further, mean, 'You have come not to strangers but to those who would be to you as your kindred are, and among us you tread smooth and easy ground.' And even while the guest is being yet saluted by the man of the house in the protracted manner of Oriental greeting, the good wife proceeds to prepare 'a morsel' for the wayfarer, whatever hour of the day or night it may happen to be. The food then is placed before the guest and he is 'compelled' to eat.

There is in the eleventh chapter of St. Luke's gospel a parabolic saying which is uncommonly rich in allusions to Syrian home life. Beginning with the fifth verse we read: 'And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.'

Here we have a man to whom a guest comes at midnight; he must set something before him, whether the wayfarer is really hungry or not. The host happens to be short of bread, and he sets out to borrow a few loaves. Owing to the homogeneous character of life in the East, borrowing has been developed there into a fine art. The man at the door asks for three loaves. Three of those thin Syrian loaves is the average number for one individual's meal. It was for this reason that the Master used this number in the parable, and not because that was all the bread the occasion required. For obvious reasons, the host needed to put before his guest more than the exact number of loaves necessary for one adult's meal. Perhaps

because he is very sleepy, the man 'within' runs counter to the best Syrian traditions in his answer. His excuse — that because the door is shut he cannot open it and accommodate his friend — has been a puzzle to a host of Western readers of the Bible. Could he not have opened the door? Or, as a certain preacher asked in my hearing, 'Could it be possible that the man, because of fear of robbers in that country, had a sort of combination lock on his door which could not be easily opened?' The simple fact is that in Syria as a rule the door of a house is never shut, summer or winter, until bedtime. The words of my father and mother to me whenever they thought that I had 'remained wakeful' — that is, 'stayed up' — longer than I should after they had gone to bed, — 'Shut the door and go to sleep,' — still ring in my hearing. What the man 'within' meant was, not that he could not open the door, but that at such a late hour, *after the door had been shut*, it was no time to call for such favors as the neighbor asked for.

'And my children are with me in bed.' From this it may be inferred easily that individual beds and individual rooms are well-nigh unknown to the common people of Syria. The cushion-mattresses are spread side by side in the living-room, in a line as long as the members of the family, sleeping close together, require. The father sleeps at one end of the line, and the mother at the other end, 'to keep the children from rolling from under the cover.' So the man was absolutely truthful when he said by way of an excuse, 'My children are with me in bed.'

In the remaining portion of this parable, as in that of the unrighteous judge, Jesus emphasizes, by commending to his disciples, the Syrian habit of importuning. 'I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.' Again, the Master gives dignity and elevation to the common customs of his people by using them as means of approach to high spiritual ideals, when he says, 'And I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

III

The best rules of Syrian hospitality require that when a guest from a distant town makes it known what day he expects to take his leave, the host should do his best to trick his visitor into forgetfulness of the time set, or devise some other means to delay his departure as much as possible. On the day he wishes to depart, the wayfarer says to his host, 'Your exceeding bounty has covered me, far above my head; may God perpetuate your house and prolong the lives of your dear ones. May He enable me some day to reward you for your boundless generosity. And now I who have been so immersed in the sea of your hospitality [*baher karamek*] beg you to permit me to depart.' Then the host, confessing his unworthiness of such praise and manifesting great surprise at the sudden announcement, begs his guest to 'take no thought of departing.' The guest insists that he 'must go,' even though he could stay. The host says, 'Stay, I pray you [*betrajjak*], until you partake of our noon meal; then you may depart.' After the noon meal the host says, 'I beg you to consider that the day is already far spent, and your journey is long, and the road is dangerous for night travel. Tarry until the morrow, and then go.' The same performance takes place on the morrow, and perhaps another morrow, until the guest prevails.

In the nineteenth chapter of the book of Judges, in the story of the Levite mentioned above, we have a fine example of a generous Syrian host. His words are so much like those I often heard spoken in Syria on such occasions that it makes me feel homesick to read them. The ancient Bethlehemite was entertaining his son-in-law, who had stayed with him three days, the traditional length of such a visit in the East. So the record says: 'And it came to pass on the fourth day, when they arose early in the morning, that he rose up to depart; and the damsel's father said unto his son-in-law, Comfort thine heart with a morsel of bread, and afterward go your way. And they sat down, and did eat and drink, both of them together; for the damsel's father had said unto the man, Be content, I pray thee, and tarry all night, and let thine heart be merry. And when the man rose up to depart, his father-in-law urged him; therefore he lodged there again. And he arose early in the morning on the fifth day to depart; and the damsel's father said, Comfort thine heart, I pray thee. And they tarried until after noon,[1] and they did eat, both of them. And when the man rose up to depart . . . his father-in-law, the damsel's father, said unto him, Behold, now the day draweth toward evening, I pray you tarry all night . . . lodge here that thy heart may be merry; and to-morrow get you early on your way, that thou mayest go home. But the man would not tarry that night, but he rose up and departed.'

When an honored guest takes his departure, as a mark of high regard his host walks with him out of town a distance the length of which is determined by the affectionate esteem in which the host holds his visitor. At times we walked for a whole hour with our departed guest, and desisted from going farther only at his most urgent request. So in the eighteenth chapter of the book of Genesis we are told that Abraham's guests 'rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them *to bring them on the way*.' The English phrase, however, 'to bring them on the way,' falls far short of expressing the full meaning of the term *shy-ya'*.

Pilgrimages to holy places and fraternal feasts — such as are enjoyed on betrothal occasions, weddings, baptisms of children, and great holidays — are practically the only occasions the common people of Syria have to bring them together. On such occasions the guests are invited in families; therefore the number of those who come to the feast is never exactly known in advance. The food is served in large quantities, but not in such great variety as in the West. The table appointments are very simple. There are no flowers, no lace doilies, nor the brilliant and sometimes bewildering array of knives, forks, and spoons which grace an American host's table on such festive occasions. The guests sit close together on the floor, about low tables, or trays, and eat in a somewhat communistic fashion from comparatively few large dishes. If twenty guests are expected, and thirty come, they simply enlarge the circle, or squeeze closer together. Their sitting so close to one another makes the 'breaking of bread together' for these friends more truly fraternal.

Of the feasts which are considered more strictly family affairs, I will speak of two which live in my memory clothed with romantic charms. The one is that which we enjoyed at the 'killing of the sheep.' As a rule every Syrian family

[1] The more accurate rendering of this sentence in the Revised version is, 'And tarry ye until the day declineth.' In the hot season a good excuse to delay a departing guest is to beg him to wait until the cool late afternoon, 'The decline of the day [*assar*].' — THE AUTHOR.

fattens a sheep during the summer season. The housewife feeds the gentle animal by hand so many times during the day and so many during the night, until he is so fat that he 'cannot rise from the ground.' No person is expected to speak of this sheep or touch him without saying, 'The blessing from God' (be upon the lamb). Oh, if I could but feel again the thrilling joy which was always mine when, as a small boy, I sat beside my mother and rolled the small 'morsels' of mulberry and grape-leaves, dipped them in salted bran water, and handed them to my mother to feed the 'blessed sheep'!

Early in the autumn came the time for 'killing.' Wherever my father was, he came home, for the father of the household must kill the sheep. As a rule the blood of the animal was shed upon the threshold — a custom which echoes the ancient Semitic practice of thus honoring the household god. Now, however, perhaps for sanitary reasons, the sheep is killed a short distance from the door. The solemnity of the act robbed it for us of its cruelty. On the day of 'killing' we sharpened the knives, crushed the salt in the stone mortar, and fed the sheep only sparingly. As the day began to decline the animal was 'led to the slaughter,' and laid gently on the ground, as the ancient sacrifice was laid before the Lord. My father, holding with his left hand the animal's head, made the sign of the cross with the knife on the innocent throat, and, in the name of God, slew the sheep.

The fact that many householders in a community 'kill the sheep' on the same day makes the occasion a reproduction of the night of the exodus from Egypt. In the twelfth chapter of the book of Exodus, Jehovah speaks to Moses concerning Israel, saying, 'In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house. . . . And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.'

With a few intimate friends we feasted at the killing of the sheep, and then cut the red meat in small pieces 'the size of a fledgeling's head,' fried it in the fat, and sealed it in glazed earthen jars for our winter use.

The other most joyous feast was that of the *Marafeh* — the carnivals which precede the Great Lent. For about two weeks before Lent begins, the Christians of the East give themselves over to feasting. The dish which is a great favorite on this occasion is called *kibbey*. It is made of meat and crushed wheat. The meat is 'beaten' in a stone mortar, with a large wooden masher, until it is reduced to a very fine pulp. Then the crushed wheat, soaked in cold water, is mixed with the meat, together with a generous supply of spices and salt. The whole mixture is then 'beaten' together so thoroughly that when rightly done it resembles a lump of dough.

The writer of the book of Proverbs, with characteristic Syrian intensity, alludes to the process of kibbey-making in one of his assaults upon 'the fool.' In the twenty-second verse of the twenty-seventh chapter he says, 'Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'

Be that as it may, the craving of a Syrian for kibbey (and I fully know whereof I speak) makes the craving of a Bostonian for baked beans and fish-balls for a Sunday breakfast pale into insignificance.

During Marafeh friends and neighbors feast together until the last night that precedes the beginning of Lent.

The feast of that night is one of family solemnity, upon which no outsiders may intrude. The members of the family come together to eat the last feast and drink their cup of wine before entering upon the solemn period of self-denial, fasting, and prayer. As at the ancient sacrificial feasts, all the members of the family must be present. It was this very custom which afforded Jonathan the excuse to send his beloved friend David away from King Saul's court, and thus save him from the murderous design which that monarch had against the son of Jesse. So it was when the suspicious Saul asked his son, 'Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat — either yesterday or to-day?' Jonathan answered Saul, 'David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there.'

On that solemnly joyous evening my mother spreads the feast, and with most tender and pious affections my parents call their sons and daughters to surround the low table. My father pours the wine. To us all the cup is symbolic of sacred joy. Holding the cup in his hand, my father leans forward and says to my mother, 'May God prolong your life and grant you the joy of many returns of this feast.' And to us, 'May your lives be long; may we be granted to drink the cup at your weddings; may God grant you health and happiness and many future feasts.' We all answer, 'May your drinking be health and happiness and length of days!' My mother, after wishing my father the blessings he wished for her, and imploring the Most High to bless and keep him 'over our heads,' drinks next. Then the wine is passed to every one of us. 'Drink ye all of it' is my father's command; for who can tell whether the family circle shall remain unbroken until the Easter festival? Not a trace of the feast is kept in the house until the morrow. What is not eaten is burned or thrown away, for on the next day no meat, eggs, or milk is permitted to the faithful. Wine also is not supposed to be indulged in during Lent, until the Easter bell heralds the tidings of the Resurrection.

So did the Master speak to his disciples on the eve of his suffering. In the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel we read, 'And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. . . . But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it anew with you in my Father's kingdom.'

Thus from the simplest conception of bread as a means to satisfy physical hunger to the loftiest mystic contemplation of it as a sacramental element, the Orientals have always eaten bread with a sense of sacredness. 'Bread and salt,' 'bread and wine,' 'Christ the bread of life,' 'For we, being many, are one bread,' 'Give us this day our daily bread,' these and other sayings current in the Bible and in Oriental speech all spring from the deepest life of the ancient East.

And the sacredness of this common article of food has been of most inestimable value to Oriental peoples. In the absence of other means of social cohesion, and the higher civil interests which bind men together, it has been a great blessing indeed to those much-divided Orientals to find peace and security in the simple saying, 'There is bread and salt between us.'

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

I

WHY has no psychologist taken more serious note of the 'will to romance'? It is one of the most interesting phenomena of the spirit because one of the most creative in regions where other influences hardly penetrate. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he becomes, and the further his thought is from the sheer fact of himself and his surroundings, the more likely it is to transform both of these. This statement needs no proof. Our wills

> are the very, the only,
> The solemn event of things;

and of all springs to release the will, none is so potent as some half-disregarded romantic statement or consideration in the back of his mind, which appeals to a man because it does, and by virtue of that appeal re-creates him and all his circumstance. Something seems beautiful to him, in other words, and toward that beauty his whole nature sets with all its force.

The mechanistic scientist would doubtless like to explain this deep turning of the will as some yet-imperfectly-visualized form of heliotropism — for the mechanistic scientist is a greedy gentleman who is not going to be satisfied unless he can cover the phenomena of consciousness as well as grosser biological facts by his formulæ. Dr. Loeb, writing in the *Yale Review*, has recently denounced the pernicious effects of romanticism in philosophy and politics on the present world-conflict. Romanticism in philosophy just now means Bergson's doctrine of the intuition, and he finds it not accidental that the 'noisy and reactionary' element among the younger French patriots are Bergsonians, or that the German militarists have read and digested Nietzsche. All nations, he concludes, should turn to their scientific men for political leadership! That scientific men usually abound neither in general views nor in human sympathies is something he overlooks here, as well as their undeniable deficiency in the powers that charm and coerce their fellows. These are the necessary defects of their otherwise useful qualities. It is doubtless true that no men would sacrifice their lives for ideas in an era of entirely triumphant mechanistic science. There would be, indeed, no ideas in such an age, and one doubts if there would be anything to call men. If life is stripped of all its alleged 'romantic' elements and faiths, the sooner we return to dust, the happier we. The race would die out almost as quickly as if you cut off its supply of oxygen.

Dr. Loeb gravely suggests that if the intuition is really a good guide, its disciples be invited to solve by its aid some of the minor problems in physics — which seems to indicate a careless examination of his Bergson, since the very basis of Bergson's implied doctrine of the intuition in man is that it applies to those super-physical problems which the intellect, shaped by matter for skilled reaction upon matter, is unable to handle. If one is unconscious of the existence of super-physical problems, there is nothing more to be said.

Of course, there are good romanticists and bad romanticists. Nietzsche was as certainly a bad romanticist as he

was an insane man. If one follows insane ideas and an insane leader, no Berserk fervor can carry one to an end that the sanity of the world will approve. And the consensus of the competent down the generations has pretty definitely decided who's who among the romanticists.

To come down to such lesser manifestations of romance as commonly appear in literature and in life, we find the demand for them basal. The more our actual life becomes narrow and confined, the more does the spirit become adventurous, foot-loose, forthright, seeking the joy of marvel, the glitter of dream. The classic illustration of this in English fiction is still *Jane Eyre*, that perfectly impossible romance of quite impossible people, which is forever one of the great novels of the world because, with all its falsity to fact, it is eternally true to human feeling — and, beside this, truth to fact is negligible. This, indeed, is the great realism and the ultimate literary triumph. To recognize the truth of this makes us tender toward even feeble and ineffectual efforts in the romantic direction.

It is trite enough to liken literary romance to sweets, but there is more in the comparison than hits the eye. The food-value of sugar is reckoned by the energy it lets loose. The food-value of romance has the same measure. In either case over-feeding is deplorable, but this is not to deny such a food its place in a balanced ration. Some books gain their place in the season's menu for their sugar-value. The only thing one does not understand is that there are not more of the highest grade.

We cordially recommend *Straight Down the Crooked Lane*[1] as the best example the winter affords of an absorbing and delightful story of the fine, old-fashioned type that enmeshes even the veteran novel-reader and holds him thrall till the last page is turned. Myself stopped only for perfunctory attention to dinner between five when the book was begun and ten-thirty when it was finished. The tale is as healthy as barley-sugar. And it is not because it is about a great lost diamond, or because there is 'something doing' on every page, that it delights, although these are elements in its singularly successful course. The charm of the personalities involved is a greater attraction than the deftness of the plot and the dash of the narrative. Each one is clear-cut and most are lovable. That, after all, is the thing one returns to! One takes sides, has one's favorites; one shares Loveday's devotion to Val, a perfectly useless but most engaging gentleman. One has one's opinion of Violet, a very worldly mother with mitigations; and one is arrested by the very individual quality of Elsie's speech and learns to know her through her fantasies — as often happens in life but seldom in books. Maturity has added to the touch of the author of *The Helmet of Navarre* precisely those human and heart-warming qualities that maturity ought to add. One hopes she will not cease from story-telling.

In *Open Market*,[2] as once before in *The Inheritance*, Mrs. Bacon also has written an old-fashioned romance with a plot that intrigues the imagination because it is so improbable and because it is handled by its clever and worldly-wise concocter so very differently from the way it would have been handled in the seventies! One cannot love Evelyn Jaffray as one quite helplessly loves Loveday, but one can and does follow with absorption her career in marrying a backwoods cripple whom she purposes merely to train and educate in

[1] *Straight Down the Crooked Lane.* By BERTHA RUNKLE. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *Open Market.* By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton Co.

return for a fair share of his fortune. It is a good tale, and more than well told.

Miss Mary Johnston, in returning to the fields of mediæval romance where she formerly gathered such garlands, has done a thing so clever one might almost call it shrewd. She has taken back with her to that feudal life of guarded crag and castle and desolated plain, an up-to-date, modern heroine, plain, intelligent, competent. Almost as much business ability as Emma McChesney, has Princess Audiart the Ugly, daughter and adviser of Gaucelm the Fortunate of Roche-de-Frêne![1] In time she becomes his heir, and men know her as Audiart the Wise — which has a prettier sound. It is as if Miss Johnston said to her admirers, 'A mediæval romance, will you? Certainly, since you desire it! But I insist upon giving you the only kind of heroine I have any respect for. Even in those days, look you, brains were a queenlier thing than beauty, and Audiart shall make this clear.' And indeed Audiart does this gallantly, save in one point. By what is surely an error in technique, Miss Johnston evades writing out in direct discourse Audiart's most spectacular triumph, the 'big scene' of the whole book. The lands of Roche-de-Frêne are harried and her castle besieged by Montmaure, allied with Richard the Lion-Heart and aided by him. The princess, humbly disguised and with one attendant only, crosses the war-torn country to seek Richard and lay the case of her demesne before him, knowing that if his help is withdrawn Montmaure's siege must fail. Richard stands for chivalry and justice, but for impulse and hot-headedness as well. That justice will prevail with him is most uncertain. But it is Audiart's last hope, and she carries her plan through to success. Miss Johnston, however, omits precisely the things that would enthrone her heroine and conquer her reader. The great interview with Richard takes place 'off-stage.' Audiart's plea is hinted at, not depicted. This is undramatic and unconvincing. Certainly it would have been a hard scene to do, but not too hard for Miss Johnston, and it is the obvious climax of Audiart's career and the proof of her quality. The friendly reader desires to share her triumph, and to applaud.

[1] *The Fortunes of Garin.* By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

II

The public, I think, never weary of books like these. But candor compels me to admit in passing that romancers sometimes tire of their own trade. Consider the surprising case of Mr. James Branch Cabell. He has done quite the most distinguished romance-writing — except Miss Johnston's very best — published in this country during the last twenty-five years. Now, in *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*,[2] he produces a satire of life and love-making in that quarter where many of us like to fancy it is still at its best. If hearts are not fervent and faithful in Virginia, where shall we look for fervency and faith? 'The vitality of the legend is remarkable,' as one of the characters puts it. Mr. Cabell, who knows his Virginia, handles it more severely than any one else has dreamed of doing. The Southern gentlemen of day-before-yesterday were 'proud, brave, thriftless, a greedy and lecherous race who squeezed life dry as one does an orange and left us the dregs,' says the same character; 'it was they who compounded our inheritance — all that we were to have in this world of wit

[2] *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck.* By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

and strength, desire and endurance.' The result is, according to Mr. Cabell, that unless the Southern gentleman of to-day leaves his home and develops his mental muscle wrestling with the world elsewhere, his life becomes a pure futility. Good manners, yes; an ordered and leisurely way of living, assuredly. That is all. He is 'ornamental and profoundly self-satisfied,' without real achievement. The irony of the book is very keen, its wit trenchant. We are made to suspend judgment on all the love-making and the eloquence, all the good poses and gestures, because the author suspects them of the histrionic quality. He does admit, at the very end, the unbreakable tie binding us to those with whom we once 'climbed to the stars,' and shared the most potent magic. That tie, so often frayed and slashed in life, will, nevertheless, hold in death. This is the romancer's sole concession to romance.

One cannot quarrel with Mr. Cabell about Mr. Cabell's own Virginians, but — what *is* real achievement? One recalls that cry of Queed, 'These people are so *kind!*' and one sympathizes less with the author's irony than with the optimism of Rudolph Musgrave, the Sebastian into whom he shoots indefatigably the arrows of his wit. Says Musgrave, 'We have lived a courteous, tranquil, independent life, just as our fathers taught us. . . . We have defiantly embroidered life and converted its commonest happenings into a comely thing. We have been artists, not artisans. . . . It may be — in the final outcome of things — that will be found an even finer pursuit than the old one of producing Presidents.'

A form of romance whose appeal is more universal than that of the love-story, though the latter is usually involved in it, is the tale of high-hearted youth facing a world which must somehow be grappled with and made something of. Small wonder youth does not understand the world, since nobody ever explains and the young person would be constitutionally incapable of understanding him if he did! There are many new novels of this sort, and one can guess something as to the author's age from his attitude. Anthony Hope, for instance, in *A Young Man's Year*[1] is discreetly sympathetic but indubitably middle-aged; while one feels that the authors of *Why, Theodora!*[2] and *The Crown of Life*[3] are unquestionably young. Both the latter are tales of nice girls vivaciously at odds with stuffy folk like fathers and aunts and chaperones generally. Theodora is the more perplexed and winning, Ruth Holworthy the more positive and audacious, and both work through to the age-long solution of a young girl's problems. Owen Johnson in *Making Money*[4] seems to be just rounding thirty. His buoyant account of Bojo Crocker's early experiences, just out of college, just into Wall Street, unites the confidence of the twenties with the cautions and conclusions of the following decade. Sinclair Lewis is palpably younger than that. *The Trail of the Hawk*[5] is a truly lifelike chronicle of the fortunes of 'Widow Ericson's boy Carl,' of Joralemon, Minn., who becomes 'Hawk' Ericson, the daring aviator, and marries a very nice girl indeed. They had promised to find new horizons for each other, and when the resources of a New York flat in the way of horizons are exhausted, they sail for South America, where they are

[1] *A Young Man's Year.* By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[2] *Why, Theodora!* By Sarah Warder McConnell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

[3] *The Crown of Life.* By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[4] *Making Money.* By Owen Johnson. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[5] *The Trail of the Hawk.* By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros.

said to be much happier. Were their historian mature, he would be less confident that changing the skies can change the mind. It is proverbially considered to be but a temporary alleviation of human nature.

There is a distinction, however, between simple change of scene, which seems all that the Hawk Ericsons aim at, and the profound alteration of work and caste which really does reshape the being. *The Lady Aft*,[1] reminiscent of Conrad in its vigor and felicity, shows us a lawyer's clerk who hears the summons of the sea as he is walking along the water-front. He throws his bag of papers into the gutter and ships as a seaman as he stands. One is quite willing to believe it re-created him. *The Real Man*[2] is a study of a similar transformation. The author offers the theory that comfort, social success, a conventionally ordered life, take a young man along the lines of least resistance, and that his personality is an artificial thing which any sudden upheaval of circumstance may alter completely, bringing to light, swiftly and surely, the real man whose hidden identity has been as unsuspected by himself as by others.

Teddy Earp, the Cockney genius in *The Rose of Youth*[3] resembles the Hawk Ericsons in that the lure of change and travel, of the wonderful world beyond his horizons — in this case it is Albania and the Balkans generally — calls him irresistibly. A little London clerk, he is offered love, a competence, and the chance to manage and put right the abuses of the shop where he formerly sweated and revolted. It is his best chance for doing something he had mightily believed ought to be done, but altruism is not good enough — not when compared with the lure of the Balkans.

The Ollivant Orphans[4] are a family of very genuine young people whose homely experiences Mrs. Gilmore touches with a hand light but very sure. Her confidence that the orphans must turn out well and her skilled delineation of their hesitations at the cross-roads, certainly belong in the mid-thirties — that period when one is still near enough to youth to be fond and proud and patronizing all in one.

The Story of Julia Page[5] tells the story of a young girl remade by the power of an idea. She has no 'bringing-up.' Her squalid, fretful mother and her lax, easy-going father separate. There is alimony enough for bread-and-butter, and pretty, pert, careless Julia grows up, looking forward to the stage as her obvious destiny. But an accidental week-end at a good house where she learns that she is 'common,' together with an experience in sex-life which fills her with loathing, transforms Julia by a renewing of her will which thereafter sets passionately toward physical and mental cleanliness as the only possible conditions for her, however it may be with others. It is easy to believe in Julia, though where her transforming force of character comes from is not clear. An outright gift of Heaven, perhaps. Her life turns out like other lives, not very happy, but certainly not miserable, since she always keeps her unusually clear perception of what is righteous and wholesome. Mrs. Norris does not preach; she simply tells an interesting, human story whose ethical implications are all on the side of the practicable.

[1] *The Lady Aft.* By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

[2] *The Real Man.* By Francis Lynde. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[3] *The Rose of Youth.* By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: The John Lane Co.

[4] *The Ollivant Orphans.* By Inez Haynes Gilmore. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[5] *The Story of Julia Page.* By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

III

You observe that all these accounts of youth represent it as self-seeking, as carrying out its inner demands solely for its own ends. But there is a type of youth, commoner to-day perhaps than ever before, that feels first for others; there is a type, too, that feels for the advancement of the race as well as for the greater ease of the individual; then, also, there is a type seeking its own full expression because *it must so be* — that is to say the type of genius carrying its gift blindly yet surely.

In *The Song of the Lark*,[1] Miss Cather has drawn this type solidly, ruggedly, well. It is an achievement far beyond any of her recent work, recalling, although on a wholly different plane, the dexterity of her earliest writing. Thea Kronborg, child of the Swedish pastor in a Colorado town, exists in three dimensions. Touch by touch is built up a picture of the development of this singer, who is great, not only, or even chiefly, by virtue of the physical qualities of her voice, admirable as these are, but even more because her voice is the flexible instrument of her idea. She is a great artist, in other words, and such are not easy to depict. A third of the book is given over to her childhood and all who influenced those early but not plastic years. Kronborg was never plastic, and her creator manages to intimate that creative ability is not and cannot be plastic. It must go its own way, feed on its own food, seek its own ends. This definite, rather repellent thing is put into Thea's character without alienating the reader's interest. I had almost said affection, but affection is precisely the thing one does not feel for this struggling, self-centred girl. One respects her immensely for following her inner light. While yet she knew nothing of her distinctive talent, she knew that there was a voice within herself, a thing that sang in the heart, something to which she came back, with which she was at home. Said Wunsch, the drunken music-master, 'There must be something in the inside from the beginning. . . . Yes, when you are barely six you must know that. That is the beginning of all things.' This nascent creative consciousness is palpable to the reader from the first. The book is tense with it, yet it is rendered indirectly and with much restraint. We are held by the desire to see how it works out at last. Nothing perhaps is much more difficult to achieve in literature than just this indescribable but very real thing. It is Miss Cather's substantial triumph that she has made it actual.

In passing one may note that *The Genius*[2] by Theodore Dreiser wrestles with a similar problem. But while both authors believe that passion is the root of creative power, Mr. Dreiser recognizes no passion but that of the body, while Miss Cather knows that there are passions of the soul. For Mr. Dreiser the soul does not exist. His industry and observation are immense, quite Teutonic in fact, and one would be glad to admire their product, but, simply, it can't be done. One's gorge rises. The mechanistic scientist — to return to the quarrel with which we began — may find satisfaction in such records of man the beast that perishes after satiation, but the romanticist knows better things. While there are tables spread with fine linen and set with good bread and meat, he really cannot consent to feed indefinitely from the garbage-can. And Mr. Dreiser has now definitely aligned his great energy and his talent on the side of that philosophy

[1] *The Song of the Lark*. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

[2] *The Genius*. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The John Lane Co.

which reduces life to 'filth and froth.' Each man must think as he can, no doubt, but still — it is not good enough. No! By whatever taught the evolving brute the emotions for which he found such words as decency, valor, self-sacrifice — it is not good enough!

The heroine of *The Bent Twig*[1] is another instance of the higher, more altruistic type of young person, or, more accurately, the book shows the development of that type under the pressure of heredity and training, out of material that otherwise would have made an accomplished *mondaine*. Sylvia Marshall is the daughter of a professor of economics in a small Western college. She has natural affinities for a decorative background, the amenities, social success; and chance brings the opportunity for her to test these matters. The story would be a stronger one if Miss Canfield had resisted the temptation to make all her characters in easy circumstances (save the hero who renounces untold millions) tainted with an unpleasant worldliness. This does not accord with the facts. It really is not absolutely needful that a woman should wash her own dishes or even button her own frocks to live here and now in the Kingdom of Heaven. But the elder Marshalls think it is (we suspect a little more assistance with the housework would have saved Mrs. Marshall's life and her husband's reason) and they live according to their faith. The simple life is a very difficult thing to make attractive in fiction, because oxygen and hardihood are almost indescribable. But the characterization of this wedded pair is the best thing in the book except, perhaps, that of the other daughter, Judith, who has the mother's repression and force. The story is vivid, thoughtful, and worth while, though it seems a little less mature than some of the author's work. Its value as a sociological exhibit depends upon how often Miss Canfield has really seen the Sylvia Marshalls of this world refusing rich, adorned, complicated lives, in favor of simplicity, service, and farm-life. The title gives her best argument. The daughter of Sylvia's parents could not do otherwise than Sylvia did. This must be granted, even if one's preference is for less uncompromising personalities.

The Freelands[2] is first of all one of those richly wrought pictures of contemporary English life of which Mr. Galsworthy has the secret. In reading it one seems to be treading on deep, resilient beds of living moss, or handling thick, soft old tapestries woven in innumerable strange blues and greens. It is a curious gift for a man who is always up-to-date and almost always ironic — this power of so handling the English language that it affords the reader an almost physical delight. He is indebted neither to his timeliness nor to his criticism of life for a good half of his readers. They are drawn by sheer satisfaction in this picture-making, word-handling power. He shows us the characteristic figures of three generations of an English family of the finer quality, each in his appropriate setting. The background is filled in with landscape of the most exquisite, and a good deal of discussion of the English peasant and his inevitable disappearance from the land. But the central interest of it all is in the exposition of that type of flaming youth which literally cannot bear the sufferings of others, or, apparently, its own.

Two of the young Freelands, Derek and Sheila, are revolutionists, partly through the example of their Highland mother and partly through sympathy for the circumscribed freedom of the

[1] *The Bent Twig.* By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[2] *The Freelands.* By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

agricultural laborer. Derek organizes an unsuccessful strike at hay-harvest, and encourages Bob Tryst to fire hayricks after a self-righteous landlord evicts him because he wants to marry his deceased wife's sister. Of course the laborer pays the penalty and finally kills himself because he cannot endure imprisonment. His fellow-laborers send word to poor Derek that 'we can't do no more dyin' for you.'

The boy, half-mad with remorse, is allowed to marry his adorable cousin Nedda, and they go to New Zealand to live, because Derek 'feels too much in England.' Their harassed love-affair is one of the most perfect idyls in English fiction, and Nedda almost equals the incomparable Nanda of *The Awkward Age* as a delineation of the nice girl as she really is. But though the book is marvelously beautiful Mr. Galsworthy offers no solutions. His whole conception of the human predicament in England is clarified and mature, but painful in its 'sad lucidity.' It is as if he said, 'Even in the hot-headed generosity and eager striving of youth, there is no hope. All is futility. I see no way whereby this country can be wholly saved.'

This unusual number of books about youth, its aspirations, its powers, its selfishnesses, and its altruisms make up the only group in the season's fiction that seems coherent, motivated. Other novels with basal ideas may have been written during the last year and a half, but they have not succeeded in getting themselves published. If one asks one's self what this sudden turning toward youth as a subject means, there seems to be but one answer possible. What can it mean if not that, in the present threatened failure of all that the last century fought for and believed it had established, those critics of life, our novelists, are searching, perhaps only half consciously, the oncoming men and women, to determine, if by any means they may, how this racked old world will fare in their hands? It is a scrutiny — and an appeal.

IV

Naturally enough it has fallen to Mr. H. G. Wells to exploit most exhaustively the topic of the consecration of the young person to the redemption of society, and, so far as the present critic is concerned, most absorbingly. *The Research Magnificent*[1] is a documented account of a young man with a great idea. It presents William Porphyry Benham seeking from his tenderest years, with immense effort, deliberation, sacrifice, the Noble Life. For the sake of a name he calls it the aristocratic life. In boyhood it takes for him the comparatively simple form of overcoming physical fear. As manhood comes on, he perceives that one must overcome indulgence also. Later he adds jealousy and prejudice to the list of the things that hold us back and defeat our finer purposes. Later also it dawns upon him that 'one cannot be noble, so to speak, *in vacuo*, and he set himself to discover a Noble Society. He began with simple beliefs and fine attitudes and ended in a conscious research. He spent the greater part of his life studying and experimenting in the nobler possibilities of man. He never lost his absurd faith in that conceivable splendor.'

One recalls a passage in some book of Wells's in which a group of youths are talking about the possible regeneration of life. Says one, 'We must revive the idea of aristocracy and set it to work.' That is the central notion of *The Research Magnificent.* It is the imposing record of a pig-headed struggle toward the impossible. It shows how eager

[1] *The Research Magnificent.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

youth can be, how selfish in its unselfishness, how superb and how entirely and hopelessly futile. Wells, who certainly grows more perspicacious with each advancing year, shows clearly enough that the Benhams, hardily bent upon betterment, live and die to themselves, neglecting every human relation and duty. One may possibly concede reluctantly that Benham did not treat his father and mother *very* much more disgracefully than does the average man; but one cannot forgive him Amanda, and his small son who disappears early from the pages of the book because he did not strike Benham as an interesting object at birth. This parental attitude, not infrequent in fiction, one fails to verify in fact. What really happens is that the man who has supposed he did not care about children goes absolutely crazy with amazement and delight at the sight of that exceptional being, His Son — But that is another story. Amanda, married to Benham at nineteen, is devoted, joyous, a comrade. There are the 'makings' of something very fine in Amanda; she was even capable of becoming devoted to the Great Idea, as she showed on the only occasion when her husband condescended to talk about it, had he in turn shown any interest in her own great adventure — the baby, to wit. But Benham, though never quite easy in his conscience, threw Amanda to the dogs and plodded obstinately on alone, going to and fro in the world and up and down in it, making notes and hunting material to throw light on the Noble Life. In China he willfully sacrifices the life of his old friend Protheroe, whom he dragged to the Orient, in a fit of indignation because Protheroe insists on fulfilling his nature as completely as Benham fulfills his own. But Benham still plods on. The ultimate result is death in a street riot in Johannesburg, and a room full of documents and observations on his quest in London.

It is magnificent but it is *not* war. Not thus do the forts of Folly fall; not thus does man come into his kingship. Probably great prophets should lead detached and consecrated lives, though it is unsafe to generalize from paucity of material, since we know of a scant half dozen of great prophets in some seven thousand years of human history. Benham was trying to do a prophet's work without a prophet's spiritual equipment. Few things are sadder than a prophet *manqué*. But this account of one affords Wells opportunity for a peck or two of his most felicitous remarks.

Whatever one may think about Benham, it is worth while to be Wells. But there are signs that Mr. Wells, who really gets more and more kinetic as his contemporaries get more and more static, is not satisfied with being himself. He wants to be *Boon*,[1] for instance. In this volume, which is a prolonged and only half-acknowledged skit, he indulges himself in all the satire and foolery to which it evidently does not seem wholly in character to subscribe his own considerably revered name. Part of it is most amusing, some of it is a little dull, and 'The Last Trump' in particular is a bit of irony absolutely vitriolic. The author seems entirely out of patience with human nature. If this is true, the results will be even harder for Mr. Wells than for human nature.

V

Except these studies of youth and the world, there are few novels that set us thinking. Automatically one blames the publishers for this. Between those who write and those who read, stands the man who selects. Our judgment of

[1] *Boon*. New York: George H. Doran & Co.

a season's output of fiction is, first of all, a judgment passed upon his discrimination. It is obvious that he is cutting off what he regards as superfluities. Just as in hard times a grocer buys fewer delicacies and more cornmeal and bacon, so in these stressful, uncertain days the publisher also reverts to what he believes to be staples. His problem is far from simple. Bacon is always bacon, but who can say what food the minds of men demand under conditions that have no parallel in history?

Confronted with this problem, most of the publishers have made the easy, conservative choice. They offer chiefly standardized tales by tested favorites. This is 'playing safe,' perhaps, yet might not one expect this to be a better season for strange flavors, bizarre compounds, outlandish brews, than quieter times?

It may be our own nerves that make the tales of some of these tested favorites less acceptable than their wont. They seem to be written according to the old *formulæ* but without the old spontaneity. Yet possibly this only means that we demand a stronger anodyne, a finer magic than usual from those who have recreation in their keeping.

To become concrete at once, is it our fault or the author's that Locke's *Jaffery*[1] seems so much less diverting than one has ever found Locke before? The plot is clever, but handled as if the author's mind were perpetually somewhere else and he only concerned with the number of words *per diem* to be turned off. This from Locke, once such a sure refuge from boredom! Are we mistaken when we feel that *Dear Enemy*[2] makes a painstaking but unsuccessful effort to recapture the genuine gayety and pathos of its predecessor? Is it doing an injustice to *Emma McChesney & Co.*[3] to find that Emma (for whom we once had a hearty affection) is unpleasantly, almost cheaply, self-assertive? Where once she seemed wise, she now seems only 'smart.' Yet one will not swear the fault is wholly hers! One is decidedly more sure that *Heart's Kindred*,[4] with all its large asseverations of universal brotherhood, its earnest efforts to propagate the peace-spirit, is Miss Gale's weakest work, having no tithe of the warm humanity that endeared Friendship Village to many another town. If the dream of universal peace were indeed destined to an early fulfillment, one cannot help suspecting that its literature would be better — just as one feels that Mr. Ford's pacifist theories cannot be as convincing as his automobiles, or they would run the streets with equal frequency and favor.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist,[5] and *The Little Iliad*[6] are certainly not up to the level we expect of Quiller-Couch and Maurice Hewlett; and *David Penstephen*,[7] while a fine, solid piece of work, lacks the richness and variety of certain of Richard Pryce's earlier novels.

To offset these disappointments, it is worth noting that in *The Money Master*[8] Sir Gilbert Parker has done work that closely approaches his best, and is certainly more admirable than anything he has turned out for some years. Richard Harding Davis never wrote

[1] *Jaffery*. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Co.

[2] *Dear Enemy*. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *Emma McChesney & Co.* By Edna Ferber. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[4] *Heart's Kindred*. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[5] *Nicky-Nan, Reservist*. By Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[6] *The Little Iliad*. By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

[7] *David Penstephen*. By Richard Pryce. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[8] *The Money Master*. By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

better stories than are contained in *Somewhere in France*.[1] *Old Delabole*[2] is worth while, as Eden Philpotts almost always is; and *Felix O'Day*,[3] the last tale we shall have from the friendly pen of Hopkinson Smith, maintains the faith he stood for. While he lived he believed and taught that this world is fairly good and might easily be better if all people but enjoyed the simple pleasures as they can. Take the joys of eating good food, talking good talk, loving your friends and helping the helpless while you may — this was the creed he preached by implication, and the wide appeal of his work shows that human nature still responds eagerly to such suggestion.

The group of stories in *Around Old Chester*[4] are as strongly vital as anything Mrs. Deland has written about the deep-rooted, wide-branching, full-fruited, if occasionally gnarly-boughed village life of thirty years ago. To have put Old Chester on the map, clearly and completely, for all men to behold, is no mean contribution to the civilization of the twentieth century.

The High Priestess[5] reminds us skillfully of some of the things that were of immense importance recently. How interested we were day before yesterday in the newest woman, the prospects of feminism, the importance of living one's own life! They are all tarnished topics now. When one is driven to praying for the salvation of civilization itself, the economic independence of the married woman is no longer a burning question. No one less clever, bland, and ironic than Judge Grant could interest us as he does in a creature so opinionated and self-righteous as Mary Thornton Randall, the high priestess of the new marriage. She has everything on earth, including a national reputation as a landscape gardener, two lovely children, an admiring husband, and a delightful home. Having installed a dear and charming friend as housekeeper, to leave herself free for her professional duties, she is outraged on returning from one of her business journeys to find her husband attempting — unsuccessfully — to kiss the charming friend. Mary leaves home at once with her children and remains away for seven years, being drawn to return at last only by the belated discovery in herself of the remnants of such quaint, old-fashioned emotions as jealousy and love. No one else could so embroider and develop this theme as does the author. As usual, he is serious and smiling at once. The book is a very highly finished and delicious discussion of questions that will come to the front again, no doubt — next year, we hope, or the year after; yet conceivably not for two hundred years. The question rises in one's mind — as we may be sure that Judge Grant meant it to do — if the modern American woman with everything in her favor can handle opportunity and freedom no better than Mary Randall did, does she not, perhaps, deserve to lose them?

[1] *Somewhere in France*. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[2] *Old Delabole*. By Eden Philpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *Felix O'Day*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[4] *Around Old Chester*. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

[5] *The High Priestess*. By Robert Grant. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

DESTINY NOT MANIFEST

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

In the January *Atlantic* I discussed certain events in which the course of American history was in accordance with what we have come to speak of in this country as manifest destiny. There are other events of importance in which no such relation existed, or at least was discernible at the time, but rather quite the contrary; and one of these seems of sufficient interest to justify separate consideration. The selection made will no doubt jar the sensibilities of ardent patriots; but they need not worry, for at best it is only a harmless speculation upon what might have been. I was about to use the word idle instead of harmless; but such speculations are really not idle or valueless, impotent though they may be to alter in the slightest degree the record as already made up. Events once enacted are irrevocable; but philosophy assumes that they might have been changed beforehand. The practical value of history is based upon this assumption. It is the fixed belief that mankind, of its own volition, can control events to some extent, which makes it desirable to consult the experience of the past, and justifies speculation as to how the course of history might have been changed to the advantage of the race.

The event which we are about to subject to such speculation is the fundamental fact of United States history. The American Revolution was not in accordance with manifest destiny, but rather in violation thereof. Figuratively speaking, it was a family imbroglio — something which is neither natural nor inevitable. Harsh and oppressive treatment of an offspring by a parent, so that the offspring feels constrained to abandon the parental abode, is a negation of normal tendencies. The natural course of events is the development of the offspring under parental guidance and protection, with growing freedom and independence, eventuating in separation more or less complete, but in an unimpaired maintenance of the filial tie, and possibly in a continuous working relationship.

This was the universal feeling among the American colonists immediately prior to the Revolution. They never sought separation as a thing in itself desirable. It was with genuine grief that they decided to go, and only as a last resort. The affection of the child for the parent was deep and sincere, and nothing but blind and contumacious treatment by the parent could have led to such a step. The colonists knew how valuable to them was an honorable dependence upon the mother-country. They were proud of their ancestry, proud of the history of England, proud of her example of constitutional liberty, and they were reliant upon her for protection and for commercial advantages which could not be had without her. Manifest destiny was that this relation should continue, essentially as it has with Canada, which has practical autonomy in all local matters, but is united to the mother-country in those interests common to both. Let us assume that Great Britain

had pursued this generous policy, and consider what would have been the course of American history under that hypothesis.

As to territorial expansion, essentially the same acquisitions would have taken place as early as they actually did. That of Alaska is most doubtful, though it might have come with the Crimean War, and, if not, would certainly come with the adjustments of the present European war. British North America would be practically what the United States and Canada are to-day. Of the islands, events could scarcely have failed to lead to the acquisition of Hawaii, with a strong presumption in favor of West Indian acquisitions.

In commercial and industrial development, progress would have been more rapid, orderly, and substantial than it has been in either the United States or Canada. The immense handicap of Great Britain's opposition on the ocean, the loss of our rich West Indian colonial trade, the many years of misunderstanding and commercial paralysis that culminated in the War of 1812, would all have been avoided. There would never have been any destruction of our merchant marine. The development of that common highway, the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, so that heavy ocean vessels could reach every port on the Lakes, would long ago have been an accomplished fact. The intricate physical problems connected with the St. Lawrence system would be handled by a single authority instead of by the cumbersome method of joint commissions, which have never yet proved effective so far as any expenditure in actual work is concerned. Intercourse across the border would have been as free as across our state lines. The immense cost of the frontier customs service, the handicap on interchange, the inevitable friction and estrangement, would all have been absent. At the same time the abounding energy of the whole people would have had freer scope; awkward situations like that created by the Alaska boundary would not exist, and the united evolution of the whole country would have been more normal and effective. The Panama Canal would have been built just the same, doubtless much sooner than it was, and the long diplomatic controversies relating to it would never have taken place.

In political and foreign affairs, the advantages of maintaining the old relation would have been inestimable. The differences which led to the War of 1812 would never have developed, or the persistent spirit of antagonism between the two nations which has disappeared only in this generation. And that most unnecessary and regrettable of all our wars—the War of the Rebellion—how different it would have been! The very foundation upon which the legal fabric of rebellion — the right of secession — was built would have been non-existent. The South had the logic of the argument on its side in the claim that the Union was a compact from which any state could legally withdraw; but no such right could have been claimed as against the mother-country. Withdrawal would have meant revolution, without any legal justification. On the slavery question, which was, of course, the moving force behind secession, not only would the sentiment of the North have been against it, but that of the mother-country as well. The wholly unnatural sympathy of England with the South which actually did exist during the Civil War would have been with the North. Against such odds the slave power would never have undertaken armed resistance. In some way or other, on an equitable and peaceful basis, emancipation would have been worked out; and the frightful loss of life, the

industrial prostration of the South, the political and social sins of reconstruction, would have been avoided. By any just estimate of cause and effect, as applied to the painful history of the slavery question in this country, the method of settlement finally resorted to was one of those calamities which must be pronounced unnecessary. Manifest destiny did not lead in that direction until after it was violated in the American Revolution.

In that matter which touches our national life more nearly than almost any other, — the character of our population, — we have undoubtedly been losers by the separation. The mother-country would certainly have placed *some* restraint upon the indiscriminate influx of immigrants. When we reflect that, in proportion as immigration has increased, the native birth-rate has declined; that under the earlier birth-rate and without immigration our population would have increased as fast as it actually has; that immigration has therefore meant, not growth of population, but displacement of the original stock, — a stock to which we still love to refer as the foundation of our national character; when we reflect on these things, the course of our history in this vital matter can bring satisfaction only to the unthinking. With that smug complacency which is one of our chief national weaknesses, we extol the virtues of the great 'American melting-pot,' never pausing to consider that a melting-pot should have intelligent supervision of its ingredients if it is to yield a valuable product. A non-assimilable mixture of good, bad, and indifferent would make a sorry mess in the physical laboratory. Have we any right to assume that it will have a wholly contrary effect in this great national laboratory?

Coming down to the immediate present, when a firmer establishment of world-peace is becoming one of the greatest objects of human endeavor, consider what an all-controlling factor in the problem would be an actual union of the English-speaking peoples. Its control of the seas would be absolute as against any conceivable combination; and used, as it would be, as the English sea-power for a generation has been, not to prevent the legitimate expansion of trade by any state, but to maintain freedom of intercourse, it would be a power for peace such as it is impossible to look for under existing conditions.

If we study our national history with a frank and open mind, — as an impartial outside critic might study it, — we must admit that our separation from the mother-country was not by any means an unmixed blessing. It brought, as the violation of natural relations is always likely to do, many and grave misfortunes in its train. The estranged offspring has indeed grown to a lusty adult, but there is no evidence that its growth has been so well-rounded and harmonious, or even so vigorous and healthy, as it would have been if that estrangement had never taken place.

All this, as we said, is, in a sense, idle speculation, for the past is fixed and immutable. But the imaginary view here given of the reverse side of the picture which enthusiastic patriotism always holds before our eyes, may give us a more rational conception of our relation to the great people from which we sprang. It suggests the hope that some of the blessings which we forfeited by separation may be restored by a union — not, of course, political, but of a nature to deal with those common problems which it seems to be the manifest destiny of the English-speaking peoples to work out together. Could there be any better beginning for a genuine league of peace than a working

agreement between Great Britain and the United States? We talk much of a Pan-American union, but our ties with South America are not, nor can they ever be, so close as are those with England. The *natural* bond is there, and also the bond of material interest. Into such a union France would inevitably be drawn — France, who helped separate America from England, but who is now a loyal friend to both. A maritime coalition like this would insure peace upon the ocean and indirectly promote it upon the land, and would gradually draw other nations into its fold. The remarkable concurrence of events of the times in which we live has made such a beginning of practical world-organization a possibility of this generation. Is it too much to hope that Pan-Anglicism in this twentieth century may permanently heal the sores left by the Anglo-schism of the eighteenth?

MRS. MAXWELL AND THE UNEMPLOYED

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

THE great idea came to her on the way home from the Unemployed Committee meeting at the Settlement, where she had spent a bewildered afternoon. The committee, enlarging at discretion and in need of funds, had taken her on because she was Mrs. Gilbert Maxwell. But Gilbert's orders had been explicit: —

'Don't let the philanthropic sharks get your goat, Posy. If it's the psychology of the unemployed they're after, feed 'em up on my state of mind since the Stock Exchange shut down. But leave your check-book at home.'

Hence, when the committee adjourned, there were still a great many thousand men, including Gilbert, out of work in the city, and the subtle chairman somehow conveyed the impression that this was Posy's fault.

Limousine upholstery cannot cushion a bruised spirit, and the car was creeping snail-fashion through streets clogged with seedy idleness. Dull, envious eyes, in rows along the curb, watched the very-much-employed chauffeur.

'I know she thinks we might engage another indoor man,' moaned Posy, obsessed by the chairman's displeasure. 'I just know she does.'

And suddenly, like a Japanese sparkler, the idea coruscated.

It was characteristic of Posy's simplicity that she did not unfold her plan to Gilbert that evening. Experience with the most indulgent of husbands had taught her that the surest way of doing as she liked was to do it first, and to tell him about it afterwards. So when he asked if her committee had solved the problem of the unemployed, she only said, 'How could they, when you would n't let me subscribe anything?' and tried to pretend she saw the joke, because Gilbert laughed.

In the morning, when he had read the war news and cursed the stock market — for those were the early days of the war — and had gone down to the

street where now there was 'nothing doing,' she sent word belowstairs by Taplow the butler that she wanted to see all the servants in her sitting-room in half an hour.

Taplow looked horribly startled, for him, but he only said, 'Will you 'ave them one at a time, Mrs. Maxwell, or hall at once?'

'Oh, no; not one at a time, Taplow,' said Posy. 'And we shall need two or three more chairs.'

Taplow paused in the doorway. 'Did you say *chairs*, m'm?' he inquired.

Posy hesitated, blushed, but decided that she had said chairs.

'Has he failed, do you think?' whispered Cook to Nurse, as they creaked upstairs in the wake of the younger, sprightlier servants.

'Well, if he has,' murmured Nurse, 'he's made somethin' out of it. I would n't ask to see a cheerfuler human bein' than kissed the baby good-bye this mornin'. But then, he'd laugh at a funeral; he's that kind.'

'Maybe she's missed somethin',' said the housemaid anxiously. 'She leaves her things around somethin' awful.'

'Well, it's nothing out of the wash that's missing, I tell you that,' the laundress declared truculently. 'I'll bet she's after shifting the work, or expecting me to finish in less than my three days a week, or putting in his collars and cuffs; but I tell you right now, I'll not do them. I-will-not-do-them-collars-and-cuffs.'

'She can't cut my wages and keep me,' the chauffeur remarked succinctly to Taplow, who awaited them at the door of the sitting-room.

'You'll go in first, Mrs. 'Anlon,' said Taplow to Cook, 'and the rest'll follow.'

'Turn to the left around the coffin,' said the chauffeur. He was an American.

'Come in, everybody,' called Posy. 'Come in, Cook, and sit down. I want you all to sit down.'

But when Taplow had marshaled them to chairs, and every eye of dread was turned her way, Posy's well-meaning little heart was smitten with bewildering compunction.

'Oh, — don't look so scared!' she cried. 'It's nothing serious!'

It was only that there were thousands and thousands of people out of work in the city. Did they know?

They did. Cook had two nephews living off their mother, and her taking in laundry to support the three of them. Nurse's cousin's husband was that discouraged, had n't he turned to drink? And the housemaid's young man — three years they'd been keepin' company, and all his savin's meltin' away since he was laid off. — Posy patted her hand. — 'And my husband,' said the laundress, 'he just sets at home and reads the shipping news, to see if there ain't some chance for him loading to the docks. That's his job, when he works.' And Posy patted her hand, too. And was n't the butler's 'alf brother in England on strike? Munitions 'e made, Jack Johnsons and bums. As for the chauffeur, his ten fingers couldn't count the husky young fellahs, skilled mechanics, every one —

'But we can't engage them all,' fluttered Posy. 'I mean, I want to do something about it. Don't you? But Mr. Maxwell's business — he's as unemployed as anybody, since the war. And the New York and New Haven — so I must n't ask him to increase expenses now.' Posy's pretty hands went out appealingly. 'But could n't we do something together? What if you and I coöperated? I've thought it out, and if each of you will do with a dollar a week less wages, I will hire another indoor man. Not a trained man for that money, but one who — who is hungry;

who needs the work.' Her eyes were wistful. 'It's for you to decide. I'm not going to urge you. But I suppose charity never is real unless we feel the pinch.'

The laundress, true to her emotional nature, spoke first. 'It's a grand scheme,' she said in a teary voice, 'and just like yourself, Mrs. Maxwell.'

'It is that!' cried Cook.

And Nurse said, 'God bless you, mum!'

'It's us that ought to be ashamed not to think of it first,' said the housemaid. 'And me thinkin' you'd lost your pearl necklace, m'm, and we'd have to be searched.'

The chauffeur looked puzzled, as if he were doing mental arithmetic; but when Taplow's admonitory voice suggested that they could n't 'ave the women monopolizin' generosity, he hastened to say, 'Sure!'

Later, when they were filing downstairs, he said, 'Can she cut my wages, and keep me, what?'

He said it thoughtfully, in Taplow's ear. And Taplow, turning a meditative, baffled eye backward over his shoulder, gazed at him intently, silently, a moment, then moved on down the stairway like a man in a dream.

So it was settled. And Gilbert was really moved when Posy told him.

'What a good sort they are!' he rumbled. 'I tell you, the fellow was dead right that said the backbone of the nation is the common people.'

An hour later, he laughed aloud.

'Tell me the joke,' pleaded Posy.

'Darling, I would n't for worlds.'

'Oh, if it's that kind, you need n't,' she deprecated hastily.

Whereupon his laughter burst all bounds.

To avoid domestic complications and charges of favoritism, neither Nurse's cousin's husband, nor the housemaid's young man, nor Cook's nephew, nor even the laundress's melancholy helpmate, was withdrawn from the army of the unemployed. The Settlement kindly found the indoor man for Posy — a weedy young Polish Jew, sweatshop pale, and desperately smiling.

'Indoor work?' said he. 'Sure, lady, I never done nothing else for five year since I come to America. Pants I stitched and ladies' cloaks.'

'This would be — a little — different,' stammered Posy. 'Taplow, do you think you could train him?'

Taplow acknowledged that it was a hexperiment, but thought there would be no 'arm in trying.

Curiously enough, the servants all liked him. It may have been their secret consciousness of being his benefactors, that pleased them; it may have been his ingratiating, anxious smile; but before the end of the first week he was peeling potatoes, ironing Gilbert's silk négligé shirts, sterilizing the baby's rubber nipples, brushing Posy's skirts, polishing the motor-car brasses, and washing windows and cleaning silver, to say nothing of pressing Gilbert's gray trousers in a truly professional manner.

'Jove! but your new man's a genius, Posy,' said Gilbert at breakfast, in the second week. 'As I came through the library just now he was tangoing and reading Tolstoï simultaneously.'

'Solomon is polishing the floor, sir, with the new French imported footpolishers,' Taplow explained. 'But I'll see that he leaves the books alone.'

'Oh, I would n't, Taplow,' Gilbert protested good-naturedly. 'As long as Tolstoï 's on the shelves somebody might as well read him. If he's lying round I may even read him myself.'

Taplow preserved a skeptical silence.

And the days passed. Twenty-six days, to be exact, for in the fourth week Solomon vanished, suddenly, without hint or warning.

'He'll be back for his week's wages, don't you fret,' said Gilbert.

But three more days passed.

The servants were inconsolable.

'I would n't 've believed I could miss an ignorant foreigner so much,' sighed Nurse, as she modified the baby's milk.

'Take it from me, now, he's been done for in some dark alley,' cried the laundress. 'Poor young Sheeny, the kind heart he had!'

'And the afternoon before, him an' me was talkin' together that friendly, Mrs. Maxwell,' said Cook, 'and him explainin' his quare notions of gover'-ment. "Cook," he says, "when us Socialists brings in the coöperative commonwealth, everybody'll do his turn," he says, "and there won't be no unemployed." "Sure!" I says. "Coöperatin' is it?" I says to him. "Ain't we begun it right here?" An' I told him how we was all coöperatin' with you, Mrs. Maxwell, to give him a job. And the face of him! "You fell for it?" he says. "Sure, we fell for it; ain't we all Christians?" I asks him. Now would that hurt his feelin's, do you think, m'm? Him bein' a Jew?'

Posy suggested this solution at the breakfast table next morning, but Gilbert was busy with his mail and did not attend.

'Hullo!' he said. 'Some joker has sent me a copy of the Socialist daily; they say it's rather clever.'

'Cook says,' repeated Posy, 'that Solomon was a Socialist. Just what does being a Socialist mean, Gilbert?'

But Gilbert, very purple, was swearing over the newspaper.

'Read!' he spluttered, thrusting the crumpled sheet at her. And Posy read Solomon's 'Letter to the Editor,' in which Mrs. Maxwell's Solution of the Problem of the Unemployed was nakedly set forth. 'And why we don't apply it in the factories and department stores?' queried Solomon. 'If in a factory of one thousand operatives we can save one thousand dollars a week, how many unemployed will benefit? Search me. By the self-docking system we will make possible the six-hour day for everybody. And the capitalist gets his profits just the same. Workingmen, here is your chance to save yourself. If you don't do it, nobody else will.'

Posy went round to where Gilbert sat with his face in his hands. 'Dearie,' she chirruped, 'don't mind! Of course, it's not good taste to have one's left hand find out one's right hand's charity. But for the sake of humanity, if it solves the problem —'

'Durn that Tolstoï book,' he groaned irrelevantly. 'What was it he said about getting off their backs?'

'Whose backs, dearest?' asked Posy.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE School, not the College, is the hearthstone of education. The heads of private schools in America must take charge of the cultivation of the country if we are to have cultivation. You cannot make an educated man of a boy whose passion for education begins at eighteen, any more than you can make a violinist of one whose interest in music begins at eighteen. It is the first- and second-formers who are important. You must give the keys of life to the young. The American Rhodes Scholars have, with a few distinguished exceptions, made a lamentable showing at Oxford. This is because they were competing against men who had had good teaching since they were eight years old.

The headmasters of our private schools are the natural custodians of the sacred fire; and it happens that the headmasters of our private schools are to-day among the most competent and serious men in America. They are enthusiasts and missionaries by nature, and their contact with the young tends to ennoble them, as contact with the young always does. The human side of education, which often gets lost in a college, is strong in a school; and the domestic and religious elements, without which literature cannot exist, are a part of the natural atmosphere of a school. This human heat shows in the cheeks of our schoolmasters. It is this heat which must be preserved and passed on to the universities, if we are to have a robust learning in America. The little flames must never go out in the children. The lowest classes ought to be taught by the highest ability; for if a child is once headed right, he can be entrusted to any competent guide. The great teacher, the man of genius, must be used at the start.

Our headmasters, with all their good qualities, labor under certain disabilities which are terrible and are well known. A school is a kingdom, and a headmaster spends most of his time in administration. There is a kind of greatness that comes out of good administration; but its nature is almost antipodal to the nature of scholarship. As a fountain of inspiration, your administrator will be apt to run dry unless he is a great man. Moreover the schoolmaster is always more or less a slave to public sentiment. The public imposes upon him his curriculum, and bids him prepare boys for college. His school is a little spindle in the vast mill of national habit and of contemporary thought. The errors and prejudices of the age are recorded on his bulletin-board and in his mind; in ten thousand ways he and his school are rolled over in the waves of society.

The great American public, when it began to awaken to the idea of higher education, conceived of the colleges as the imaginative seat of the Muses. It began building up our universities. It built great altars for the fire, trusting that the fire would descend. But fire rises. Fire comes from small tinder-boxes and little, trifling matches. Our public does not know this; and thus the schoolmaster is subjected to the

college boards: he must teach what they require.

Now it happens that the colleges are peculiarly hampered through their subjection to public opinion in the form of Alumni Associations. The American college is the creature of its Alumni — that is to say, the creature of the consolidated prejudices of half-educated persons in the previous generation. Suggest any reform in education to a college — The Alumni. Suggest any such change as the introduction of honor-degrees and pass-degrees — The Alumni! The Alumni Associations of our colleges are the great clog upon American education. A school, on the contrary, has no such incubus as a college has; for a headmaster is a kind of god, and the school Alumni Associations have hitherto been harmless social bodies. I admit that they must always represent a danger because they represent money and endowment — money which will be advanced only if the prejudices of the donors are respected.

We see then that our schoolmaster lives in subjection to colleges, which, in turn, have been governed according to the prejudices of ignorant people. These conditions are not permanent: they are transitory. They represent an equilibrium of things which has existed during an era of house-building. They are changing rapidly to-day with the advance of intelligence and of the courage that goes with intelligence.

It is already time for our schoolmasters to assume the lead, and to dictate to the colleges. These men have lived under the shadow of the age, and it is impossible for them in one moment to get rid of the idea that college is the goal. The recent change in the system of admissions to college has lifted a great weight from our schoolmasters, and laid a terrible ghost which used to keep both boys and masters rigid with fear. Nevertheless, the masters are somewhat preoccupied with the marks of their boys in college, and I suppose this is inevitable. Yet marks are a small part of college and a misleading part of education. Every master has under his own hands the living ambitions, the young possibilities of scholarship; and he should content himself with making scholars of his boys and then sending them out into the world, merely warning them against the chill of the world, and bidding them keep their faith alive while they pass through the valley of the shadow of college.

Instead of doing this they often adore the false gods of the universities. The distortion of our schoolmasters' imagination can be traced immediately to the power of an illiterate public, which conceives that universities, not schools, are the seat of education, and which has put the schoolmaster in chains. It says: 'We want our boys to go to college'; it says: 'Of course there must be schoolmasters to prepare the boys.' The illiterate public — by which I mean all America — does not know that four years of good schooling are more valuable for any boy than a whole lifetime of college. The schoolmasters themselves do not realize this. When they find it out, being men of character and force, and very much more in earnest than the college boards, they will rearrange their own curricula, and will persuade the colleges to accept the new régime.

The defect of American education is diffuseness. The children are bothered and confused by being dragged across the surfaces of too many studies in a day. All of our schools, both public and private, and all our universities and colleges, suffer from this same national vice, which is a vice in the American character, a weakness in our temperament. It ought to be met and cor-

rected in every field of life. In the field of organized education it can be most readily dealt with in the private school, because here is the most plastic region of education. Any single headmaster can, if he will, disregard public opinion, introduce a sensible arrangement of studies, and thereby set up in his school that intellectual concentration which the country lacks. To do this he will have to brave the colleges and the parents. He will have to brave his own boys, who will come to him with circulars in their hands and tears in their eyes, saying, 'Please, sir, this is what we want.' He may console himself, on the other hand, by remembering that any well-trained lad, if trained in defiance of our current system, will find nothing to terrify him in any American college, nor indeed in the national life which follows it.

What we need is depth. Depth can be imparted through the teaching of anything. It can be imparted through Latin grammar, through handwriting, through carpenter work, through arithmetic or history. The one element required is time. Depth cannot be imparted quickly, or in many subjects at once. Leisure is necessary, — a slowing down, a taking of things, not easily, but slowly, determinedly, patiently, — as if there were plenty of time and nothing else counted. This is the road to rapid and brilliant work, and there is no other. The smallest children should be set on this road, and guided and governed and helped and slaved over by the best of your masters. One subject understood means the world mastered. My friend, Frederick Mather of Yale, puts the thing as follows: —

'If one of our small colleges should, after the manner of the English colleges, devote itself to a few old-fashioned subjects, such as Latin and Greek, and some kind of History and Philosophy, and should really teach these things, its graduates would soon be so famous and so eminent that banks and railroads would be clamoring for them at the college doors.'

The epigram summarizes the present needs in American education.

The schoolmaster who begins to meet this need must not think he can help matters by getting up an association and writing circulars about it. Associations and circulars are the enemy. They are the very vernacular of diffuse, shallow, pretentious American haste. They are the symbol of a cowardice that fears to act alone, and of an ignorance that thinks numbers add to spiritual power. Our passion for getting up associations is a bad symptom of intellectual feebleness. Every trade and profession among us, every interest and prejudice, every aspiration, hypothesis, or question about a question, has a gang of club members at its back. The fashionable mothers get up societies to determine what plays their children shall see during the holidays. I know of one woman who was not able to decide whether she should give a rubber ring and a coral to her teething child, or should leave him to nature and the thumb. She accordingly formed a society. It is called the Ring and Coral Association and meets twice a month; and it has recently split into two organizations through the secession of the anti-ring-and-coralites. By means of these two societies any mother may to-day escape the mental anguish of making a decision for herself upon this teething matter.

In the case before us, namely, in the question of getting a child to think deeply and reason accurately, the whole matter is a personal one. You must find some well-developed intellect, set it in contact with your child and allow them both time to do good work. This is the essential thing, and it is a

thing that any schoolmaster not only can do, but must do alone.

The problem of doing good always resolves itself into giving something that people don't want. Nobody among us wants education, or has any use for accurate thought. We want colleges, degrees, lists of studies, bills of fare, associations, prospectuses, reports, numbers, loyalty, success; but never depth. By the time the children of eleven are sent to school they have been taught to despise depth and can be counted upon to kick against it instinctively. Parents corrupt their children; and if it were not for this we should have the millennium to-morrow. In corrupting their children parents speak with the authority of the great world.

And this leads us back to the greatness which is demanded of a schoolmaster; because he must be a part of the great world in order to meet the malign influence of the great world which that world sends into his school with every infant that comes to him. He must be a public man with the authority of a public man, as well as a scholar with the authority of a scholar. I know of no more hopeful sign in our recent history than the reverence which is beginning to be felt for leading schoolmasters. This reverence is clouded by fashion, and padded out by false loyalty, and made odious by wealth; but it represents, nevertheless, a sincere understanding of the part which these men play in the life of the nation.

I have spoken of the headmasters of our important private schools, because they are the key-logs in the great dam of our education. The whole system includes our public schools and our high-schools and primary schools, and is a vast and rigid structure — a coalescence of academies. The system is vast by reason of our hundred million inhabitants, and rigid by reason of the uniformity of our population. It has, during the last forty years, undergone the process of being steadily standardized. This process we cannot regret, because the standards have, as a whole, been raised, and because the development was inevitable. Nevertheless, it is sad to think that our schools and colleges east and west, north and south, teach the same things. It will be more wholesome when California shall turn out a local type of cultivated man, and when a Williams College man or a Union College man shall have an independence and a flavor of his own. Such an outcome must be sought only through natural law. It cannot be manufactured: it must come by growth. It will arrive as the result of a general increase in cultivation, in which every educational influence in the world has a share. The point I make here is that to bring cultivated men into contact with the young is the most visible and obvious way of assisting natural law.

The headmasters in private schools have more freedom of action than any other officers in the hierarchy of education. The headmaster must emancipate himself. But this is not enough. He must set free his under-masters. How idle it is to expect a competent man to take the post of assistant master under the present system — which bids him banish from his work all that gives dignity and sanctity to the teacher. You cannot induce good men to stick at an occupation which will turn them into dry drudges if they do their work conscientiously. We have here no mere question of salary, but a question of temperament. The headmasters, then, must give scope to the talents of their younger assistants. They must rearrange their whole school system with this end in view. Time and leisure must be so allowed for, that the teachers may become the friends and intellectual guides of the boys. Whatever

sacrifice of present aims and current arrangements may be involved, that sacrifice must be made.

The public schools will follow — at no great distance perhaps — in the wake of the private schools. For this whole school-world is a web and a garment without seam. If you disentangle a knot in any part of it, the relaxation will be felt in every fibre of the web. I am quite confident that our public-school system is to-day full of men who mourn over the fact that they have no chance to give the best of themselves to their pupils. A diffuse and senseless curriculum is prescribed by law and lived up to by commissioners.

The whole situation is merely the outcome of deficient general education. The country has been so populous that there were not teachers enough. The ignorant and the half-educated had to be drafted into the service, for the emergency required them. All honor be to all the men who have aided in our great struggle! They have given the best that was in them and we have needed every man. Our laws have been drawn by men whose education was superficial and whose conceptions were crude. All honor be to these men! They did their best. Education, education, was the cry. But we did not know what education was. We conceived of it as lying in subjects; whereas education does not lie in subjects, but in persons. To-day, after vast effort, after much necessary and valuable wallowing, we have made a great discovery, — and not a day passes without more men finding it out, — namely, that we want wise men who shall operate, as it were, like seed; that such men cannot be miraculously multiplied; that all we can do is to revere and treasure those we have, and permit them to inspire others; for only thus can the nation be enlightened.

THE UNDERPAID PEDAGOGUE

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

THE causes of the underpayment of the teaching profession are partly historical and partly the result of circumstances inherent in the profession itself.

Historically, education has been a charitable or, at least, semi-charitable affair ever since the Middle Ages. At the time when churchmen were the only people who as a class were educated, the Christian world became adjusted to the idea that education was a province of the Church. Early educational foundations were all made for the purpose of giving instruction to those who were preparing for the ministry, whether they took the form of the establishment of new institutions or of scholarships and fellowships in existing institutions. Teaching, too, was long in the hands of the ecclesiastics — a tradition which survives to this day in many instances, notably in the not uncommon requirement that the position of headmaster shall be filled only by a clergyman.

The result of this historical attitude

toward education is important in three directions: first, the establishment of endowed institutions; second, the universal ignorance of the real cost of education; third, the idea that schoolteachers, like clergymen, ought to be too much occupied with the missionary aspect of their work to care for the things of this world as represented by adequate salaries.

The present-day situation then is this. As a result of the event of the past, people feel that education should be free, or at least be received at less than cost. Any private school to-day meets unfair competition on two sides, on the one hand from the endowed schools and on the other from the public schools. A mere handful of these private schools have acquired such a reputation for success that they can charge rates high enough to pay adequate salaries to their teachers. The others, to attract pupils at all, must make their charges so low that they have to underpay their teachers.

Furthermore, the tradition that people ought not to be highly paid for moral qualities is hard to combat. It has already established a low scale of salaries for clergymen and teachers. Moreover, it is not without its justification. There is danger, if such qualities are richly rewarded, that clever men may pretend to virtues which they do not possess, with the result that hypocrites may be found where there should be saints. All teachers cannot be saints, but, nevertheless, it is a sound instinct which makes us wish our moral leaders to be above the suspicion of sordid ends. We are properly shocked by the taint of hypocrisy suggested by the expression 'a fat living,' or 'a scholastic sinecure.' We want our teachers to be moral leaders, and as such we want them to be above reproach: we have learned by experience that the born teacher finds so many rewards in his work which have nothing to do with money and are much more precious than money, that he can be counted on to stick to the profession even at a meagre salary. A hard-headed generation is not going to run the risk of attracting hypocrites by high pay, when it finds it possible to retain in its service at almost starvation wages men of sincerity and devotion.

In addition to these historical and traditional influences causing the underpayment of the teaching profession, there are two causes inherent in the profession itself. First, the excellent methodization of most of the subjects taught, including all which belong to the group of traditional subjects. In the course of centuries of experience, instruction has been so systematized and the evolution of text-books has been so complete, that in most of these subjects the teacher is hardly a necessary factor in the work. In order to obtain very fair results he need only make sure that the pupils perform the work prescribed by the book. This requires little more than conscientious persistence, a quality which never commands high pay.

Our second inherent influence causing a low level of salaries, is the presence in the field of many temporary workmen using the profession as a stop-gap or as a step toward other work. Young women who are only waiting for a husband to turn up, and young men who are waiting for what they call a real job, who know that they can teach without training, even as they themselves have been taught by those who had no training, flood the teachers' agencies. Moreover, it was long the practice in this country for students to work their way through college by teaching in the country districts. Rural schools used so to adjust their sessions to college sessions as to make it possible for college students to

take charge of them in their vacations. The practice has almost disappeared now; but even to-day the most natural means of obtaining funds for a professional education is to teach school for a few years after graduation from college. Temporary workmen in any field force down the general level of wages.

The fact that these conditions have been characteristic of educational work for generations has not actually prevented improvement in that work, to be sure, for improvement has taken place, but it has undoubtedly seriously hindered its progress. Education is severely handicapped by the presence of these amateur teachers and temporary workmen, and by the fact that the payment of teachers is so low as not to attract men of power and initiative. The result has been that education is proverbially conservative, not to say hide-bound. It is in a rut. Innovations fail because the only salvation of the incompetent and unimaginative teacher is slavish devotion to a textbook, and it requires several school generations to perfect a good textbook. Before the good textbook can be produced the innovation is condemned, not because it is not a step in advance but really because it is one. The profession is largely made up of humdrum men, who can do only humdrum work in humdrum subjects. They cannot meet that demand which is daily becoming more insistent for teaching that is vital and inspiring, Live teaching requires live men, and live men will not in any large numbers choose education as their profession so long as the work remains underpaid.

What can be done to remedy the situation? The answer would be easy if education were on a business basis: it would be, to get the best possible men into the work, no matter what you had to pay them to attract them, knowing that the results would be so superior that the public would gladly pay the additional charge necessitated by the increased salaries. But it has already been pointed out that education has never, except in isolated instances, been on a business basis. Endowments and state appropriations have made that impossible. We must look, then, first to endowments and then to state appropriations for our remedy. Indeed, the colleges and larger schools are already busy raising funds for this very purpose — teachers' endowment funds.

It is much to be questioned, however, whether these teachers' endowment funds are the best or the most economical remedy for our troubles. The general level of pay in the profession is not seriously low: indeed, the pay for beginners is unduly high. This is to tempt into the work candidates of ability, in the hope that missionary zeal will make them continue in it. The trouble with the profession is that there are no prizes in it: when a man or a woman has worked up to the very top, he receives only a little more than the seniors who are working under him. If he were a lawyer or a banker or a business man, the corresponding step would probably mean that his income would suddenly be increased to four or five times its previous amount, and that he would be relieved for the rest of his life from financial worry. When he becomes a headmaster or a college president, however, his income is probably not more than doubled, while the expenses inseparable from his new duties are so large as to eat up much of the increase.

It is the pay of the administrative and executive heads in teaching that is the vital point. The need is not for a general horizontal increase but for the endowment of the presidencies of colleges, and the principalships of schools.

These positions require the same abilities that command high salaries in the business world, and to get young men of the right calibre to take up teaching as a life work, all that is necessary is to let them see before them the possibility that success in teaching may gain for them, if they are good enough to reach the top, something comparable to the rewards of success in other directions. The truth of this statement has been amply demonstrated in England, where there are several headmasterships worth well over $30,000 a year, and a dozen or more worth $20,000. The existence of these prizes attracts into teaching annually the very best of the university graduates. With the millions which are being given to education in this country it would be entirely possible within a comparatively few years to duplicate that situation here.

A dozen endowed headmasterships carrying salaries of $20,000 would be a grand start. The result would be the release of the present salaries of the positions, which could go to the increased reward of men growing old in the service; the establishment of additional endowed principalships owing to the competition between schools; for if some one should give a well-known school like Exeter a salary of $20,000 a year for its principal we cannot conceive of Andover's existing long without trying to go Exeter one better. There would follow an increase in the pay of principals of public high schools, as a result of the increases of pay for like positions in endowed schools. And finally, most important of all, there would be attracted to the work of teaching young men of power, imagination, and initiative.

We want the very best men there are as teachers of our children; they cannot be too good for the work of preparing the oncoming generation for life. To-day the best men go elsewhere. They feel it in their bones that they can succeed in whatever they undertake. When you try to persuade them that teaching is the greatest of professions they say, 'If I had to consider myself alone I believe I should like to do it, but some day I shall want to marry. I cannot condemn my wife and my children to a life of comparative poverty.' If one could show these men that success in teaching would bring liberal rewards which would make up for some years of economy and perhaps hard sledding, their answer would be different. A few big prizes would solve our problem.

COMMUNITY MUSIC

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

In the preceding articles in this series I have dealt with special musical subjects, and have constantly referred to music as a distinct and independent art having its own reasons for existence. I have dealt, also, with some of its special functions as well as with its relation to education. In the present article it is my purpose to discuss music in its relation to communities large and small, and this necessitates treating it on the broadest possible grounds.

By community music I mean, first, music in which all the people of a community take part; second, music which is produced by certain members of the community for the benefit and pleasure of the others; and third, music which, while actually performed by paid artists, is nevertheless somehow expressive of the will of the community as a whole. I shall take no refuge behind generalities or theories of æsthetics. I want to reach everybody, including the person who says, 'I don't know anything about music but I know what I like,' and that other extraordinary person who says, 'I know only two tunes, one of which is "Yankee Doodle"'—each of these statements being quite incomprehensible, since it is a poor person indeed who does n't know what he likes, and anybody who 'knows' 'Yankee Doodle' has no excuse whatever for not knowing what the other tune is, or, so far as that goes, what any other tune is. I am, in short, appealing on common grounds about a common thing. My only question is this: If there is a means of interesting, delighting, and elevating a large number of people at very small expense, by something which they can all do together and which brings them all into sympathy with one another, and if the result of this coöperation is to produce something beautiful, is it not worth doing? I intend to make as full an answer to this question as space permits.

It is in the 'doing' and the 'doing together' that the crux of the matter lies, for a purely external connection with music never brings about a complete understanding of it. It is no exaggeration to say that our connection with nearly all artistic things is largely external. We do not draw; we do not train the eye to see or the hand to feel and touch, and artistic objects remain in a measure strange and unintelligible to us. The whole tendency of modern life and of modern education is to 'delegate' those functions which have to do with our inner being. We delegate our religion to a preacher or to a dogma; we delegate our education to a curriculum smoothed out to a common level; some of us even delegate the forming of an opinion on passing events to a leader who presents them to us in a 'current events' class. The religion, the knowledge, the opinion of many a person belongs to some one else. Many a man prefers an inferior novel because the author not only writes it, but reads it, for him, whereas to the wise man the author might almost be called an amanuensis. In any case, a writer of genuine power never does more than his share. He depends on us to complete

him. And in like case, if we expect to understand and love music we must use it; the composer depends on us as much as the author does.

I

As a preliminary to this discussion it will be well to look at the present status of music among us, and to see how near we come to this necessary intimacy with the art.

In any small American community the first impression one gets about music is that it is useful to fill up gaps. At the theatre, before public meetings, at social affairs of one sort or another, music is performed to a ceaseless hum of conversation or while people are entering and leaving. The art becomes, in consequence, like the cracking of the whip before the team starts, or like the perfunctory speeches and gestures of social amenities; it is nothing in itself, and falls in our estimation accordingly. It is true that, at such times, only trivial music is usually played, but this only makes the situation worse, because, after all, it passes as music.

Real musical activity in such a community is limited to a very small number of its inhabitants. Only a few people sing; a much smaller number play some musical instrument. There are, here and there, choirs made up of volunteer singers, but the spirit that animated the old choirs — the spirit which Hardy has celebrated so lovingly in *Under the Greenwood Tree* — has disappeared. Hymn singing in church is often distressingly bad, and with good reason, since the composers of modern hymn tunes seldom take into consideration the needs and wishes of congregations. Church music has been delegated by us to paid singers, and our church music becomes a thinly disguised concert, or, when the really abominable vocal quartette supplies the music, a concert outright. Women's clubs provide a certain sort of musical life to small communities. They foster the performance by members of rather variegated programmes of pianoforte pieces and songs, with an occasional concert by a paid performer from abroad, and they sometimes make a study of a composer or of a period of music. Many of them lose sight of the only possible means of vitally influencing the musical life of their own members and of the community at large.

In some of the communities of which I am writing there are choral societies. In very few is there any well-sustained and continuous choral organization giving concerts year after year supported by the general public. The record of choral-singing in America shows a constant endeavor to attain grandiose results rather than to foster the love of choral-singing *per se*. Small societies are continually wrecked by the expense of highly paid singers, and are continually striving for something beyond their reach.

This statement would not be complete were we to omit the instruments which play themselves. The educational possibilities of these instruments have not been realized, for they are used chiefly to amuse. In spite of the extraordinary selections of music which one finds in people's houses, and in spite of the seemingly incorrigible propensity to hear singing, as opposed to hearing music, — I mean the exaggerated and grotesque singing of certain famous people who care chiefly for sensation, — the graphophone, which has the practical advantage of being portable and inexpensive and has transformed many a lonely farmhouse, and the mechanical piano-players have become so popular that one can but conclude that there are multitudes of people whose desire for music has never before been satisfied.

This completes the list of our own personal activities in music. And we have to admit that the most discouraging item of all comes at the end. For we make little music of our own, by our own firesides where all good things should begin, and where we should find the community in embryo.

This somewhat meagre showing of musical activity does not completely represent our connection with the art, however, for nearly all but the smallest communities spend considerable sums for concerts by paid performers from abroad. But it is doubtless true that the majority of the people in any small community hear very little real music at all save at occasional concerts, and if a fine composition is performed they seldom hear it again, so that it is clearly impossible for them to understand it. In towns of from five to twenty thousand people all over the country there is very little consciousness of what music really is. Highly paid performers occasionally appear, and local pride asserts itself to provide them with the adulation to which they are accustomed, but real musical activity or musical feeling is confined to a few.

In large communities these conditions are duplicated and even exaggerated. There nearly all the music is bought and paid for, and very little is home-made. Nearly all choirs are composed of paid singers. Choral societies there, as in the country, are struggling to find men who care enough about singing to attend rehearsals. There, too, children go their rounds of 'music' lessons. The only possible way to estimate the state of music in our cities is to look at the population as a whole. By counting up the number of fine concerts in fashionable halls one arrives at no significant conclusions. Do we sing at home, or when we are gathered together in friendly converse? Are there small centres in cities where good music can be heard? Is there any good music within reach of people of small means? The millionaire regales his friends with the playing of his private organist, in imitation of the old patron days of art, but generally without the love and understanding of music which was the sole justification for the proceeding; but does the dweller in the modest flat ever have a chance to hear good music? These are questions we need to ask if we want to estimate the state of music in our great cities. Is not all this grand music, as I have said, merely a largess of our prosperity?

The most grandiose and disconnected form of our musical activity is the opera. And when we consider the love of drama which finds expression in nearly every small community in a dramatic club, we cannot but deplore the almost complete detachment of opera from our natural thoughts, feelings, and instincts. Of this detachment there is no doubt whatever; the whole plan of American operatic productions is exotic, aristocratic, and exclusive.

It is quite true that we are continually improving our musical status. The effect of all our fine music may indeed be observed, but our progress is undeniably slow, particularly when we remember with what a liberal endowment we start. That endowment is very little less than other peoples possess. Our children are musical, and there is no reason why we should not be. Moreover, the strain of ideality which runs through American life, however naïve it may be, would seem to make us especially qualified to love and understand music.

II

I have indicated in a former article something of our needs as regards the musical education of children. The problem before me now is how to persuade American men and women into

active coöperation in making music. It is obvious that there is only one way of doing this, and that is by singing. Only an infinitesimal number of people can play musical instruments, but nearly everybody can sing. To play requires constant practice. Singing in groups does not. In their right estate every man and every woman should sing.

Now my urgent appeal for singing does not mean that every village, town, or city should turn itself bodily into a huge singing society. Some people will sing better than others and will enjoy it more, or have more time for it. But there are constant opportunities for large groups of people to sing — in church, on Memorial Day, at Christmastime, at patriotic gatherings, or at dedications. Nothing is more striking on such occasions than the total lack of any means of spontaneously expressing that which lies in the consciousness of all, and which cannot be delegated. What a splendid expression of devotion, of commemoration, of dedication, of sacred love for those who died in our Civil War would a thousand voices be, raised up as one in a great, eternal, memorial hymn! What do we do? We hire a brass band to be patriotic, devout, and commemorative for us. This inevitably tends to dull our patriotism and our devotion. To live they must spring forth in some sort of personal expression. In a village I know well, this custom mars an otherwise deeply impressive observance of Memorial Day. The 'taps' at the soldiers' graves in their silent resting places, the sounds of minute guns booming, the long procession of townspeople, the calling of the roll of the small company of soldiers who marched away from that village green half a century ago, with only an occasional feeble 'Here' from the handful of survivors, the lowering of the flag on the green with all heads uncovered, all eyes straining upward — these make the ceremony fine and memorable. It needs to complete it only some active expression on the part of every one such as singing would provide.

'I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be the first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms — many-voiced melody of a church hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men.' So relates Carlyle, in *Frederick the Great*, of the march of Frederick and his army before the battle of Leuthen. 'With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day?' says Frederick. Is not such singing a wonderful thing? Those soldiers, with a common dedication to duty, and a common disdain of death, send up to some dimly discerned Heaven, from the very depths of their being, a song. How otherwise could they express the thoughts and feelings that must have been clamoring for utterance in their sturdy breasts? Their bodies were marching to battle. What of their souls? Shall the very spirit of them slumber on their way to death?

And we? We watch from afar; we are dumb; we look on this profoundly moving ceremony, this simple pageant, and utter nothing of what we feel and what we are.

At Plattsburg, last summer, where so many patriotic and fine spirits gathered for military instruction, it seemed a futile thing that they should, as they marched, whistle a fine military tune. Whistling seemed entirely inadequate and inappropriate in comparison with the fine ringing song they might have uttered. Why do we not sing? Is it not partly because of that selfconsciousness which hangs about us like a pall, and partly because we were never made

to like singing well enough to pursue it? The former difficulty we could overcome easily enough if the right opportunity continually offered itself. The latter, too, would disappear as occasion arose when we could sing something worth singing. 'The Star Spangled Banner' is a candle-snuffer on the flame of patriotic feeling; never was there an air more unsuited to its purpose. Since we have almost no indigenous national melodies, why should we not sing the old songs, chorals, and hymns that have survived all sorts of national changes and belong to every people? The tune for 'America' is not an American tune, neither is it English. It originated in Saxony. There is no nationalism to stand in the way of such music, because it speaks elementally and universally. There are scores of fine melodies which we could well use.

The one place where singing might be fostered is in church. But where the worshipers are asked to sing a hymn pitched too high for them, or one that moves too quickly, or is full of unfamiliar and difficult progressions in both melody and harmony, what other result can be expected than poor singing and the gradual abandonment of all music to a paid choir? The real purpose of the hymn tune has been lost. It was intended to serve the needs of all the people, and to do this it must be simple in both melody and harmony, and within the range of every man, woman, and child in the congregation. The sturdy old hymns and chorals of our forefathers were so. Nothing is finer in church music than good unison singing in which every one takes part. No skilled choir singing can ever take its place. The decline in hymn singing is evident enough. Save in churches where a liturgy restrains the ambitions of the choir, almost anything is possible; and even under that restraint there is a constant tendency toward display.

What is the office of church music? Is it to astonish or delight the congregation? Is it to supply them with a sacred concert or fine singing? To take their minds off the situation in which they find themselves? To ease the effect of a dull sermon, or obliterate the effect of a good one? To draw people to the church who would not otherwise go? Or is it to induce devotion and religious feeling, to keep the moment sacred and without intrusion? If the choir is to sing alone, why should we accept from it display pieces, or arrangements from secular music, or silly 'sacred' songs over-burdened with lush sentiment, or anthems of a certain fluent type composed by anybody who can put a lot of notes together in agreeable sequence? Is there, then, no reality behind church music? Is it merely any music set to sacred words? He who has ever studied any art knows that this cannot be true. The finest church music — of which Palestrina and Bach are the greatest exponents — is based on something more than a casual association with sacred words.

There is no difficulty whatever in procuring good music for choirs. There is a supply suitable for solo singing or chorus, for small choir or large, to be purchased at any music shop. There are a dozen fine composers whose music is never heard in most American churches: composers such as Palestrina, Vittoria, and others of the great period of church music, or Bach, or Gibbons, Byrd, and Purcell, whose music is in the true idiom, an idiom now almost entirely lost. Many choir directors would doubtless like to use such music, but are hindered from doing so because they feel upon them the weight of the opinion and taste of the congregation, and perhaps of the preacher. Everybody, regardless of his qualifications for doing so, feels at liberty to criticize the music he hears in church.

If all the people in a community expressed themselves at appropriate times and seasons by singing, it would naturally follow that a goodly number of them would form themselves into a singing society. This society would satisfy the desire of the community to hear such music as can be performed only after considerable practice. I cannot emphasize too strongly the connection between the community and the singing society. The latter should be the answer to the community's desire, and not be a spectacle — if I may mix my metaphors to that extent.

III

I live in a town of some six thousand inhabitants which about answers to the description given near the beginning of this article. There was a singing society in the place about thirty years ago, but since then there has been little choral-singing. Two years ago I asked some thirty people to come together to practice choral-singing. I then stated that I should like to train them if they would agree to two conditions: first, that we should sing none but the very best music, and second, that our concerts should be free to the townspeople. These conditions were at once agreed to and we started rehearsing. We found it possible to get the use of the largest church with a good organ, and we found four people who played the violin and two the violoncello. Our little orchestra finally grew until we had some eight or ten string players. We borrowed kettle-drums and one of our enthusiasts learned to play them.

We have given three concerts, at each of which the church was more than filled — it seats about six hundred people. Our programmes have contained Brahms's *Schicksalslied* (Song of Fate) and parts of his *Requiem*, Bach's Motett 'I Wrestle and Pray,' arias from the *St. Matthew Passion*, and similar compositions. Our soloists have been members of our chorus, with little previous experience of such music as we have been singing but with a profound sensibility to it brought about by continued practice of it. The townspeople who have come to hear our music have given certain evidence of a fact which I have for many years known to be true, namely, that when people have a chance thoroughly to know a great composition it invariably secures their complete allegiance. Knowing this, we have repeated our performance of these various works, sometimes singing one piece twice in the same concert. We have given, for example, the *Schicksalslied* three times in two years, and both singers and audience are completely won over to it.

Our singing society is supported by the payment of fifty cents each by any individual who cares to subscribe. We give two open concerts a year, at which six hundred people hear the finest choral music at a total annual expense of about seventy-five dollars. Every one connected with the project gives his or her services free. Our concerts take place on Sunday afternoons. At the last one I tried an interesting experiment. Bach's Motett, 'I Wrestle and Pray,' is based, as is common in his choral pieces, on a chorale which is sung by the sopranos in unison, with florid counterpoints in the other parts. At the end the chorale is given in its original form, so that the congregation may join in the singing of it. It was a simple matter for us to get six hundred copies of this chorale reproduced by mimeograph, and these were distributed in the pews. The result was almost electrifying to one who had heard the feeble church singing of feebler hymns in our churches. The second time the Motett was sung — we performed it at the beginning and at the end of this concert — nearly every one

joined in and the echoes rolled as they had never rolled before in that church. Why? These very same people send up feeble, timid, disorganized, slightly out-of-tune sounds every Sunday morning in their various churches. Has a miracle happened that they are lustily singing together? Not at all. They have merely been offered an opportunity to do what they are all quite capable of doing, namely, singing a hymn suited to them. This chorale has a range of but five tones — from *f* to *c;* it is largely diatonic, proceeding step by step of the scale, and it is noble and inspiring. How often had such an opportunity been presented to them before? Why not?

The members of our chorus are such people as one would find in most American towns of the same size. Perhaps we are more than usually fortunate in our solo singers and our orchestra. I believe the chief reason why a project like this might be difficult in many places is because it might not be possible to find a leader who cared more for Bach and Brahms than for lesser composers. The technical problem is not extreme, but the leader must have unbounded belief in the best music and tolerate nothing less. The moment this latter condition lapses, choral singing will lapse — as it would deserve to do.

There are many small communities where choral concerts on a large scale are occasionally given. Great effort and great expense are not spared. Several hundred voices, a hired orchestra, and hired soloists make the event notable. But the music performed is of such a character that no one wants to hear it again; neither the singers who practice it nor the audience who listen to it are moved or uplifted. There have even been systematic efforts in some middle western states to establish community singing. The effect of such efforts depends there, as here, on the kind of music which people are asked to sing, for this is the heart of the whole matter. No advance in music, or in anything else, can be expected without constant striving for the very best. And it is quite within bounds to say that most of these efforts are nullified by lack of a really high standard. Finally, let me say that a concert of good music by a local choral society is, to the people of any community, immensely more valuable than a paid musical demonstration by performers from abroad which costs five times as much money.

IV

Leaving this actual experience and its effects on the community, let us ask ourselves what this singing means to the individuals who do it. In the first place it makes articulate something within them which never finds expression in words or acts. In the second place, it permits them to create beauty instead of standing outside it. Or, to speak still more definitely, it not only gives them an intimate familiarity with some great compositions, but it accustoms them to the technique by means of which music expresses itself. They learn to create melodic lines, to add a tone which changes the whole character of a chord; they learn how themes are disposed in relation to each other; they come into intimate contact with the actual materials of the art by handling them. This, we do not need to say, is the key to the knowledge and understanding of anything. You cannot understand life, or love, or hate, or objects, or ideas, until you have dealt in them yourself. Singing has the profound psychological advantage of giving active issue to that love of beauty which is usually entirely passive.

The artist has two functions: he draws, or paints, or models; he uses language or sounds. This comprises

his technique. But he also possesses imaginative perception. Now, nothing is more certain than that our understanding of what he does must be in kind. We learn to understand his technique by actual experience of it. So, also, we learn to enter into the higher qualities of his art by the exercise of the same faculties which he uses. Our feelings, our minds and our imaginations must take a reflection from him as in a mirror. If the glass is blurred or the angle of reflection distorted we cannot see the image in its perfection. The light comes from we know not where.

Let any reader of these words ask himself if the statement they contain of the qualities of music and of our relation to it could not with equal force be applied to his own business or occupation. Is not his understanding of that business or occupation based on these two essentials: first, familiarity with its methods and materials, and, second, on some conception of the real meaning, significance, and possibility that lie behind its outward appearance and manifestation?

I have not laid sufficient stress on the advantage to men of singing. Not only does it enable them to become self-expressive, but it gives them the most wholesome of diversions, it equalizes them, it creates a sort of brotherhood, it takes their minds off their cares and gives them a new and different insight. This is, of course, not accomplished by the kind of music men now sing, which is chiefly associated with sports and conviviality. So long as music is only outside us, so long as we educate our children without bringing them into actual contact with its materials, giving them little real training in the development of the senses, just so long will it remain a mystery, just so long will its office be misunderstood. What a perplexity it is now to many of us! How it does thrust us away! We have got beyond being ashamed to love it, but we love it from afar.

From a sociological point of view this discussion has thus far been somewhat limited. Now, the possibilities in music to weld together socially disorganized communities have never been fully realized in America. Were we to set about using it directly to that end, we should find out how valuable it is in breaking down artificial barriers. By choral singing, people in any one locality can be brought into a certain sympathy with each other. Groups who attend the same church, the fathers and mothers of children whom the settlements reach — wherever there is a 'neighborhood' there is a chance for singing. It needs only a person who believes in it, and who will rigidly select only the best music. And where neighborhood groups have been singing the same fine music, any great gathering of people would find everybody ready to take part in choral-singing. This would make community music a reality, and would doubtless so foster the love of the art as eventually to affect the whole musical situation. Any one who has ever had personal experience of bringing fine music to those who cannot afford to attend concerts knows that such people are as keen for the best as are those who can afford it. There is no one so quick to appreciate the best as the person who lives apart from all these social usages of ours which constitute our silk-spun cocoons. There we lie snugly ensconced, protected from sharp winds, completely enshrouded, while these other folk are battling with life itself. We may be satisfied with a gleam or two through the mesh; they are not. They meet reality on every hand and know it when they see it. No make-believe can deceive them.

Let us not misunderstand this situation. I am not writing about painting or sculpture, for I know that these arts

involve certain perceptive and selective qualities of the mind which require long training. I am writing about music, which appeals to a sense differentiated and trained long before the sense for color-vibration or for beauty of form was developed, a sense which we possess in a highly developed state in very childhood. There is absolutely no comparison between, say, Beethoven and Rembrandt in this respect.

Imagine a small opera house in the lower East Side of New York or in the North End or South End of Boston, which the people there might frequent at sums within their means; imagine a small western city with such an opera house; and compare the probable results with those now attained by our gorgeous and needlessly expensive operatic performances which, whether at home or abroad, leave little behind them but a financial vacuum, and a dim idea that somehow opera means famous 'stars' singing in a highly exaggerated manner in a strange language, in stranger dramas, where motives and purposes are stranger still. Concerts and operatic performances such as these would supplement and complete our own musical activities. These paid artists would be playing and singing to us in a language we ourselves had learned by using it. Music would be domestic; we should understand it better and love it more.

I am familiar with the old argument that concerts and operas so conducted would not pay. To this I reply that it is probably true. Does settlement work pay? Does a library pay? Does any altruistic endeavor anywhere pay? No; nothing of this sort ever shows a money balance on the right side of the ledger. But we do not keep that column in figures. It foots up in joy, not in dollars. The best kind of social 'uplift' would be something that made people happier. The real uplift is of the soul, not of the body. Let a rift of beauty pierce the dull scene. Let us have a taste of Heaven now; and let it be not yours or mine but theirs. In music everybody makes his own Heaven at the time.

The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from an investigation of our musical situation is that we need only opportunities of expressing ourselves. Every village contains a potential singing society, every church contains a potential choir, every family in which there are children might sing simple songs together. There is a singing club hidden away in every neighborhood. Every city might have, on occasion, thousands of people singing fine songs and hymns. What is the present need? Leaders: educated musicians who have learned the technique of their art and have, at the same time, learned to understand and appreciate the greatest music, and who prefer it to any other. Our institutions for training musicians are sending out a continual stream of graduates, many of whom begin their labors in small towns and cities. Nearly every community has at least one man with sufficient technical knowledge of music to direct groups of singers, large and small. What kind of music does he, in his heart, prefer? The answer is to be read in programmes here and there, in the record of unsuccessful singing societies, in the public performances of 'show pieces.' Should not our institutions pay more attention to forming the taste of their students? Is it really necessary to teach them technique through bad examples of the art of music? Can they safely spend several years dealing with distinctly inferior music for the sake of a facile technique? Is rhetoric or oratory superior to literature? There is no such thing as teaching violin or piano-playing *and* teaching music. If the violin or piano teaching deals with poor music which the pupil practices several hours a day,

no lessons in musical history, theory, form, or æsthetics can counteract the effect of that constant association. We cannot advance without leaders. We look to the training schools for them. And these schools cannot expect to supply them to us unless they so conduct their teaching as to develop in students a love and understanding of the best.

This article, then, expresses my conviction that the average American man or woman is potentially musical. I believe the world of music to be a true democracy. I am convinced that our chief need is to make music ourselves. I believe that under right conditions we should enjoy doing so; I think all art is closely related to the sum of human consciousness. And just as I see great music based on what we are and what we feel, so I see the expert performance of music as being merely our own performance magnified and beautified by extreme skill. I see, in short, a necessary and natural connection between ourselves and both composer and performer. I believe that all the great pictures and sculpture and music lay first in the general consciousness and then became articulate in one man. I believe no statesman, no philosopher, no, not even a Christ, to be conceivable save as he lies first in men's hearts. What they are *in posse*, he is *in esse*. That we all are more musical than we are thought to be; that we are more musical than we get the chance to be — of this there is no doubt whatever.

GREAT DARKNESS

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

"O Charides, what is there beneath?"
"Great Darkness."

She knew how, far beneath the river,
Under the swiftness, lies the dumb black earth,
Remote, indifferent to death or birth
Or memory, or blessed gift and giver.

That Time all scent from bloom is reaving,
She knew, and that no mortal hands can hold
The spring, whose journey's end lies dark and cold,
Unreached, unmoved by mortal hope or grieving.

How that deep night her day must sever
From mine, and how death's everlasting sleep
Perchance no dream of love or loss may keep,
She knew — and knowing, bound us one, forever.

WOMAN'S MASTERY OF THE STORY

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

I

THE eminence which women have reached in writing fiction they have attained in no other of the creative arts; and this is surprising, since in these other arts also they take delight.

For if one looks to music he will find that its pleasure comes freely to women, and many are trained to song and to the instrument; and yet the great composers are not of them. And women show a refinement and a joy in color, and many enter schools of painting, but the foremost painters ever have been men. The theatre in its turn adds its own testimony; for the play is to woman a daily and a nightly pleasure, and she knows its art both as observer and as actress; yet women have never been among the first composers of the drama.

In the minor art of dancing, and in the nobler work of reproducing the music of the great composers, as in acting the characters of the great dramatists, there are women of high, and even of highest, rank. But to leave these more interpretative or reproductive arts, only in fiction does she approach the mark of men. For here she must be counted with the great of the craft. And even should some crabbed soul insist that the rare company in which are George Eliot, Jane Austen, George Sand, Madame de Staël, and the Queen of Navarre, does not include the one who is greatest in the guild, yet there is no discomfort felt in naming these women along with Scott and Dickens, Hugo, Cervantes, and Boccaccio. But speak of the other creative arts, and we feel at once the chill: Chaminade looks ill at ease in the presence of Beethoven; Joanna Baillie, with Shakespeare; Angelika Kauffmann, with Michelangelo.

This wide success in the one direction and the hesitant mediocrity in the other are the more puzzling when one considers how inapplicable are the ever-ready explanations. Even were it clear or probable that the native intellect of women is less than that of men, yet fiction is certainly no less 'intellectual' than is painting; indeed it would seem to make sterner demands on thought, and to have less of its substance in the region of mere sense. Nor can custom and convention here explain. For while the approach to the writing of fiction, it is true, has been easy and open, yet the way to acting has often been stony and forbidden; and if convention in the past could have prohibited, we should have no actresses to-day. In Shakespeare's England it was against custom for women to appear upon the stage. And until recently with us — as in ancient Rome, and in China to this day— there has been a moral suspicion of the actor's work, that must have been to many a woman of talent for the stage a very lion in the path. The readier explanations, as I have said, here lead to nothing, and one is restless until he strikes a truer course. But with fresh endeavor and a favoring gale, one may still hope to reach the haven.

And first let us see, if possible, the wings of the novelist's fancy unfolding

from the silken chrysalis. Thus we shall discern already something of the secret of woman's power.

In a former issue of the *Atlantic* I gave an account of experiments upon the tale-composing faculty in children, where the girls proved far more skillful in handling the story-maker's gear. But the products there examined were made upon request and under a watchful eye, and one would like to know what the child does when not in bondage to the Egyptian. Only then shall we know his impulse and free genius. Of their own heart and will, do both boys and girls make stories, and often, and with equal grace? Does story-imagining have a like honor in the life of each?

The answer to such questions cannot be sought direct in school or nursery; for the timid facts we are after would hide at our approach. Better fortune I find with persons more mature, and yet still young, recalling their ways in childhood. Thus through the memory of many hundreds of generous young men and women, there has been afforded some glimpse of the imagination at its play.

And if I may at once share with the reader what is found, I notice that spontaneous story-composing is almost universal among children. Rare is the boy who has not yielded to its spell; and rarer still the girl. And in the subject-matter of these tales, while much is common to the boy and girl, drawn from the experience of common living made rosy by some hidden light within, yet the situations imagined by the girls seem to have wider range and contrast. The imagination of your usual lad, when it is not engaged in practical planning, runs easily to adventure with Indians and outlaws, adventure on the sea, and the deeds of heroes — perhaps Richard the Lion-hearted. The girl, if she be a fair example, will include some of this, but she will more readily enter regions still more remote, guided as by Ariel and Puck in turn, and even by Caliban. One girl made nightly visits in her still-waking fancy to a cavernous land of wart-faced tusky dwarfs. Another imagined herself clad in rich raiment, riding a beautiful elephant up and down the streets of Spokane! Another had at call a winged pony, glossy black, to whisk her off to cloudland. Under the warm light of girls' intelligence, also, conscious life springs up in all things — in animals, flowers, and trees, and even the common instruments of home. And with the wider region traversed, there is a more varied stir of feeling. The girls in their emotion appear less confined to fright and to a sense of conquering strength; but keeping some taste of these, they pass easily on to mirth, affection, and beauty, and to all those strangely mingled emotions that come from fairies, goblins, and magicians.

Dull counting would indicate that with the girls are found the many who have known the spell of story-making. But — what is perhaps of greater import — among the girls who feel the spell, more have yielded heart and soul. One finds here and there a lad who gives to this invisible art much room, but with the girls we find a more frequent surrender, deep and complete, as to an enchantment. 'I have lived so much in imaginary places and as imaginary persons,' writes one, who speaks for many, 'that I still find myself exaggerating fact into fiction. I imagine events so strongly that I tell them as having occurred.'

This solid reality of what is imagined comes more rarely to the boy, and even then is often honeycombed with doubt. Listen to these confessions, from among the boys who are nearest to having faith. 'The stories were not real to me at first,' says one young dog of an unbe-

liever, 'but after telling them several times they would become a part of me and at times would feel as though they really happened.' 'The stories were quite real when first begun,' says another, 'but even as a child one recognizes their utter impossibility.' And still another, 'The stories were very real to me, and I could almost make myself believe that things occurred which I had only imagined.'

'Not real to me at first,' 'At times,' 'I could almost make myself believe' — out upon a fancy so sicklied o'er with thought! But hearken to the girls. 'My stories were very real to me.' 'They were very real, being my companions when alone. If I was with others, the stories were real, but were now in the background as old friends.' 'The stories were always very real; the pictures of the events passed through my mind with almost the vividness of hallucinations at times, especially at night.' Here is no faltering; the stories call forth the very throb and tremor of life.

And if I may illustrate from still another side this fuller surrender by the girls, we find them often, not 'making' the story, but passive, themselves carried along on the story's own career. 'These stories seemed to come naturally into my mind with no effort whatever,' is the testimony of one, 'and my supply of them seemed unlimited.' Indeed the tale sometimes takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. 'The stories were always most real at night,' writes one young woman, 'and began almost automatically when I laid my head on the pillow, arousing almost as much emotion as actual events. The habit came to keep me awake to such an extent that it was necessary to cut it off for the sake of health, and for years a continual strong effort was made to banish the stories at night, although they always greatly interfered with work or study in the daytime.' We should hardly find in an obsession such as this the promise of the highest art; it is too similar to 'automatic speech,' or to improvisation in music, which lack the virtues that come only by critical control; yet it tells us of the girl's nature, seeming to show that the currents of her imagination have their source less in the high open spaces held by the will and judgment, than in the depths and recesses of the mind.

II

If the girl's story often comes from subterranean and more constant sources, this would help to explain another quality. For in her who finds the greater joy in the art and yields herself to its pleasure, the story's characters and action might well reveal a strange persistence. And thus among the girls we more often find stories woven upon the same thread, day after day, for months and even years — a feature which Miss Leroyd had already come upon, and my own findings amply confirm her account. One young woman tells me that her imaginings throughout childhood were all upon a single theme, the doings of a group of monsters half-human and half-beast. Another girl continued her story for as many as twelve years. And further, there are girls and rarely a boy, I find, in whom run several 'continued' stories abreast; and now one and now another develops, as the mood may lead. With the boys there is also a frequent persistence, but usually of another kind: they work their tales over, or repeat them without retouching. In part this shows some poverty of imagination, but it may also show more deliberation and less impulse. Their creation comes by sweat of brow, as to smith or potter. With the girls the story *grows*. And even where there is no continued story, in the usual sense, yet former charac-

ters reappear and act anew, in this way outliving the interruptions of the story-process. The experience here is not unlike those others, — which also, so far as my own evidence goes, are less rare among girls, — where for years the child has as his playmate some wholly imaginary creature.

Although it has a larger place and deeper hold and continuity, the story-power among girls more often moves in secret; its fabric is something never to be revealed. The boy will often tell his tale as from the house-tops, though sometimes keeping it as for the hawthorn-shade. But to the girl any unguarding of her treasures, even to a closest friend, may seem a violation, almost a profaning. 'I could never bring myself to share them with any one,' writes one; and another says of her stories, 'No one ever knew of these dreams of mine. They were as real and as sacred as anything could be.' This secrecy, with all its tangled motives, shows how intimate the story is with the composer's heart and self.

And this close bond is shown in a further and unexpected way. The man-child is of course born to the purple, born to be lord of the world; and with all the call that is heard within and without to egotism, why should he not weave his tale about himself! Yet we find that the girls oftener than the boys are in the centre and thick of the fray. It is from the women that one commonly gains testimony such as this: 'I was always a character in my stories. In fact my stories were but a part of my life, as much as any real actions were.'

Her stories were 'part of her life, as much as any real actions were,' — will not this perhaps give the key to the anomaly? With boys and girls there is of course self-seeking, the desire for self-aggrandizement; but surely there cannot be more of this in girls. Have we not here, rather, some appearance in unmellowed form of what there must be in all great art: the artist putting himself into his work? The girl more often appears in her story, not from exceptional egotism, but because her tale is vital to her, and she must of necessity feel herself within it, sharing its risk and happy outcome. In miniature and distantly it reflects that noble self-consciousness, almost as of divine ordination for the work, which is revealed in Milton and in Dante.

III

Yet the presence of the girl in her own tale points further and offers a clue to more for which we seek. Thus far we have been observing a contrast in imagination, which appears too distinct and early to come wholly by education or by moulding custom; in the main it seems rather to be natural and of endowment. But now we may see how endowment is fortified by circumstance.

One of our witnesses testified that in her more intimate stories, told in her heart alone, she was the *hero*, and not the heroine. And may this not help us on our way? Men have less need to imagine a world with themselves as centre, because they more nearly possess it in reality. It is the woman's life that is more hedged about; and what she has not, she seeks. Fancy is the great supplement of reality, the corrector of its lacks; and in its realm the moral law is reversed, and to him that hath not shall be given.

Indeed if we wish to stimulate the imagination, what better device could be conceived than to fan desire and hinder the act itself? Where the world offers a hundred outlets for will and energy, there is less occasion to live an imagined life. Your weakling boy it is who dreams of feats of strength. 'On account of a physical infirmity which I have had since my early childhood,'

writes a youth I know, 'I was always very much alone; and my great diversion was the weaving of tales — of myself in characters which I could never hope to fulfill — such as sailor, soldier, or adventurer.' This is the old truth which Professor Shaler illustrates in his autobiography, that as an unusually timid boy he persistently thought of himself in deeds of bravery in war. It is also tender, frail Stevenson over again, who in drollery, yet with a shade of wistfulness, saw heaven as a place where we might all at last be pirates.

In the imagination, then, our prison doors fly open. And just because each human life is in some degree imprisoned, does each of us love a tale. But those who are more restricted in act, while yet free and rich in impulse and in longing, will seek more eagerly to act in fancy.

Now the male has within him the demon of unrest, and the social restraints with him are less; and in his freedom, tense with real risks, he feels less call for mimic striving. In business, in the control of police and railways, in litigation, and in war, he finds almost enough to quench his thirst for personal clash. But woman, with a nervous vitality and a passion surely no whit below man's, yet with less muscular strength and with social confines which hitherto have given her a less changing and perilous work than man's — what wonder if her energies, blocked in their outward flow, should burst over into imaginary action? As both boys and girls compose their tales, I find, far oftener when the body is still — sitting, or in bed while not asleep — than when it is active; so it is in harmony with this that women should in their greater bodily quiet and weakness prepare a warmer welcome for fancied deeds. Their life is less agile and closer to the gates of dreams.

Not only is the boy's imagination hindered and by vigorous action made less passionate, but even such power as he possesses will probably be commandeered to other work. The imagination, we must remember, can be either bond or free, while yet it is imagination. It may be free, restrained only by restraints which our taste and enjoyment impose — imagination essentially for its own sake. Or it may be used as a means for some other end, pressed into the service of invention or discovery, of theory, of social and political reform — where the imagination is something more than drudge and less than mistress.

Now man's demon, in driving him to arduous employment, drives with him his imagination. Woman also works; but as she gains freedom from the squaw's millstone and hoe and bearing of burdens, there does not come in their place — at least not yet — that pressure of profession and commerce and organized craft, with their fixed hours and high momentum and all that monetary gauge of success that keeps the male with soul and body at the wheel. With us the women still govern the home and child — a work whose driving energy is not so high, more guided by quiet traditions, commonly less insistent and engrossing upon the mind. The grievance of some who would rightly enlarge woman's life is, that her traditional labor has too much of monotone and provides no interest and open door. But without wishing it for her, we may recognize that what is unfavorable to life may favor a certain quality of imagination. The very humdrum of household duties, as many a young woman has assured me, may send the mind off to build castles in the clouds. Man's work is so absorbing, so full of stake, that this doubling of the stream — actual performance running by the side of imaginary performance — is often quite impossible. He must

give all his powers to shop or ship, to politics or war. His engrossing action, however, is not wholly hostile to the imagination; it merely summons it to high service in religion or science, in commerce or invention, and leaves it neither time nor desire to weave a tale. Girls as a group start with free imagination — freer than the boys' — and are by circumstance enabled to keep it unspotted from the world.

IV

But now let us look less to the imagination and more to the character of the novel and to the peculiar opportunity which it affords for women's powers; since in the story's substance and in its technique will be found a further reason why woman here finds what is suited to her genius. Here is play for a nature rich in sympathy, repelled by abstractions, and drawn to what is warm and vital.

For of all the free arts, the story lies closest to actual living. And this is seen even in its outer aspects, since it uses no tool but language, in which common life itself always gives some practice. The painter, the sculptor, the composer of music — these must learn a special deftness foreign to the habits of our universal life. And even the poet, who also uses speech, is hedged about by the formalities of his task and by its severer honors; he must fit his thought to the tongue, not of men but of angels.

But the tale, like singing, dancing, and acting, employs a natural utterance; and these are the arts in which woman excels. A certain technique is in them, it is true, — a practiced control of expression until it falls into rhythm and pause and climax, — yet this is but the refinement of what is in daily use by all.

But beyond and more important, the story, like the acted drama, pictures our life in its fullest, its least mutilated form; it transcribes human action almost literally, and therefore is well chosen to appease the hunger for life, so far as anything other than life itself can satisfy. Your other arts have many a gap and artifice. In painting and sculpture one must suggest the movement of life by what is still; its scene is as of hurrying figures lit by lightning. The music of instruments can more adequately restore the lost sequence, but the flow here is of mood and passion, without speech and personality and defined events. Only the playwright tastes the novelist's freedom to face rounded persons, living in voice and very action; but he must satisfy far more exacting conditions: by soliloquies and stage-whispers and 'asides,' and by connective tissue masquerading as dialogue, he must make conversation bear an unnatural burden. The lack of running comment must be compensated — just as action in the moving-picture play is exaggerated to make good the want of speech. Deliberately to construct an elaborate drama, then, requires that one's powers be fenced on every side. But to *act* in such a play is merely to do in kind what the little girl is wont to do, when in her mother's dress she 'plays lady.' Thus story and acting come closest to woman and the unspoiled man; such arts are but the child's play transfigured, and speak to the least specialized parts of our nature, to our interest in persons and in their behavior under strain. The male, accustomed to rules and abstractions and impersonal machinery, can rejoice to create within the limits set by other arts. But woman, while practicing them, cannot so well express her nature in them, loving rather what reproduces life in fuller measure, pressed down and running over.

A double movement, also, has cur-

tailed certain male prerogatives enjoyed in creating romance. The interests of the plain woman have become more varied, swinging further out; and with this, the interests of romance have moved inward toward our common life.

The Homeric tales depict a world busied mainly with war and heroic conflict and adventure in distant lands — a man's world, where Helen and Penelope, Circe and Nausicaa, are but as motives and complications of man's endeavor. But the modern story, while still unable to escape the spell which war and adventure and unaccustomed places will always exercise, has moved its centre of interest hither toward home and country in time of peace, finding peril and crisis enough in social ambition and marriage and politics and all the unbrocaded intricacies of life. As a consequence, Mr. James commands no raw material that is not also to be had by Mrs. Ward. Democracy, with its sense of the worth of the untitled and unfavored, finds a romance at every street-corner. The poor immigrant and the thrifty bookkeeper elbow the old romantic aristocracy.

But with this incoming of the ring of interest to include what lies at our door, woman's liberty and honorable experience have moved outward. Miss Kingsley explores portions of Africa whither no white man had ever gone. Sophie Kovalevsky and Madame Curie have sipped the nectar, hitherto reserved for men, of adventure into science. Baroness von Suttner's tale shows a range of intimacy with war — with its politics and domestic desolation, its hospitals and battle-carnage — greater than appears in *Fire and Sword*. Woman has always been face to face with character; and now for her the bar to every scene and situation is rapidly being lowered. And even in the new worlds offered for the old, there is still the love-passion, which if women could not portray, we should be forced to say that it lay too close, rather than that it was remote, unvisited.

Yet the aptitude for fiction centres after all in a certain passionate inconsistency. The tale must have clash of character, and the author himself must live with all the combatants. And therefore a clamor and a gleam hard upon darkness must be within the artist's person. He must teem, must be fairly burrowed and alleyed with population. Could we but have gone prowling through the mind of Dickens! There we should have come upon, not the mere cold knowledge of his characters, but the very sympathies and impulses that give life to Squeers as well as to the Cheeryble Brothers, to Scrooge and Marley as well as to the Spirit of Christmas. In his own heart we should have found hidden away the very blood of the Boffins and the Bagnets, of Peggotty and Mrs. Nickleby, of Sim Tappertit and Mr. Micawber.

No smoothed-out and simplified heart can write a great novel. Cervantes must find in himself something that if set free would have made him a real Quixote, a Sancho Panza, and one ready to jeer at both. Those who have exclusive attachments are therefore ill fitted to create tales; the very solidity of their purpose is a hindrance. The facile Disraeli, on whom statecraft sits lightly, is not prevented; but Bright, or Gladstone, — who in all his changes is one and earnest and convinced, — could hardly have sheltered that loose populace of motives with which the tale-composer's mind is filled. One who has a programme and a gospel rather than a pied stage within him, will not seek this mode of utterance. Perhaps for such a reason the Roman, with his constant will and his simple and law-ordered mind, has left us heroes for drama and story, rather than story and drama itself. Your Greek, versatile,

many-centred, quarrelsome both with stranger and with kin, was fit for the other work. For him, the discussion even of metaphysics, as in Plato, becomes a human story, with characters warm in the flesh, conversing and in action.

When Emerson says that he does not have to travel the wide world over to find anchorite and Mandarin, general and explorer, but in himself in Concord can discover them and dear Devil and all, he observes something of the secret of the imaginer of life. Any great novelist's proper self must not sit too fixedly upon him; he may feel it, but he must be able to slip it off, and into another, as with a coat.

Now the character of your common male is fastened, rather, like the coat of an animal. His self is too much with him, and resists a sympathetic entrance into contrasting parts. But woman — if we attend to the class and not to each individual — is of less rigid structure; she is more mobile in her feelings, readier to answer emotionally at the instant's call. With her there is sympathy, which taken broadly is but a ready entrance into characters different from her own.

This contrast becomes clearer if we look to the abnormal mind, which has a trick of revealing the hidden and threatening element, even in what is sound. The man-child always runs a risk of ending in crime. In him there is a strain which, if unchecked, makes him defiant of the accepted order; makes him ready to see his own person and desires as pivotal in the universe. With women the very opposite of this practical egotism is at the door. Mental shock or serious inner change with her is more apt to produce some weakening of the bonds which hold the self together and maintain a sense of its identity: she feels as though dominated by some wholly foreign power. Thus the 'trance mediums' of the day are usually women — as were the sibyls and priestesses of old who with heaving bosom and disheveled hair spoke the words of the oracle.

And in still graver changes of this kind we have those bewildering 'alternations of personality,' where one character yields unexpectedly to another, only later to assert itself again. These successive 'personalities' are at times seen in men; but they are far oftener found in women — as is indicated by the long list which includes the names of Miss 'Beauchamp,' Mary Reynolds, Mlle. 'Smith,' Miss Winson, Félida, and Marcelline. Here are no separate persons inhabiting the one body, but the one person is disorganized and no longer acts entirely as a whole. Great systems of ideas and impulses subside, and others emerge to sight and action — like those changes in the level of a continent, when one part sinks below the ocean's level while another rises.

These wild occurrences are but a magnified image of what exists at times and in some degree in all of us, but in women requires less enlargement to be seen. The average woman possesses a greater variety of character, as of wardrobe, than does the man; she can more readily lay aside or suppress some important part of her, and bring some contrasting feature into view. She carries in herself a ready wealth that is more applicable to the story than to painting or to music. Thus it is that in painting and in music she is to be passed by man with ease, but in the story, if at all, with greatest effort.

V

There are, then, many forces that urge women further in fiction than in any other of the great creative arts, and cause her to select the novelist's career from among the many ways

that alike seem open. And to catch a glimpse of these forces is the sole purpose of this paper. Yet the query can hardly be suppressed, why with so many inner and outer aids she does not go further in her chosen art, and notably excel the men. May we not be confident that talent clearly supreme will appear among those who show so high a preparation? Why should we not prophesy that the greatest stories will hereafter come only from the daughters of men?

It will perhaps be so. In the realm described by Maeterlinck, where are the unborn children destined to great accomplishment, there may well be waiting a troop of little girls whose work in fiction will crown all that men have ever done or ever can do. We have, however, no assurance.

For in man there is endless daring and a purpose not lightly to be turned aside; and sheer contrivance will often outwit natural gifts. It will be remembered that we found the girl letting her story tell itself; while the boy repeated, retouched, criticized, putting pains in place of spontaneity. And later, in maturity and in an art already developed and difficult to carry to still higher excellence, these male traits may balance the scale. Analysis and self-criticism and dogged ingenuity and the love of domination may make good the lack of ready and free fertility.

It must also be remembered that we have examined evidence merely of a more widespread fitness among women as a group, and have not looked to supreme and single excellence. And while the general level of women's aptitude is perhaps higher than men's, yet fame does not rest upon a general level so much as upon individual peaks. For one person who knows of the Thibetan highlands, where for weeks the traveler may never descend to the elevation of Mt. Blanc, thousands know of some single and higher point in Andes or Himalayas. Although there is an amazing distribution of fictional talent in women, — so that, lift your hat where you will, your greeting will go to some story-writer of promise, — yet in men Nature strangely heaps her gifts upon few and distant individuals. To man she more often gives the distinction we call genius, which treats the statistician and his dull averages as love does locksmiths. The wind in these matters of the kingdom blows where it lists.

But the world is still young, and even genius is sensitive to circumstance and weather. And women in the past have been exposed to peculiar frost and drought. If we think upon these things, we cannot call quite foundationless the hope that in the story-teller's art women in the end will clearly excel the men, bringing to the race those further riches promised in the imaginative life of little girls.

GERMAN GENERALSHIP

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

In those intimate and incisive letters which he wrote to his wife during the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck attacked the German generalship in the field with almost apoplectic fury. Apart from Moltke and 'good old Roon' — the one a Dane, the other a Dutchman — he held German generals in utter contempt, and he declared again and again that it was only the bravery of the soldiers that saved the incapable leadership from disaster. It was not a very sound judgment, for it ignored the main factor in the swift triumph of Germany. If the capacity of the German generals, apart from Moltke and Roon, was low, that of the French generals opposed to them was infinitely inferior. So much incompetence, perhaps, was never shown on so large a stage as that displayed by the French generals, and no brave people ever paid a heavier penalty for corruption and folly in high places than the French paid. But it is probably true that the victory of 1870–71 was won by Bismarck's diplomacy rather than by Prussian military genius or even French inefficiency. It was his skill in uniting Germany in a common quarrel with France, and in isolating his foe, that assured the result. He knew that Moltke's plans and the adequacy of the Prussian military machine could not fail to consummate his designs against an enemy whose unpreparedness and levity he had thoroughly appreciated.

In the present war the cautious and far-sighted diplomacy of Bismarck has been wanting, and Germany has had to rely for success on the genius of its generals and the efficiency of the military machine. We can imagine very well the wrath with which Bismarck would contemplate the diplomacy that gambled on the quiescence of England. But what would be his judgment, and what will be the judgment of history on the military conduct of the war? So far as preparedness is concerned, there has of course been no parallel to the astonishing position of Germany when the war burst on Europe. Treated as an art, it may be claimed that the Latins have been the great masters of war; but treated in the modern sense as a science, the supremacy of Prussia has been unchallengeable. It has concentrated the genius of the most painstaking people in Europe on the single goal of military efficiency. To that end every other consideration has been subordinated. Its commerce, its industry, its financial methods, its education, its social reform, its railways, even its recreations have had in reserve that ultimate purpose of making the nation supreme on the battlefield, and its doctrine of the unprovoked war has governed all its statesmanship and diplomacy. Scharnhorst struck the keynote of scientific warfare in Prussia's darkest hour; Clausewitz elaborated the laws of that warfare; Moltke put them into practice with a shattering success that opened a new epoch in military history.

Henceforward war had to be conceived, not as a thing of swift inspira-

tions, but as a thing prepared in the scientist's laboratory. The personal factor was subordinated to the machine, and Napoleon's great maxim, 'Je m'engage et puis je vois,' became the watchword of an outworn creed. The victories of science over matter — the conquest of the air, the discovery of wireless telegraphy, the development of motor-traction, the achievements of chemistry in the matter of high explosives, and so on — tended to emphasize the change in the character of war, and worked to the advantage of the power which was at once most industrious in the practical applications of science and most concerned in making those applications subservient to the needs of war.

That a nation so saturated with the thought of war and so rightly conscious of its superiority over all its rivals should have regarded itself as invincible calls for no surprise. The confidence of the Germans in their machine had a foundation as solid and absolute as any human calculation about calculable things can have. On the spiritual side they were universally wrong. They miscalculated Belgium, they misread England, they woefully underrated France, they blundered in their estimate of the ability of Austria to hold Russia in check while France was being crushed. But on the material side they were substantially right.

If we judge German generalship by strictly military considerations, as distinct from the political and imaginative factors, we are bound to admit that its success has been complete. The machine has been a miracle of efficiency, and if preparedness for war were the final condition of victory, Germany would have been master of Europe and, indeed, of the world, in six months. The advantage with which Germany started was due primarily no doubt to the initiative inherent in the unprovoked war. The state which lays its plans with the deliberate purpose of striking its blow when its enemy is not looking must always have the whip-hand of the state which stands on the defensive and will fight only under provocation. But apart from this advantage, the Germans came into the field with a much more deeply and truly considered theory of the mechanism of war under modern conditions than any of their foes possessed. Their system of the General Staff, in operation for generations, had brought to bear on all the problems of war a mass of learning which had no parallel in any other country and which had won for Germany the admiration of the official military class in all the neutral countries. Prussia was the military academy in which most of the generals of those countries had graduated. Even General Yanushkevitch, the chief of the Russian General Staff at the opening of the war, had received his military education in Germany.

Against this elaborately systematized thought directed to definite ends, the Allies had little to offer but improvised methods. They had no common strategy, no body of agreed doctrine. France had passed through a series of military convulsions which made a coherent and steadily maintained theory impossible. The Russian military system was as corrupt and inefficient as other departments of Russian official life. The revelations of the Russo-Japanese war had done little to cleanse the Augean stables, and only a few weeks before the crisis came it was stated in the Duma, and not denied, that there were 2000 generals in the Russian Army against 350 in the French Army, and that of these the vast majority had received their rank, not for military merit, but through patronage or social influence. Of the younger generals only 25 per cent had passed through the regimental mill, and of 300 colonels of most

recent promotion only one had gone through a military academy.

In England the case, for other reasons, was no better. Even in the eighteenth century Chatham had declared, 'The Navy is the Standing Army of England,' and the idea of intervention in continental warfare had almost ceased to belong to the realm of practical considerations. No army had in the last generation seen fighting in so many and such various fields as the British Army, but the fields were remote, the scale small, and the methods antiquated. Hard thinking is not a British characteristic, nor is organization a thing for which the Englishman has an affection. We had muddled through the Boer War at infinite sacrifice, and the Army was still very largely a social asset into which the sons of the aristocracy went to learn polo. Mr. Haldane, with his doctrine of 'clear-thinking' and efficiency, did something to modernize the machine and even introduced the idea of the General Staff in a modest form. It was his War Book which enabled the little British Army to play so prompt and striking a part in the first episode of the war; but that was an isolated incident. Behind it was a blank to be filled in with a fury of improvisation.

II

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the clash came it was found that the Germans were easily first in their theories. Take the matter of fortications. They had seen that the modern weapon of offense had made the fortress obsolete except as a centre of widespread operations. The same view had been put forward elsewhere by lay thinkers like Sir Sydenham Clarke (Lord Sydenham), who had advocated earthworks as against forts which offered a fixed target for great mobile howitzers. But France still placed reliance upon the fortresses. The collapse of Namur and the fortresses on the Belgian border was the first evidence that in military thought the Germans were decisively superior. As the war progressed, especially on the Russian front, the fact on which the Germans had calculated — that the modern gun would dominate the fort — was established with terrible emphasis. It was only on the Verdun-Toul line that the fortress retained an appearance of supremacy, but it was a supremacy based upon the fact that the country lent itself to a wide defensive system which reduced the fort to the function of a dépôt for the field operations of a great army. The fortress *qua* fortress had vanished as an article of military faith.

Not less sound was the doctrine of the Germans as to the use of the big gun in field warfare. The French General Staff had pinned their faith to the 75 *mm.* and had resisted every proposal for the employment of heavy artillery in the field. When the Caillaux ministry was in office, an attempt was made to provide the army with big guns for field work, and ten millions sterling were voted for the purpose. But though the scheme went through, it was disapproved of by the military experts, and with the fall of the Caillaux ministry it was quickly dropped. The ground of objection on the part of professional opinion was that the use of heavy guns would destroy the mobility of the army and embarrass its operations. Assuming that war was still an affair of rapid movement and swift, decisive action, this was a tenable view; but the battle of Mukden was the portent of a fundamental change of method profoundly affecting the material requirements of an army in the field. The Germans alone fully appreciated the meaning of that change. In the early stages of the war, while the armies were sway-

ing to and fro over northern France, their big guns were doubtless an embarrassment. They could not keep pace with the rapid movement, and were unable to influence events in the supreme crisis of the Marne. But when the struggle had settled down into permanent trench warfare, the big guns for the field became a factor of the first importance, and the French doctrine was found to have no relation to the warfare initiated at Mukden and rendered inevitable by the scale and equipment of modern armies.

In the associated problem of the use of the high-explosive shell the Germans were equally right and the Allies equally wrong. Nothing is more remarkable as showing the obstinate conservatism of professional thought, than the precious months lost before the French and the English generals came to admit that their reliance on shrapnel in trench warfare was a fatal mistake. The great shell controversy in England developed into an attack on the politicians, but it was not the politicians either in England or France who were to blame: it was the soldiers. They seemed afflicted with an inability to see the most elementary fact of the war. In conversation, they would admit that it was the German high-explosive shell which was doing the destruction in their own lines; but in the same breath they would reaffirm their faith in shrapnel so far as the retaliation on the enemy was concerned. Indeed, it was not until the politicians intervened that this enormous heresy was got rid of. It was the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions in England and of M. Thomas to the same position in France that brought the Allies at last into touch with the bedrock facts about big guns and high-explosive shells.

The case was much the same in regard to the machine-gun. It would have seemed to the average man that there could be no doubt as to the importance of that weapon in any kind of warfare; but the Germans alone entered on the war with a real understanding of the part it was destined to play. In the English Army, and to a large extent in the French Army as well, the machine-gun was a sort of luxury, and for months it remained a sort of luxury. In the German Army it was from the first the real instrument of defense. At the end of nine months of war the equipment of the English was in the proportion of two machine-guns to ten on the side of the Germans, and not for a year was this dreadful handicap substantially diminished. The bearing of this fact on the course of the trench warfare was immensely important to the Germans. They were able to hold their advanced trenches with a minimum of men, while we had to hold ours with the maximum. In a word, we used men where they used the machine.

That the Germans looked confidently for a swift triumph in the field is undoubted; but that they had also foreseen the possibility of the trench warfare is evident, not only from all this preparation, but also from the promptness with which they brought into play the hand-grenade and the trench-mortar. The revival of these obsolete weapons was an inevitable consequence of the siege warfare, but only the Germans were prepared. Evidently they alone had seriously and minutely considered the possibility of the static struggle. For a considerable time after the great parallel lines from Flanders to Switzerland had been drawn, the Germans were using an abundance of perfectly manufactured hand-bombs, while their foes could reply only with crude improvisations of an extremely inferior sort.

It is still an open question whether the elaborate German method of constructing trenches is sound. The deep

excavation and the concrete linings have important advantages, but in the case of a heavy bombardment they are of very doubtful wisdom, for men have more chance of escape from a fall of natural soil than from the collapse of deep concrete structures. However, the promptness with which the Germans laid these underground fortifications for hundreds of miles is an evidence of their meticulous care and astonishing preparedness for all eventualities. It is this fact which has given the British officer so high a respect for German military thinking. 'When the Germans do something in a different way from ours,' said a distinguished officer at Genral Headquarters to me, 'the chances are that it is a better way than ours.'

This I found to be a generally accepted view at the front. Much scorn, for example, has been poured on the place which the German officer takes in attack. He does not lead his men, but drives them. On the face of it, this method shows badly against the French and English tradition by which the officer gives his men the example of gallantry. That example governs the whole relationship of officers and men and invests war with a spirit of chivalry and sacrifice which is an important military asset. But on the other hand, the price it exacts in the mortality of officers is a grave set-off, and the Germans, who are always realists in their methods, regard the price as too high for the gain it brings. And though the British tradition is too deep-rooted to be destroyed, I found a very widespread conviction among the British officers that, as a matter of practical loss and gain, the German system was probably right in trench warfare if not in the free action of the field.

III

There is much less disposition to approve of another phase of German military thought. The massed attack has, on the whole, been found to be a great and costly failure. To justify the enormous sacrifice which it involves, it must have a decisive and unequivocal success. On no occasion has it been attended with such a success. The sacrifice has been made, but the end has never been gained, and with the serious diminution in the man-power of Germany and the great improvement in the munitioning of the Allies there has been a marked tendency to avoid this reckless staking of life.[1] It is clear that no artillery preparation so far found to be practicable is adequate to give the gamble a reasonable chance of success.

In one sphere of the war the Germans have been decisively inferior. The Allies, almost from the beginning, have established a definite mastery in the air, and, though much alarm was caused by the feats of the Fokker, that mastery is still maintained. In this connection I refer only to the aeroplane. So far as the airship is concerned the Germans have been simply unchallenged. They had devoted immense thought and expenditure to this weapon and clearly looked to it as destined to offset, in large measure, the naval supremacy of Britain. It cannot be denied that as an instrument of 'frightfulness' it has justified itself. It has made the darkness terrible, not to London only but to all England; it has destroyed many innocent lives and created widespread alarm. But in a strict military sense it has so far been literally negligible, for it can operate only in the dark and its bombs are dropped at random, or, at best, by guesswork. Even indirectly it has had no military value. It has caused alarm and indignation, but no panic; and in a real sense it has served a useful purpose by making England realize the actualities of war. There will

[1] This paper was written immediately before the great attack on Verdun. — The Editors.

be no labor troubles in the wake of the Zeppelin. It may be doubted, therefore, whether even in the case of the airship the Germans have really scored.

So far as the aeroplane is concerned their inferiority has been unquestioned. The reason for this is obvious. No amount of thinking and organization can secure the command of the air unaided. Given equal inventiveness — and the French and the English are certainly not inferior in this respect — the governing factor of the war in the air is the quality of individual daring and independent resource. In this quality the Germans are indisputably inferior. Their system relies upon a collective discipline. The individual is merged in the mass, and, divorced from the mass, he is the inferior fighting animal. Bernhardi realized this grave defect of the Prussian system and urgently advocated the cultivation of individual initiative in the soldiery; but the war has shown that his advocacy has been vain. Indeed, the development of the individual is obviously incompatible with the harsh mechanism of the Prussian system, and it is that fact which will govern the final verdict on German military thought. It sacrifices the man to the machine. In a war of sudden impetus the perfect machine wins; the longer the war lasts, however, the more does the human factor assert its authority. It is possible in the course of a prolonged struggle to equalize the machinery of war, but not to equalize the human element. The Allies have learned the science of war from the Germans, and, having learned it, they possess a superior quality of material with which to apply it.

If the Germans, on the whole, started with the sounder theories as to the methods of war, their advantage in the matter of strategy should have been even more decisive. That advantage was founded, not merely on the profound study which the General Staff had for a generation devoted to the problem. In that study they had the advantage which belongs to a deliberate policy of aggression. They laid their plans for a war which would come at their own time and in their own way, and in which they would have the element of surprise and the command of the initiative. In a very real sense they alone had a strategy conceived on large and comprehensive lines and based on really calculable considerations. The Allies had never discussed the strategy of a possible war in a collective way. Beyond the secret understanding between England and France that, in the event of the invasion of Belgium, the British Army should go to the defense of that country, there was no strategic preparation on the part of the two countries, and the idea that England would raise an army on the continental scale was never contemplated. Her task was the command of the sea and the defense of her own shores. Italy, so far from being involved in the general strategy of the Allies, was at that time nominally an ally of Germany. The relations between France and Russia had been more intimate, but in so far as they had discussed a common strategy it was the strategy of defense in unknown circumstances at an unknown time. It conceded the initiative to Germany as the corollary of unalterable facts.

Those facts were not limited to the known supremacy of the German military machine. The geographical position of Germany alone was a decisive factor in the dictation of the initiative. She had her ally, not separated by land or sea, but solidly at her back, and, working on interior lines, she could calculate on dealing with her enemies in detail, and on bringing the whole weight of her resources to any given point with a minimum of delay. This advantage

was enhanced by her wonderful system of military railways. That system, by giving an unrivaled mobility to her armies, practically duplicated their value. She could always have her men where she most needed them. She had not only mass, but volition, and could strike her blow where she pleased.

The measure of this intrinsic superiority was only slowly realized by the Allies as the war progressed, but it had been the basic fact from which German strategy started. Its value was highest in the early stages of the struggle, when the Allies were staggering under the shock that came with such frightful suddenness; but it continued to dominate the war far into the second year, and at the time of writing it may be said that the initiative is still in the hands of the Germans, though the command of exterior lines, the evolution of a common strategy, and the slow development of superior resources are visibly changing the balance in favor of the Allies.

It will be the task of the historian to discover why, with so overwhelming a superiority of men, material, preparative study, centrality, and mobility, the Germans did not succeed in shattering the Allies before they collected their strength. The programme was simple and apparently easily within achievement. France was to be crushed in one overwhelming movement; Russia, held up temporarily by Austria, was to be disposed of at leisure, and the war was to be over in six months. Three things vitiated the scheme: (1) The rapidity of the Allied retreat through France led the Germans to outrun themselves, so that when they came to deliver the fatal blow at the Marne they were an exhausted army; (2) the Russian raid into East Prussia disarranged the plan of campaign; (3) the collapse of Austria fundamentally changed the problem of the war. The subsequent failure to reach Calais finally left the original strategy of Germany in ruins. Thenceforward a new plan of campaign had to be devised. And it was in the second phase of the war that German generalship revealed its strength, its boldness, its breadth of conception, and its resourcefulness. It had failed when its advantages were at their maximum; it recovered when those advantages, though still great, were declining.

The fact is due, I think, mainly to the part which personality still plays in war. Germany entered the struggle, not with the wrong strategy, not with unsound ideas of relative values, but with the wrong men in command. The contrast between events up to the disastrous failure of the attempt on Calais, which led to the deposition of Count von Moltke, and the events of 1915 is the most striking fact of the war. It is not easy to say how far Moltke was responsible for the failure of the first four months and how far he was over-ruled by the Supreme War-Lord. It is clear, however, that both before Paris and before Calais there was a very remarkable indecision — the result, apparently, of sharp divergences of view. This was especially true in the attack on Calais. No military authority has defended the reckless squandering of effort on four separate attempts to break through the Allied line — on the coast, at Arras, at Armentières, and finally at Ypres. It is agreed that the episode revealed a collision of political and military aims and a serious conflict in the higher command. Moltke was never more than the shadow of a great name, and it is generally assumed that his power was entirely subordinated to the will of the Kaiser, who, though a cavalry commander of very considerable ability, is far too impulsive and neurotic for the large operations of war.

And if the higher command in this stage of the war was defective, it was no less obvious that the commands in the

field were in indifferent hands. The Crown Prince was a mere popinjay whose incapacity was notorious and whose extravagances and improprieties were a legend of irresponsible folly or worse. The Crown Prince of Bavaria was conspicuous only for the venom of his tongue; the Duke of Württemberg was a name and nothing more. Hausen vanished after the Marne, and Kluck is remembered only for his vain boast that he had the British Army in 'a ring of iron' at Maubeuge, and for his fatal attempt to march across the British front at the Marne when the reinforcements from Paris appeared on his flank.

IV

It is to the appointment of Falkenhayn as Chief of the General Staff and to the emergence in the field of Generals Hindenburg and Mackensen that the remarkable revival of German prestige during 1915 was due. Of these three men, not one was in a position of great authority when the war began. Indeed, only one, Mackensen, was in active service at all. Hindenburg was in retirement at Hanover; Falkenhayn was in the political position of Minister of War, and Mackensen was in command at Danzig, where he had come into serious collision with the Crown Prince and was in consequence under a cloud.

Of the three reputations made by the war, that which has had far the greatest *réclame* is probably least important. Hindenburg's victory in the Masurian Lakes district was certainly one of the few decisive incidents of the war. It was a victory in that complete and final sense which has become so unusual under modern conditions. It was a victory, too, due entirely to superior generalship. Hindenburg had been something of an oddity in the Army owing to his obsession on the subject of the military importance of the lake district of East Prussia. When it was proposed to drain that region he fought for his marshes as a wild animal for its young, and finally stampeded the Kaiser himself on the subject by the energy of his advocacy. The region had been his favorite theatre of study, and in the manœuvres there he unfailingly engineered his foe into the marshes. 'We're going to have a bath to-day,' was the saying of the soldiers when 'old Hindenburg' was against them. But when the war broke out Hindenburg was neglected, and his application for a post was ignored until the Russian invasion of the sacred soil of East Prussia spread panic in the capital and throughout the country. Then the boycott collapsed. 'Suddenly,' he said, after he had become the national hero, 'there came a telegram informing me that the Emperor commissioned me to command the Eastern Army. I really only had time to buy some woollen clothing and make my old uniform presentable again. Then came sleeping cars, saloon cars, locomotives — and so I journeyed to East Prussia like a prince. And so far everything has gone well.'

It had. On the ground that he knew so thoroughly he manœuvred Samsonov's army into the swamps and achieved the most sensational victory of the war. He became the savior of his country and in the popular imagination overshadowed every other figure. He had the whole nation at his feet, and being rather a breezy, simple-minded man who had never before known what popular acclamation was like, he reveled in the sunshine with the frank enjoyment of a schoolboy.

But great as the achievement was, it was not so great as the public estimate, inflated by the panic that preceded it, conceived it to be; and those who have followed the campaigns on the Eastern frontier with expert knowledge and have examined the battles in detail

have a higher regard for the genius of Mackensen than for that of Hindenburg. Like Hindenburg he was ignored at the beginning of the campaign. His troubles with the Crown Prince at Danzig had culminated earlier in the year in a request to the Kaiser that either he or the Prince should be removed. Mackensen remained and the Prince was recalled to Berlin; but when the war broke out it was the latter who was in command of the central army in the West, while Mackensen was left to cool his heels in obscure tasks. Not until some months had passed with their tale of disappointed hopes did he emerge as the second in command to Hindenburg on the Russian front.

His name first came into prominence by his skillful extrication of his army when its envelopment east of Lodz was regarded as complete; and thenceforward every task of critical importance was committed to his hands. It was he who delivered that smashing blow on the Dunajec which opened so sensationally the new and most formidable phase of German attack. The series of operations that followed by which he forced the Russian left back to the Privit marshes revealed a grim power not inferior to Hindenburg's and a constructive subtlety which, except on the ground that he had studied all his lifetime, Hindenburg has not rivaled.

The campaign in Serbia was on a smaller scale, but again the strategy was of that fresh and original character that commands the respect of the student of war. It is, I believe, true to say that no campaigns in connection with the war are being studied by the military experts with so much attention as those of Mackensen. Like Hindenburg, Kluck, Bülow, and most of the German generals, he is nearer seventy than sixty. He won the Iron Cross in the War of 1870, and the Iron Cross was relatively a much less familiar reward then than now. It really indicated work of rare individual courage, which is not necessarily the case to-day. Indeed, there are few things more significant of the change which has come over the temperament of Prussia than the contrast between the parsimony with which decorations were given in 1870 and the lavishness with which they were given in the early phases of the present war.

Unlike Hindenburg, Mackensen is a man of silent, almost morose habit. It is popularly attributed to the blow which the loss of a much-loved wife inflicted on him, but it is in reality the natural habit of a singularly absorbed and self-contained character. His brevity of speech is the expression of a ruthless temper, and in the severity of the demands he makes on all who come under his iron will, as well as in his cold and concentrated silence, he is reminiscent of Lord Kitchener. Miracles have been performed by soldiers and civilians alike during his advances, not because of the affection they have for him, but because of the fear of his merciless hand. He has been said (with what truth I do not know) to have Scots blood in his veins, but in all his characteristics he is typical of the Prussian mind, manner, and thought.

But the true key to the renascence of the German cause after the failure of 1914 is to be found in Falkenhayn, who was appointed Chief of Staff on the fall of Moltke. Falkenhayn is, apart from the royal leaders, considerably the youngest of the generals in high position in the German army. He is 54 — the same age as General Haig. He is a man whose ambitions are as unlimited as his powers to achieve them. Four years or so ago he was unknown to the German public, and his promotion from an obscure provincial command to the position of Prussian Minister of War is supposed to have been the result

of one of those court intrigues which play so large a part in Prussian public life. He had family influence in the Kaiser's household and his advancement was not unconnected with that fact.

But he had brains as well as influence, and an aggressive personality disguised by the arts of the subtle and far-sighted intriguer. From his advent to the Ministry of War he set himself to undermine Moltke. It began to be hinted that Moltke was 'getting old,' that the General Staff needed new and young blood, and so on; and when the Zabern incident occurred, Falkenhayn made a bid for popularity with the army by his emphatic approval of the infamous action of Colonel Reutter and Lieutenant Förstner. It was his hand more, perhaps, than another that forced the declaration of war prematurely, in face of the hesitation of the Kaiser and the opposition of Bethmann-Hollweg; but when the war came it was Moltke who remained in the position on which Falkenhayn had set his heart. The ambitious minister waited for his opportunity. He had Moltke's measure, knew that he was unlikely to survive, opposed his strategy regarding Belgium, and, on the collapse of the campaign at Ypres, he knew that his moment had come.

In the military sense it is indisputable that his promotion has been triumphantly justified by events. A new and more masterful spirit pervaded German strategy from the moment of his assumption of the control of military policy. There was no longer any sense of conflict between political and military aims, still less of any evidence of the collision of wills. The disastrous experience of the first four months of the war had aged the Kaiser and modified his imperious self-will. He was in the frame of mind to forget that he was the Supreme War-Lord and to distrust his own judgment, and Falkenhayn had the force and the adroitness to avail himself of this fact. He established over his master an intellectual authority which left him the practical dictator of military policy. This ascendency has been confirmed by the success which attended his far-reaching and powerful strategy throughout 1915, and in presenting him with the Order of the Black Eagle the Kaiser used terms of flattery which almost touched the level of obsequious reverence.

General Falkenhayn has fortified his position by an artful policy of excluding possible rivals from access to his master. In an unusually informing analysis of the forces around the Kaiser at the present time, published in *Le Temps*, Mr. Hendrik Hudson, who, as a neutral, has spent a long time in Germany, declares that Falkenhayn is the most powerful man in the country. 'The power of General Falkenhayn,' he says, 'comes from the extraordinary influence, inexplicable even to those who know this personage, which he wields over the Emperor. He is very jealous of his authority, and keeps away from headquarters all who he thinks might seek to gain the confidence of the sovereign. This isolation of the Emperor is an important fact, as the sovereign learns only what General Falkenhayn wishes him to know. William II is the prisoner of his military camarilla.'

It is not the first time that the Kaiser has been the prisoner of a camarilla, as the revelations of the Eulenburg case witness. But it is not improbable that he is on this occasion a willing prisoner. In the vast disaster that has befallen him, when his

> cloud of dignity
> Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
> That it will quickly drop,

he turns for succor to the man whose strength gives him confidence and whose success offers him still the refuge of hope in a world that is reeling beneath his feet.

THE MACHINES

BY WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

When the British blockade was tightening its coils about Germany, a sigh of relief went up from the Entente powers, and their press proclaimed that with gasoline and rubber cut off from the enemy the war would soon come automatically to an end. I am not concerned with the failure of these prophesies to reckon with German chemical ingenuity; they merely throw light on the interesting fact that modern warfare, with its demand for swift-striking movement in every branch of the complicated military organism, could not exist without the motor-vehicle in its various forms.

Through the illustrated weeklies and the moving pictures, Americans have become familiar with the Skoda howitzers, taken to pieces for travel, rumbling along behind great Mercédès traction-motors. They have seen the London motor-busses, loaded to bursting with grinning Tommies on their way to the front, flaunting Bovril and Nestlé's Food signs against an unfamiliar background of canals and serried poplar trees. They cannot realize, however, because they have not witnessed with their own eyes, the vast orderly ferment of wheeled traffic that fills the roads on both sides of that blackened, blasted battle-line between the armies of Western Europe. Where once the task of fulfillment fell to straining horse-flesh, the burden is now laid on wheels winged by gasoline. From the flashing wire spokes of the dispatch-rider's motor-cycle to the clanking, crushing 'feet' of the caterpillar tractor that pulls the big guns into action, the incredibly complicated machinery of war is now dependent on an element which, at the time of the Spanish-American War, was unknown to military use.

It was chance which got me into the British Army; it was also by chance that I was attached to the staff of a captain of the 5th Dragoon Guards and sent off to Belgium five days after my enlistment, without the usual weary months of training in the riding-school. On October 8, 1914, our regiment landed at Ostend; this was the beginning of 13 months of service, during which I passed from my regular duties in the Dragoon Guards to the Army Service Corps as motor-driver to General Byng, and was subsequently attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 5th Army Corps. While in this, I saw service in an armored car of the Royal Naval Air Service, went into action with the Motor Machine-gun Section, and also acted as a dispatch rider. This enabled me to get a fairly good first-hand idea of the use made by the British Army of the various types of motor-vehicle; and if some of my experiences left me in doubt as to the ability of the human nervous system to stand up under the racking, killing pace demanded by these branches of the service, I came away from my term at the front full of admiration for the men behind the organization which is responsible for the smooth functioning of the motor-vehicle wing of the British Army.

My first good opportunity to see this

great system in action came shortly after my arrival at the front near Zillebeke, where, while waiting for assignment to duty, we watched the supplies coming through. Fresh supplies — vast quantities of them — arrive every day from the various seaports, brought on trains which deposit them at the 'rail-head,' or private railway station with which every army, army corps, and division is provided. The trains are met by motor-lorries or trucks, which swing into the yards, range up in long lines alongside the freight cars, load up, and pull away again in surprisingly short time. As they drew out of the yards, I noticed that they fell automatically into little groups, and, on inquiry, found that, before the column is formed, all lorries containing a certain kind of supplies go in one group, lining up until in an orderly arrangement of, say, twelve trucks of meat, ten trucks of bread, so many trucks of clothing, groceries, petrol, mechanical stores, and so on, until a column consisting of, perhaps, one hundred lorries stands ready to start toward the front.

The order given, off they go, to the clatter of chains and open exhausts. The roads of Belgium were once good roads, but the endless stream of heavy traffic has reduced them to a fearful condition, despite the efforts of the Royal Engineers and 'Jack Ward's battalions' — the large semi-military force of navvies and laborers recruited in London by a patriotic contractor for just such badly needed work as highway repairing. Down the middle of these roads runs a strip of cobblestones — greasy, full of holes, but still cobblestones; on either side there is mud, a slough of despond for the unwary driver. Many a time, in winter, I have seen lorries so hopelessly stuck that it is impossible to get them out for the moment. All that can be done is to transfer the load to another car and leave the derelict by the roadside to the tender mercies of the salvage companies or the nearest portable mechanical transport workshop.

Before going to the front I had never so much as thought of the problem of caring for the great number of cars that are disabled in the day's run; so that I was surprised to find what thorough high-class work is done by these portable workshops. Mounted on lorry chassis, they present the appearance of box-cars, the sides of which, in service, are lowered to a horizontal position and serve as platforms for the crew to stand on when manipulating the lathe or dynamo inside. Power is furnished by a special gasoline motor. The mechanics employed in these workshops are all highly trained men, who are obliged to pass the most severe tests before they are accepted for this branch of the service. Most of them have been building cars in England, and they are often allowed to specialize on the make with which they are most familiar. If an automobile is beyond the help of these first-aid specialists, it is immediately sent to one of the dépôts where there is a permanent workshop, and another vehicle is sent up to the front to take its place. No cars are kept running if they are not in first-class condition, and every precaution is taken to avoid accidents due to defective machines. Practically all makes of cars are to be seen at the front. Each kind is assigned to the work to which it is best adapted, the fast cars, generally speaking being used for dispatch work, and also for carrying officers to and from the firing-line; the steadier cars find their niche in ambulance work and other duties where speed is a secondary matter.

These details I noted down in the impersonal way of the cavalryman, who is supposed to be concerned with other matters. While we were still at Zillebeke, however, the driver of General

Byng's car was killed, and, as I knew there was a shortage of competent drivers, I made the somewhat irregular request to take his place. This was granted, to my surprise—and pleasure; for I had heard that all our untrained men were shortly to be sent back to England to finish their course at the riding school. Although I had had considerable experience in driving cars at home, I was glad that the general was partial to slow going and objected strenuously to being bumped. This enabled me to lead up gradually to the more severe demands that were made on me when, shortly after, I was attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 5th Army Corps. Here I was treated to my first, and only, ride into action with an armored car.

The armored car is unquestionably the most wicked-looking thing at the front, and its lines, its whole appearance, give the suggestion of an unlimited capacity for slaughter. The entire body of the car is made of finest sheet steel, nearly half an inch thick; in the place of the tonneau there is a revolving steel turret mounting a rapid-fire gun or a three-pounder. The engine is protected by the same quality of armor as the body, and the vulnerable radiator finds safety behind two steel doors, which, when the car goes into action, are adjusted so as to leave a small opening for the circulation of air. An apron of steel extends round the wheels to within a foot of the ground, guarding as far as possible the pneumatic tires. However, in spite of this precaution and the use of double tires on each wheel, I have seen cars come limping home with all eight tires flat.

The crew of an armored car is a variable quantity, but there are always two drivers. It was the lack of a spare driver that led to my being ordered one day to sit beside the man at the wheel of a car that was just going into action. In case anything had happened to him, I should have had to take his place. As we drew into the zone of the enemy's fire, the bullets began to hit our car, first scatteringly, then in a regular shower, coming at the rate of a hundred a minute and beating a devil's tattoo on our armor. The din made by bullets on this steel plating is amazing. It sounds as if some one were striking with a hammer, and striking hard, too. I did not know that, so far as the ordinary rifle-bullet is concerned, these armored cars are practically invulnerable, and I expected any moment to find the metal giving way under the shock. We were in action only about ten minutes, but in that short time the terrific noise of our own gun and the scoring bullets, the heaving and lurching of the car, the semi-darkness, and, worst of all, my own inactivity, almost broke my nerve. There was absolutely nothing to do but sit still and receive new sensations; and the unpleasantness of these was indescribable. When we finally got back to safety, I climbed out and took a look at the car, expecting to find it pockmarked and dented beyond recognition. Except for a few small depressions in the armor and a couple of holes through the mudguards where pieces of shrapnel had struck, there was scarcely a trace of our ordeal by fire. Not a single bullet had penetrated.

The armored car gives unlimited opportunities for the exercise of nerve and initiative, and no man in the war availed himself of these more fully than the famous Commander Sampson, of the Royal Naval Air Service. This officer (for whose capture, dead or alive, the Germans were reported to have offered twenty thousand marks) was equally at home in an aeroplane or an armored car. I have never seen him at work as an aviator, but the town in which we had our headquarters was the starting

place for his amazing trips in his car. Just where he went, and how he got there, is more or less of a mystery. All we knew was that at four o'clock in the morning or thereabouts, Commander Sampson would leave Hazebrouck, and, hours later, come rolling back into the square, almost invariably with a batch of German prisoners!

His arrival at headquarters was the event of the day. Every one in sight would come rushing forward to see what sort of game he had bagged. From the stories that followed these exploits, he must have taken his car right into the German lines — a feat which was as dangerous as you please, but not literally impossible. Few people seem to realize that many of the highways leading cross-country and connecting the hostile lines had not then been destroyed. They were formidably guarded by barbed-wire barricades, and their surface was torn and pitted by shell-holes; but neither side was willing to eliminate a means of communication which would be of vast value in case of an advance.

These are the roads that Commander Sampson must have used on his swift trips of destruction. On the front of his car was a formidable arrangement of upright scythe-like wire-cutters, strong enough to rip through the entanglements and bunt the wooden supporting-posts out of the way; and with these, backed by the momentum of the ponderous car, he forced his way on steel-studded tires through barbed-wire and shot and shell, and accomplished the impossible — not once, but again and again. His car would come back looking as though it had been through a thousand years of war, but the occupants were generally safe and sound, and, as I say, they had things to show that they had given the Germans cause to regret receiving a visit from Commander Sampson. So far as I am aware, no one has yet come forward to claim that reward of twenty thousand marks.

It was not long after my outing in the armored car that I was detailed to duty in the Motor-cycle Machine-gun Section as motor-cycle driver. The machines used in this work are much lighter and smaller than the American type. They carry a sidecar attachment; but in place of the familiar 'wife-killer,' a rapid-fire gun is mounted, and the comfortable cushioned seat gives way to a wooden affair so small that the gunner practically holds his rapid-firer in his lap. On his right is the box with the loaded belts of ammunition. When he threads these through the gun and starts firing, the belt uncoils smoothly and falls into an empty box on the other side of the machine.

I was almost ignorant of the workings of the section when our battery of four machines first went into action; and when, after the rush and clatter of getting into position, my gunner began to pour streams of bullets into the enemy's lines, directing the aim like the spray of water from a hose, I sat stupidly upright in my saddle, fully exposed to a hot fire from the Germans. It was sheer luck that carried me through unhurt until an officer, hurrying past, told me in a few short, crisp words what sort of a fool I was. Then I dropped down full length on the ground beside my machine until it was time to retire, watching my gunner — a seasoned soldier — sitting there in his little seat, unprotected and unconcerned, working his machine without even taking his old clay pipe from his mouth.

The second time I took one of these machines into action — near Ypres — things went much better. We went up in the dark, and some time before we were needed we were given our position — in a ditch, with our gun covering a road. Our orders were simply to fire when the Germans tried to rush that road. For several hours we waited

in the strain of uncertainty, but not a sign of 'Fritz,' although we could hear the other guns along the line in action. Suddenly they attacked. It was a terrible sight. They seemed to rise from the ground in thousands. My gunner had his machine working on them at the first sign, and the Germans, coming on in waves, seemed to melt away before our fire. I never saw men die so quickly before. They went down by hundreds, and still they came on, trampling over their own dead. Those Germans are extremely brave men: there is no other word for it. When their rush was checked and they had retired, we held our position for a while longer, returning to headquarters by evening. We had been in the firing-line for hours, and not once had our situation been dangerous.

My last experience with the Motor Machine-gun Section came during the fierce fighting around Hill 60, where records were made that still remain records after long months of war. For two days before the action came off we knew there was something in the wind, although no definite orders had been given. Our mining and tunneling companies had been working for some time; a general concentration of artillery was taking place in the neighborhood. Finally the attack took place. For thirty-five minutes 92 batteries rained shells from their 368 cannon on the bit of rising ground known as Hill 60 — a withering, scorching fire which stopped as suddenly as it began. Off went the mines we had laid under the hill; the earth shook; the air was filled with thick clouds of mingled dirt and smoke. Instantly our men were out of the trenches advancing at a dead run, while our machine-gunners poured steel into the German positions until the progress of our troops made this dangerous. It was all over in a few minutes, and, although we were called for once again, this was the last action in which I served with the M. M. G. S.

Motor-cycling, even with the best of roads, is an exhausting business in the long run; and when I was designated for dispatch-riding, I knew enough of the details of the work not to be overjoyed. The dispatch rider must, first and foremost, be speedy. A leather case — crammed with vitally important documents or empty, for all the rider knows — is strapped to his shoulder, and from that moment his one thought must be to deliver that case to its destination in the shortest order possible. If the rider comes to grief, he can commandeer the first man he meets; but the dispatches must be delivered at all costs.

As I said, I was not over-eager for this new work, but my feelings in the matter were not consulted. My first trip took me from the brigade headquarters to the divisional headquarters farther back. It was dark night when I started; the roads were all shelled to pieces, and as no lights could be carried I simply had to take chances on the shell-holes. I had not been gone three minutes when I felt the ground drop away beneath me and I went flying over the handle-bars. My knees and elbows were skinned, but the machine was uninjured, so off I started again. At first I tried to be careful; I soon realized, however, that I should be losing precious time. All I could do, then, was to shoot ahead in the blackness, trusting to luck. Two or three more tumbles came my way on that ride, and by the time I got down to headquarters I was stiff and sore beyond belief. I handed in my dispatch case; and then, after an hour off duty, I had to return over the same road.

It can easily be seen that the light British motor-cycles are infinitely superior to the heavy American machines for this rough-and-tumble work. If one

of these latter ever fell on the rider, the chances are that his leg would be broken and, in all probability, severely burned by the heated engine as he lay beneath it. The number of motorcycles put out of action at the front is astounding. During the second battle for Calais alone, a dispatch rider in our corps lost fourteen machines. He carried dispatches through the thick of this fighting, and was never so much as scratched: a remarkable record, for statistics show that during the first months of the war fifty per cent of the riders sent to France were killed.

Generally speaking, the branch of the motor-vehicle service most to my liking was driving a staff car, and luckily I had more of this work to do than anything else. A staff driver has a car to himself, and, as a rule, works entirely with one officer. He has complete charge of the care of the car. Any one else caught driving it is punished for disobeying orders. When he takes control of his car, he signs a receipt for the car and the tools, lamps, tires, and accessories that go with it. For all these things he is personally responsible, and if anything happens to them through his carelessness he is obliged to make good the loss. The staff driver's life is no sinecure. He is liable for duty practically twenty-four hours each day, and carries a heavy burden of responsibility for the good condition of his car and the welfare of his officers. With all this, however, there goes a latitude of personal initiative and a continual possibility of new and interesting work that made a strong appeal to me.

It was while I was driving a staff car in Flanders last summer that I was ordered to take three officers to the little village of Kemmel, a short distance southwest of Ypres. This place was almost always under fire, and at one time had been in German hands — in the possession of the Crown Prince, as a matter of fact. When they were occupying the place, we shelled it; when we drove them out and took the village, they began shelling, and have kept it up ever since. It was what is known as 'unhealthy ground.'

As we turned from the main highway into the road leading to Kemmel, I noticed two sentries at the crossing, but they merely saluted and allowed us to pass. I can only account for this failure of the sentries to warn us of what lay ahead by the fact that I was driving staff officers, who are allowed to pass unhindered anywhere.

The road to Kemmel leads up a long hill, the top of which must be reached before one comes in sight of the village itself, lying in a little valley between Mont Kemmel and Mont Noir, at the bottom of a long down-grade. As we took the hill going up, I had an uneasy feeling that all was not right, although nothing out of the way had been seen except those two sentries. We were going at a rapid clip, and as we shot over the brow of the hill we ran right past a post of German artillery observers. They were in a windmill, and I think they were as much surprised as we. I shall never forget my feeling of cold hopelessness as I realized what sort of a trap we had put our heads in.

Needless to say, I made that car fairly fly down the hill to the village, and we had hardly got there before shells began to drop around us. There was nothing to do but pop down into the cellar of a brewery — one of the few buildings that were not completely wrecked. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we got there, and for three hours we were in that cellar — shells pouring into the village all the time. It was a miserable, filthy hole, half full of rotten potatoes, the floor deep in slimy mud, and the ceiling so low that we could not stand upright anywhere. There was nothing to do

but lie there in the dirt while the Germans tried their best to blow the place up. I kept wondering what our car would look like when the bombardment let up. It seemed impossible that it should escape; yet, when twilight came and the shells finally stopped bursting, we crawled out of our cellar into the ruins of the brewery, and found that the car had suffered no vital damage. It was half full of bricks and débris; there were holes through the body and the hood; it was dented and scarred almost beyond recognition. The engine, however, was untouched; and I finally got it going, the sound of its whirring sweet music in our ears.

We were now confronted by the trip back over that same hill. There was no other way to get out of the place; the Germans knew this as well as we did, and they were certain to have some sort of surprise waiting for us: a block-aded road, or machine-guns — perhaps both. We felt our way slowly out of the rubble-filled street of the village, and, once on the highway, I took as long a run as possible for the hill, giving the car every ounce of power that was in her. Lights were not to be thought of, of course, and as it was almost pitch dark I drove ahead blindly and trusted to luck to keep us on the road. We took the hill magnificently — and to our unending surprise, the car flew over the summit without a single thing happening. Evidently the possibility of our escaping alive from the ruined village had not occurred to the Germans.

This was as close a call as I ever had. There was no lack of excitement, however, when I was caught with an officer in the city of Ypres, at the beginning of the bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais. We were at the farther side of the city when the shells began to fall, and as we had come up on horses there was no way for us to get through. I hunted round and presently came across a car — a wretched specimen; still, it could be called a car. It had once been an ambulance, but the body had been destroyed and replace by a couple of rough bucket-seats built from bacon boxes. Such as it was, it was a lucky find, and I seized on it at once. After some difficulty I got the engine running haltingly, and brought the car round to where my officer was waiting. We started off immediately. By this time the shells were bursting in and around the Grande Place at the rate of forty a minute, and our chance of getting through at all was a long one. I worked up speed as fast as I could, so that by the time we got to the square we were doing between thirty and forty miles an hour.

In the square itself conditions were indescribable. The buildings were crumbling on all sides; the air was filled with smoke and flame and dust, to say nothing of flying fragments of shell and bricks, and it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. It seemed incredible that we could get through. I slackened speed. My officer must have felt much as I did, but he rapped out, 'Drive like hell!' and huddled down into his bacon-box seat, his head held low. I threw open the throttle; the car choked a bit, then responded with a leap, the steel-studded tires striking streams of sparks from the cobbles. My hands were more than full with the steering. As one leaves the square there comes a very sharp turn, and I dared not think what would happen when we reached this. At the speed we were going, it was impossible to twist the car round that corner, yet it would be suicide to slow down. I had read of the trick of racing drivers who skidded round 'hairpin turns,' and I decided to try this as our only chance.

The turn loomed up before us in the smoke, and I opened the throttle still wider. Just as we reached the corner I

twisted the wheel slightly and jammed on the foot-brake with all my might. The skidding studs squealed as the rear end of the car shot over; I felt her tip a little as the two outside wheels came off the ground. She righted at once, though, and in a moment we were safely through. If I had had time to examine those bacon-box seats, I don't think I should have dared to carry out my little manœuvre. It is still a mystery to me how they held under the fearful strain of rounding that corner.

With this trip fresh in my mind, I should gladly have dispensed with another visit to Ypres; but my wishes in the matter were not consulted when, later on in the progress of this same bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais, I was ordered to take an officer from headquarters to the village of Potijze. To reach this village there was no way to avoid passing through Ypres, and the city was still under such terrific fire that getting across seemed almost hopeless.

We made our start about nine o'clock in the morning, and in a short while we were in the zone of fire, heading for ravaged Ypres, portions of which were in flames. It happened that in front of us was another car containing two Canadian officers — a captain and a colonel, if I remember correctly — which, when we swung into the section of straight road leading into the city, had perhaps a hundred yards' start of us. We were both going along at a brisk clip when a shell — a big one — burst close beside the car in front, completely smothering it in dust and heavy smoke. Even to us the concussion was terrific. I stopped at once and waited to see what had happened.

When the smoke lifted, the Canadian officers' car was revealed to us turned almost around on the road by the swirl of the explosion. As we came up, we found that the running parts of their car were intact, but the windshield and both the rear doors had been carried away; the mud-guards were torn about, and in the tonneau the headless body of one of the officers was crumpled up in a swiftly forming pool of blood. The other officer — he had been sitting in the front seat — was horribly wounded in the head and side. He had been flung across the driver, who, although spattered over with his companion's blood, was unhurt, and insisted on driving back with us to Vlamertinghe, supporting the body of his officer. I shall never forget the man's white face, smeared with crimson, or the look of his staring eyes; I shall never forget the tone of his voice as he cried to the orderly who came rushing out of the field ambulance at Vlamertinghe, 'For God's sake take this thing away!'

It was simply good luck that brought me unharmed through these experiences. The vast majority of men who survive the ordeal of this war will have only their good luck to thank. Personal initiative, a cool head, a quick hand, do count; but never before has the factor of bravery been of so little avail to the man in the fighting line. Mere human flesh, no matter what its fibre, seems to stand no chance in the clash and welter of mechanical forces that Science has let loose over the battlefields of to-day. Romance, in the old high sense of the word, has almost vanished; but such traces of it as remain are found, to their fullest extent perhaps, in the aviation and motor-car divisions of the modern army. Here the man is most nearly his own master; here he has the best chance to show of what stuff he is made. It is interesting to think that some of the oldest and most appealing qualities of warfare have found their reincarnation, as it were, in the latest developments of the military art.

KITCHENER'S MOB

III. 'SITTING TIGHT'

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE inhumanity of a war without truces was revealed to us at Loos as never before. Hundreds of bodies were lying between the opposing lines of trenches and there was no chance to bury them. Fatigue parties were sent out at night to dispose of those which were lying close to the parapets; but the work was constantly interrupted and delayed by persistent sniping and heavy shell-fire. Others, farther out, lay where they had fallen, day after day and week after week. Many an anxious mother in England was vainly seeking news of a son whose body had become a part of that Flemish landscape.

During the week following the commencement of the offensive, the wounded were brought back in twos and threes from the contested ground for which the opposing forces were so fiercely striving. One plucky Englishman we discovered about fifty yards in front of our parapet. He was waving a handkerchief tied to the handle of his intrenching tool. Stretcher-bearers ran out under fire and brought him in. He had been wounded in the foot when his company was advancing up the slope fifteen hundred yards away. When it was found necessary to retire to the first line of the German trenches, which we were holding, he had been left, with scores of dead and wounded comrades, far from the possibility of help by friends. He had bandaged his wound with his first-aid field dressing and started crawling back, a few yards at a time. He secured food from the haversacks of dead comrades, and at last, after a week of painful creeping, reached our lines.

Another of our men was discovered by a listening-patrol six days after he had been wounded. He, too, had been struck down close to the German second line. Two kind-hearted German sentries to whom he had signaled crept out at night and gave him hot coffee to drink. He begged them to take him in, but they said they were forbidden to take any wounded prisoners. As he was unable to crawl, he would have died had it not been for the keen ears of the men of the listening-patrol. A third victim whom I saw was brought in at daybreak by a working party. He had been shot in the jaw, and lay unattended in the open through at least five wet October days and nights. His eyes were swollen shut. Blood-poisoning had set in from a wound which would certainly not have been fatal could it have received early attention.

We knew that there must be many wounded still alive in the tall grass in front of our lines. We knew that many were dying who might be saved. The Red Cross Corps made nightly searches for them, but the difficulties to be overcome were great. The volume of fire increased tremendously at night. Attacks and counter-attacks were of frequent occurrence. Moreover, there

was a wide area to be searched, and in the darkness, men lying unconscious, or too weak from the loss of blood to groan or shout, were discovered only by accident.

Tommy Atkins is n't an advocate of 'peace at any price.' From my knowledge of him, I should say that he believes war to be a necessary evil. But the sight of awful and needless suffering invariably moved him to declare himself emphatically against the inhuman practices in war of so-called Christian nations.

'Christian nations!' he would say scornfully. 'If this 'ere is a sample o' Christianity, I'll tyke me charnces down below w'en I gets knocked out!'

His comrades greeted such outbursts with manifest approval.

'I'm with you there, mate! 'Ell won't be such a dusty old place if all the Christians goes upstairs.'

I am not in a position to speak for Hans and Fritz, who faced us from the other side of No-Man's-Land; but I wish that the devout statesmen, editorial writers, clergymen, both in England and Germany, who filled the newspapers and magazines with pious blasphemy, could have heard the discussions of their occasional articles which reached us in the trenches. The Tommies I knew were anything but religious men; nevertheless, they had a higher opinion of the Deity than many of their better educated countrymen at home.

Throughout October we fulfilled the prophecy of the officer who assured us that 'sitting tight' in the German trenches was to be our function. Determined efforts were made to pry us loose — efforts usually preceded by heavy artillery fire. There were intervals of calm which brought us no rest, owing to that other warfare waged upon us by increasing hordes of parasitic enemies. (For twenty-seven days we were constantly in trenches, and had no opportunity to remove any of our clothing.) At night, when excitement was always at a keen pitch, there were frequent alarms started by nervous sentries who 'got the wind up,' to use the authentic trench expression. Contagious excitement set one to firing like mad, pumping streams of hot lead into the blank darkness. We moved from one position to another through trenches where the tangled mass of telephone wires, seemingly gifted with a kind of nervous malice, coiled themselves about our feet or caught in the piling swivels of our rifles. There were reports, rumors, orders and counter-orders, alarums, and excursions. Through them all Tommy kept his balance and his air of cheery unconcern; but he wished that he might be struck pink if he knew 'wot we was a-doin' of any'ow!'

Yes, our ideas of the tactical situation were decidedly vague. However, we did know, in a general way, our position with reference to important military landmarks. This information was quite sufficient for the amateur strategists, who were busy at all hours, explaining the situation to frankly ignorant comrades and outlining plans for a continuation of the offensive.

'Now, if I was General French, I'd make 'Ulluch me main objective. They ain't no use tryin' to get by at this part o' the line till you got that village.'

' 'Ulluch? W'ere's that?' asks a less learned comrade.

' 'Ere! You mean to s'y you been in these trenches a fortnight an' don't know w'ere we are? The red caps ought to give you a staff billet, son! Stan' up 'ere an' I'll show you suthin'. See that mine-shaft off to yer right with the camel's 'ump in it? That's Tower Bridge. Now look to yer left front. Them trenches leadin' out from the German line is the 'Ohenzollern Redoubt. We're 'oldin' the Redoubt 'arf

an' 'arf with Fritzie. There's 'Ulluch — off to yer right front. 'E's got that. We're keepin' 'im company on 'Ill Seventy. Now wot we got to do is this: smash a 'ole right through 'Ulluch, shove a couple o' 'unnerd thousand cavalry through the gap, an' wallop! we got 'em!'

'Don't talk so bloomin' ignorant! Ain't that just wot we been a-tryin'? Wot we got to do is go *'round* 'Ulluch. Tyke 'em in the rear an' from both sides.'

'W'y don't we get on with it? Wot's the sense o' givin' 'em a chanct to get dug in again? 'Ere we all but got 'em on the run an' the 'ole show stops!'

The further development of the big drive was the chief topic of conversation. The men dreaded it, but they were sincerely anxious to have it come, for they felt that now, if ever, was the chance to push the Germans out of France.

Meanwhile the daily battering of the trenches continued. When not on sentry-duty we were constantly at work with picks and shovels and sandbags, filling in holes, building up parapets, throwing out loose earth. Nearly all of the dug-outs were destroyed, and the men made rude shelters by scooping out hollows in the front wall of the trench. With waterproof sheets pegged up over the openings, these offered some protection from the weather, but they were veritable death-traps during bombardments. The weakened trench walls caved in under pressure of shell concussions, and men were often buried alive. But fatalistic Tommy was willing to take his chances of burial in return for a brief nap in comparative comfort; furthermore, no matter how many of his comrades may have been killed, every soldier believes that, somehow, he will escape.

Although his clothing was like a hardened mud-casing, his rifle and bayonet rusty, his ammunition clips gritty with dirt, one article of his equipment Tommy kept dry and clean and shining — his mouth-organ. A broken rifle was of no concern — another was easily obtainable; but a ruined mouth-organ was nothing short of a calamity. In England I regarded these little instruments with contempt. In France, I learned to value them at their true worth. As for Tommy, he has often remarked that high explosives and machine-guns and plenty of ammunition are highly important, 'but mouth-organs is wot's go'n' to win the war.' They were our one solace and delight. I can say in all seriousness that they saved many a man from losing his grip upon himself during moments when the strain of 'sitting tight' was almost unbearable.

Never did we have a quiet moment at Loos. There were many small engagements — nightly bombing affairs, some of them most desperate hand-to-hand contests for the possession of small sectors of trench. One of these I witnessed from an observation point sixty yards away. The advantage lay with us. The Germans had been driven out of all but the centre of the line and had to meet attacks from either end. However, they had a communication trench connecting with their second line, through which carrying parties brought them a limitless supply of bombs.

The game of pitch and toss over the barricades continued for several days without a decision. Orders then came for more decisive action. The barricades were to be destroyed and the Germans bombed out. In underground warfare of this sort the element of surprise can be counted on as a possibility. If one opponent can be suddenly overwhelmed with a heavy rain of bombs, the chances of success for the attacking party are decidedly favorable.

The action took place at dusk. Shortly before the hour set, the bombers, most of them boys in their early twenties, filed slowly along the trench, the pockets of their bombing-coats bulging with 'lemons' and 'cricket balls,' as the two most effective kinds of grenades are called. They went to their places with that spirit of dogged cheeriness which is the wonder and admiration of every one who knows Tommy Atkins intimately. Formerly, when I saw them in this mood, I thought, 'They don't realize. Men don't go out to meet death like this.' I know better now. They talked in excited undertones as they moved down the trench.

'Are we downhearted? Not likely, old son!'

' 'Ere! Tyke a feel o' this little puff-ball! Smack on old Fritzie's napper she goes!'

'I'm lookin' fer a nice blightey one. Four months in Brentford 'ospital an' me Christmas puddin' at 'ome.'

Then the barricades were blown up and the fight was on. A two-hundred-piece orchestra of blacksmiths, with sledge-hammers, beating kettle-drums the size of brewery vats, might have approximated, in quality and volume, the sound of the battle. The spectacular effect was quite different from that of a counter-attack across the open. We saw only lurid flashes of light issuing out of the ground as though a door to the infernal regions had been thrown jarringly open. The heavy cloud of smoke was shot through with red gleams. Men were running along the parapet hurling their bombs down into the trench. Now they were hidden by the smoke, now silhouetted against a glare of blinding light.

An hour passed and there was no change.

'More lemons! More cricket balls!'

Box after box, each containing a dozen grenades, was passed along the line from hand to hand, and still the urgent call for 'More bombs!'

'Fritzie's a tough old bird. 'E's dyin' game. You got to give it to 'im.'

The wounded, some cruelly hurt, were coming back in constant procession. One lad, his eyes covered with a bloody bandage, was led by another with a shattered hand.

'Poor old Tich! She went off right in 'is face! But you did yer bit, Tich! You ought to 'a' seen 'im, you blokes! *Was n't* 'e a lettin' 'em 'ave it!'

Another man hobbled past on one foot supporting himself against the side of the trench.

'Got a blightey one!' he said cheerily. 'So long, you lads! I'll be with you arter the 'olid'ys.'

'More lemons! More cricket balls! We got 'em on the run!'

One lad, his nerve gone, pushed his way frantically down the trench. He had 'funked it.' He was hysterical with fright, — crying in a dry shaking voice, —

'It's too 'orrible! I can't stand it! Blow you to bits, they do! Look at me! I'm slathered in blood! I can't stand it! They ain't *no* man can stand it!'

An unsympathetic Tommy kicked him savagely.

'Go 'ide yerself, you bloody little coward!'

'More lemons! More cricket balls!' and at last — victory! The Germans had been forced back and the Royal Engineers were building a new barricade at the farther end of the communication trench.

The work of the engineers, though less spectacular than that of the riflemen, was just as indispensable and quite as dangerous. They were a remarkably efficient corps. The moment a trench was captured they were on the spot with picks and shovels and sandbags, building up the battered parapets, clearing out the wreckage, remov-

ing the dead, while the infantrymen waited for the launching of the first counter-attack. On the night of the grenade battle just mentioned, the segment of trench captured had been blown to pieces by the explosions of thousands of bombs. Many dead and dying men were lying in the bottom of it, half covered in loose earth. The engineers worked quietly and skillfully. Within an hour they had removed the bodies and had put the trench into defensible condition. They were only available for this work immediately after the capture of a trench. All the subsequent clearing and rebuilding was done by the infantrymen themselves.

To us, impatiently waiting, came rumors of all degrees of absurdity. The enemy were massing on our right, on our left, on our immediate front. The division was to attack at dawn under cover of a hundred bomb-dropping battle-planes. Units of the new armies to the number of five hundred thousand were concentrated behind the line from La Bassée to Arras, and another tremendous drive was to be made in conjunction with the French. (As a matter of fact, we knew less of what was actually happening than did people in England and America.) Most of these reports came from the officers' servants, who gathered up scraps of information at the officers' mess dug-out, patched them together, added something of their own invention, and then passed them out to their willingly deceived comrades.

' 'Ere! My bloke was a-talkin' to Major Bradley this mornin' w'ile I was a-makin' 'is tea, an' 'e says —'

Then followed the thrilling narrative — a disclosure of official secrets, while groups of mud-incrusted Tommies listened with eager interest. 'Spreading the News' was a tragi-comedy enacted daily in the trenches.

However, we were not entirely in the dark. The signs which preceded an engagement were unmistakable. Toward the middle of October we all agreed that an important action was about to take place. Fifteen or twenty aeroplanes had been patrolling our front for hours. Several battalions (including our own, which was in reserve at Vermelles) were placed on bomb-carrying fatigue. As we went up to the firing line with our first load, we found all the support trenches filled with troops in fighting order.

We reached the first line just as the preliminary bombardment started. Scores of guns of all calibres were concentrating their fire on the enemy's trenches to the right of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. It is useless to attempt to depict what lay before me as I stood on a firing bench looking over toward the German line. I remember the words of a wounded soldier with whom I once talked in England. I had asked him to tell me what a heavy bombardment was like.

'You might as well ask an ant to describe an earthquake,' he said.

The trenches were hidden from view in a cloud of smoke and dirt. The earth was like a muddy sea dashed high in spray against hidden rocks. The men who were to lead the attack were standing, rifle in hand, waiting for the sudden cessation of fire which would be the signal for them to climb over the parapet. Bombers and bayonet-men alternated in series of two. The bombers wore the mediæval-looking shrapnel-proof helmets, and heavy canvas grenade coats with pockets for a dozen bombs. Their rifles were slung on their backs to give them the free use of their hands.

Every one was smoking — some calmly, some with short nervous puffs. It was interesting to watch the faces of the men. One could read almost to a certainty what was going on in their

minds. Some of them were thinking of all the terrible events so near at hand. They were imagining the horrors of the attack in detail. Others were unconcernedly intent upon adjusting a strap of their equipment, or rubbing their clips of ammunition with an oily rag. Several men were singing to a mouth-organ accompaniment. I saw their lips moving, but not a sound reached me above the din of the guns, although I was standing only a few yards distant. It was like an absurd pantomime.

As I watched them, the sense of the unreality of the whole thing swept over me more strongly than ever before. 'This can't be true,' I thought, 'I have never been a soldier. There is n't any European War.' I had the curious feeling that my body and brain were functioning quite apart from me. I was only a slow-witted, incredulous spectator, looking on with a stupid animal wonder. I have since learned that this feeling is rather common. A part of the mind works normally, and another part which seems one's essential self, refuses to assimilate and classify experiences so unusual, so different from anything in the catalogue of memory.

For two hours and a half the roar of guns continued. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had commenced. An officer near me shouted, 'Now, men, follow me!' and clambered over the parapet. There was no hesitation. In a moment the trench was empty, save for the bomb-carrying parties and an artillery observation officer who was jumping up and down on the firing bench, excitedly waving his stick and shouting, —

'Go it the Norfolks! *Go it the Norfolks!* My God! Is n't it fine! Is n't it splendid!'

There you have the British officer true to type. He is a sportsman, — next to taking part in a fight he loves to see one, — and he says 'is n't,' not 'ain't,' even under stress of the greatest excitement.

The German artillery, which had been reserving their fire, now poured forth a deluge of shrapnel. The sound of rifle-fire was scattered and ragged at first, but it increased steadily in volume. Then came 'the boiler factory chorus,' as Tommy calls it, the rattle of dozens of machine-guns. The bullets were flying over our heads like swarms of angry wasps. A ration-box board, which I held above the parapet, was struck by a bullet almost immediately. Fortunately for the artillery officer, a disrespectful N.C.O. pulled him down into the trench.

'There's no good o' throwin' yer life away, sir. You won't 'elp 'em over by barkin' at 'em.'

Within a few moments several lines of reserves filed into the front trench and went over the parapet in support of the first line, advancing with heads down like men bucking into the fury of a gale. We saw them only for an instant as they jumped to their feet outside the trench and rushed forward. Many were hit before they had passed through the gaps in our barbed wire. Those who were able crept back and were helped into the trench by comrades. I saw one man killed just as he was about to reach a place of safety. He lay on the parapet with his head and arms hanging down inside the trench. His face was that of a boy of twenty-one or twenty-two. I carry the memory of it with me to-day as vividly as when I left the trenches in November. It is one of a series of terrible pictures of which I would gladly be rid.

The battle continued until evening, when we received orders to move up to the firing line. We started at five o'clock, and although we had less than three miles to go we did not reach our trenches until four the next morning,

owing to the long stream of wounded which blocked the communication-trenches. We met small groups of prisoners under escort of proud and happy Tommies, who gave us greatly exaggerated accounts of the success of the attack. Some of them said that two more lines of German trenches had been captured; others declared that we had broken completely through and that the enemy were in full retreat. Upon arriving at our position we were convinced that at least one trench had been captured, but when we mounted our guns and peered cautiously over the parapet, the lights which we saw in the distance were the flashes of German rifles — not the street lamps of Berlin.

By the end of the month we had seen more of death and awful suffering than it is good for men to see in a lifetime. There were attacks and counter-attacks; hand-to-hand fights in communication trenches with bombs and bayonets; incessant bombardments; nightly burial parties. Heavy fighting continued throughout October, and daily I saw Tommy Atkins at his splendid best. He looked like a beast; he acted like a god. His body was the color of the sticky Flanders clay in which he lived, but his soul was clean and fine. I saw him rescuing wounded comrades, tending them in the trenches, encouraging and heartening them when he himself was discouraged and sick at heart.

'You're a-goin' 'ome, 'Arry! Blimy, think o' that! Back to old Blightey, an' the rest of us blokes 'as got to stick it out 'ere. Don't I wish I was you! Not 'arf!'

'You ain't bad 'urt. Strike me pink! You'll be righter 'n rain in a couple o' months. An' 'ere! Christmas in Blightey, son! S'y! I'll tyke yer busted shoulder if you'll give me the chanct!'

'They ain't nothin' they can't do fer you back at the base 'ospital. 'Member 'ow they fixed old Ginger up? You ain't caught it *'arf* as bad. Don't you worry, son!'

In England, before I knew Tommy for the man he is, I said to myself, 'How am I to endure living with him?' And now I am thinking, How am I to endure living without him; without the inspiration of his splendid courage; without the visible example of his cheery, unselfish devotion to his fellows? There were a few cowards and shirkers who failed wretchedly to live up to the standards set by their comrades. I remember the man of thirty-five or forty who lay whimpering in the trench when there was unpleasant work to be done, while boys half his age kicked him in a vain attempt to waken him to a sense of duty; but instances of sheer cowardice were rare. There were not enough of them to serve as a foil to the shining deeds which were of daily and hourly occurrence.

Tommy is sick of the war, — dead sick of it. He is weary of the interminable procession of comfortless nights and days. He is weary of the sight of maimed and bleeding men — of the awful suspense of waiting for death. In the words of his pathetic little song, he *does* 'want to go 'ome.' But there is that within him which says, 'Hold on!' He is a compound of cheery optimism and grim tenacity which makes him an incomparable fighting man.

The intimate picture of him which lingers most willingly in my mind is that which I carried with me from the trenches on the dreary November evening shortly before I bade him good-bye. It had been raining, sleeting, and snowing for a week. The trenches were knee-deep in water, in some places waist-deep — for the ground was as level as a floor and there was no possibility of drainage. We were wet through, and our legs were numb with the cold.

Near our gun position there was a hole in the trench where water had gathered four feet deep. A bridge of boards had been built over one side of this, but in the darkness a passer-by slipped and fell into the icy water up to his armpits.

'Now then, matey!' said an exasperating voice, 'bathin' in our private pool without a license?'

And another, ' 'Ere, son! This ain't a swimmin' bawth! That's our tea-water yer a-standing' in!'

The Tommy in the water must have been nearly frozen, but for a moment he made no effort to get out.

'One o' you fetch me a bit o' soap, will you?' he said coaxingly. 'You ain't a-go'n' to talk about tea-water to a bloke wot ain't 'ad a bawth in seven weeks?'

It is men of this stamp who have the fortunes of England in their keeping. Given the leadership they deserve, I would add *in their safe keeping.*

(*The End.*)

WAR AND DEBT

BY W. S. ROSSITER

The aggregate public indebtedness of the warring powers of Europe consists of two distinct classes of obligations. The first is the national debt which existed before the outbreak of hostilities, and which represented a century or more of accumulations; the second consists of war loans floated since the beginning of the present conflict. The interest charge upon the vast aggregate of these combined debts now forms a burden upon the nations concerned of two thousand three hundred millions of dollars each year. This is equivalent to an annual per-capita tax upon each inhabitant of about six dollars.

The debt which compels this crushing interest charge is thus a composite of old and new. If an Englishman, for example, could demand an itemized bill for his share of the interest on the British national debt, somewhat as we Americans receive our tax-bills, by items for roads, schools, state, city, and so forth, he would find such items as these: —

'To interest on remaining obligations incurred to suppress revolt of North American Colonies.

'To interest on debts contracted in the Continental Wars against the French and the Emperor Napoleon.'

And so on, through a score of smaller wars about the world, down to our own time and the present and greatest war of all.

Moreover, were the interest charge itemized for all the other nations, the unhappy tax-payer would be carried back in each instance to the days when wars were something more than trench-dwelling and asphyxiation — back at least as far in time as the charging hosts of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

Debts unpaid for more than a hun-

dred years (a period of general peace and prosperity) invite some skepticism concerning the prompt payment of larger debts recently contracted. Furthermore, the present conflict has been in progress less than two years. Should it extend into a third year, obligations already vast will continue to increase.

But if the nations cannot afford war, and yet month after month actually are making expenditures unfalteringly upon a scale much greater than that previously declared to be prohibitive, what losses have been incurred, and what debts are accumulating to be met in years to come?

Analysis of the cost of war is distinctly a modern undertaking. In 1872, shortly after the end of the Franco-Prussian war, Sir Robert Giffen prepared an exhaustive analysis of the direct and indirect costs of that conflict. He demonstrated that the war losses sustained by France aggregated $2,916,000,000, and that Germany made a net profit from the war over all direct and indirect costs of approximately nine hundred million dollars. These results undoubtedly have been influential in shaping the subsequent policy of each nation.

Direct and Indirect Cost of the War

Following in the footsteps of Sir Robert Giffen so far as method of procedure was concerned, Mr. Edgar Crammond of the Royal Statistical Society read a paper before that distinguished body in March last, presenting an exhaustive analysis of costs of the present war compiled with as great accuracy as conditions permitted up to that time, and projected forward to July 31, 1915, in order to cover a complete year. This analysis presented the direct and indirect costs of war for each of the leading nations involved; but in computing the indirect costs the English economist fell into the error of including the capitalized value of human life lost, without including on the other side, or as part of the national wealth, the capitalized value of all male workers. Obviously, such a partial comparison proves extremely misleading. According to the sounder view, money value of men forms no part of national wealth. The rather doubtful computation of the money value of human life, if used at all, is most effective when used independently.

According to the computation presented by Mr. Crammond, the direct and indirect cost of the war to July 31, 1915 (exclusive of the capitalized value of human life), was $36,039,000,000. This aggregate would naturally be increased by any excessive charges which occurred after Mr. Crammond prepared his paper and which he could not have foreseen. Such charges, for example, as those entailed by the German drive across Galicia and Poland and the wholesale destruction of property, fortresses, armaments, and munitions in the Russian border governments. At least two billions of dollars of additional loss must have been entailed by this campaign.

To the English statistician's total, also, should be added $1,158,000,000 for the outlay of Italy, and the gross sum of a half billion for the expenditures of smaller belligerents and the costs of neutral border nations, resulting in a grand total of expenditure and loss of $39,696,774,000, to August 1, 1915.

It is probable that, since July, expenditures for all the nations concerned have been steadily increasing. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking in September, estimated that the war debt of Great Britain would amount to $7,500,000,000 by April 1, 1916. In December it became evident

that this estimate was too low, and in February the aggregate of credits required to carry on the war to June 1, 1916, was raised to $10,410,000,000.

This illustrates the gathering volume of war costs and also the difficulties that attend attempts to measure war in the making. It seems reasonable, however, to conclude that the direct and some of the indirect loss to January 1, 1916, must have reached $55,000,000,000, and also that this total will have advanced to at least $80,000,000,000 by the end of the second year of war.

Should the capitalized value of human life be taken into account as a factor of cost (and it undoubtedly represents one element of cost of such consequence that the nations cannot easily replace it), it will be of interest to observe very briefly the probable expenditure thus far made.

In 1910 or 1911 the number of men within the age-groups of from 15 to 50 years in the nations at war was approximately 87,764,606. This aggregate included the defectives of all classes within the age-groups specified, estimated by one authority at 25 per cent. On the other hand, the return was for 1910 or 1911, so that allowance must be made for half a decade of increase. Permitting these two factors their accepted weight, the aggregate number of virile workers in 1916, regardless of war casualties, is 77,532,000. What is the average value of this vast group of men?

Sir Robert Giffen, whose computation of capitalized value of human life was offered in passing, as it were, — since he did not include the result in the total costs of the Franco-Prussian war, — computed the average earning power of each active male at £40, or about $200. Reckoning the present value of an annuity of £1 on a single life at the age of 25, he arrived at a valuation per worker of £600.

More recent writers discuss the value of human life from various standpoints, some arriving at the conclusion that workers are worth sums varying in different European countries from $1964 for a Russian to $4024 for an Englishman. Upon the basis of these figures, Mr. Crammond computed the aggregate value of human life lost to July 31, 1915, to be $11,475,000,000, or an average value of $2933 per man. If this valuation be applied to all the male workers of virile age in the six powers at war, specified above as numbering 77,532,000, it will appear that in 1914 the actual capitalized value of human life represented in the virile male element of the population was $227,401,356,000.

It is impossible to compute accurately the number of human lives that have been lost thus far in the present war, and the roll of death is being constantly increased. Large numbers of men will be dying daily from wounds and exposure for many months after war has given way to peace. A considerable period must therefore elapse after the close of the conflict before an accurate record can be made of the loss of life. If, by the end of the second year, mortality from all causes and incapacity from illnesses or wounds approximates 40 per cent, this would mean an aggregate loss by that date of 12,000,000 of men. Upon that assumption, the capitalized value of human life lost during two years of war would be $35,196,000,000, or nearly one sixth of the total valuation of all males of virile age in the nations concerned.

Increase of Debt from 1816 to 1914 in the Nations now at War

It is not, however, with indirect costs that we are here principally concerned, but rather with the growing public indebtedness of the nations at war. Since

the outbreak of hostilities, loans of immense sums have been secured by all the powers at frequent intervals. While it is possible to present with reasonable accuracy the amount of these obligations, it is clear that analysis of this rapidly increasing indebtedness would be assisted if some standard could be established by which to measure it.

To some degree events at the close of the Napoleonic period, a century ago, resemble those of our own time. Hence the debt conditions which prevailed at the earlier date possess some interest. The national debt in 1816 of the nations which are now at war was as follows:—

Country	National Debt [1]	Per Capita
Great Britain	$4,502,180,000	$224.00
Russia	765,000,000	17.00
Austria-Hungary	415,000,000	14.00
France	250,000,000	9.00
Italy	125,000,000	7.00
Germany	125,000,000	5.00
Total	$6,182,180,000	

[1] In 1816 or the nearest year for which figures are available.

The total here shown should in reality be $8,457,180,000, since at the outbreak of the French Revolution the heavy national debt of France, amounting to $2,275,000,000, had been practically all repudiated.

Principal significance attaches to the debt of Great Britain. It greatly exceeded the combined debts of the other powers, including the repudiated debt of France, indicating that for many years, both in victory and defeat, the British nation had borne the burden of financing the opposition to Napoleon.

In 1793 the national debt of the United Kingdom approximated more than $1,000,000,000. This sum represented the debts of the Marlborough campaigns in the reign of Queen Anne, those of the first two Georges, and the debt which had been incurred in connection with the American Revolution. To this aggregate the expenses of the Napoleonic wars added $3,007,501,715, resulting in 1816 in the great aggregate indebtedness shown above.

According to a computation recently made by Sir George Paish, the national wealth of Great Britain in 1816 was approximately $12,500,000,000. Hence the public debt was equivalent to about one third of the national resources; or, expressed in per-capita terms, the wealth was $625, and the indebtedness $224.

In 1914, the national wealth of Great Britain was $88,000,000,000, a seven- or eight-fold increase in a century. This represents a per capita of slightly more than $1800. Consequently, if the proportion of debt to wealth which existed in 1816 should be reached by the end of this war, the debt per capita might amount to $654, representing an aggregate British national debt of $30,476,000,000, and still debt and wealth would apparently bear the same relation which they bore in 1816.

Yet it does not follow that Great Britain, having carried a debt equal to one third of the national wealth in 1816, can duplicate this achievement in 1916. National wealth has greatly augmented, and it is therefore possible to increase the per-capita burden of debt; however, the extent to which the increase can be carried is another matter.

In our own time national resources comprise many classes of wealth which did not exist in 1816. In the total for the latter year practically everything considered as wealth possessed some form of negotiable value, since wealth was composed of land, houses, cattle, or the property in daily use. Few public improvements existed in 1816, but the grand total of British wealth in 1916 naturally includes all public and

transportation improvements, which have been effected during the past century upon a great scale. Hence much of the wealth so confidently referred to by English economists as the basis for enormous loans is in reality of a type which could yield no returns whatever. This statement applies with equal force to the wealth of all other nations.

When the United Kingdom emerged from the wars which finally destroyed the French Empire, unprecedented debt was the penalty of victory. The nation, however, was on the verge of an era of unexampled industrial expansion. It is perhaps not extreme to say that no other single piece of good fortune comparable with this ever came to the British nation. In the great industrial movement of the period, ushered in by the application of steam to manufacturing and transportation, Great Britain took the lead, and wealth increased by leaps and bounds. Within a short time the accumulated capital of the nation became so great that it easily bore the colossal indebtedness which had culminated with the close of the Napoleonic period. The government even began to make payments upon some of the obligations not 'permanent.'

It cannot be expected that the British nation will be able in our time to duplicate this piece of extreme good fortune. No revolutionary expansion of resources is likely to follow the conclusion of the present war. Great Britain, indeed, will find it difficult merely to retain undiminished the great volume of trade previously secured. The other powers engaged in this war are similarly situated. Hence the debts which Great Britain and the other warring nations are assuming in such vast amounts, undoubtedly will prove for a long period embarrassing and persistent burdens.

Since 1816, the increase of population in all the nations here considered has been so great that, had the per-capita indebtedness remained the same in 1914 as that which existed in 1816, a very large absolute increase in debt would have resulted.

It will be worth while to determine what the debt in 1914 would have been on the 1816 basis, since the computation incidentally affords one means of measuring the magnitude and hence the burden of indebtedness actually existing on the eve of the present war.

Country	Debt as it would have been in 1914 on the 1816 per capita	Actual Debt in 1914	Per Capita
Great Britain	$10,438,400,000	$3,192,448,463	$68
Russia	2,136,626,521	4,592,700,000	36
Austria-Hungary	711,354,000	3,790,800,000	75
France	3,422,800,000 [1]	4,932,900,000	124
Italy	249,184,488	2,536,920,000	61
Germany	339,060,000	4,860,000,000	72
Total	$17,297,445,009	$23,905,768,463	$65

[1] Per-capita base includes debt repudiated in 1793.

The total indebtedness of Germany, Italy, Austria, France, Great Britain, and Russia in 1914, if computed on the basis of the 1816 per capita, thus would have been less than the actual indebtedness by about one third.

The aggregate national wealth of the six powers and Belgium amounted in 1914 to $378,000,000,000. If it be admitted that wealth increased during the century in all the other nations of this group in about the same proportion as that estimated by Sir George Paish for the United Kingdom, the aggregate wealth in 1816 of all six powers must have amounted approximately to $60,000,000,000. During the century, therefore, while population was increasing to two and a half times that existing in 1816, national wealth was increasing about sixfold. Hence some increase in the proportion of national indebtedness was to have been expected.

The proportionate weight or percentage of the total indebtedness formed in

1914 by the debt of each nation would, if computed on the basis of the per-capita debts of the nations in 1816 as compared with the actual proportionate weight or percentage, be as follows:

WEIGHT OR PROPORTION OF DEBT, SCALE OF 100

Nation	If computed on proportion existing in 1816	Actual
Great Britain	61	13
Russia	12	19
Austria-Hungary	4	16
France	20	21
Italy	1	11
Germany	2	20
	100	100

Inspection of these proportions tempts one to believe that the burden of indebtedness accumulated by the French kings and repudiated in the Revolution of 1793 represented after all nearly the normal proportion of indebtedness desired by the nation, since after one hundred years the proportion reached by including the repudiated debt has reappeared. In general, however, the change has been toward a rather significant uniformity, suggesting that the exceptional conditions represented by the lead of Great Britain in expenditure during the early period have disappeared. It should not be overlooked that the increase of absolute indebtedness during the century by all nations except Great Britain compels reckoning the debts existing in 1816 as still theoretically unpaid in 1914. In the case of Great Britain the early debt was reduced one third; but after the lapse of one hundred generally peaceful and singularly prosperous years, there still remains unpaid the equivalent of half the cost of attempting to conquer the American Colonies, and of all the debt incurred to finance the campaigns against Napoleon.

Five of the six powers now at war began the century of peace with relatively small indebtedness; but on July 1, 1914, their aggregate debt was nearly thirteen times larger than that which existed in 1816. The rate of increase in debt in these nations was nearly twice that of national wealth.

Consideration of the debt conditions prevailing at the close of the Napoleonic period, in comparison with those existing after the passage of about one hundred years, has thus resulted in the establishment of certain standards which permit some measurement, far from satisfactory though it be, of the war debts and aggregate indebtedness into which the powers engaged in this conflict are plunging.

War Debts and Aggregate Indebtedness

According to the London *Economist* and other authorities worthy of consideration, obligations contracted by the hostile powers to provide nearly to the end of the second year for expenditures connected with the war, appear to be as follows:—

WAR LOANS OF NATIONS AT WAR, MARCH 15, 1916

Country	Amount	Unit[1]	Dollars
Germany	34,681,000,000	Mark	$8,254,078,000[2]
Great Britain	1,662,600,000	£	8,077,320,000
France	40,576,827,566	Franc	7,425,559,444
Austria-Hungary	524,200,000	£	2,547,500,000
Russia	8,073,000,000	Rouble	4,117,533,110
Italy	8,212,000,000	Lira	1,478,160,000
Total			$31,900,150,554

[1] Custom House standard: £ 4.86; Mark .238; Franc .183; Rouble .51; Lira .18.

[2] The first German loan realized 4,460 millions of marks, the second 9,060, the third 12,101. The fourth loan is now in process of flotation, and although the amount realized is unknown, it is an important factor of indebtedness. In the German debt here given the fourth loan is included as approximating the second — 9,060 millions of marks.

In the short space of less than two years the great powers of Europe now at war have contracted obligations one third greater than the aggregate of their indebtedness before the conflict began; yet the latter obligations had

been accumulating for more than a hundred years. The earlier debts and recent war debts must be considered by each nation merely as parts of total liability. As such this result appears:

AGGREGATE NATIONAL DEBTS OF NATIONS AT WAR, 1916

Country	Debt	Per capita
Germany	$13,114,078,000	192
France	12,358,459,444	310
Great Britain	11,269,768,463	242
Russia	8,710,233,110	61[1]
Austria-Hungary	6,338,300,000	124
Italy	4,015,080,000	113
Belgium	825,518,000	106
Total	$56,631,437,017	Average 145

[1] Base employed is population of Russia in Europe.

The appalling aggregate of indebtedness is clearly suggested by the per-capita obligation. That of Great Britain already exceeds the high per capita of 1816.

One further step is required to complete the analysis of aggregate obligations: —

WEIGHT OF THE WAR AND TOTAL INDEBTEDNESS ON SCALE OF 100

Country	WEIGHT OF DEBT War Debt	Aggregate Debt
Germany	26	23
Great Britain	25	20
France	23	22
Austria-Hungary	8	11
Russia	13	16
Italy	5	7
Belgium		1
Total	100	100

The intensity of the struggle between Germany and Great Britain and France is suggested by the similarity of per-capita debt and the proportion of debt which they are carrying.

It is difficult to believe that expenditure can continue at the present rate much beyond the end of the second year of the war. Should it do so, a third year would add approximately $40,000,000,000 to the war costs of $80,000,000,000 already accumulated, or $120,000,000,000 in all. This is equivalent to one third of all computed national wealth in those nations, and probably represents fully half of all wealth capable of 'mobilization.' We are not now able to think beyond such figures.

The belief has been held rather generally that the costliness of modern war was likely to be the best guarantee of peace. Theoretically this argument is sound; but the fact that it was swept away in 1914 proves that when conditions are ripe for war no other considerations avail. In crises, nations rush into expenditure much as a poor man employs nurses and specialists regardless of cost when disease threatens the life of some one dear to him. That he mortgages his future is immaterial in the face of emergency.

From this analysis it is at least clear that costliness has neither prevented nor limited this war. Consequently the theory of the preventive influence of expense must be abandoned. Furthermore, wise men will not place too much reliance upon the possibility of educating or persuading the nations toward the pacific settlement of their difficulties.

There remains but one factor likely to exert an effective influence in the future against war. It is a new factor and possibly it may prove to be important. War has become too scientific. The romance and the appeal to instinct have both been eliminated. It takes long to wipe out the age-old conception of war — with its beating drums, clash of arms, marching hosts, and survival of the strongest. Yet this conception relates to a past age. When it is once realized that war has become a mere operation of innumerable machines upon the earth and in the clouds

against unseen foes; that it is an affair of burrowing in the earth to escape explosion and strangulation, and that it means ultimate destruction without reference to physical strength, instinct may revolt, and men are likely to refuse to become merely the victims of a science.

Finally, as the indebtedness of the warring powers becomes greater, the more hopeless may become the possibility of payment. The mere burden of interest, indeed, under easily developed conditions, might prove a source of actual revolution. There are, in fact, grave possibilities, for it is clear that an indebtedness of over $50,000,000,000 cannot be materially increased without becoming a menace. This war may leave Europe lean, hungry, and desperate, with industrial life interrupted or destroyed, and millions of armed men unemployed. Across the ocean lie the United States, with national wealth of nearly $200,000,000,000, which has been actually increased by the disasters in Europe.

The attempt of a desperate man to take by force is not unusual. Might not such an attempt be made by desperate nations, even in the twentieth century?

FROM A SERBIAN DIARY

BY WEBSTER WRIGHT EATON

LADY PAGET'S HOSPITAL,
SKOPLJE (USKUB), SERBIA

Sunday, October 17, 1915. — Just now we are on the move. The feverish work of moving the whole hospital, stores and all, is in progress, and under the conditions we have our hands full! We have heard from General Popovitz, in command of the troops in south Serbia, that the Bulgarians will probably reach us by Tuesday (October 19). Some of our people have already left, and I sent out thirty ox-carts loaded with stores this evening.

But to begin at the beginning. Last Wednesday night — October 13 — we were told that two hundred and fifty wounded were coming in from the North, and we spent all day getting ready for them. They were due some time in the night — nobody could say just when. At four o'clock Thursday morning we were awakened by an orderly who brought us word from one of the night Sisters to get up at once. She sent us over some hot tea, — most welcome it was, too, — and we dressed by lamp-light and rushed out into the pouring rain.

There are three bathrooms in three different buildings, and I had charge of one. Mine was to receive the stretcher cases. The men had to be given hot soup, undressed, their clothes listed and done up into bundles for the disinfector, their hair clipped; then they were to be given baths in warm water, dressed in clean shirts and socks, and, after their wounds were dressed, they had to be carried to bed in the proper building and ward.

I got to my bathroom before dawn

and had the fires started and all in readiness for the arrival of the wounded. Of course, when a hospital train arrives the wounded are all thrown on our hands at once and the whole staff works on receiving them. My room was about thirty by twenty feet. In one corner was the dressing-table for two doctors and nurses; in another, two bathtubs with four men to do the washing; in another, two Serbs were stationed to list the soldiers' clothes and take the men's names and make bundles of the clothes and mark them. Two men helped undress the wounded; one Sister and two helpers served bread and hot soup. Four men did nothing but carry dirty water out and fresh water in. One man tended the fires outside, two others brought the wounded in from the ambulances and *fiacres*, and four more carried the stretchers to the wards. Such was our organization.

Outside, the mud was a foot deep and the rain was coming down in a steady drenching downpour. The wounded began arriving about six, in the cold light of dawn. Soon my bathroom and the three other rooms were crowded to overflowing. I thought that they would never stop coming. The air was frightful. The men had been on the road a whole week since battle, with nothing but their first-aid dressings, and the poor devils smelled to heaven. They were so happy to get clean night-shirts, white yarn socks and dressing-gowns!

There were few really serious cases, but we had many shrapnel wounds to dress. They were very brave and uncomplaining. A few moaned and groaned most pitifully, but only a few. For two hours there was a continuous stream of them; there was not an inch of floor space to spare. But it was wonderful to see their beaming faces and to hear their sighs of joy as they sank into clean white beds in spotless, cheerful wards — at rest at last! Every man was bathed, dressed, and in bed by nine-thirty. The whole staff here consider this a remarkable record. The room was a perfect wreck afterwards, and I had just time to get some breakfast and have the mess cleaned up before forty more wounded arrived.

From dawn till twelve o'clock I had been at it, when I was called away to go down town to do errands for the chancery. There I saw a company of smart, trim soldiers marching off to the Bulgarian front, in striking contrast to their wounded, broken comrades from the North. I also learned in the town that the German-Austrian army was advancing steadily — the Bulgarians were then fighting all along the frontier — and that the French had not arrived from Salonica.

The rain poured down steadily, and while driving home alone I had time to think a bit, at last, and to mourn the fate of poor little Serbia. Is it to be a second Belgium, I wonder? My clothes still reeked of dirty steam, and the odor of blood and sweat, which I had not noticed all morning, suddenly became almost overpowering in memory. During the work I had been too busy and preoccupied to feel either sympathy or repulsion, and I only remember being very cool and business-like, bossing the *bolnitchars* about, to make them work fast, and lending a hand here and there whenever needed. But in this moment of first reaction I recalled the cries of each man: how a young boy laughed in pain, how another gritted his teeth.

At breakfast that morning I had met a lady and gentleman who had just arrived as refugees from the English 'Naval Mission' at Belgrade. Their description of the battle at Belgrade, with the massacres and the horror, came back to me on that lonely drive in all its terrible detail. They had told me of machine-guns crashing in the

very streets, — of shells dropping on crowds of civilians at the railway station. Part of the American Hospital was destroyed and Dr. Ryan made prisoner. Wounded soldiers and civilians lay unaided in the streets; artillery charged through huddled masses of people. It was all simply beyond belief.

After lunch we all had hot baths and went to bed for a luxurious sleep, reappearing at dinner in clean clothes, fresh and fit again. There we learned of the second fall of Pansurevatz and of the cutting of all wires and communications between north and south Serbia, which prevented Popovitz getting word through for more troops. The news was burst upon us like a bomb by Lady Paget herself, who came in late for dinner from a conference with the general. She was a-quiver with excitement. She announced that she was going to Gievgelli and Salonica to use all her influence and powers of persuasion to fetch up the allied troops. The general gave her a special train, telling her that if *she* could not bring the troops, no one could. The prevailing feeling is that if the troops do not come Serbia will be sacrificed, and the war with Bulgaria, with all the pent-up hatred which exists between the two countries, will become a complete horror.

On Lady Paget's train we sent down three wounded English marines who had arrived from Belgrade that day and a number of refugees from English units in the north. But Lady Paget must come back alone, and she may be under fire near Strumitza, where the railroad runs only eight miles from the Bulgarian frontier. She left in the pouring rain, on a moment's notice. I ran back for her lorgnette and her passports. Just as she started, while the engine of her car was pounding, she leaned out and called to us, 'Good-bye, children, God bless you!' You may imagine how fervently we replied, 'God bless *you!*' She is a dauntless — a wonderful woman!

To-day we hear there is little chance of her quest succeeding. The Bulgarians will surely be here by Tuesday, and the hospital is to be moved to Pristina, although it is my private opinion we shall not get away in time. For my part, I don't care; but I do think the Sisters ought to go to-night instead of to-morrow night. There are practically no Serbian troops in this part of the country to stop the Bulgarian advance; and although the Allies have declared war on Bulgaria at last, they can hardly hope to save Skoplje now. We are all tremendously excited.

October 18. — The order has come to-day from the Serbian General Popovitz and from Dr. Maitland, director of this hospital, to pack up and evacuate for Pristina. Last night (Sunday) we sent off thirty ox-carts of supplies to the station. Early this morning three of the staff and ten of the Austrian prisoners, with one interpreter, went to Pristina to pick a site for a new hospital and get things ready for us. The main part of the staff is not to go for two days. We got up at four this morning and motored some of our people with luggage and more supplies to the train. Crowds of civilians were leaving Uskub in wildest panic. The station was one howling mass of Serbians fleeing from the enemy, and the train was jammed.

When we returned for breakfast we found that no one knew when we were to go, so I decided to try to make up some sleep. No sooner had I got to bed than I was called up and informed that the entire hospital was to be packed up to leave by night. We spent the whole day working like mad, sewing up mattresses and blankets in bales, taking down beds, and packing everything

possible. At three all the Austrian prisoners were lined up and told off. We were to take only fifty of the best-trained and most useful of them, and the rest were to be marched off to avoid recapture. The funny part of it was that they were all scared to death of the Bulgars, and when, after dinner, they were marched off, there were wails of adieu and much handshaking with the Serbs who had been their masters. By night not a chair or bed, blanket or wash-bowl was left in our rooms. All through our scrappy dinner the sound of big guns seemed to grow nearer.

About ten o'clock the train arrived from Salonica with Lady Paget, under escort of an English sergeant. She was dead tired but brave as ever. At eleven the entire staff was called in to a consultation, which was timely enough, as we had nothing to sleep on anyway. Lady Paget announced that it was impossible for the hospital to move. No trains were running to take our stores, no carts to take supplies. Every one in Serbia was rushing to Pristina. If we went we could take only hand-luggage, and we could not run a hospital without stores, supplies, and instruments! And food? We should only starve there! By staying, we could fill our hospital with the bad cases from other hospitals in town which were being evacuated; we could give courage and support to the people of the town who could not flee. We must stick by the ship!

Then came a hot argument as to whether the Sisters should leave us. Lady Paget is personally responsible for their safety and will have to bear the blame if harm comes to them. The last train to Salonica is to leave tomorrow night — Tuesday; reports of Bulgarian atrocities are rampant and there is no hope of French or English aid from Salonica. Lady Paget had met only rebuffs from the commander there. We could only trust to Heaven and the Hague Convention not to be murdered. But the Sisters protested against going. They were all quite ready to die if necessary, and stay they would. Finally Lady Paget called for a vote from the men. To my astonishment the majority voted to let them remain. Then Lady Paget at last gave her consent, knowing that if anything happened, she, and she alone, would be held responsible. Her decision was greeted with ringing applause.

It was half-past two when this momentous meeting broke up. Then we had to unpack mattresses, bedding, and all our stuff. And since our bolnitchars had been marched off (and we absolutely needed them to run the hospital), Lady Paget dashed off at that ghastly hour in a motor to the general to secure an order for them to return. A car was sent out along the Tetavoe Road and soon caught up with the several thousand Austrians as they marched along under guard through the night. Our special three hundred were picked out, faced about, and marched back. In the meantime, we are finishing the night by sending wires to the party at Pristina, informing them of our decision to stay and ordering them back.

Friday, October 22. — The three days since I last wrote have been a succession of nightmares. With the continual booming of guns in the distance, we worked furiously to get the hospital to rights again. Every Serb who could possibly walk was discharged, clothed, and sent off. The worst cases from all other hospitals in town were taken in. Stores were brought up by the carload from other hospitals. We threw things out of the very windows to the Serbian troops who were retreating because Skoplje was not to be defended. By Wednesday and Thursday every

one who could leave had left headlong. There were no trains. All day and all night the refugees streamed past the hospital. Such a strange, heart-breaking sight! Thursday two Turks were shot down in the streets; Dr. Cornelius and I, on our way down to get some wounded men at another hospital, just stopped a third murder.

To-day about eleven o'clock the battle broke just outside the town, behind a low ridge of hills. It was only a rear-guard action on the part of the Serbs, but it was exciting enough for us. We stood on the hill watching the Serb batteries firing away and the Bulgarian shrapnel bursting over the town. Soon the rifles began to speak, and for three hours they kept up a tremendous crackling, just like an immense fire. The shells sang in flight above us and burst loudly over the city, doing little or no harm. Shrapnel growled in air and burst loud and low. Several exploded over our grounds and not a few spent bullets fell among us, but no one was hit.

Two of our boys (lucky devils!) went out in a Ford car with a commission to meet the Bulgarians, not expecting a battle to take place at all. But when they got between the Serbs and Bulgars the fight began, and they spent three hours in a ditch, bullets kicking up mud in their faces and shrapnel bursting above and about them. It is a wonder they got out alive, but they were n't hit once. The cars, although flying American and white flags, were hit in several places and my little silk American flag was shot away.

All during the battle the Serbs came stringing in on foot and on horse, wounded. Some we dressed and sent on their way, some we held. We were kept busy in the bathrooms attending to them. Once I jumped into a car and dashed off to pick up a soldier reported lying by the roadside near town, too badly wounded to walk. Several shrapnel shells burst alarmingly close; one went off right over us, but no harm was done and I got safely back with my moaning quarry. The Serbs began retreating from their positions about two o'clock and came streaming through our grounds. Some snatched coffee or articles of warm clothing from the eager hands of the Sisters as they passed through. The shells and shrapnel followed the Serbs, and not a few burst right above the hospital, with its fluttering Red-Cross flags and the Stars and Stripes floating above the laboratory of our two famous American doctors. The rifle-fire kept up till after four o'clock, when the last squad of Serbian *gendarmerie* rode through.

Then all the Serbs had gone and there was a period of breathless waiting to receive the enemy. During the interlude, groups of lanky Turks, trailing rifles, sneaked about our grounds to loot, but they retired when commanded to do so by Dr. Maitland. Then rose the cry, 'Here come the Bulgars!' All the Austrians rushed out to greet the *comitaji* — the men who rob and raid and terrorize. The first of these was a wild-looking fellow, armed to the teeth, with snapping black eyes and a frightful moustache. He came up the terrace toward the hospital breathless and grinning, trailing a rifle and waving a pistol. Suddenly he tucked this in his belt and began shaking hands all around and greeting the Austrians as 'brothers' in a sort of breathless haste. Then Dr. Maitland, with his elegant yellow gloves and correct monocle, hurried out of the hospital, and he and the Terror shook hands amid roars of laughter and cheers. More Bulgars came along and our reception continued. An officer sent up a guard for the hospital. The autos with our boys returned, not only with every one safe and sound, but deco-

rated with flowers and loaded with wounded Bulgars. We cheered the boys and rushed the Bulgars into beds. In the town all bells were ringing, whistles blowing, cheers rising to Heaven, and guns going off in the air. It was the most absurdly delightful anti-climax to our fearful anticipations — quite like the last act of a comic opera.

We took down from the bathroom windows the barricades which had been put there to keep out stray bullets, and went down to late tea — that inevitable function which upholds the Englishman's sense of form through tragedy and disturbance of any kind. Afterwards I went down town to get some wounded from another hospital, and an exciting trip it was! Every one shouted, 'Viva America! Viva Engleski!' We went to the hospital and found it crammed to the corridors with the wounded. There was an argument about giving them up, but it ended in more being sent than we had room for in the car, so my companion and I were left to walk. However, we collared an official, got a fiacre, and drove off with loudly jingling bells — two mounted Bulgarian guards riding in front of us, one at each side and one behind. We made a great clatter through the dark, empty streets. At one corner six men stood up in a row and shouted, 'Viva Bulgaria!' We stopped to call on the commandant, but found he had not arrived yet; indeed, few soldiers have arrived and the city is still without a head. All is quiet to-night for the first time in days. We returned to a good hot dinner, which we ate in peace after the turbulence of this day — the most eventful one of my life.

December 17. — My head reels to think of all the things I have to tell. It has been useless to write letters full of news, and I am scribbling this rapidly because I have a chance to send it by private care to escape the censorship. You see we are not prisoners. This is because of the ruling of the Hague Convention. We stayed of our own accord when we might have run away. Because of the service Lady Paget's hospital has rendered to Bulgars and Austrians as well as to Serbs, we are absolutely free here in Uskub, and are treated with the utmost courtesy by the 'foe.' Every general and commandant comes in to pay his respects to Lady Paget. Prince Windischgrätz of Austria called to 'express his thanks and offer his services.' The Queen of Bulgaria cabled her appreciation, and backed it by a gift of 5000 francs.

Bulgarians like England and remember that Gladstone did more to help them win their freedom than any other man. We have about six hundred Bulgarian patients now, and hundreds have already passed through our hands. Everything is being done to expedite our journey back to England, and as soon as trains are running the staff will be replaced by Bulgarian doctors and nurses, for Lady Paget's magnificent career of service to English and Serbians at Uskub is, of course, now at an end.

But to return to my narrative: the day after the battle we motored out to the Bulgars' field-hospital and brought in all their wounded. They had heavy losses for such a small fight, and the Serbs had very few. For days and days we heard the sound of big guns, and the wounded kept arriving in ox-carts from north, west, and south. Such wounds! The men from the French front had the most terrible ones. We all worked day and night until we were finally filled up with 'heavy' cases. Then the guns ceased to be heard, and one day the King of Bulgaria motored through Uskub, where his car became ingloriously stuck. He tossed twenty-franc notes to the Austrians who pushed

it out of the mud. To our joy, the skies cleared and we had days of snow and cold, crisp weather when riding horseback was a joy. Refugees came pouring in to Uskub from all sides and Serbs came trooping back as prisoners. Poor, dirty, bedraggled fellows, who had marched off so trim and brave to fight a hopeless fight! News leaks in that all is over for Serbia, and I fear this is true.

Then, about two weeks ago, the Germans came. They are very cold and haughty when we meet them by day, but at night we hear them singing most gloriously. We pass them everywhere here and in the town, especially in the 'cake-shops,' and although the officers sometimes salute us, they are always overbearing in manner. They were here in force for a time, coming after Serbia was 'finished,' to order the Bulgarians about. For four days Uskub had about a hundred thousand troops in it, Bulgarians and Germans and a few Austrians.

The Germans don't seem to like the way in which the English and Americans are saluted and bowed-down to on all sides by our friendly and honorable enemies. I have seen enough gray-green uniforms and spiked helmets to last my life-time. One poor little eighteen-year-old German lad from Munich grew friendly. He said he was sick of the war, and no wonder: he had spent months on the Russian front in water up to his waist. At home, in Munich, he had worked in a library. In talking with me he threw light on German methods. He could n't comprehend why England had n't made peace. It was all up with Serbia and Montenegro; what was there left to fight for? 'And,' he said, 'is n't it true that *we* [the Germans] took Uskub, and not the Bulgarians? We were told that the Germans had taken it; now we come here and the people tell us the Bulgarians took it. You were here. Is that so?' Indeed, although Bulgaria alone conquered all this territory, the Germans behave quite as if it were theirs by right.

It was a great sight seeing the armies march through. Masses of soldiers, horses, pack-trains, artillery, filed past, all day and all night, one endless stream of weary, dirty men, with their horses steaming in the cold dampness. Line upon line they came, as far as eye could see across the snowy plains. Each regiment had a band which played as they marched. The town was a great sight. Every street was simply packed with men as solidly as a theatre lobby after the play.

I do like the Bulgars. They are the most wonderful 'fighting-material' I've seen. They are big, hardy lads, good-humored, great-hearted, kindly. They have behaved splendidly, treating everyone well, paying full price for everything they take, and committing no vandalism — much less, atrocities. Some of their officers are charming and all are polite and well-meaning. They have not the *élan* of the Serbs; they are not so impulsive, not so attractive, and seem heavier and slower. I speak only of the people as typified by the soldiers of the line. The government has, of course, done its worst in crushing helpless Serbia.

The suffering of the civil population here is unspeakable. Lady Paget has clothed and fed thousands. Now that flour has given out, the people receive money and clothes, and come up three times a week to be given aid. Such stories as we get! Such untold misery! Every one here has been reduced to dire poverty, and in other towns large numbers are dying for lack of food and warmth. There is no typhus here, but there is danger of it if the Germans do not improve their methods of sanitation, which are far more careless than

those of the Serbs and Bulgars ever were. Some of our Austrian bolnitchars have gone home. They have to walk some thirty or forty miles between railroads. We have Serb prisoners now in their places at the hospital. The Austrians are extremely kind to the Serbs, teaching them with great consideration and patience. We find all the Austrians except the German and Magyar element very courteous, and have nothing but admiration and friendship for them. It is my conviction that they don't love the 'Iron Heel' any more than the Bulgarians.

It is remarkable that almost every day since I have been in Serbia I have met a new man who has been in America. They all curse the day they left our land. Such encounters demonstrate how close a connection America has with this war, after all.

Now that war is over in Serbia (or Bulgaria, rather), our life has returned to its normal routine. We have a cosy common-room, where, when off duty, we gather for bridge or a little music on a tinny piano. The men of the hospital are charming, but of course the striking personality of our group is Lady Paget. From dawn till long after dark each day she works indefatigably, and keeps brave and cheerful even though she has no news of her husband, who fled through Albania and Montenegro. Her mind, her spirit, and her moral force are an inspiration to all of us. Last year she saved the lives of hundreds of Serbians and Austrians; this year, of thousands, and the lives of her staff as well.

We feel that all hope for poor little Serbia is gone. Such a friendly, beautiful land, with its child-like people! Why should so unassuming a little nation be wantonly destroyed? It is tragic beyond words. But with all the sorrow, hardship, and disappointment we have seen and lived through, this service in Lady Paget's hospital unit will always remain a wonderful, supreme experience to us all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHEN YOU BREAK YOUR NECK

One day the chauffeur drove the motor violently over a thank-you-ma'am, and hurled me against the top of the car. It was a very hard top. Something snapped.

'You've broken my neck,' I remarked indignantly to the chauffeur.

He regarded it as a figure of speech, and apologized perfunctorily.

I could n't get anybody to take the slightest interest. As soon as I finished telling the sad tale to any friend or relative, my confidant instantly forgot it. Every time I tried to drink a glass of water, and found I could n't bend my head back, I called public attention to the fact, but the public remained cold.

I was anxious to exploit my curious sensations.

'Something grates in my neck when I chew my food,' I explained.

But though the fact was thrilling to me, it seemed to lack the punch. I could n't reach my audience.

I had a facial massage and the mas-

seuse ran her little vacuum cup over the back of my neck. I squirmed. She did it several times.

'You don't seem to like it,' she remarked politely.

I did n't. I felt as if my neck were a bag of loose bones vigorously shaken. When I told my relatives, they said I had probably caught cold.

Whether this lack of appreciation galled me, or for other reasons, I became irritable.

Mother thought I needed more outdoor exercise. If I did walk five miles some days, I did n't do it every day. Once in her early youth she had walked five miles before breakfast, and thereby established a permanent supremacy. Exercise was the thing.

An aunt said doubtless I ate food that disagreed with me.

The attitude of my friends was exemplified by a woman who wanted me to join a dancing-class. I objected that the doctor advised me not to fox-trot.

'Darling, don't you think you're a bit of a hypochondriac?' she remonstrated.

I concluded that I was, and learned to fox-trot.

In time I established a *modus vivendi* under the terms of which I slept on a down pillow, and bought only Paris hats, because they are light in weight, and never did anything fatiguing I did n't want to.

And nothing further would ever have been done. But the great physician came to visit me, like the King of Spain's daughter in the song.

Of course he, like the rest, discovered that I was a cross-patch. By this time I had left off trying to interest an indifferent world in my unnatural neck. But he began to inquire. Grateful, I poured a garrulous tale in his ear.

He listened. Then with feathers and ice and other incongruous apparatus he investigated my sensory nerves. I felt like the patient in the Hunting of the Snark: —

> They roused him with muffins — they roused him with ice —
> They roused him with mustard and cress —
> They roused him with jam and judicious advice —
> They set him conundrums to guess.

All my deceitful nerves scrambled to work, and put up a good front, reacted perfectly. I could see the great physician did n't think I knew what I was talking about. 'Hypochondriac!' I perceived him endorsing the hated label to my name. I was dreadfully ashamed.

I apologized for my visions. He was non-committal, and advised violet rays.

So for a year, whenever I happened to think of it, I had violet rays. They are like soda-water in your spine, and decidedly pleasant.

After a year, the great physician reappeared. And again he declared me irritable. This I can hardly believe, because if anybody in this world is altogether dear and ingratiating with his friends, it is the great physician. I should have said that my delight at seeing him, combined with my best company manners, must have made me absolutely sugary.

But it seemed he was alarmed at my temper. And he renewed an old suggestion of a skiagraph.

One difference between a great physician and an ordinary one is that what he makes up his mind to inevitably takes place. The apathetic relatives were transformed. They gave me no peace. They drew fair pictures of a Röntgenologist restoring me to a state half-way between Jess Willard and Helen of Troy. The great physician made inexorable plans, and I was ordered to New York. With studied bravado I left the fatal chauffeur at

home, and drove myself the hundred and sixty miles in an eight-hour day.

The Röntgenologist — how I dote on that name! — dwells in a kind of labyrinth or catacomb, from whose depth he emerges only to greet fixed stars like the great physician. If you come with your own humble family doctor, you may never see his haughty face. Me he mistook for a person of eminence on account of my distinguished companion.

'I might say I never assist with the actual photography, except in a case like this,' he observed gracefully to my escort.

His bailiffs — two severe young women in spectacles — seized me and spread me on a glass table with a wooden stool for a pillow in the Japanese manner. I had admitted under cross-examination that there were several ways I did n't like to turn my head. The bailiffs devoted themselves to those ways, and after exhausting them, combined them, with variations.

'Let me bend it back a little farther,' they would coax.

They stretched it out so long that I knew forever after on going to bed I should have to coil my neck down as sailors coil down a rope on a deck. But those stern young women did n't care what became of a neck after they were through with it.

Each time an assistant propped it in some unhappy position she disappeared into the next room and called sharply, 'Hold your breath.'

After I had stopped breathing awhile, she called again, 'Don't move,' and after another placid interval turned on the power. The machine crackled and crashed for some seven seconds. Then she turned it off, and presently said grudgingly, 'Now breathe. But don't move.'

She repeated this many times. Once she forgot to remind me to breathe again. After a while I thought of it myself, and I was just going to do it when she began afresh, 'Hold your breath.'

They kept sliding brass-bound plates into the wooden stool under my neck. The brass binding was sharp and rough, and cut grooves in me. I complained of this.

'Don't move,' said the bailiffs in chorus, and went on sliding in plates.

When they had stretched my neck to the limit, and grooved it into the semblance of a corrugated hose, they lost interest, and allowed me to escape.

At dusk we returned to hear the verdict. After losing our way several times, we penetrated to the inmost cell where the Röntgenologist sits and draws conclusions.

This catacomb was lined with grisly negatives of my skull. Up and down the long, lighted glass panels my python neck wound its interminable way. Hairpins jumbled like jackstraws were strewn around it.

'Considering these pictures,' — with a wave of his hand, the Röntgenologist indicated a group, — 'we find the cervical vertebræ from the third to the seventh absolutely normal.'

Oh, dear! I knew it! I never wanted to have a picture. All the great physician's valuable time wasted, and his sympathy elicited under false pretenses! I was fearfully embarrassed.

'But passing to this picture, which shows the first and second vertebræ distinctly, we have a different condition.'

I felt a dawning hope. He continued learnedly, mentioning a *spicula* of *periosteum*, a fractured ligament, a subluxation and displacement. A wave of relief overwhelmed me.

'Thank Heaven I'm not a hypochondriac!' I exclaimed.

The Röntgenologist peered at me through his glasses.

'There are no hypochondriacs,' he declared. 'There is always something wrong, a cause for every condition.'

In technical formulæ the eminent gentlemen asked each other why I did not go ahead and die as I ought to do. There being no apparent reason, each referred once more to the other's unapproachable distinction, and we took our departure.

We emerged to the riotous noise, the cold wind, the cheerful lights of a New York evening.

'Goodness, but I'm hungry,' I announced, as we crossed the clanging street. And we made for the nearest hotel.

Solicitously the great physician offered me squab with asparagus tips, tongue in aspic, all the menu of the infirmary.

'What are *you* going to have?' I inquired.

'Beer and sausage,' he confessed.

And, I said, so would I. One is not necessarily dead and buried, merely because one's neck is broken.

WASTE *vs.* EFFICIENCY

A SCIENTIFIC reformer has recently figured up a loss to the American people of $315,000,000 annually through the excess cost of using our irregular system of weights and measures, as compared with a decimal system. This would build a dozen $25,000,000 dreadnaughts each year, with $15,000,000 left over to pay a $5000 salary to a Professor of Efficiency in each of 3000 universities, colleges, normal schools, and other higher institutions of learning, in this country and in 'our island possessions.'

But the possibility of such an enormous saving in one particular sets one to thinking of still other leakages that might be stopped. Take, for instance, some of our extravagances in the matter of clothing, such as the coat-tail. One may say on an average, after allowing ten per cent for a possible fall in prices in case the Dardanelles are taken within the next few months, that in each coat-tail made during the current year there will be at least one dollar's worth of cloth which from sheer excess will fulfill none of the essential functions of clothing.

Now, if we allow forty millions of our population to be males of coat-wearing age, and to buy only two coats each per year, here is a waste in material alone of just $80,000,000. Counting but twenty cents each — sweatshop prices — for the cutting and sewing of this extra material, we must add $16,000,000. If we allow the pitiable sum of a nickel each to cover the extra work of cleaning and repairs on these coats because of the extra length of tail, we get $4,000,000 more, and thus we arrive at the staggering total of $100,000,000, a sum almost equal to a few of the individual items of loss sustained by our failure to adopt reformed spelling. This $100,000,000 saved would buy every individual in the land one circus admission or ten picture-show admissions each year, and still leave $50,000,000 with which to pay the expense of a course of lectures on Efficiency in each of 500,000 selected public schools.

The awful wastage of conventional spelling alluded to above, I shall not describe. Long rows of figures make my head ache, and do not look well when printed in the columns of a literary magazine. I shall merely estimate that the adoption of *tho*, *thru*, *luv*, *kis*, *tuf*, and a few other such spellings, by a certain league of penny newspapers in the Middle West would already have saved $1,375.59 in printing, if it had not by inverse suggestion started so many others to doubling the *l* in *traveler* and using *-our* in the termina-

tion of all such words as *labor*. But one cannot hold the reformer responsible for the discouraging effects of human inversity.

But to pass on to other sources of waste and possibilities of economy, — there is the time squandered by women through a certain inefficiency in taking leave of one another after social calls or chance meetings. Let us suppose as a reasonable basis of reckoning that each of 25,000,000 women makes fifty social calls in a year, or barely one call each week, leaving out two weeks as an allowance for intended calls thwarted by blocks on the street-car line or punctured tires. Let us allow further that each of them incidentally meets with an average of five acquaintances of the same sex each week on the street, in the shops, and other such places. Discount this by a safety margin of two weeks, as with the formal calls, and we have a grand total of 1,250,000,000 calls and 6,250,000,000 chance meetings each year.

Now, allowing ten minutes (it is often a half hour) as the average loss of time on such occasions through failure to have a standardized formula for leave-taking, we arrive at a total loss each year of 1,250,000,000 hours of time. I pay my washerwoman twenty cents per hour; so, counting this lost time at the dead level of unskilled and non-unionized labor, we have here a wastage of exactly $250,000,000 each year. This amount, if saved, would be enough to pay the expense of an addition of 100,000 men to our standing army, thus enabling the ordinary citizen to sleep without keeping one eye on Japan and the other on his superannuated civil-war musket, and still leave $150,000,000 with which to install a Handy Housewife's Efficiency Card-Index outfit in every one of our 25,000,000 American homes.

I might go on pointing out these evident and outrageous cases of inefficiency, mounting to an aggregate that suggests nothing so much as the fearful waste in a case of primitive Greek agriculture described by a Roman efficiency expert named Plautus, where the return was fully three times less than the amount sown. But it is useless. The American people simply will not be efficient, no matter what we scientists and reformers say.

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THE GIRL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHILDHOOD

BY KATHERINE KEITH

I

THEY seem as a long garden at evening, these earliest years. The stalks of hollyhocks are silhouetted vaguely, and the outlines of rose-bushes blotched. The flowers have no color — only a deepening of the shadows here and there. But the air is filled with a sweet essence. It is the piquancy of old wonders. Why do men sow in the spring, and not at any other time of year? In winter it is so much colder, and they will need warm new clothes. How could the stork carry the awkward long-limbed calf which came to the Guernsey cow? Did the widow who cast into the treasury all that she had, even her living, have to go to the poor-house afterwards? How can your guardian angel fold her wings about the head of your bed, when it is pushed against the wall?

The minister was coming to dinner. Grandmother Crosby sent for me, so Olga put on my second-best dress and we drove over to the house in my pony cart. Lizzie opened the door for us. Her cheeks always made me think of the scum which formed on my glass of hot milk. They were slick and white, with tiny lacy wrinkles. She wore a black dress with a high starched collar. Once I had been upstairs in her room on the fourth floor. My locket came unfastened, and when I picked it up my nails were filled with fine grit, and several long black hairs were wound about the chain. She shook me quite roughly when she saw them, and snatched the necklace out of my hand.

The minister was stout and short of breath. He darted his eyes round suddenly, and, when he thought no one was watching, jerked his forefinger to one nostril, and sniffed shrilly through the other. If somebody looked at him unexpectedly, he grew quite red, and made a queer, chuckling noise in his throat, trying to imitate the shrill sound.

During dinner he sat in grandpa's place at the foot of the table. Grandmother was at the other end, behind the great silver tea-kettle. Nobody paid any attention to me, and so I sat in my high chair, whispering softly, 'There were Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, and Abel got killed. — Dr. Gordon,' I asked abruptly, 'who did Cain marry?'

The minister set his cup down with a sharp little click, and, looking at grandmother, ran his fingers quickly through his hair.

'There are some pages missing from that particular portion of Genesis,' he said.

I did not like him, and was glad when Olga came to take me home.

Going away to heaven was different from going away to New York. People left their watches and their long fur coats and their Bibles at home. These were given to others. You were silly if you cried and protested as you saw the things being carried off by their new owners. He to whom they belonged was not coming back to ask for them. He would not use them again.

One day, while we were walking, Olga looked across the tracks at the lake. 'That is where poor grandfather is,' she said.

When we came home, I was crying. Mother told me that grandfather had gone to heaven. She sent me upstairs, and then she called Olga quite sharply. I did not hear what they talked about, but Olga shook me when she returned. Then she cried all day.

Several mornings later we were going down to grandma's. When mother opened the front door, a man was passing with newspapers under his arm. He was shouting loudly. Mother jerked me back and closed the door again until he had passed by.

Before we reached Grandmother Crosby's we had to push our way through a crowd of people. The street was filled with carriages. Some had men standing on the rims of the wheels. They craned their necks, and then stooped down and whispered to those beside them. Mother held me tightly by the shoulder. She had on a long black veil. As we were going up grandma's steps, an old woman with a shawl over her head snatched at mother's dress. She had a wilted pink flower in her hand. Her face was wet and dirty.

'For him, ma'am, on his grave. *Ach, Gott!*' she said.

Mother took it, and we went on, into the house.

Once when we were out, Olga bought me a sugar bun. She told me not to tell mother. I had eaten away the brown rim to the frosting when a little boy asked me for a penny. I gave him my bun. He did not eat the sugar part slowly, as I should have done. He crammed it all in at once. It made a big bump on his throat when he swallowed it. 'But he won't taste the sweet,' I said to Olga. 'He is very hungry,' she replied. Then she asked him some questions and took him home with us to have coffee down in the kitchen.

After that, I did not believe in heaven any more. I thought I should have to come back to earth and be hungry like the little boy. He would return and live in a big house, and have lots to eat, as I did.

I decided that Aunt Ethel's baby must be grandpa. The stork brought him just after grandpa went away. Grandmother told me that grandpa was not always rich. He worked very hard when he was young, and so he would not have to be hungry when he came back. I made Olga walk with me beside the baby's carriage, because I wanted to see if he looked like grandpa. Once auntie brought him to the house, and they left me alone for a few minutes, playing beside him on the floor.

'Oh, grandpa, quickly!' I said. 'Talk to me now; they have all gone away.'

The baby stared and slowly blew a bubble on his lips. I held his shoulders so tightly that he finally began to cry. Then Aunt Ethel came back and took him home.

Sometimes I lived with grandmother. She always bathed me herself before she put me to bed. The bathtub was very long and deep. Grandmother stood on the step which ran beside it, with a big towel pinned about her. She held my neck tightly between her thumb and second finger, scrubbing me with her other hand. I slipped and fell from one side to the other, splashing the water high over the edges, so that, when she finally lifted me to the floor, the towel and her dress were drenched.

'There,' she would say, 'that is hardly better than a sponging-off. You won't sit still while I give you a real bath.'

I used to go to sleep wondering how she would give me a real bath.

For a long time I did not go over to see grandmother. Then, finally, Olga took me to her house again. Going upstairs and through the hall she made me walk very gently. Grandmother was lying in bed looking toward the door. When I saw her, I screamed loudly.

'Silly little thing!' she said. 'She has never seen me lying down.'

She put out her hand on the blanket with the palm turned up. When I ran over and hid my face in it, she moved her fingers slowly once or twice across my cheek.

'Stupid child,' she murmured; but her voice sounded pleased, and she told me to climb up on the bed beside her.

Everything you did your guardian angel wrote down in a little golden notebook which she wore around her neck. If you had a great many good deeds, perhaps you would not have to be quite so hungry afterwards, even if you had been happy and had had enough to eat before you died. Maybe, too, you could give away some of your kind acts to people who had only a few.

I loved Miss Agatha. She was pretty, and her dresses were soft, with colors like a soap-bubble. But Olga said they dripped the blood of the poor. I could never see any blood, but after that I always tried not to touch them. The summer I met Miss Agatha we were staying at the sea-shore. There were hundreds of butterflies lying on the beach, which, falling into the water, had been washed up by the waves. I used to carry them carefully to the warm dry sand. All morning I would do this.

'Please, God,' I said, when Olga called me to go home, 'tell Miss Agatha's angel that these good deeds are for her!'

While we were at the shore, mother let me stay up for a dance at the hotel. I sat in the ballroom between Olga and a young lady whom I did not know. She was talking very quickly to her partner, and laughing, with her head on one side. Presently I went out. I took my rabbit from its cage in the garden and ran down into the ravine. When Olga came, I was lying on the ground in my lace dress, with the rabbit pressed against my cheek. At first I would not speak to her.

'They tell lies in there,' I said at last; 'they don't mean what they say.' Then I began to cry loudly.

Olga laughed, and carried me upstairs to bed.

There came a time when Olga was always crying. She would lift me over into her bed early in the morning and, pulling my hair back, hold my head away from her on the pillow. Then she would look at me, and sigh and sigh. One afternoon mother took me to the circus. When we came back, I ran to tell Olga of the baby camel that I had seen. I could not find her. Her watch-case and the picture of her daughter

were missing from the bureau. She never came back.

That evening mother gave me my supper. Afterwards a strange lady in a long black coat came to see us. Mother put my hand into hers. 'This is your new governess, dear; you must call her Fräulein.'

'Frālein,' I repeated, staring at her, and drawing away my hand.

'I guess, Miss Schmidt, you had better put Marian to bed now.'

I turned and buried my face in mother's gown, wailing loudly.

Fräulein had a black mole on one cheek. Generally two stiff hairs were growing out of its centre. When I kissed her good-night, they pricked my lips, so that I tried to walk up to her from the other side. It might make her feel badly to see me avoid them. She kept a little pair of tweezers in the back of her bureau drawer with which she used to pull the hairs out.

On Sunday afternoons, a young man came and called for her. Sometimes we met him in the park while we were walking. He always laughed a great deal. 'How is the little Miss to-day?' he would say, putting his hand on my shoulder. His handkerchief smelled of carnations. Before we reached home, Fräulein would make me promise not to tell mother that she had seen him.

One day they sat together on a bench and talked for a long time. I played by the pond with Jack, the little boy who lived next door. We pretended that the Spanish ships were coming. We were the Americans, and threw handfuls of mud into the water. A swan was passing, and some of my mud struck his white wing. When the battle was over I felt sorry for the swan because I had spoiled his clean feathers. Jack and I hunted a long time. We thought we could splash water at him and wash the mud off. But he had paddled away.

My feet were very wet when we came home from the pond. That night I had an ear-ache. I called mother because it was Fräulein's evening out. Next morning Fräulein would not speak to me. She pushed me away when I tried to kiss her. 'Go and tell your mother,' she said, 'that you were only pretending last night — your ear did not really ache. Then I will love you again.' All day she paid no attention to me. At bedtime I went and told mother as she had bade. Then Fräulein smiled and talked again. But I had told a lie and was very unhappy. After she had gone, I cried myself to sleep.

When I think of that night, I always remember the swan that swam away with the mud on his wing.

Jack was younger than I. If we played soldier, I was the captain. If we played train, I was the engine. I was the queen when we played fairies. Almost always he did as I told him. When he refused, we fought, rolling over and over on the grass. He was smaller, so that I beat him easily. One day he said he would not be coal-car any longer. He told me I was only a girl. Then I struck him on the cheek. Suddenly I was lying flat on my back. — 'Now get up,' Jack ordered. 'I am the engine.' I looked at him for a moment. Then I closed my eyes and lay perfectly still. He thought that I was dead and ran into the house screaming. When Fräulein came out, she jerked me to my feet and shook me. Jack was still crying. We played train again, and he let me be the engine.

After a while, Jack and I grew tired of playing engine and coal-car. He said that it was babyish. We decided to raise chickens. He took the tin cracker-box out of the pantry and I brought some candle-stubs. Jack's cook gave us an egg. We wrapped it in cotton and put it in one end of the tin box. Then

we put two of the candles at the other end. The next morning, the cotton was burned and the candles had gone out, but the egg felt heavier, so we kept lighted stubs in the box all day. At night the egg was very heavy. Jack said it must contain a rooster, but I wanted a hen because then we could get more eggs and hatch lots of chickens. We were afraid that it could n't get out, so we broke the shell. The egg was cooked hard and there was no chicken.

Jack loved toads. He used to build little fences of matches and poke his captives with a switch until they jumped over them. One day, he tossed one high above his head and tried to catch it. The toad turned a summersault, and its four legs waved in the air until it resembled a huge spider. It fell to the ground and lay perfectly still on its back, with the two front paws folded. They looked like a baby's hands. I began to cry and ran into the house. Pretty soon I heard Jack tiptoeing upstairs. He tried the knob, but my door was locked.

'Marian,' he called, 'only see what I have brought!'

Then I twisted the key slowly. Jack came in with a pop-corn bag in his hand. He carried it carefully to the bureau, and tipped it upside down. The toad hopped out, and squatted among my cologne bottles, blinking, with its toes turned in.

Fräulein gave me lessons for two years, and after that I went to school. When I came home from my walk in the afternoon, I would run upstairs to a corner of the attic and read. I liked books with big words and long sentences. I read the New Testament, and after that the Talmud, parts of the Koran, and Blackstone's *Commentaries*. I liked the latter best. I used to learn its sentences by heart and say them over and over at night before I went to sleep. Once we went on a Sunday-school picnic to a deserted farmhouse. I climbed in through the window and found a copy of Robinson's *Elementary Law*. It was torn and yellow. I sat down on the floor behind the old wood-box. I did not hear them calling me outside. Finally one of the boys saw me through the window. I was walking up and down when they came in, repeating, 'Incorporeal real property embraces all those permanent rights which concern, or are annexed to, or are exercisable within, or result in the enjoyment of corporeal property.'

After a while I began to read novels too. I stole candle-ends from the pantry and hid them under my mattress. When Fräulein left me, I stuck them to the closet floor, where she could not see the light, and lay on my stomach with my face close to the book. Sometimes I acted out the characters. My favorite was a girl who kept a dance-hall in a western town. When her patrons grew familiar she boxed their ears. I used my long, brown school coat for the patrons.

When I read this story, we were living in a hotel. Fräulein used to let me sit downstairs for a while after supper, to listen to the music. A little boy with red hair always sat with me. One evening I asked him if my cheek was chapped. My face was very close to his. I waited breathlessly. 'Yes,' he said, 'right there,' and touched me gently. 'How dare you!' I screamed, and boxed his ear. 'Keep your dirty hands off!'

Fräulein jerked me upstairs and washed my mouth out with soap.

Helen Ware sat behind me in school. She was a Catholic, and when she came to spend the night with me she always knelt, for a long time, at the foot of the

bed, saying her prayers on a string of gold beads. Then we would talk together until almost morning.

One night I sat up suddenly.

'Helen,' I whispered, 'who would you rather be, Effie or Cleopatra?'

Effie was the maid who helped us to take off our wraps at school. She was small and very white. Her hair was thin, and the rims of her eyes were pink. She always wore a brown woolen dress, with a little gold cross hanging round her neck on a worn brown ribbon. All morning she would sit by the hall window, stitching white linen altar-covers for the church.

By the dim light of the night lamp, I could see Helen's round, surprised eyes, looking at me from the pillow.

'Why, Effie, of course!' she answered. 'She is a good, pious girl. Cleopatra was a very bad woman.'

'Well,' I said, lying down again with a flounce, 'I'd rather be Cleopatra.'

'Marian!' Helen gasped fearfully.

After this, there was a silence for several moments. Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

'Marian, dear,' she whispered, 'don't talk that way, because you know you don't mean it, and it sounds very wicked.'

'No,' I repeated stubbornly, 'I would rather be Cleopatra.'

Helen crawled out of bed slowly, and began to say her beads again. I fell asleep before she had finished. But presently, she shook me gently and wakened me.

'Marian,' she said, 'would you still rather be Cleopatra?'

'Of course,' I answered her.

I heard her sigh as she slipped back on the floor, and then I slept once more.

In about half an hour, she woke me again.

'Helen,' I said, solemnly this time, 'I would rather be Cleopatra, and have people love me, and fight great battles over me, and go to hell afterwards, than be Effie, and wear brown dresses, and sew for the church, and sit on a cloud playing a gold harp when I died!'

She began to cry, with soft, slow little sobs, so that I put my arms around her when she had wiggled back under the covers. We did not speak again, and presently she fell asleep, her breathing broken now and then by a little jerk.

I used to think that if I tiptoed to the door of father's study, and jumped in suddenly, I might catch the bronze mask of Voltaire with his eyes open. I tried many times, but always I looked up again on the same smooth, gleaming surfaces of downcast lids. It hung on a dirty, red-plush panel over the organ. On the mantel stood a marble bust of Voltaire, and an etched portrait hung over the door. His works, and those of others about him, almost filled one of the bookcases which lined the room, reaching from floor to ceiling. I had my first lessons in French, learning to pronounce their names.

'La Bible enfin expliquée,' I would say, carefully pronouncing each syllable as it was spelled. Then father would laugh, and make me say the words again as he told me.

One afternoon, Miss Ellen came up to the study to talk to father. I sat on my little stool beside them, cutting out paper dolls. Miss Ellen was tired and gray. She lived across the river where the streets were always muddy and lined on either side with garbage-cans. The little children playing 'seek and find' used to crouch down in the bottom of them to hide. She and father were talking about a new kindergarten. Suddenly she bent down and laid her hand on my shoulder. Her voice sounded like crying, yet she laughed. 'Oh, honey,' she said, 'when you grow up,

if you go into settlement work, don't get lean and eager as I am.'

The words made me wonder, but the tones were like warm, soft arms which held me close.

Father got up, and walked to the window. 'I can understand your studying and reading, Ellen, but why in the name of reason must you go over and live in that place?' He spoke quickly and his eyes were very bright as he waved his arm about the book-lined room. 'Is n't your love for all of these big enough to fill your life?'

Miss Ellen closed her eyes slowly, and smiled, and shook her head. Before she went away that afternoon, she asked father to play. We sat together on the green plush sofa, listening, and she held my hand. Father had on his felt slippers and an old corduroy smoking-jacket. It was frayed at the cuffs, and one pocket was torn. Mother had given it to him years before.

While he played, he swayed back and forth. He never watched the keys, but fixed his eyes, which were very wide and blue, on the mask of Voltaire above the organ. He played continuously, running one theme into another. Sometimes it was his own music, and he would hesitate for a moment, searching for the proper harmony, and striking the notes softly and tentatively. Then, when the right one was found, he would smile gently, and nod his head. 'So,' he would whisper to himself. Sometimes, if the strain pleased him particularly, he repeated it several times, insistently.

Afterwards I could never hum the things which father played. They made me think of colors. Sometimes the notes were soft, dull colors, shading one into another. Then again they were brilliant, and sharply divided, like patches in a crazy quilt. They made pictures. But when I asked him what the pictures were, he would laugh and shake his head. He could not speak them.

To-day the music was gay.

'See now, I will play away your hungry babies and sad-eyed women,' he said to Miss Ellen.

I knew not how or why, but suddenly hot tears were rolling down my cheeks, and I buried my face in Miss Ellen's lap. Her fingers stroked my hair as she bent over me. 'You are like him,' she whispered, 'very like him, — but, darling, through your whole life remember this — it means *responsibility*.'

Across the years that have gone, those notes come back — dancing, rollicking still, to fall on the heart's ear in the plaintive minor of that afternoon. Again they bring tears, and again I hear Miss Ellen's whisper, but I know now why I cry.

II

I called aloud in the forest, and the shout came back. Then I searched long, to find who answered me — but the sound had no source. I followed the will-o'-the-wisp through swamps at evening. It led me hither and yon, but I came nowhere. It was only the ghost of a light. I saw an apple hanging in the depths of a pool. I stooped to pick it, and laved my hands in the water. The apple had no form. This is dream-life.

First there was Margaret. She wore hoopskirts, curls, and a cameo brooch. Her face was like Miss Agatha's, and she had a voice that seemed to cuddle you, like Miss Ellen's. Fräulein always put a chair for her at the foot of the table during my supper-time. I used to knock when I went into the dressing-room before breakfast, because Margaret was getting dressed

there. At night she would sit beside my bed, while I told her of everything that I had done during the day. Sometimes she would stroke my hair and laugh, and sometimes she became very angry.

Once, on Fräulein's day out, Jack and I took five cents out of mother's purse. There were five more in his pocket. We went around the corner to the drug-store for a soda. It was the first time we had ever had one. When the man asked us what flavor we wanted, I looked anxiously at Jack, who kicked his toe against the counter, and took the other nickel from his pocket. Then he smiled suddenly, holding it out to the man. 'We'll take the best you 've got,' he said. The man laughed, and gave us chocolate, with two big spoonfuls of ice cream.

That night I told Margaret. The following afternoon I was going to a birthday party. She said I must stay home in bed. For a long time I begged her to forgive me, but she only shook her head. Then I became very angry, and stamped my foot. 'You're nothing but a pretend!' I said to her. 'Go to the party,' she answered quietly, 'but I shall leave you, and never come back.'

The next day, I watched Fräulein lay out my lace dress and pink sash. Then she came over and started to unfasten the rags in my hair. I turned away abruptly. 'I'm not going.'

'Hm,' she replied, 'take care, or I'll not curl your hair, and you will really have to stay at home.'

'I'm going to, anyway,' I said.

Fräulein stared at me. 'Well, where *do* you expect to go?' she scoffed.

'To bed,' I answered shortly.

When at last she had dressed me in my nightgown, with my hair braided, and had gone away muttering to herself, I crawled under the covers, and hid my tears in the pillow. 'There was a Punch-and-Judy show, and a grab-bag, and —'

Then Margaret came to sit beside me. I buried my head under the sheet, but at last I turned over and took her hand, and, holding it, fell asleep.

In a cabinet near father's organ stood a small squat bottle of stones. A missionary had brought them from the Jordan. Once, when father was away, I took one out. It was clear and purple, with a smooth surface, across which straggled a faint blue vein. I held it in the palm of my hand, while shivers of awe ran up and down my back. Perhaps Jesus had trod upon it as he waded out into the river! It would have wonderful powers to heal sickness and work miracles, like the bones or pieces of wood we read about in books.

When I went upstairs I took the stone with me. All afternoon I sewed tiny bags to carry it, on a chain around my neck. I made a pink satin one from a bit of ribbon that mother had given me; another of white leather from an old kid glove; and a third of chamois, with blue cross-stitching, for rainy days. While I sewed, I decided that I must have precious ointment or lotion in which to wash it every evening. I could think of nothing worthy, until I pricked my finger and a tiny spot of blood appeared. Then I sprang up, and ran downstairs to ask the cook for a knife. I had had a sign from heaven.

When I came up again, I closed the door carefully. Then I shut my eyes, and pressed the blade down on my finger. It was very dull. I tried once more, sawing it slowly back and forth. My knees trembled, and there was a little beaded rim of perspiration above my upper lip. At last the knife went through the skin. A drop of blood spurted out, and trickled along my finger, to drip from its tip into the clean,

empty medicine bottle which I had ready. I squeezed the cut until the whole glass bottom was covered with blood. Then I filled the bottle half full of water.

Every evening I washed my stone in the pale brown lotion. At school, we thought of it as something very wonderful. When the girls took it from the little pink bag they always held it fearfully in the centre of their palms. I let Eleanor, my best friend, wear it during spelling class, but I kept it for geography and Latin.

One summer, at the seashore, Jack and I pretended we were knights. He was Launcelot, and I was Galahad. Mother gave us each a tin helmet and breastplate, and father made us oak swords with leather guards. We decided to keep watch over our armor all night. After Fräulein had turned down the lights, I climbed out of bed and propped my sword against the wall, with the other arms beside it. Then I knelt before them. The clock ticked on and on, and finally cuckooed nine times. Outside, beyond the hotel porch, the waves rolled back and forth along the shore. The shade flapped against the window, and in the hall I could hear Fräulein conning French verbs. My knees became very stiff, and I swayed slightly. Then everything grew suddenly still. When I woke up, the light over the transom had gone, and it was very quiet, save for the clock and the waves. I lay on the floor, with my arms around the helmet. Picking it up, I clambered drowsily into bed, and tucked the covers about the smooth, cold tin.

One day, on the beach, another little girl asked to play with us. She said she would be Sir Percival. 'Then you must be honorable and fearless,' we told her.

Presently she jumped out to a rock, about which the waves swept in shallow, gray currents.

'I vow by the Holy Grail that I shall stay here for three minutes,' she called.

I held my breath while Jack took out his little silver watch.

'One minute gone —' he said at last.

Then a big wave came, and splashed upon the rock. Sir Percival turned and sprang for the shore. Jack and I looked at each other, wide-eyed with dismay. I think we expected her to be struck by lightning. She stood there smiling sheepishly, but nothing happened. Then we picked up our swords and walked away. We never spoke to her again.

One afternoon we were having a tournament in the casino. Jack's sword slipped and struck Billy Fargo on the head. Billy sat in the middle of the ballroom floor, with his face turned away from us. There was a splash of blood on his sleeve. We did not dare speak to him or touch him, for fear that he would cry. Knights never cried. Presently somebody looked in at the casino door. We forgot all about Billy, and stared at the newcomer. It was the great actor from New York, who had ridden down to spend the day with my uncle. He still wore khaki riding breeches and an English army coat. His hair was heavy and black, and he had dark gray eyes. There was a twinkle in them just now, and his lips wore a little twisted smile as he came over to Billy. We parted silently to each side, still staring. Then he bent down, gathered Billy into his arms, to fling him over his shoulder like a meal-bag, and strode out of the door. From the window we watched him go down the terrace to the bay, and aboard my uncle's sail-boat. Faintly there reached us from across the gardens the jerky squeaking of the pulley, as he and Billy lifted the mainsail.

After that, I thought of what had happened in the casino many times. I called him Jim — I did not know why.

One night I was lying in bed making up pictures. There was a log shack on the edge of a muddy, straggling river. Beyond were low sand-hills, purple and yellow in the sunset. I knew this, because I had seen it all from a train window two years before. A grindstone stood beside the stoop, with a tin wash-basin hanging on the nail above it. There was a bench against the house wall, made of a split log. A man in khahi riding breeches was sitting there. He was whittling, and the shavings lay scattered about his feet. He had heavy black hair and gray eyes. Men in my pictures always looked like Jim now. Before him was a boy. Suddenly I jumped out of bed, and stood shivering in my nightgown in the middle of the room, turning an imaginary hat round and round in my hands.

'Please, boss,' I said, 'I want a job.'

Jim looked up slowly. 'Who are you?' he asked.

I told him 'Karpeles.'

Then he smiled his queer little twisted smile. 'That's quite a name for a small boy.'

I tried hard not to jump up and down in my excitement. He really thought that I was a boy.

'It was my grandfather's name,' I muttered, apologetically.

'Well, Karpeles,' Jim asked, 'what can you do?'

There was silence for a moment, then, 'Please, please take me, boss,' I begged, still twisting the hat; 'I'll be Martha and Mary too.'

And so I went to live with Jim, and dream-life became very full.

When we came back to the city, I told Jack about the boss. He said he wanted to work for him too. We pretended that Grandmother Crosby's stable was the barn and outbuildings of the ranch. There was a trap-door in the floor which led to the potato cellar. We fastened a rope to an iron ring above, and lowered it into the hole. Then, through the long fall afternoons, we climbed up and down, up and down, bearing imaginary bags on our shoulders. We were loading the wagons to go into Maverick with the season's sugar-beet crop. When finally the cellar was emptied, we ran back and forth in the yard, lashing the air with long black whips. Here was the corral. We were breaking in Jim's ponies.

The shack had only one room. There was a big fireplace at the end, with shelves on either side. On the floor were bear- and deer-skins. In the centre stood a crooked table. A double bed with log posts was in the corner against the wall. It was covered with red woolen blankets and a buffalo skin. Jim and I slept here. When the nights were very cold, I used to double the comforter and put it all on one side of the bed. I took my school coat from the closet, and laid it over myself. It made Fräulein very angry when she came in next morning. She told me that they locked crazy people in iron cells.

One night there was a blizzard. Jim did not come home. After Fräulein had gone out, I put a candle-stub in the window. The clock cuckooed eleven and then twelve. Still he had not come. At last I heard his horse in the snow outside. He was very cold. All night he tossed back and forth muttering. I sat in an arm-chair beside the bed. When Fräulein came at seven to close the windows, I had fallen asleep. She jerked me by the shoulders and shook me. I crawled into bed without speaking to her, and put my arms around

Jim. He was much better, and said he would not die. Then I laughed. 'He's all right now,' I told Fräulein. 'I don't care what you do to me.'

She turned away. 'Disgusting, indecent child!' she said.

But I was very happy then, and the words held no wonder.

One Saturday, Eleanor and her twin sister Lucy came for luncheon. Afterwards we sat upstairs in my playroom and made bags for the purple stone. The twins were fourteen and I was only thirteen, so that I felt very proud that Eleanor was my best friend.

We had been sewing quietly for several minutes. Presently Lucy turned to her sister. 'Is n't it nice that Mrs. Fargo is going to have a baby?' she said.

Eleanor scowled and raised her eyes suddenly. They met mine, and she dropped them again to her work. She did not answer.

Lucy went on with her sewing; she took careful, prim little stitches. 'Don't be an idiot, Eleanor,' she remarked.

My piece of satin lay in my lap. 'Lucy,' I said, after a while, and it seemed as if I were listening to somebody else speak. 'Why do you think that the stork is going to bring Mrs. Fargo a new baby?'

Lucy smiled. 'Really, you do not believe that silly stuff any longer?'

'Shut up, Lucy,' said Eleanor suddenly.

Her sister shrugged her shoulders. Then she looked at me deliberately. 'I know that Mrs. Fargo is going to have a baby,' she said, 'because she has let out all of her dresses. She only wears loose ones now.'

The cuckoo clock ticked comfortably on. Beneath, in the street, a hurdy-gurdy suddenly began its pulsating, metallic jargon. The lame houseman was thumping unrhythmically up the back stairs. Finally I folded my sewing slowly, and put it in the drawer. Leaning over Lucy's chair, I slipped my arms about her neck, and laid my cheek against hers.

'I want you to tell me everything now,' I begged.

There was a long silence. Eleanor did not look up again.

'All right,' said Lucy at last, and I sat down before her.

'Well,' she began, and then stopped. Her face was very pink, and she turned away her head. 'I cannot talk if you stare at me so,' she said crossly.

After that, I kept my eyes fixed on a figure in the carpet, and she went on, monotonously, with many pauses.

That night seemed very long. Once I screamed, and sobbed Jim's name. Fräulein came running in. She switched on the light, and stood blinking, in her pink flannel nightgown.

'I had a bad dream,' I told her, and hid my face in the pillow.

She came over and tucked my covers tighter. 'I will leave your door open,' she said, and patted me roughly on the shoulder. 'Now close your eyes like a good girl, and go to sleep.'

When she left, the room seemed emptier than ever. At last I got up, and tiptoed down stairs to the guest-room. There were two beds there.

I curled up on the lace counterpane and fell asleep. When I woke up, the sun was shining. My head was on the other pillow, and my arms were stretched out across the other bed.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

CONTRARY to a view which has many supporters, President Wilson's Mexican policy has now for the first time approached its supreme test. The situation in Mexico has emerged from the conflict between the old elements which were having at each other's throats in the early days. For a time at least a government exists in the war-worn Republic with which the government of the United States has declared itself happy to maintain relations of amity. Facilitation of the establishment of such a government has, from its very beginning, been the chief aim of Mr. Wilson's much misunderstood Mexican policy. It will soon become possible for the first time to judge this policy in the light of its own ideals. The situation has come to the point where one epoch may be said to have ended — a suitable moment for assessment and review, for separating fact from opinion, and, above all, for reëstablishing the perspective.

The coloring of intellectual dishonesty which is present in most political debates has been particularly evident in the discussion of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy. On the one hand, so much has been said disapprovingly of the government's policy of 'inaction' as to leave the impression, seemingly inescapable, that the President's critics advocated armed intervention — a course absolutely at variance with the policy of the American government five years ago, when five American citizens were murdered and eleven wounded by Mexicans at Douglas, Arizona. On the other hand, men of no less seasoned judgment than Senator Lodge have chosen to regard the policy as grounded in animosity against General Victoriano Huerta, and have permitted this fallacy to extend through their consideration of all developments in Mexico in the past three years. Withal, Mr. Wilson's critics have utterly ignored the vital relationship between his Mexican policy and the policy of Pan-Americanism.

The most damaging criticism of Mr. Wilson's policy has come from persons who, like Mr. Roosevelt, hold the President guilty of a sort of interference in Mexican affairs and argue that because he interfered he should be held responsible for a continuance of disturbances in Mexico. Mr. Roosevelt said in a special article published in the New York *Times* December, 1914: 'Unless President Wilson was prepared actively to interfere in Mexico and to establish some sort of protectorate over it, he had no more business to pass judgment upon the methods of Mr. Huerta's selection' — which had occurred prior to Mr. Wilson's advent to power — 'than Mexico would have had to refuse to recognize Mr. Hayes as President on the ground that it was not satisfied with his economic policy and, moreover, sympathized with Mr. Tilden's side of the controversy.' Mr. Wilson is thus held responsible for inopportune interference and inaction at times of necessity.

The charges that the President's pol-

icy was dictated in its origin by animosity and that his refusal to recognize General Huerta constituted an act of voluntary interference, I am disposed to put aside with little argument. His opposition to the Provisional President was as impersonal as is always the conflict between an ideal and an obstruction. As for the charge that Mr. Wilson interfered unwarrantably in refusing recognition, I think it needs only to be said that before Mr. Wilson entered into office the President of the United States was inevitably responsible for exerting an influence favorable or unfavorable to a head of the Mexican government establishing himself in the manner of Huerta's accession to power. That responsibility existed because of our habitual relationship with Mexico. President Wilson could not in the circumstances escape the exertion of an influence favorable or unfavorable to the new administration at the city of Mexico. It would have been interference, just as potent and just as evident, for him to have recognized Huerta, for that would practically have assured the establishment of the dictator's power. If we must accept the definition of the first step in the President's Mexican policy as 'interference,' we must condition it upon the declaration that the choice between two policies of interference was forced upon him. We must discuss subsequent happenings with this fact in mind. The policy must be judged by its outcome, and not condemned because of this fault in its initiation.

Realizing, then, that the United States must exert a measurable influence for or against the cause of constitutional government in Mexico, Mr. Wilson chose first to withhold the support of the United States from the Huerta administration, and later partially to extend the moral support of the government to the cause of constitutional government in Mexico. It is at this point that many persons, whose honest thinking has compelled them to accede the foregoing, initiate their criticisms. Several friends of Mr. Wilson based their counseling of a change of policy in 1913, not on the ground that he was guilty of interference, but that he was neglecting the readiest means of assuring the safety of American citizens and their property in Mexico — namely, by recognizing and giving strength to the Huerta régime, which gave promise of the iron-handed quality of the Diaz government. If Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy is to be judged solely in the light of the old precept of international relations, that the sole aim of a government's international policy should be the protection of its own citizens and their interests, it cannot be defended. It is true that the policy to which Mr. Wilson has adhered in holding off from Mexican affairs except where the unquestionable responsibility of this government was involved, and then exerting our influence with the hope of aiding the constitutionalists' cause, was possible only through a certain neglect of the material interests of some American citizens.

Two resolutions have been uppermost in the mind of President Wilson in respect to Mexico. In the first place, he believed it the duty of the foremost republic of the world to promote the cause of liberty in Mexico, where it might be practicable to do so, and to secure for the Mexican people a free opportunity to fight their way to a peace based on freedom. His second purpose was that the United States itself should remain at peace and on relations of friendship with all the other republics of this Hemisphere, besides Mexico. It was necessary in the circumstances, he thought, that American property owners in Mexico should fore-

go for a time insistence upon the vigorous assertion of their rights on the part of the government of the United States. With these fallacies set aside and Mr. Wilson's purposes clearly in mind, we may set out upon an examination of the events in which the Mexican policy was unfolded, without fear of committing ourselves to a biased judgment. We shall see whether or not these incidents present themselves as logical steps in the development of a high policy, clung to with an amazing measure of moral courage, at times when there existed a strong temptation for the President to yield to popular clamor and at the same time serve his own political fortunes by sending the American army into Mexico.

II

It is interesting to look back now to the first days of the Wilson administration, with its optimism and confidence in the ideals of international polity which it purposed to apply in its direction of the country's foreign relations. Among the tasks which faced Mr. Wilson, none pressed for so immediate consideration as that growing out of the complicated situation in Mexico. Francisco I. Madero, that weak idealist, had been overthrown and put to death illegally within a few weeks of Mr. Wilson's inauguration on March 4, 1913. His overthrow was accomplished by the treachery of his commanding general, Victoriano Huerta, who, leading the Federal army, deserted the President in the midst of a revolutionary movement begun by Felix Diaz, nephew of Mexico's former President, and formed a coalition with him. Huerta had become the dominant personality among the insurrectionaries. His betrayal of the President under whom he served was made tragically complete February 16, 1913, when Madero and his Vice-President, Pino Suarez, were taken from the place of their imprisonment and illegally put to death. Affairs were in a serious state. Horrors of assassination and the implacable treatment of its enemies by the Huerta government were described daily in the United States. In addition, reports were in circulation that the American Ambassador, Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, had given evidences of friendliness to the new government.

The final step in the setting of the stage for the Mexican problem of the Wilson administration came February 19, 1913, when Huerta assumed the provisional presidency, having complied technically with the provision of the constitution of the Republic by succeeding Madero's Minister of the Interior and following him in control of the executive power upon his prearranged resignation. With fine sensibility, Mr. Taft refrained from taking any decisive step so short a time before his successor was to take office. His only utterance on Mexico was in a speech at Washington, February 26, in which he said, —

'We must not in a case like Mexico — for it differs from the Central American Republics — take such action as shall give them to believe that we are moved by selfish purposes, or arouse them to opposition to us. We must avoid in every way that which is called intervention, and use all the patience possible, with the prayer that some power may arise there to bring about peace throughout that great country. . . . But I have no sympathy — none at all, and the charge of cowardice does not frighten me — with that which prompts us for purposes of exploitation and gain to invade another country and involve ourselves in a war the extent of which we could not realize and the sacrifice of thousands of lives and of millions of treasure.'

It is also to be remembered that Mr. Taft had thrown the weight of his administration against an intervention resolution introduced in the Senate in March, 1912, on the occasion of the killing of a number of American citizens at the Arizona border.

This was the status of the Mexican situation when President Wilson, on March 4, 1913, became responsible for the direction of the foreign policy of the American government. To the President one fact appeared to be of paramount importance to a government which planned to gauge its policy with a high sense of its moral as well as its legal international obligations. That was the fact that Huerta's accession to the presidency was made possible through the overthrow and the unlawful death of President Madero and Vice-President Suarez, at a time when they were in prison under Huerta's order and entitled to the fullest measure of protection which the Huerta government could give. There have been long and dreary debates in the United States since that time as to the responsibility of Huerta for the death of these two men. But it is no longer doubted that they were slain by the hands of those who thought to please Huerta and who were intrusted with a large degree of authority by him. The solidification of opinion on this point is, I think, best indicated by the utterance of Senator Lodge in a Senate debate a year ago: 'The manner of their death has never been made perfectly clear, but that they were unlawfully killed is, I think, beyond doubt.'

The President did not hesitate over the decision of the problem awaiting him. It was just eight days after he assumed control of the executive affairs of this government that he issued a formal statement of his administration's policy for Latin-American affairs. 'Co-operation is possible,' said the President, 'only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government based upon law, not upon arbitrary or irregular force. . . . We cannot have sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambitions. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interests of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provisions.' It was the service of notice to the civilized world that President Wilson would not recognize the government of Victoriano Huerta or that of any other ruler in Latin America whose accession to power was made possible through the forceful deposing or assassination of his constitutional predecessor.

A new revolution was started within two weeks after the issuance of the President's declaration of policy. It aimed to overthrow the Huerta government and establish a constitutional government in its place. The movement was headed by Venustiano Carranza, Governor of Coahuila, who had refused to recognize the legality of the Huerta government from the very first. Before the end of March, Carranza had published the plan of Guadalupe, which was a declaration of purpose of the constitutionalist movement. Carranza went to Northern Mexico, and there he assembled military forces for the revolt and undertook the responsibility of leadership. The Carranza movement was recognized in the United States as representing the democratic ideal in Mexico.

For several months, during which the fortunes of the revolutionists continued to rise and the lives and fortunes of Americans in Mexico were being subjected to cumulative depredations,

the President remained quiescent. Early in the ensuing summer, however, he dispatched Mr. John Lind to Mexico on the important mission of seeking the withdrawal of General Huerta and the reconciliation of the Federal and the Carranzista factions in a manner that would surely promote the cause of consitutional government in the southern Republic. Mr. Lind bore written instructions from the President of the United States, which he proceeded to communicate to General Huerta. Submission of the instructions followed a series of conferences with the Mexican Foreign Minister, during which Mr. Lind tactfully endeavored to pave the way for the consideration of the American demands by expressions of the friendship and unselfish spirit that animated the United States. The communication transmitted through Lind insisted that a settlement satisfactory to the United States must be conditioned on:—

(*a*) An immediate cessation of fighting throughout Mexico; a definite armistice solemnly entered into and scrupulously observed; (*b*) Security given for an early and free election in which all should agree to take part; (*c*) The consent of Gen. Huerta to bind himself not to be a candidate for election as President of the Republic at this election; and (*d*) The agreement of all parties to abide by the results of the election and coöperate in the most loyal way in organizing and supporting the new administration.

The government of the United States pledged itself to facilitate a settlement on these grounds and 'to recognize and in every way possible and proper to assist the administration chosen and set up in Mexico in the way and on the conditions suggested.'

These demands were rejected August 16, 1913, by Señor Gamboa, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a communication which attracted attention in the United States by its subtle sarcasm and capable statement of the technical aspects of international law which weighed against the American position.

The President appeared before Congress August 27, 1913, to deliver a special address describing 'the deplorable posture' of affairs in Mexico and setting forth what this government had done in an effort to improve conditions. After a spirited declaration that the United States would yet prove to the Mexican people 'that we know how to serve them without first thinking how we shall serve ourselves,' the President spoke of the great gifts the future might have in store for Mexico, provided only that she 'attain the paths of honest constitutional government.'

'The present circumstances of the Republic,' the President regretfully said, 'do not seem to promise even the foundation of such a peace. We have waited many months, months full of peril and anxiety, for the conditions there to improve and they have not improved; they have grown worse, rather. The territory in some sort controlled by the provisional authorities at Mexico City has grown smaller, not larger. . . . Difficulties more and more entangle those who claim to constitute the legitimate government of the Republic. They have not made good their claim in fact. Their successes in the field have proved only temporary. War and disorder, devastation and confusion, seem to threaten to become the settled fortunes of the distracted country.' As a friend, the President thought the United States could not have waited longer than it did to tender its good offices.

It was then that the policy of 'watchful waiting' was enunciated. 'We cannot thrust our good offices upon them,' said Mr. Wilson to Congress. 'The sit-

uation must be given a little more time to work itself out in the new circumstances; and I believe that only a little time will be necessary. For the circumstances are new. The rejection of our friendship makes them new and will inevitably bring its own alterations in the old aspect of affairs.

'We can afford to exercise the self-restraint of a really great nation, which realizes its own strength and scorns to misuse it,' continued the President. 'It was our duty to offer our active assistance. It is now our duty to show what true neutrality will do to enable the people of Mexico to set their affairs in order again and wait for a further opportunity to offer our friendly counsels.'

In pursuance of that 'true neutrality' which the President mentioned, he informed Congress that he would clamp down an embargo on the exportation of arms or munitions of war to any section in Mexico, holding that: 'We cannot in the circumstances be the partisans of either party to the contest that now distracts Mexico, or constitute ourselves the virtual umpire between them.' The administration continued to keep in close touch with Mexican developments, sending various special agents to Mexico; but the policy of 'watchful waiting' was adhered to with consistency. In his annual message to Congress December 2, 1913, the President said:—

'There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico; until it is understood on all hands, indeed, that such pretended governments will not be countenanced or dealt with by the government of the United States. We are the friends of constitutional government in America; we are more than its friends, we are its champions; because in no other way can our neighbors, to whom we would wish in every way to make proof of our friendship, work out their own development in peace and liberty. Mexico has no government. The attempt to maintain one at the City of Mexico has broken down, and a mere military despotism has been set up which has hardly more than the semblance of national authority. It originated in the usurpation of Victoriano Huerta, who, after a brief attempt to play the part of constitutional president, has at last cast aside even the pretense of legal right and declared himself dictator.

'As a consequence, a condition of affairs now exists in Mexico which has made it doubtful whether even the most elementary and fundamental rights either of her own people or of the citizens of other countries resident within her territory can long be successfully safeguarded, and which threatens, if long continued, to imperil the interests of peace, order, and tolerable life in the lands immediately to the south of us. Even if the usurper had succeeded in his purposes, in despite of the constitution of the Republic and the rights of its people, he would have set up nothing but a precarious and hateful power, which could have lasted but a little while, and whose eventual downfall would have left the country in a more deplorable condition than ever. But he has not succeeded. He has forfeited the respect and the moral support even of those who were at one time willing to see him succeed. Little by little he has been completely isolated. By a little every day his power and prestige are crumbling and the collapse is not far away. We shall not, I believe, be obliged to alter our policy of watchful waiting. And then, when the end comes, we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions.'

The succeeding months saw, with the continuance of the policy of 'watchful waiting,' the development of a feeling of friendliness between the Wilson administration and the faction headed by General Carranza — a development that was inevitable from the attitude the Wilson administration had taken in the previous year. It is unnecessary to cite the numerous incidents in which this friendliness was evidenced. Carranza was conducting an orderly civil government in the larger portion of the territory which the constitutionalist army had conquered in Northern Mexico. The constitutionalist government was operating the railroads and telegraph lines and issuing money. Some outrages were committed, but for the most part the constitutionalist government protected foreigners. Carranza himself devoted his energies to the establishment of the executive power as separate from that of the army in the territory controlled, as well as to the centralization and unification of the three branches of the constitutionalist military campaign.

The way toward a settlement of Mexican affairs satisfactory to the United States did not seem clear in this period, however. Huerta had not succeeded in bending to his will the faction opposing him in Northern Mexico; but, despite the military successes of this faction and the frankly avowed disapproval of the United States, his hold upon the Federal military forces and the executive power at Mexico City seemed secure for a long time to come. Serious discussion was heard of a suggestion that a separate republic be established in Northern Mexico — a discussion made possible only by a realization that a deadlock was threatened.

Then came a sudden accession of activity on the part of the United States. The new epoch began with an insult to the American flag by the Huertista forces at the city of Tampico, coming as the culmination of a series of unpleasant incidents due to the unfriendliness of Huerta's followers to the United States or their inability to carry out the national obligation of protecting the lives and property of Americans. The President discussed these developments in a special message delivered to Congress April 20, 1914, saying in reference to the Tampico incident: —

'On the 9th of April a paymaster of the U.S.S. Dolphin landed at the Iturbide Bridge landing at Tampico with a whaleboat and boat's crew to take off certain supplies needed by his ship, and while engaged in loading the boat was arrested by an officer and squad of men of the army of General Huerta. Neither the paymaster nor any one of the boat's crew was armed. Two of the men were in the boat when the arrest took place and were obliged to leave it and submit to be taken into custody, notwithstanding the fact that the boat carried, both at her bow and at her stern, the flag of the United States. The officer who made the arrest was proceeding up one of the streets of the town with his prisoners when met by an officer of higher authority, who ordered him to return to the landing and await orders; and within an hour and a half from the time of the arrest orders were received from the commander of the Huertista forces at Tampico for the release of the paymaster and his men. The release was followed by apologies from the commander and later by an expression of regret from General Huerta himself. General Huerta urged that martial law obtained at the time at Tampico; that orders had been issued that no one should be allowed to land at the Iturbide Bridge; and that our sailors had no right to land there. Our naval commanders at the port had not been notified of any such prohibi-

tion; and even if they had been, the only justifiable course open to the local authorities would have been to request the paymaster and his crew to withdraw and to lodge a protest with the commanding officer of the fleet. Admiral Mayo regarded the arrest as so serious an affront that he was not satisfied with the apologies offered, but demanded that the flag of the United States be saluted with special ceremony by the military commander of the port.'

The incident at Tampico, said the President, could not be regarded as a trivial one, or attributed to the ignorance or arrogance of a single officer, inasmuch as it followed a series of incidents which had created the impression that General Huerta's representatives 'were willing to go out of their way to show disregard for the dignity and rights of this Government.' The incidents cited by the President included the arrest and temporary imprisonment of a mail orderly from the battleship Minnesota, at Vera Cruz, and the withholding of an official dispatch from the State Department to the Embassy at Mexico City by the authorities of the telegraphic service. The President declared his belief that these affronts had been perpetrated in retaliation for the refusal of the United States to recognize Huerta as the Constitutional Provisional President. Because of the extent and inspiration of the offenses the President thought it not only improper, but dangerous, to accept merely formal apologies. It was necessary, he said, that the apologies of General Huerta and his representatives should go much further; that they should impress General Huerta with the necessity of seeing to it that no further occasion for explanation and for professed regrets should arise. 'I, therefore, feel it my duty to sustain Admiral Mayo in the whole of his demand,' said the President, 'and to insist that the flag of the United States shall be saluted in such a way as to indicate a new spirit and attitude on the part of the Huertistas.'

Huerta had ignored an ultimatum from the United States demanding a salute to be given without condition as to its being returned, and had given passports to Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American chargé d'affaires at Mexico City.

Before going to the Congress, the President had sent a message to Admiral Mayo sustaining his demand for a salute to the flag and had ordered the United States Atlantic fleet to sail southward under sealed orders. In addressing the Congress he asked the adoption of a resolution expressing the approval by the legislative branch of the government of his intention 'to utilize the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such extent as might be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States.' The resolution was passed by the House with little question. The Senate objected to the naming of Huerta in the resolution and caused it to be stricken out. In despite of the fact that the American fleet was then known to be nearing Vera Cruz; that ships from the squadron already in Mexican waters at the time of the Tampico incident were gathered off the Mexican port; that rumors were afloat that the government might feel compelled to prevent forcefully the landing of a great consignment of arms which were then due in Vera Cruz on the German steamer Ypiranga, the opposition to the President in the Senate indulged in many criticisms of his policy and endeavored to change the purpose of the venture on which the government was about to embark from that of securing reparation for the insult to the flag to a campaign for the redress of

the wrongs done American citizens in Mexico.

Before the Senate passed the resolution Admiral Mayo had seized Vera Cruz. The seizure was accomplished early in the morning of April 21, after the death of nineteen American sailors and about one hundred additional casualties. Several hundred Mexicans were killed in the shelling of the city which preceded the landing.

The President refused to permit the American forces to continue their military operations after seizing Vera Cruz. It was as if a strong man, hearing himself insulted, had struck one blow and thereupon held the offender motionless in his grasp. When the United States had been in comparatively peaceful occupation of the Mexican port for a week or more, Mr. Wilson accepted the good offices of the diplomatic representatives of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile at Washington, to mediate the differences between the United States and Mexico. Carranza refused to send delegates to the ensuing conference at Niagara Falls, so that the mediation accomplished little toward the immediate pacification of Mexico, though it was highly efficacious in inspiring new confidence in our motives among the republics of this hemisphere.

The seizure of Vera Cruz did not prevent the Ypiranga's consignment of arms from reaching the Huertistas, for it was landed at Puerto, Mexico, and shipped over the Tehuantepec railroad to Mexico City. Nor did the seizure procure the reparation for the insult to our flag which the President had in mind to ask. It did strike a blow against the Huerta régime which it could not survive.

President Wilson took the embargo off the shipment of arms, but by an order to the War Department made the reservation that no shipments should go across the Texas border. The stock of the constitutionalists rose with a fair degree of steadiness. Tampico was captured and the importation of supplies, as well as arms, was made easy for the enemies of Huerta. As was inevitable, Huerta fell. His hold upon the Federal troops around Mexico City weakened. His power crumbled in every way. July 7, 1914, the iron-handed old dictator, who had defied the power of the United States with such high bravado, resigned and departed on a special train for Puerto, Mexico, to sail into exile. Before his departure an arrangement had been made for turning the Mexican executive power into the hands of a President *ad interim*, Señor Carbajal, a former Cabinet Minister, who in turn undertook negotiations with the constitutionalists looking toward their peaceful entry into Mexico City.

Followed then a period of optimism among the supporters of the American policy. Carranza was in control at Mexico City, the United States troops were withdrawn from Vera Cruz, November 23, 1914, — an event celebrated joyfully in Mexico City, — and the future seemed one of promise for Mexico. In the light of subsequent events it is clear that the President acted upon inaccurate information as to the internal condition of the constitutionalist faction in ordering the evacuation of Vera Cruz. What was the disappointment and chagrin of the President and his advisers when in a few weeks there came threats of a rupture within the constitutionalist faction. A convention called to choose a temporary head of the executive power, pending a general election, developed a contest between General Carranza and General Villa. Carranza outvoted Villa in a costly victory. The military leader of the revolutionists withdrew from the convention and shortly betook himself, with thousands of his followers, to Northern

Mexico, where his military campaign progressed for a time.

Another threat against Carranza's well-being lowered from the region southwest of the Mexican Capital, where Zapata, who had been advertised in the United States as the most vicious of Mexican bandit leaders, controlled two Mexican states. Carranza evacuated Mexico City. He moved his capital to Queretaro, and subsequently sought safety at Vera Cruz. Zapata took possession of the capital.

The situation in Mexico now reverted to a condition fully as unsatisfactory from the viewpoint of the material interests of the United States as that at any time of the anti-Huerta revolution. It had continued in this condition for several months, when in August, 1915, the President made a speech at Indianapolis, reaffirming in unmistakable parlance his faith in the 'watchful waiting' policy and his determination to adhere to it.

As time went by and the summer of 1915 was nearing its end, the realization was borne in upon the administration that the situation could not be permitted to continue so without some effort on the part of the United States to bring about better conditions. The following is quoted from an official document made public at the White House in November, 1915, which set forth the policy evolved by the administration to meet the exigencies of the situation:—

'When Huerta fled from Mexico the revolutionary party split and thereby the pacification of the country was delayed.

'For one year this administration held aloof, hoping that, by reuniting, the revolutionary factions would be able to bring order out of chaos. After the lapse of one year, however, the Mexican situation seeming to be no nearer solution, this government sounded the six ranking diplomatic representatives of Latin America as to whether they would confer and advise with this government in regard to recognizing a government in Mexico. Under instructions from their governments they consented, and the first conference met on August 5 of this year.

'As a result of that conference, the representatives of the six Latin-American countries, together with the Secretary of State, acting severally, signed an appeal to the men directing the armed movement in Mexico, suggesting that they hold a conference to discuss a peaceful settlement of their differences, and offering to act as intermediaries to arrange the time, place, and other details of such conference. Telegrams were sent to all generals, governors, and leaders of factions known to have authority in Mexico.

'The result was that all of the Villista commanders and authorities replied directly and independently, in varied language, accepting the suggestion for a conference. On the other hand, all the commanders and authorities affiliated with Carranza replied briefly and in similar language, referring the matter to General Carranza, and stating that he would make such reply as he deemed best. The inference was plain. On the one hand there seemed to be no organization, while on the other, unity and harmony were evident. Such discipline looked encouraging for Mexico's salvation, and the conferees, after careful and impartial consideration of all the facts, decided unanimously to recommend to their respective governments that the government of which General Carranza was the leader ought to be recognized as the *de facto* Government of Mexico.'

As a result of the Pan-American conferences, the United States and the chief Latin-American countries accorded a formal recognition to the govern-

ment of General Carranza, the United States naming him in an official communication to his representative at Washington as 'First Chief of the Constitutionalist Government,' in December, 1915.

The government thus accepted a measure of responsibility for Carranza. It relied upon him to finish, and finish speedily, the task of pacifying his country so that all its international obligations might be met. The extent to which the government of the United States was willing to go in this respect is evidenced by the fact that on two occasions permission was given Carranza to transport troops across American territory along the Texas border, in order to gain strategic advantages over the Villista forces. Some progress was made in the Carranza campaign against Villa, but the country, at the opening of the present year, remained far from the state of pacification necessary to the protection of the lives and property of foreigners. The Villa forces, when defeated, in many cases did not surrender, but disintegrated into guerrilla bands. These bands, supplemented by volunteers from the vagrant element of the population of Northern Mexico, terrorized many districts and caused the State Department, late in December, to take measures to warn all Americans in numerous extended areas to return to the United States.

Carranza's most depressing difficulty had been his inability to raise money through taxation. At the opening of the year he had not reëntered the Mexican capital. As late as January 12, 1916, Senator Stone, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and spokesman for the Wilson administration, said, 'It is only within the last two or three months that anything really approaching a settled government has been established, or the establishment of such a government seriously attempted.' Conditions were improving but slowly, when, on January 12, the United States was horrified by the news that seventeen American citizens had been wantonly murdered by Villistas near Piedras Negras.

In March, Villa made a still more drastic effort to provoke the intervention of the United States in Mexico, when he actually invaded American territory and attacked the town of Columbus, New Mexico, which was guarded by a detachment of cavalry. But, by careful handling, President Wilson reduced to a minimum the possibilities of a rupture with the Carranza government when he took the quite necessary step of sending an American punitive expedition into Mexico to capture Villa. His first act, after ordering the American troops into Mexico, was to convey formal assurances to Carranza that the sovereignty of Mexico was not to be trenched upon. Fortunately Carranza suggested the negotiation of a reciprocal treaty, under the terms of which the soldiers of either government are permitted to cross the international boundary line in pursuit of bandits who come from the territory of the adjoining nation to commit depredations.

The success of President Wilson's policy in avoiding a rupture with Carranza is to be attributed to his careful reiteration of this government's intention not to enter upon a general intervention. These statements not only were communicated to Carranza, but they were published throughout Mexico. They did much to ease the tension which arose after the announcement of the plans of the punitive expedition and threatened to make it impossible for Carranza to concur in the American position without endangering his own hold upon the *de facto* government.

The difficulty of convincing the Mexicans of the sincerity of these assur-

ances undoubtedly was great, but I am convinced that it was decreased by the good impression which already had been made throughout Latin America by the Wilson policy of coöperation. It is to be conceded also, I think, that the disposition of Latin Americans generally to accept the President's assurances at par value acted as a strong counter influence to the irritation which at one time seemed likely to inflame the Carranza government against the United States.

III

I have endeavored in the foregoing review of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy to present the main facts, as separated from opinion. Such a review seems to me more necessary than anything else to the formulation of an unbiased judgment on the policy. The tension of our relations with Mexico has been so extreme because of various special incidents that many persons have lost utterly their perspective of the policy as a whole. The significance of the purpose of the American government to stand off, — attentive, but not interfering, — while the people of the sister republic fought their way through the intricacies of their destiny to a fuller measure of freedom, might easily be forgotten at a time of stress such as that created by the murder of nearly a score of American citizens. Mr. Wilson's larger purpose might be ignored in the assertion by so sane a publicist as Senator Borah that 'retribution moves swiftly for the nation which forgets or abandons its own.'

Mr. Wilson, however, at each such critical stage has been capable of an admirable detachment which permitted him to give full consideration to the fact that the wrongs done Americans were not committed by the government establishing itself there, but by irresponsible bandits, — in recent times by bandits who desired to provoke the intervention of the United States, — and that, therefore, our grievance was not against the Mexican people. There never has been a time since Mr. Wilson became President that general intervention in Mexico would not have solidified all factions there and forced upon the body of the Mexican people the suffering of atonement for wrongs which had been done to Americans by an irresponsible few. It was a moral judgment, formed despite the traditions of international policy, that led Mr. Wilson to conclude that the United States should not make the whole Mexican people suffer for the misdeeds of an uncontrolled minority. Misleading political debates have served to deter the American people from recalling that wars may properly be fought only between governments, between organized peoples. One hears so much of 'Americanism' in these debates that he may overlook the fact that weakness is not an offense punishable in the American code of ethics.

The President has hoped unceasingly for the evolution of order in Mexico through the advancement of the movement for constitutional government. Pending such an eventuality he has striven to keep Americans out of the danger-infested areas. It cannot be questioned that if the advice of our government had been observed by Americans in Mexico most of the offenses against their persons would have been avoided. Had this been done it would now be possible to have an unclouded appreciation of the fact that a constitutional government is establishing itself in Mexico. It would be possible for the American people to realize that by degrees this government is growing stronger; that the ultimate pacification of all Mexico is growing nearer; that the resumption of all its international obligations on the part of

the Republic may not be far off, and that the high purpose of the Wilson Mexican policy may be on the threshold of realization. Should we be surprised that, when this goal seemingly is at last in view, Mr. Wilson's adherence to his policy should be more stubborn than ever before?

The issue which faced the United States at the outset of the Wilson administration was the life or death of the democratic idea in Mexico. It was entirely within the power of the United States to protect the lives and material interests of its citizens in Mexico. This was possible through intervention or the recognition of Huerta — at least, the opinion seems to me defensible that Huerta's iron-handed methods might have succeeded in establishing order. Either course would have meant the end of the aspirations toward free self-government represented by the Madero revolutionary movement and the later movement headed by Carranza. American lives and property would have been safe at the cost of Mexican liberty; and the responsibility lay upon the government of the United States to say whether their safety should be purchased at such high cost.

The responsibilities of our government were peculiar, not only because of our historical relationship with Mexico and of the declarations embodied in the Monroe Doctrine: we were not without responsibilities as the greatest free government in the world. This country has been called the world's great adventure in government, and it has been said that the hopes of all peoples aspiring to freedom are aligned with us. What killing irony it would have been for this custodian of mankind's ideals — herself composite of all the peoples of the earth — to say to Mexico, or to any people for that matter: The germ of self-government in you is incapable of fructifying. Your revolutions lead only to new revolutions and not to freedom and peace as did the revolutions of France. You must be governed by an iron hand, and the United States will see to it that you are.

And, in withholding recognition from Huerta, Mr. Wilson did nothing more than declare that the United States would not close the door of opportunity to a movement to establish constitutional government. 'Watchful waiting' since that time has been nothing other than a courageous adherence to this resolve.

In passing judgment upon the President's Mexican policy it should be realized that, coincidentally with the handling of the Mexican situation, Mr. Wilson has been busy with the formulation of a common policy for our relations with all the republics of the Western Hemisphere. All these republics have looked on intently as we dealt with Mexico. Mr. Wilson's policy, taken *in toto*, has promoted immeasurably the friendliness with which these republics view the United States. In the great unknown to which American international relations are tending, the United States may come to a realization that Mr. Wilson rendered an inestimable service to his country by the conscious development of this Pan-American sentiment. The foremost critic of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy has asserted that the United States is without a friend among the great powers of Europe. Is not the prediction defensible that the future may produce a favorable judgment upon that policy as having aided in procuring for the United States in the two Americas that abundance of friendship which we are told is utterly lacking in the Eastern Hemisphere?

MANNA

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

THE Petty Sessions court at Linstowe was crowded. Miracles do not happen every day, nor are rectors always charged with larceny. The interest roused would have relieved all those who doubt the vitality of our ancient Church. People who never went outside their farms or plots of garden had walked as much as three miles to see the show. Mrs. Gloyn, the sandy-haired little keeper of the shop, where soap and herrings, cheese, matches, bootlaces, bull's eyes, and the other luxuries of a countryside could be procured, remarked to Mrs. Redland, the farmer's wife, ' 'T is quite a gatherin' like.' To which Mrs. Redland replied, ' 'Most like Church of a Sunday.'

More women, it is true, than men, were present, because of their greater piety, and because most of them had parted with pounds of butter, chickens, ducks, potatoes, or some such offertory in kind during the past two years, at the instance of the rector. They had a vested interest in this matter, and were present, accompanied by their grief at value unreceived. From Trover, their little village on the top of the hill two miles from Linstowe, with the squat church-tower, beautifully untouched, and ruined by the perfect restoration of the body of the building, they had trooped in; some even coming from the shore of the Atlantic, a mile beyond, across the downs, whence other upland square church-towers could be viewed on the sky-line against the gray January heavens. The occasion was in a sense unique, and its piquancy strengthened by that rivalry which is the essence of religion.

For there was no love lost between Church and Chapel in Trover, and the rector's flock had long been fortified in their power of 'parting' by fear lest 'Chapel' (also present that day in court) should mock at his impecuniousness. Not that his flock approved of his poverty. It had seemed 'silly-like,' ever since the news had spread that his difficulties had been caused by a faith in shares. To improve a secure if moderate position by speculation would not have seemed wrong, if he had not failed instead, and made himself dependent on their butter, their potatoes, their eggs and chickens. In that parish, as in others, the saying 'Nothing succeeds like success' was true, nor had the villagers any abnormal disposition to question the title deeds of affluence.

But it is equally true that nothing irritates so much as finding that one of whom you have the right to beg is begging of you. This was why the rector's tall, thin, black figure, down which a ramrod surely had been passed at birth; his narrow, hairless, white and wasted face, with red eyebrows over eyes that seemed now burning and now melting; his grizzled red hair under a hat almost green with age; his abrupt and dictatorial voice; his abrupt and mirthless laugh — all were on their nerves. His barked-out utterances, 'I want a pound of butter — pay you Monday!' 'I

want some potatoes — pay you soon!' had sounded too often in the ears of those who had found his repayments so far purely spiritual. Now and then one of the more cynical would remark, 'Ah! I told un *my* butter was all to market.' Or, 'The man can't 'ave no principles — he did n' get no chicken out o' me.' And yet it was impossible to let him and his old mother die on them — it would give too much pleasure 'over the way.' And they never dreamed of losing him in any other manner, because they knew his living had been purchased. Money had passed in that transaction; the whole fabric of the Church and of Society was involved. His professional conduct, too, was flawless; his sermons long and fiery; he was always ready to perform those supernumerary duties — weddings, baptisms, and burials — which yielded him what revenue he had, now that his income from the living was mortgaged up to the hilt. Their loyalty held as the loyalty of people will when some great institution of which they are members is endangered.

Gossip said that things were in a dreadful way at the Rectory; the external prosperity of that red brick building surrounded by laurels which did not flower heightened ironically the conditions within. The old lady, his mother, eighty years of age, was reported never to leave her bed this winter, because they had no coal. She lay there, with her three birds flying about dirtying the room, for neither she nor her son would ever let a cage-door be shut — deplorable state of things! The one servant was supposed never to be paid. The tradesmen would no longer leave goods because they could not get their money. Most of the furniture had been sold; and the dust made you sneeze 'fit to bust yourself like.'

With a little basket on his arm the rector collected for his household three times a week, pursuing a kind of method, always in the apparent belief that he would pay on Monday, and observing the Sabbath as a day of rest. His mind seemed ever to cherish the faith that his shares were on the point of recovery; his spirit never to lose belief in his divine right to be supported. It was extremely difficult to refuse him; the postman had twice seen him standing on the railway line that ran past just below the village, 'with 'is 'at off, like as if he was in two minds.' This vision of him close to the shining metals had powerfully impressed many good souls who loved to make flesh creep. They would say, 'I would n' never be surprised if something 'appened to 'im one of these days!' Others, less romantic, shook their heads, insisting that 'he would n' never do nothin', while his old mother lived.' Others again, more devout, maintained that 'he would n' never go against the Scriptures, settin' an example like that!'

II

The Petty Sessions court that morning resembled Church on the occasion of a wedding; for the villagers of Trover had put on their black clothes and grouped themselves according to their religious faiths — 'Church' in the right, 'Chapel' in the left-hand aisle. They presented all that rich variety of type and monotony of costume which the remoter country still affords to the observer; their mouths were almost all a little open, and their eyes fixed with intensity on the Bench. The three magistrates — Squire Pleydell in the chair, Dr. Becket on his left, and 'the Honble.' Calmady on his right — were by most seen for the first time in their judicial capacity; and curiosity was divided between their proceedings and observation of the rector's prosecutor, a small baker from the town whence

the village of Trover derived its necessaries. The face of this fellow, like that of a white walrus, and the back of his bald head were of interest to every one until the case was called, and the rector himself entered. In his thin black overcoat he advanced and stood as if a little dazed. Then, turning his ravaged face to the Bench, he jerked out, —

'Good morning! Lot of people!'

A constable behind him murmured,

'Into the dock, sir, please.'

Moving across, he entered the wooden edifice.

'Quite like a pulpit,' he said, and uttered his barking laugh.

Through the court ran a stir and shuffle, as it might be of sympathy with his lost divinity, and every eye was fixed on that tall, lean figure, with the red, gray-streaked hair.

Entering the witness-box the prosecutor deposed as follows: —

'Last Tuesday afternoon, your Honors, I 'appened to be drivin' my cart meself up through Trover on to the cottages just above the dip, and I'd gone in to Mrs. 'Oney's, the laundress, leavin' my cart standin' same as I always do. I 'ad a bit o' gossip, an' when I come out I see this gentleman walkin' away in front towards the village street. It so 'appens I 'appened to look in the back o' my cart, and I thinks to meself, That's funny! There's only two flat rounds — 'ave I left two 'ere by mistake? I calls to Mrs. 'Oney, an' I says, "I 'ave n't been absent, 'ave I, an' left yer two?" "No," she says, "only one — 'ere 't is! Why?" she says. "Well," I says, "I 'ad four when I come in to you, there's only two now. 'T is funny!" I says. " 'Ave you dropped one?" she says. "No," I says, "I counted 'em." "That's funny," she says; "perhaps a dog's 'ad it." " 'E may 'ave," I says, "but the only thing I see on the road is that there." An' I pointed to this gentleman. "Oh!" she says, "that's the rector." "Yes," I says, "I ought to know that, seein' 'e's owed me money a matter of eighteen months. I think I'll drive on," I says. Well, I drove on, and come up to this gentleman. 'E turns 'is 'ead, and looks at me. "Good afternoon!" he says — like that. "Good afternoon, sir," I says. "You 'ave n't seen a loaf, 'ave you?" 'E pulls the loaf out of 'is pocket. "On the ground," 'e says; "dirty," 'e says. "Do for my birds! Ha! ha!" like that. "Oh!" I says, "indeed! Now I know!" I says. I kept my 'ead, but I thinks: "That's a bit too light-'earted. You owes me one pound, eight and tuppence; I've whistled for it gettin' on for two years, but you ain't content with that, it seems! Very well," I thinks: "we'll see. An' I don't give a darn whether you're a parson or not!" I charge 'im with takin' my bread.'

Passing a dirty handkerchief over his white face and huge gingery moustache, the baker was silent. Suddenly from the dock the rector called out, —

'Bit of dirty bread — feed my birds. Ha, ha!'

There was a deathly little silence. Then the baker said slowly, —

'What 's more, I say he ate it 'imself. I call two witnesses to that.'

The Chairman, passing his hand over his hard, alert face, that of a master of hounds, asked, —

'Did you see any dirt on the loaf? Be careful!'

The baker answered stolidly, —

'Not a speck.'

Dr. Becket, a slight man with a short gray beard, and eyes restive from having to notice painful things, spoke.

'Had your horse moved?'

' 'E never moves.'

'Ha, ha!'

The Chairman said sharply, —

'Well, stand down; call the next witness. — Charles Stodder, carpenter.

Very well! Go on, and tell us what you know.'

But before he could speak the rector called out in a loud voice, 'Chapel!'

'Hsssh!' But through the body of the court had passed a murmur, of challenge, as it were, from one aisle to the other.

The witness, a square man with a red face, gray hair, whiskers, and moustache, and lively excitable dark eyes, watering with anxiety, spoke in a fast soft voice, —

'Tuesday afternoon, your Worships, it might be about four o'clock, I was passin' up the village, an' I saw the rector at his gate, with a loaf in 'is 'and.'

'Show us how.'

The witness held his black hat to his side, with the rounded top outwards.

'Was the loaf clean or dirty?'

Sweetening his little eyes, the witness answered, —

'I should say 't was clean.'

'Lie!'

The Chairman said sternly, —

'You must n't interrupt, sir. — You did n't see the bottom of the loaf?'

The witness's little eyes snapped.

'Not eggzactly.'

'Did the rector speak to you?'

The witness smiled. 'The rector would n' never stop me if I was passin'. I collects the rates.'

The rector's laugh, so like a desolate dog's bark, killed the bubble of gayety rising in the Court; and again that deathly little silence followed.

Then the Chairman said, —

'Do you want to ask him anything?'

The rector turned. 'Why d' you tell lies?'

The witness screwing up his eyes, said excitedly, —

'What lies 'ave I told, please?'

'You said the loaf was clean.'

'So 't was clean, so far as I see.'

'Come to Church, and you won't tell lies.'

'Reckon I can learn truth faster in Chapel.'

The Chairman rapped his desk.

'That'll do, that'll do! Stand down! Next witness. — Emily Bleaker. Yes? What are you? Cook at the rectory? Very well. What do you know about the affair of this loaf last Tuesday afternoon?'

The witness, a broad-faced, brown-eyed girl, answered stolidly, 'Nothin', zurr.'

'Ha, ha!'

'Hssh! Did you see the loaf?'

'Noa.'

'What are you here for, then?'

'Master asked for a plate and a knaife. He an' old missis ate et for dinner. I see the plate after; there was n't on'y crumbs on et.'

'If you never saw the loaf, how do you know they ate it?'

'Because ther' war n't nothin' else in the 'ouse.'

The rector's voice barked out, —

'Quite right!'

The Chairman looked at him fixedly.

'Do you want to ask her anything?'

The rector nodded.

'You been paid your wages?'

'Noa, I 'as n 't.'

'D' you know why?'

'Noa.'

'Very sorry — no money to pay you. That's all.'

This closed the prosecutor's case; and there followed a pause, during which the Bench consulted together, and the rector eyed the congregation, nodding to one here and there. Then the Chairman, turning to him, said, —

'Now, sir, do you call any witnesses?'

'Yes. My bell-ringer. He's a good man. You can believe him.'

The bell-ringer, Samuel Bevis, who took his place in the witness-box, was a kind of elderly Bacchus, with permanently trembling hands. He deposed as follows: —

'When I passed rector Tuesday arternoon, he calls after me: "See this!" 'e says, and up 'e held it. "Bit o' dirrty bread," 'e says; "do for my burrds." Then on he goes walkin'.'

'Did you see whether the loaf was dirty?'

'Yaas, I think 't was dirrty.'

'Don't *think!* Do you *know?*'

'Yaas; 't was dirrty.'

'Which side?'

'Which saide? I think 't was dirrty on the bottom.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yaas; 't was dirrty on the bottom, for zartain.'

'Very well. Stand down. Now, sir, will you give us your version of this matter?'

The rector, pointing at the prosecutor and the left-hand aisle, jerked out the words, —

'All Chapel — want to see me down.'

The Chairman said stonily, —

'Never mind that. Come to the facts, please.'

'Certainly! Out for a walk — passed the baker's cart — saw a loaf fallen in the mud — picked it up — do for my birds.'

'What birds?'

'Magpie and two starlings; quite free — never shut the cage-door; well fed.'

'The baker charges you with taking it from his cart.'

'Lie! Underneath the cart in a puddle.'

'You heard what your cook said about your eating it. Did you?'

'Yes, birds could n't eat all — nothing in the house — Mother and I — hungry.'

'Hungry?'

'No money. Hard up — very! Often hungry. Ha, ha!'

Again through the court that queer rustle passed. The three magistrates gazed at the accused. Then 'the Honble.' Calmady said, —

'You say you found the loaf under the cart. Did n't it occur to you to put it back? You could see it had fallen. How else could it have come there?'

The rector's burning eyes seemed to melt.

'From the sky. Manna.' Staring round the court, he added, 'Hungry — God's elect — to the manna born!' And, throwing back his head, he laughed. It was the only sound in a silence as of the grave.

The magistrates spoke together in low tones. The rector stood motionless, gazing at them fixedly. The people in the court sat as if at a play. Then the Chairman said, —

'Case dismissed.'

'Thank you.'

Jerking out that short thanksgiving, the rector descended from the dock, and passed down the centre aisle followed by every eye.

III

From the Petty Sessions court the congregation wended its way back to Trover, by the muddy lane, 'Church' and 'Chapel,' arguing the case. To dim the triumph of the 'Church' the fact remained that the baker had lost his loaf and had not been compensated. The loaf was worth money; no money had passed. It was hard to be victorious and yet reduced to silence and dark looks at girding adversaries. The nearer they came to home, the more angry with 'Chapel' did they grow. Then the bell-ringer had his inspiration. Assembling his three assistants, he hurried to the belfry, and in two minutes the little old tower was belching forth the merriest and maddest peal those bells had ever furnished. Out it swung in the still air of the gray winter day, away to the very sea.

A stranger, issuing from the inn, hearing that triumphant sound, and

seeing so many black-clothed people about, said to his driver, —

'What is it — a wedding?'

'No, zurr, they say 't is for the rector, like, he've a just been acquitted for larceny.'

On the Tuesday following, the rector's ravaged face and red-gray hair appeared in Mrs. Gloyn's doorway, and his voice, creaking like a saw, said, —

'Can you let me have a pound of butter? Pay you soon.'

What else could he do? Not even to God's elect does the sky always send down manna.

EDUCATION AS A POLITICAL INSTITUTION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

No political theory is adequate unless it is applicable to children as well as to men and women. Theorists are mostly childless, or, if they have children, they are carefully screened from the disturbances which would be caused by youthful turmoil. Some of them have written books on education, but without, as a rule, having any actual children present to their minds while they wrote. Those educational theorists who have had a knowledge of children, such as the inventors of kindergarten and the Montessori system, have not always had enough realization of the ultimate goal of education to be able to deal successfully with advanced instruction. I have not the knowledge either of children or of education which would enable me to supply whatever defects there may be in the writings of others. But some questions concerning education as a political institution are involved in any hope of social reconstruction, and are not usually considered by writers on educational theory. These questions only I wish to discuss.

The two principles of *justice* and *liberty*, which cover a very great deal of the social reconstruction required, will not give much guidance as regards education. Tolstoï tried to conduct a village school without infringing liberty; but when anybody except Tolstoï was teaching, the children all talked to each other, and when he himself was teaching, he secured order only by untheoretically boxing their ears in a fit of temper. It is clear that a literal adherence to the principle of liberty is quite impossible if the children are to be taught anything, except in the case of unusually intelligent children who are kept isolated from more normal companions. This is one reason for the great responsibility which rests upon teachers: the children must, unavoidably, be more or less at the mercy of their elders, and cannot make themselves the guardians of their own interests. Authority in education is to some extent unavoidable, and those who educate have to find a way of exercising authority in accordance with the *spirit* of liberty.

Where authority is unavoidable, what is needed is *reverence*. A man who

is to educate really well, who is to bring out of the young all that it is possible to bring out, who is to make them grow and develop into their full stature, must be filled through and through with the spirit of reverence. It is reverence that is lacking in those who advocate machine-made, cast-iron systems: militarism, capitalism, Fabian scientific organization, and all the other prisons into which reformers and reactionaries try to force the human spirit. In education, with its codes of rules emanating from a government office, with its large classes and fixed curriculum and overworked teachers, with its determination to produce a dead level of glib mediocrity, the lack of reverence for the child is all but universal. Reverence requires imagination and vital warmth; it requires most imagination in respect of those who have least actual achievement or power. The child is weak and superficially foolish; the teacher is strong, and in an everyday sense wiser than the child. The teacher without reverence, or the bureaucrat without reverence, easily despises the child for these outward inferiorities. He thinks it his duty to 'mould' the child; in imagination he is the potter with the clay. And so he gives to the child some unnatural shape which hardens with age, producing strains and spiritual dissatisfactions, out of which grow cruelty and envy and the belief that others must be compelled to undergo the same distortions.

The man who has reverence will not think it his duty to 'mould' the young. He feels in all that lives, but especially in human beings, and most of all in children, something sacred, indefinable, unlimited, something individual and strangely precious, the growing principle of life, an embodied fragment of the dumb striving of the world. He feels an unaccountable humility in the presence of a child — a humility not easily defensible on any rational ground, and yet somehow nearer to wisdom than the easy self-confidence of many parents and teachers. He feels the outward helplessness of the child, the appeal of dependence, the responsibility of a trust. His imagination shows him what the child may become, for good or evil; how its impulses may be developed or thwarted, how its hopes must be dimmed and the life in it grow less living, how its trust will be bruised and its quick desires replaced by brooding will. All this gives him a longing to help the child in its own battle, to strengthen it and equip it, not for some outside end proposed by the state or by any other impersonal authority, but for the ends which the child's own spirit is obscurely seeking. The man who feels this can wield the authority of an educator without infringing the principle of liberty.

It is not in a spirit of reverence that education is conducted by states and churches and the great institutions that are subservient to them. What is considered in education is hardly ever the boy or girl, the young man or young woman, but almost always, in some form, the maintenance of the existing order. When the individual is considered, it is with a view to worldly success — making money, or achieving a good position. To be ordinary, and to acquire the art of getting on, is the idea which is set before the youthful mind, except by a few rare teachers who have enough energy of belief to break through the system within which they are expected to work. Almost all education has a political motive: it aims at strengthening some group, national or religious or even social, in the competition with other groups. It is this motive, in the main, which determines the subjects taught, the knowledge which is offered, and the knowledge which is withheld. It is this motive also which

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determines the mental habits that the pupils are expected to acquire. Hardly anything is done to foster the inward growth of mind and spirit; in fact, those who have had most education are very often atrophied in their mental and spiritual life, devoid of impulse, and possessing only certain mechanical aptitudes which take the place of living thought.

II

Some of the things which education achieves at present must continue to be achieved by education in any civilized country. All children must continue to be taught how to read and write, and some must continue to acquire the knowledge needed for such professions as medicine and law and engineering. Except in such matters as history and religion, the actual instruction is only inadequate, not positively harmful. The instruction might be given in a more liberal spirit, with more attempt to show its ultimate uses; and of course much of it is traditional or dead. But in the main it is necessary, and would have to form a part of any educational system.

It is in history and religion and other controversial subjects that the actual instruction is positively harmful. These subjects touch the interests by which schools are maintained; and the interests maintain the schools in order that certain views on these subjects may be taught. History, in every country, is so taught as to magnify that country: children learn to believe that their own country has been always in the right and almost always victorious, that it has produced almost all the great men, and that it is in all respects superior to all other countries. Since these beliefs are flattering, they are easily absorbed, and hardly ever dislodged from instinct by later knowledge.

To take a simple and almost trivial example: the facts about the battle of Waterloo are known in great detail and with minute accuracy; but the facts as taught in elementary schools will be widely different in England, France, and Germany. The ordinary English boy imagines that the Prussians played hardly any part; the ordinary German boy imagines that Wellington was practically defeated when the day was retrieved by Blücher's gallantry. If the facts were taught accurately in both countries, national pride would not be fostered to the same extent, neither nation would feel so certain of victory in the event of war, and the willingness to fight would be diminished. It is this result which has to be prevented. Every state wishes to foster national pride, and is conscious that this cannot be done by unbiased history. The defenseless children are taught by distortions and suppressions and suggestions. The false ideas as to the history of the world which are taught in the various countries are of a kind which fosters strife and serves to keep alive a bigoted nationalism. If good relations between states were desired, one of the first steps ought to be to submit all teaching of history to an international commission, which should produce neutral textbooks free from the patriotic bias which is now demanded everywhere.

Exactly the same thing applies to religion. Elementary schools are practically always in the hands, either of some religious body, or of a state which has a definite attitude toward religion. A religious body exists through the fact that its members all have certain definite beliefs on subjects as to which the truth is not ascertainable. Schools conducted by religious bodies have to prevent the young, who are often inquiring by nature, from discovering that these definite beliefs are opposed by other equally definite beliefs which are no more unreasonable, and that many

of the men best qualified to judge think that there is no good evidence in favor of any definite belief. When the state is militantly secular, as in France, state schools become as dogmatic as those that are in the hands of the churches; I understand that the word 'God' must not be mentioned in a French elementary school. When the state is neutral, as in America, all religious discussion has to be excluded, and the Bible must be read without comment, lest the comment should favor one sect rather than another. The result in all these cases is the same: free inquiry is checked, and on the most important matter in the world the child is met with dogma or with stony silence.

It is not only in elementary education that these evils exist. In more advanced education they take subtler forms, and there is more attempt to conceal them, but they are still present. Eton and Oxford set a certain stamp upon a man's mind, just as a Jesuit college does. It can hardly be said that Eton and Oxford have a conscious purpose, but they have a purpose which is none the less strong and effective for not being formulated. In almost all who have been through them, they produce a worship of 'good form,' which is as destructive to life and thought as the mediæval Church. 'Good form' is quite compatible with superficial openmindedness, with readiness to hear all sides, with a certain urbanity toward opponents. But it is not compatible with fundamental openmindedness, or with any inward readiness to give weight to the other side. Its essence is the assumption that what is most important is a certain kind of behavior: a behavior which minimizes friction between equals, and delicately impresses inferiors with a conviction of their own crudity. As a political weapon for preserving the privileges of the rich in a snobbish democracy, it is unsurpassable. As a means of producing an agreeable social *milieu* for those who have money with no strong beliefs or unusual desires, it has some merit. In every other respect, it is abominable.

The evils of 'good form' arise from two sources: its perfect assurance of its own rightness, and its belief that correct manners are more to be desired than intellect or artistic creation or vital energy, or any of the other sources of progress in the world. Perfect assurance, by itself, is enough to destroy all mental progress in those who have it. And when it is combined with contempt for the angularities and awkwardnesses that are almost invariably combined with great mental power, it becomes a source of destruction to all who come in contact with it. 'Good form' is itself dead, static, incapable of growth; and by its attitude to those who are without it, it spreads its own death to many who might otherwise have life. The harm which it has done to well-to-do Englishmen, and to men whose abilities have led the well-to-do to notice them, is incalculable.

The prevention of free inquiry is unavoidable so long as the purpose of education is to produce belief rather than thought, to compel the young to hold positive opinions on doubtful matters rather than to let them see the doubtfulness and be encouraged to independence of mind. Education ought to foster the wish for truth, not the conviction that some particular creed is the truth. But it is creeds that hold men together in fighting organizations: churches, states, political parties. It is intensity of belief in a creed that produces efficiency in fighting: victory comes to those who feel the strongest certainty about matters on which doubt is the only rational attitude. To produce this intensity of belief and this efficiency in fighting, the child's nature is warped, its free outlook is

cramped, inhibitions are cultivated in order to check the growth of new ideas. In those whose minds are not very active, the result is the omnipotence of prejudice; while those whose thought cannot be wholly killed become cynical, intellectually hopeless, destructively critical, able to make all that is living seem foolish, unable to supply themselves the creative impulses which they destroy in others.

III

Certain mental habits are commonly instilled by those who are engaged in educating: obedience and discipline, ruthlessness in the struggle for worldly success, contempt toward opposing groups, and an unquestioning credulity, a passive acceptance of the teacher's wisdom. All these habits are against life. Instead of obedience and discipline, we ought to aim at preserving independence and impulse. Instead of ruthlessness, education ought to aim at producing justice in thought. Instead of contempt, it ought to instill reverence, the attempt at understanding—not necessarily acquiescence, but only such opposition as is combined with imaginative apprehension and a clear comprehension of the grounds for opposition. Instead of credulity, the object should be to stimulate constructive doubt, the love of mental adventure, the sense of worlds to conquer by enterprise and boldness in thought. Contentment with the *status quo*, subordination of the individual pupil to political aims, indifference to the things of the mind, are the immediate causes of these evils; but beneath these causes there is one more fundamental, the fact that education is treated as a means of acquiring power over the pupil, not as a means of fostering his own growth. It is in this that lack of reverence shows itself; and it is only by more reverence that a fundamental reform can be effected.

Obedience and discipline are supposed to be indispensable if order is to be kept in a class, and if any instruction is to be given. To some extent, this is true; but the extent is much less than it is thought to be by those who regard obedience and discipline as in themselves desirable. Obedience, the yielding of one's will to outside direction, is the counterpart of authority, which consists in directing the will of others. Both may be necessary in certain cases. Refractory children, lunatics, and criminals may require authority, and may need to be forced to obey. But in so far as this is necessary, it is a misfortune: what is to be desired is the free choice of ends with which it is not necessary to interfere. And educational reformers have shown that this is far more possible than our fathers would ever have believed.

What makes obedience seem necessary in schools is the large classes and overworked teachers demanded by a false economy. Those who have no experience of teaching are incapable of imagining the expense of spirit entailed by any really living instruction. They think that teachers can reasonably be expected to work as many hours as bank clerks. The result is intense fatigue, irritable nerves, an absolute necessity of performing the day's task mechanically. And the task cannot be performed mechanically except by exacting obedience.

If we took education seriously, if we thought it as important to keep alive the minds of children as to secure victory in war, we should conduct education quite differently: we should make sure of achieving the end, even if the expense were a hundredfold greater than it is. To many men and women a small amount of teaching is a delight, and can be done with a fresh zest and

life which keeps most pupils interested without any need of discipline. The few who do not become interested might be separated from the rest, and given a different kind of instruction. A teacher ought to have only as much teaching as can be done, on most days, with actual pleasure in the work, and with an awareness of the pupil's mental needs. The result would be a relation of friendliness instead of hostility between teacher and pupil, a realization on the part of most pupils that education serves to develop their own lives and is not merely an outside imposition, interfering with play and demanding many hours of sitting still. All that is necessary to this end is a greater expenditure of money, to secure teachers with more leisure and with a natural love of teaching.

Discipline, as it exists in schools, is very largely an evil. There is a kind of discipline which is necessary to almost all achievement, and which is perhaps not sufficiently valued by those who react against the purely external discipline of traditional methods. The desirable kind of discipline is the kind which comes from within, which consists in the power of pursuing a distant object steadily, foregoing and suffering many things on the way. This involves the subordination of impulse to will, the power of directing action by large creative desires even at moments when they are not vividly alive. Without this, no serious ambition, good or bad, can be realized, no consistent purpose can dominate. This kind of discipline is very necessary. But this kind can result only from strong desires for ends not immediately attainable, and can be produced only by education if education fosters such desires, which it seldom does at present. This kind of discipline springs from within, from one's own will, not from outside authority. It is not this kind which is sought in schools, and it is not this kind which seems to me an evil.

Ruthlessness in the economic struggle will almost unavoidably be taught in schools while the economic structure of society remains unchanged. This must be particularly the case in the middle-class schools, which depend for their numbers upon the good opinion of parents, and secure that good opinion by advertising the success of their pupils. This is one of many ways in which the competitive organization of the state is harmful. Spontaneous and disinterested desire for knowledge is not at all uncommon in the young, and is easily aroused in many in whom it remains latent. But it is ruthlessly checked by teachers who think only of examinations, diplomas, and degrees. For the abler boys, there is no time for thought, no time for the indulgence of intellectual taste, from the moment of first going to school until the moment of leaving the university. From first to last it is simply one long drudgery of examination tips and textbook facts. The most intelligent, at the end, are disgusted with learning, longing only to forget it and to escape into a life of action. Yet there, as before, the economic machine holds them prisoners, and all their spontaneous desires are bruised and thwarted.

The examination system, and the fact that instruction is treated entirely as training for a livelihood, leads the young to regard knowledge from a purely utilitarian point of view, as the road to money, not as the gateway to wisdom. This would not matter so much if it affected only those who have no genuine intellectual interests. But unfortunately it affects most those whose intellectual interests are strongest, since it is upon them that the pressure of examinations falls with most severity. To them most, but to all in some degree, education appears as a means

of acquiring superiority over others; it is infected through and through with ruthlessness and glorification of social inequality. Any free disinterested consideration shows that, whatever inequalities might remain in a Utopia, the actual inequalities are almost all contrary to justice. But our educational system will conceal this from all except the failures, since those who succeed are on the way to profit by the inequalities, with every encouragement from the men who have directed their education.

IV

Passive acceptance of the teacher's wisdom is easy to most boys and girls. It involves no effort of independent thought, it seems rational because the teacher knows more than his pupils, and it is the way to win the favor of the teacher unless he is a very exceptional man. Yet the habit of passive acceptance is a disastrous one in later life. It causes men to seek a leader, and to accept as a leader whoever is established in that position. It makes the power of churches, governments, party caucuses, and all the other organizations by which plain men are misled into supporting old systems which are harmful to the nation and to themselves. It is possible that there would not be much independence of thought, even if education did everything to encourage it; but there would certainly be more than there is at present. If the object were to make pupils think, rather than to make them accept certain conclusions, education would be conducted quite differently: there would be less rapidity of instruction, more discussion, more occasions when pupils were encouraged to express themselves, more attempt to make education concern itself with matters in which the pupils felt some interest.

Above all, there would be an endeavor to rouse and stimulate the love of mental adventure. The world in which we live is various and astonishing: some of the things which seem plainest grow more and more difficult the more they are considered; other things, which might have been thought forever undiscoverable, have been laid bare by the genius and industry of the men of science. The power of thought, the vast regions which it can master, the much more vast regions which it can only dimly suggest to imagination, give to those whose minds have traveled beyond the daily round an amazing richness of material, an escape from the triviality and wearisomeness of familiar routine, by which the whole of life is filled with interest, and the prison walls of the commonplace are broken down. The same love of adventure which takes men to the South Pole, the same passion for a conclusive trial of strength which makes some men welcome war, can find in creative thought an outlet which is not wasteful or cruel, but full of profit for the whole human race, increasing the dignity of man, incarnating in life some of that shining splendor which the human spirit is bringing down out of the unknown. To give this joy, in a greater or less measure, to all who are capable of it, is the supreme end for which the education of the mind is to be valued.

It will be said that the joy of mental adventure must be rare, that there are few who can appreciate it, and that ordinary education can take no account of so aristocratic a good. I do not believe this. The joy of mental adventure is far commoner in the young than in grown men and women. Among children it is very common, and grows naturally out of the period of make-believe and fancy. It is rare in later life because everything is done to kill it during education. Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth — more

than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought, real thought, looks into the pit of Hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man.

But if thought is to become the possession of many, not the privilege of the few, we must have done with fear. It is fear that holds men back: fear lest their cherished beliefs should prove delusions, fear lest the institutions by which they live should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be. Should the working man think freely about property? Then what will become of us, the rich? Should young men and young women think freely about sex? Then what will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely about war? Then what will become of military discipline? Away with thought! Back into the shades of prejudice, lest property, morals, and war should be endangered! Better that men should be stupid, slothful, and oppressive than that their thoughts should be free. For if their thoughts were free, they might not think as we do. And at all costs this disaster must be averted. So the opponents of thought argue in the unconscious depths of their souls. And so they act in their churches, their schools, and their universities.

No institution inspired by fear can further life. Hope, not fear, is the creative principle in human affairs. All that has made man great has sprung from the attempt to secure what is good, not from the struggle to avert what was thought evil. It is because modern education is so seldom inspired by a great hope that it so seldom achieves a great result. The wish to preserve the past, rather than the hope of creating the future, dominates the minds of those who control the teaching of the young. Education should not aim at a dead awareness of static facts, but at an activity directed toward the world that our efforts are to create. It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the triumph that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the ever-widening horizon of man's survey over the universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less sombre than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create.

KARTÚSHKIYA-BERÓZA

BY ALTER BRODY

It is twelve years since I have been there — in that little town by the river where I was born. It all comes back to me now, as I read in the newspaper:—

'*The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames.*'

Kartúshkiya-Beróza! Sweet-sounding, time-scented name — smelling of wide-extending marshes of hay, of cornfields, of apple-orchards, of cherry trees in full blossom; smelling of all the pleasant recollections of my childhood, of grandmother's kitchen, grandmother's freshly baked dainties, grandmother's plum-pudding — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I see before me a lane running between two rows of straggling cottages. I cannot remember the name of the lane; I do not know whether it has any name at all, but I remember it was broad and unpaved and shaded with wide-branching chestnuts, and entered the market-place just a few houses after my grandfather's — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see it even now, my grandfather's house — on the lane, to the right, as you come from the market-place — a big, hospitable frame building, big like my grandfather's own heart and hospitable like grandmother's smile. I can see it even now, with the white-pillared porch in the centre and the sharp-gabled roof pierced with little windows, and the great quadrangular garden behind it, and the tall fence surrounding the garden, and the old well in the corner of the garden with the bucket-lift rising high over the fence — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see him even now, my grandfather — bending over me, tall and sad-eyed and thoughtful — lifting me up and seating me on his knees, lovingly, and listening to all my childish questions and confessions; pardoning, admonishing, remonstrating; satisfying my questioning soul with good-humored indulgence.

And my grandmother — dear little woman! I could never dissociate ner from

plum-puddings and apple-dumplings and raisin-cakes and almond-cakes and crisp potato pancakes, and the smell of fish frying on the fire. Then there is my cousin Miriam, who lived in the yellow house across the lane — a freckle-faced little girl with a puckered-up nose and eyes like black cherries. I was very romantic about her.

And then there is my curse, my rival at school, my arch-enemy — Jacob, the synagogue sexton's boy, on whom I was always warring. God knows on what battlefield he must be lying now! There is Nathan and Joseph and Berel and Solomon and Ephraim, the baker's boy; Baruch, Gershen and Mendel, and long-legged, sandy-haired Emanuel who fell into the pond with me that time, while we were skating on the ice — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see myself even now in the lane on a summer's day, cap in hand, chasing after dragon-flies. Suddenly, nearby, sounds the noise of drums and bugles — I know what that means! Breathlessly I dash up the lane. It is the regiment quartered in the barracks at the end of the town, in its annual parade on the highway — how I should like to be one of those gray-coated heroes! I watch them eager-eyed, and run after them until they reach the Gentile quarter. — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I am in the market-place at a fair. It is a heaving mass of carts and horses and oxen; the oxen are lowing, the horses neighing, the peasants cursing in a dozen different dialects. I am in grandfather's store on the lower end of the market-place, right opposite the public well: the store is full of peasants and peasant women bargaining at the top of their voices. The men are clad in rough sheepskin coats and fur caps, their women are gay in bright-colored cottons, with red kerchiefs round their heads. My grandfather stands behind the counter measuring out rope to some peasants; grandmother is cutting a strip of linen for a peasant woman, chaffering with another one at the same time about the price of a pair of sandals — and I am sitting there, behind the counter, on a sack of flour, playing with my black-eyed little cousin — *Kartúshkiya-Beróza . . .*

It comes back to me suddenly that I am sitting here with a newspaper in my hand, reading: —

'The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames!'

THE DESERTED TEMPLE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

Has not the rush of the young through succeeding generations in this country toward the mechanical, the dexterous, already begun to tell in a constantly increasing narrowness, a shrinkage of intellectual and spiritual stature? Has not that preoccupation with the immediate which once served a great idealistic purpose, become in time its own end, the only end at last? Comfort, safety, in the minds of our pioneer ancestors, ministered to the service of God; now, when we are too comfortable to be even happy, too pampered to be blest, we go on trying to be more and more comfortable.

Is our boasted mechanical progress entirely a triumphant exhibition of the growth of humankind, or is it partly a case of arrested mental development? In many ways, perhaps, it is pleasing and convenient not to have time to think; but is it wise? The typical American has come to seem to many people of other nationalities a 'handy man,' quick with muscle, nimble in the execution of practical projects, but lacking in depth of personality. A swift intelligence, with all the latest modern adjustments, is there; but I have heard it hinted that there is more vibration of machinery than of ideas in our minds; that a distant echo of piston and of whistle, insistent and shrill in our voices, symbolizes a certain mechanical quality in our innermost selves. Our critics are constant in generous praise of our great quality, generosity, nor shall any gainsay it; it is our one priceless spiritual possession. But it may be that they are right when they fail to agree with us in our childish self-congratulation that we are the best of all possible types of people in the best of all possible worlds. When they speak of our lack of inner resources and of deep reserve of thought and of feeling; of a certain thinness of quality in the American temperament; of lack of personality, of permanence of quality, of enduring conviction — can we wholly deny the charges? Much of the fiction written by us and about us confirms them with scientific accuracy, and becomes a true mirror in which we see ourselves.

Our interest in the world of things rather than in the world of ideas is already resulting in too many naïve and shallow types of character, uncurious save in regard to the material secrets of the world. We are suffering not only from waning faith in invisible realities, but from the externality of our training; from the preponderance, in our schools and colleges, of scientific and mathematical discipline; from the steadily decreasing devotion to the humanities.

Is it the multiplication of 'observation' studies that makes the young continually less interested in the profounder phases of existence, more and more unaware of the problems of the inner life? To court too rigidly training concerned chiefly with the world of matter is to court a lasting childishness of mind; greatly useful in its place, this discipline should keep its place, and not encroach, as it does in our country,

upon provinces not its own. Lessened maturity of mind and of spirit must of necessity result from lessened contact with the minds of men in their maturity, and from the failure to study men in their mental, spiritual, national development. Why require in college of all students work in science, unless history, literature, and philosophy are also required? Is knowledge of chemical actions and reactions supremely necessary, while spiritual reactions, study of complex human relationships, of profound philosophic thought, piercing the veil of matter at least toward, if not to, reality, are left to chance, to students' whims in the lottery of elective work?

I would make a plea against the one-sidedness of our present endeavor, leaning over to the external world; I would make a plea for a deeper culture; for more widespread study of the humanities; for more determined use, in our colleges and our schools, of the idealist's opportunity in a world drunk with a sense of physical fact. A plea for the study of history; for the pure intellectual discipline of philosophy; and, because of our special need, for literature as a necessary discipline in all school work and college work wheresoever. The work with the classics is steadily decreasing; alas for the dimming of the torch that has guided our way! Since ancient literature, with its superb power of shaping young civilization, has been largely driven out, — with what incalculable loss! — let us study and teach our own, still permitted and, in places, even encouraged; let us have our English literature taught in the wisest and profoundest way ascertainable, wherever anything is taught. It is greatly needed for knowledge of human nature, insight into its complexities, for practical purposes as well as for intellectual enlightenment; there is, after all, nothing so unpractical as the purely practical man. It is needed to make good the lack in modern training with its emphasis on externals, and the loss that comes from lessened intimacy on the part of people in general with the best in literature; it is needed that the young may win acquaintance with human insight at its best; needed to strengthen the hold on the ideal, on that beauty, visible and invisible, that rouses the creative will to new ardor of effort.

II

For many years, as I have felt increasingly a sense of this need, I have, from time to time, heard the statement made that literature is a subject that cannot be taught; that, while it may hold its own as a source of individual pleasure, it has no real place in an educational system; and that, when it attempts to hold such a place, it serves only to divert the minds of the young from legitimate subjects of study. These protests have been made by very different people for widely differing reasons. A mathematician informs me that the study of literature can give no proper mental discipline, as it is not an intellectual exercise, and fails in inculcating exactness in use of facts. A humanist, specialist in history, once thoughtfully remarked that it was impossible to see where genuine work could come in in connection with this subject, as it was just a case of recording impressions, telling whether you liked a thing or not; the implication being that the mental challenge is little deeper than that involved in doing one's Christmas shopping.

This conceiving of literature as one of the mere decorations of life is shared by other critics: scientists have told me that it offers no opportunity for obtaining real knowledge, as it is not based upon observation, through the senses,

of the world of fact. A wholly different kind of objection comes now and then from poet or essayist, who maintains that insight into literature is a case of the divine fire; either you have it or you have n't it in you; it cannot be communicated.

For many years I have heard it said that literature cannot be taught, and for many years I have known that the young of the college world, in some of the places where this study is still permitted, troop into English literature classes, overrunning the elective courses, clamoring for work in literature, for more and more. If literature cannot be taught, the young have not found it out. The frequent gibe that this is because literature work is a 'snap' is, year after year, disproved; first, by the fact that the best students, the most indefatigable workers, flock to it; and second, by the fact that, in classes where the standard is held high, students work with a passionate enthusiasm, an intensity, an ungrudging devotion, which certainly is not surpassed in any other subject, and is perhaps rarely equaled. Mathematician, scientist, historian may shake their heads, regarding this as evidence of mental aberration on the part of the young; but the young do not heed the shaking. Some inner intellectual and spiritual necessity impels them; they feel, if they cannot formulate, that which is necessary for their growth; they are full of a hunger and thirst which nothing else, it would seem, will satisfy.

There is practical evidence enough to show that literature can be taught with resulting gain. So vigorous and so prolonged a demand on the part of the young must represent a vital necessity; and their testimony is better than any other as to the possibility of teaching literature. Many in later years say that their study of literature helped them more than any other part of their educational preparation, in the wear and tear of life, stayed by them best and longest. Sham attainment does not endure in this way. He is indeed a bold person who would assert *a priori* what are the limits of that which can be taught; supply should bear some relation to demand in the immaterial as in the material world, and the demand, where good work gains a foothold, is great.

The reason why this should exist is self-evident, as is the reason why we should meet it with utmost effort. If literature be that writing to which depth and sincerity of thought and feeling and beauty of form have given permanence, securing for us an inner revelation of human experience at different moments of race-experience, it seems natural that the young should delve with passionate eagerness into the profoundest records of the life of the race; that they should welcome any guidance which makes them more sure of its great meanings, brings larger knowledge and experience to bear upon its problems. The shock of surprise wherewith they face the new worlds opened to them by study of literature, the joy of intellectual discovery, bear witness to the potency of the work. Traditionless, some of them, having suffered from lack of books at home, and from the crowding out in the schools of that humanistic training which has been so large a factor in whatever civilization we possess, they find in the study of literature something fresh, full of challenge, making them aware of wider horizons than they had dreamed of before.

I am convinced, from long study of the problem, long observation, that literature, as an academic discipline, supplies elements which can be found in nothing else; that it not only can be taught, but, under the conditions obtaining in our modern world, must be

taught, in the interests of our higher civilization; taught with profound purpose, for its incomparable service in the matter of method, and in the matter of substance.

To the mathematician's criticism that the study of literature lacks method, and fails in the matter of mental discipline, we answer that precisely this kind of study is needed to supplement the training given by mathematics. We recognize mathematics as a necessity; for certain uses its training is invaluable; yet its narrow track is inadequate for the larger uses of life. Exact and indispensable in helping make the world of matter serve our need, it is useless in that greater world of the inner life not dominated by laws of matter. Working along the lines of logic to determined ends, it takes no count of the shifting stuff of life with its uncertainties; and its training rather unfits than fits the mind for the relative judgments, the delicate adjustments that it must make to the human dilemma. There are no axioms or formulæ that can help in a great spiritual crisis, nor can mathematical methods of thought then guide mind and soul. The abstract certainties of mathematics betray us in lives which have a way of not following strict laws of algebraic or geometrical demonstration; we need a mental training that will enable us to weigh, compare, sift; to make wise judgments even where some factors are uncertain; to estimate probabilities. To face any difficult human situation, expecting life to run in the smooth grooves which one's training in mathematical thought would lead one to believe, is to invite madness. In life, if not in mathematics, two plus two may make anything from twenty-five to chaos; one plus one may make infinity in a reckoning truer than mathematics knows.

Many-sided, and demanding varied equipment is our dilemma; rigidly mathematical training is wholly inadequate to prepare the young human being for the issues of life. Mathematics may teach us how to build bridges, but not to build lives; to compute the stars, but not to compute the action of the human soul in a world of shifting circumstance. Versus the unfailingly accurate results of true mathematical thinking are complicating elements that require our entire intellectual and spiritual self-possession: in the former, an error invalidates the whole; in life, an error may mean finding the trail that leads furthest and highest.

For coping with uncertainty, our intellectual training should prepare us by constant work involving judgment. In work in literature, as in work in history, a mass of material confronts us — it may be confused and confusing records. It is necessary to sift and choose, and, by means of finer logic, work out an interpretative idea, representing one's best decision in regard to the puzzling matter. Not here is the easier task of putting down in figures the indisputable result of uncontested fact; here is the necessity of discriminating, of finding relative values, as constantly in the recurring dilemmas of life. This selection matures the judgment and strengthens the intellectual fibre, as by an act of creation. Such training is indispensable for method, because it deals with the complexity of life in its welter of warring motives and conflicting claims; because it requires constructive thinking, based upon all the data attainable; and the student is compelled to summon all his faculties and think, to give full account of the intellectual power that is in him.

A work of great literature, shaped in the light of an informing conception, comes, in a sense, nearer than can anything else to the quick of human need in the kind of thought necessary for its

interpretation. It is Coleridge who speaks of poetry as having 'a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex and dependent on more fugitive causes.' It is this logic, the logic of art, rather than the barren logic of the formula, that will help in facing perplexities; the logic that, dealing with the complex, searches out the ways of law, of harmony in the tangle of things, that selective power in which the will is ever involved. Perpetual choice is demanded by the artist in creating, a sense of fitness in view of the whole design; for student and critic, what better intellectual discipline can be devised than that involved in tracing the delicate mental adjustments, whereby each word and phrase is made to render its share in working out the central meaning? We cannot escape the fine interrelations of existence, and this subtler logic of art is supremely needed in human life to create perfectness and integrity from the multiform, varying elements.

To the charge that the study of literature is not an intellectual discipline we can answer further that the great masterpieces of literature bring us face to face, no less than do the greatest philosophical theories, with the profoundest questions of human destiny. The problems presented alike by philosophy and by tragedy, concerning human fate, human responsibility, challenge the intellect as far as it can go, and further. They reckon ill who leave these out of any system of training of the young. If the charge be that study of literature is not a purely intellectual discipline, herein lies its peculiar glory, and the peculiar opportunity that comes through it. It is the attempt to make the word educational synonymous with intellectual, and the word intellect synonymous with reason, that has been the crowning academic curse of our country and of our time. Conscious of a larger need, we must protest against the over-mastery of intellectual disciplines, which, busy primarily with the problems of the external world, do not even challenge the deepest in mere intellect. The peculiar service of great literature lies in the fact that it is greatly intellectual, and that it is something more, bringing home to the individual the profoundest problems of human destiny with that mastery of resources known only to great art.

Those who, busy with the positive sciences, charge that study of literature brings you into a world of imaginings, and does not stand for truth of observed fact; those who, like my friend the historian, regard the teaching of literature as mere idle utterance of preferences, a substanceless and bodiless something that has little to do with recorded fact, should really inform themselves of the many-sided study of fact necessary for the interpretation of a piece of literature in any period. Presented with the problem of interpreting master and masterpiece against the background of the age which produced them, you must delve deep into the time if you are to understand the product of the time. A wide and accurate knowledge of the historical setting is necessary; of great political events; of great events in the world of thought, the expression of philosophy at the moment. A great poem or prose masterpiece becomes a focus, a centre, where many lines converge; patient investigation, following the many lines, is the insistent duty of the student. The self-expression of a human soul is to be read and understood in the light of all obtainable information regarding the author's life, the influences that formed mind and character; and regarding the history of the literature of the country, that his place in it may be found. What knowledge of classic

literature is necessary, in order to follow the development of great types! How much must be done with masterpieces of other countries of all times, that one may reach an understanding of literary forms and one man's use of them! How much with questions of linguistic growth and change — that knowledge of words and of inflections, of the changing significance of words, that must accompany study of literature in each period! Modern linguistic work gives an opportunity for close discipline as exigent in its demand for accuracy of fact as the mathematical training of the present day, or that of Greek and Latin in earlier days; moreover, it depends less than did the latter on mere memory, and more upon observation of the laws of development, more on the ways of reasoning from phenomenon to phenomenon, combining the exactness in detail of older-fashioned study of the classics — that drill that has played a major part in fashioning mind and character of many generations — with evolutionary method, knowledge of the laws of growth, that power to trace continuity in fact which is the crowning achievement of the scholarship of our time.

Fact — and herein lies the worth of this as of other humanistic studies, that through it all, beyond it all comes the deeper challenge, the need to employ fact for further ends, for intellectual or spiritual interpretation. The task of delving into fact to find its deepest significance challenges the deepest that is in you, tests reason and insight to the uttermost. In this day of impassioned clinging to external things, of love of fact for fact's sake; of observation and experiment studies where, often, not enough data can be gathered for any real intellectual conclusion, there is need of such study of fact, not as a resting-place for the mind, but as an aid to larger understanding.

Training in history in order to understand the web of circumstance that forms a background for a great work of literature; training in language in order to get the full import of word and phrase; training in philosophy in order to accustom the mind to the gravest problems of thought; then, the attempt to interpret the master's embodiment in art of his reading of the riddle of existence — who can deny the profundity of the challenge of this discipline? Who can deny its validity as intellectual training in its study of mere fact, or its supreme importance as the only lasting record of the greater facts of the inner life? Who can say, remembering that the rightful meaning of the word *teach* is but to guide, — from the Anglo-Saxon *tæcean*, to show, — that the maturer mind may not help the younger to understand the deep records of human experience, suggesting wise ways of bringing philosophy, bringing history to bear upon it, illuminating by literary comparisons and contrasts, bringing, it may be, a wealth of information and a gift of interpretative power that will intensify ten-fold its meaning for the struggling student? For the true teacher of literature the task is to serve as stimulus, to quicken, to make the student aware of great things to be done, to point out the veins where he may dig; to help a bit with the hard things, constantly spurring him on, but to let him do his own digging so far as may be.

III

If the objectors betray ignorance of the importance of the subject-matter involved, they betray ignorance also of the methods and the ideals manifest in this work at its best. The world in general, even the world of scholars working along other lines, has no idea of the greatness of the task; the glory of it; the

difficulty of its discipline as carried on even in properly conducted classrooms in American colleges; the possible profundity of its presentation, and the indispensable nature of such work, from the point of view of method, from the point of view of substance, if the young are to reach their full stature. The exact knowledge demanded as an aid to understanding; the energy of intellectual endeavor that must go into the interpretation of the underlying idea of any great work of literature, make it a searching test, not only of a man's knowledge, and of his power of ever gaining fresh knowledge, but of his power in pure thought, his imaginative insight, of all that he is capable of doing with utmost effort of mind and of soul. That which is the ideal of the instructor must necessarily be impressed upon the student; what he has done and done wisely he must make his pupils do. Slighter, simpler though the student's task must be, it must make him aware of the height and the depth of his subject, of the manifold effort required to meet its demands. Many an American youth, who considers the pursuit of letters unmanly, effeminate, would prove, grown soft and pampered in his machine-eased life, utterly incapable of straining to the great endeavor of the work done with the strenuousness of intellectual purpose that should go into it. What can be done to make him aware of the profound challenge of the work, and his great need of it?

It is precisely in one aspect of the scientist's formulation of the case against literature in our educational system that the deepest validity of its claim lies; that the great need is suggested of a large and larger part for literature in our lives; a large and larger part in our academic work. It does not, we are told, deal with observed fact; it has elements upon which you cannot put thumb and finger; its significance cannot be detected by eye or ear, and it therefore has no solid foundation in reality. Herein lies the arraignment, and herein lies the overwhelming reason for encouraging the young in the pursuit of this study, which recognizes the inner values of life, as well as the outer; which resists that 'shrinkage to the world of the five senses' demanded by modern intellectual process; which is aware of a larger world, with wider horizons, than contemporary knowledge will admit; a deeper life than mere intellectualism can fathom. If there be any witness to the fact that we are greater than the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our ears, and speculation based upon the material they offer us; that there is something within us which cannot be satisfied with training limited to this observation, literature is surely the lasting record of that larger self. That deeper something demands recognition; it meets expression in literature; why should not literature be made to serve in a practical way the greater ends of life?

Has not Puck been much abroad in our world of late, some cosmic Puck, turning our universe upside down, reversing values, bewildering and deluding mankind? It comes to seem, to many of the gravest educators, that that discipline is hardest, severest, and best for mind-forming, which is busy only with things in space; and that that which presents the profoundest achievement of the race, the inner life, recorded in spiritual and intellectual conceptions subtly blended in forms of beauty, is supposed to be an easy something whose study is undertaken only by the smatterer and the dilettante. The records of the life of the soul count for so little among us; the records of all physical and material matters count for so much! Surely anything that will keep the young from

conceiving that the boundaries of sense are final boundaries, that the world of matter is the world of reality, should ever be kept before them; should be devoutly and reverently studied.

Education should deepen, not lessen, the sense of the encompassing mystery of life; the teachers who can explain too much explain nothing. We know little of the 'why' of our predicament; let those studies that deepen the sense of the encompassing mystery of life hold their due place. We protest against the misleading certainties of mathematics and the illusory boundary line of organic science as circumscribing the intellectual life, not pleading to have these studies neglected, but pleading against the supremacy they have gained, and the spiritual loss resulting from this supremacy. Whatever may be the ultimate truth, we are greater than our modern training would have us know; yet we must not lose the deeper curiosity, or forego the higher questioning.

Save crucial experience, there is nothing that keeps before us this sense of vastness as does great literature, with its recognition of the unfathomable depths of the inner life. Supreme moments in the production of literature are always full of a sense of unexplained mystery; infinity with wide wings broods over it. In Greek drama, in Shakespeare and in the literature of the Renaissance, in our own early nineteenth-century poetry, there is a profound sense of wonder at the illimitable greatness of life, known and not known, dimly divined. To deepen the sense of mystery; to quicken constantly the sense of challenge; to waken in the young a need of spiritual quest — what can help more than close contact with records of spiritual achievement, the insight of great souls? Life, to be great, must be forever quick with a sense of infinite opportunity.

IV

In the name of our birthright to wider and profounder life, we protest against the narrowness, externality, lack of vision, lack of freedom of much of our educational life of to-day. The very nature of the objections brought against the study of literature is a reason why it should be taught — constantly, assiduously taught. Each objection shows the narrowing or hardening of the mind to a single track, that tendency of education that has been all but fatal to so many of the educators and the educated. Whatever education does, it should leave open all avenues out into intellectual light and space, and should discover new ones. And this study — appealing to the intellect, both reason and imagination; appealing to that which is deepest in the human soul, emotion, passion — is precisely the means to keep the human mind aquiver and astir, sensitive to new meanings, quick to grasp, strong to retain, large and larger significances of this our problem of existence.

It is perhaps the only study which, presenting human experience in its wholeness, calls upon the human being in his entirety, the many-sided creature of many instincts and many impulses who nevertheless draws himself together and says 'I.' To the solving of his problems in literature, as in the large complexity of life, he must bring his every power; as it gives scope, freedom, to feeling, imaginative instinct, intellectual aspiration, so it demands their service in the matter of interpretation. We live in our emotions, as well as in intellect; in imagination, in soul, as well as in mind; feeling, the motive power, and perhaps the greater part of life, may be the impelling force to new spiritual and intellectual attainment. Study of literature keeps us aware of the larger resources of our

own natures, and trains those larger powers.

Now, when it becomes overwhelmingly evident that the paramount factors in civilization are those which develop human feeling and guide it aright; now, when force cruelly triumphs, it behooves us to make use of all resources that will keep feeling quick and sensitive. Losing its guidance in human affairs we lose our way; has recent history justified the sneer wherewith 'efficiency' has banished sentiment? Inasmuch as in all life there is nothing so misleading as mere intellect, unchecked by feeling, by sense of necessary adjustments, by old instincts, growing fine and sensitively aware of larger need — the deeper powers should be allowed their rightful share in education and in shaping existence. There are innumerable ways in which study of literature can minister to the greater self, of passionate aspiration, divine imaginings, and hopes that will not tarry at the sense-boundaries of things. The young must be made to feel its answer to the greater needs of life, its ministry to the inner self, to the finer hopes, the profounder faiths. They must be guided to it early, that it may answer these diviner instincts when they first waken; that they may know from what great source to draw in their spiritual hunger.

Human emotion is forever pressing on to larger life, to greater destiny; and the guide in all this further quest is that divinest faculty of the human mind, imagination, which, in its penetrative power, is in the forefront of all efforts to solve the mystery of existence. Confessedly or not, it works in science, in philosophy, in the great conjectures that may or may not later find reasoned proof; it is in all arts the guiding factor, piercing to inner meanings, and shaping in accordance with the divination. This gift, supremely necessary in apprehending the beauty of the universe, in searching out the finer law, and supremely necessary in fashioning forms of loveliness, finds, perhaps, its profoundest expression in great literature. Here we find the fullest records of the deepest insight of most gifted human souls, and the fullest record of that which in human nature comes nearest the divine, creative activity working out the great meaning. Because the study of literature fosters, as perhaps no other study can, this faculty, discovers, develops, guides it, it is a supremely important part of education. The young should be taught the mastery, among the human faculties, of this power which marshals the great insights; taught, through Wordsworth, Coleridge, Ruskin, that it is the profoundest attribute of the human mind — not fancy, sporting with unrealities, but divining imagination, piercing to the very heart of things; taught not to confuse imaginative, as is often done in common parlance, with imaginary, in slighting, contemptuous reference to it as a more or less misleading mental faculty, as if it were a power leading away from reality, instead of to the soul of it. Why should this faculty, working behind all great discoveries in the outer world, be discredited to-day only in searching out the meanings of the inner life, the profoundest working of all? We have need of contact with this power which refreshes us at the very sources of being, after our forty years and more than forty years of wandering in that arid wilderness — the contemplation of facts of the external world.

You cannot teach the divining power: that is admitted; but you can teach the young that this divining power of great genius is superior to reason; that, in all departments of intellectual endeavor, reason is its helpmate, its tool, which may serve, but may not master,

this creative gift. You can bring the young into contact with greatly imaginative work; in this age of alleged enlightenment, many have never heard of it! Often you can make them see deeper meanings which would otherwise have escaped them. You can help them recognize the fact that genius may and does perceive great meanings in life that lesser folk could not find without them; that it is good, at times, to forget our entire preoccupation with the minor, and seek the company of the great thinkers, the diviners of the best, whose vision sometimes contradicts the evidence of the passing show of life as absolutely as our knowledge of cosmic law contradicts the apparent rising and setting of the sun. Let us teach the young to trust the great insights, the great dreamers who have dreamed the great dream.

It is by this power of divining inner significances through the penetrative imagination, of being able to clothe these in terms of concrete beauty, that the poet becomes the great interpreter, as Sidney, Shelley, Arnold claim — stimulating feeling to great ends, expressing his insight into the divine in a way that mere human beings can understand more potently than they can understand the purely intellectual appeal. Eyes have we, and ears; 'sense' may help 'soul,' and beauty comes home to the whole human being in a way that no abstract plea can command, as profound thought and passion, guided by imaginative vision, become visible and tangible in creative work. The poet is the great teacher, making the senses serve him, letting eye and ear become avenues through which great interpretations may reach the mind, so presenting his conjectures of immortal meanings in life that they may reach in many ways the mere mortal, caged in sense.

You may analyze virtue to the last subtle shade: you will bring something to the intellectual perception of your reader, but you will not quicken his pulse, or waken his ardor, or rouse in him that creative will which is the very secret of life itself, as you will if you show him supremely well one human being in heroic moments of victory or defeat. Let him see and hear and share, and he will know as he could never know from mere telling. Herein lies the danger of the present predominance of the analytical over the synthetic in contemporary education. What further loss, what slipping backward will ensue, if this creative faculty of the imagination is further obscured by our contemporary habit of pulling apart! In that creative art, human life, mere analytic processes of intellect will not suffice; life is constant synthesis, whether we will or no, and constant combining, acting, creating are necessary for us all. When a race loses its imaginative grasp of deeper values, all crumbles; great epochs are always a time of seeing large relations, of synthesis, of faith, and action in the light of that faith. We must have constructive idealism; we must conceive life as a whole and work at it as a whole; and for this must have ever before us that which guides in creating fineness of thought and feeling, and incites thereto. Surely the best literature, soul-experience in terms of beauty, stirring emotion, guiding feeling to lovely issues — no care can be too great to keep and cultivate and greatly share its high import.

V

Our great literature is, at least, a partial answer to that cry for beauty and for harmony, which sounds, however feebly, in every human soul — that assurance of law toward which all human lives grope, however blindly. More than any other art, it reveals the

ways of beauty in connection with those questions that are the profoundest and the most searching, the impulses that arise from the uttermost depths of our lives. Can anything set forth as profoundly, or in such awful beauty, as does great tragedy, the clash between will and circumstance, the central fact of human existence, that we are partly bound, partly free, and that herein lies the point of our being here? No mere exposition can ever present this as can this supreme art, or so bring it home to the quivering heart and soul of youth. Tracing cause and effect, following the inevitable consequences of act and choice, you watch the working of the laws of life as presented in a great artist's conception. In *Macbeth*, in *King Lear* one can trace, as one can trace in a Gothic cathedral, the power and the delicacy, the unity of design in boundless variety. Demonstration could never achieve for us this awful nearness to human fate gained through thus partaking, step by step, of another's experience.

Again, close contact with varied expressions of emotion that have found permanent place in literature because of depth of feeling and beauty of form, — human experience at its most vivid moments crystallized, — can hardly help effecting a civilizing power, a training power, a delicately suggestive potency in the matter of finer self-possession. Perfect integrity of form is in itself a matter of control; and ethical as well as æsthetic gain comes from sharing human impetuosity, patiently seeking out the ways of loveliness, searching and finding law, so that it seems not spasmodic, tangential, but gladly obedient to great laws ordering and controlling the universe. Great lyric poetry, in its passionate restraint, is a measure of growth both in depth of feeling and in its mastery, marking the upward progress from unrestrained savage wail toward the mighty rhythm of all things obedient to eternal law. Association with this controlled beauty achieves something of the result of association with people of exquisite personality — that creative contact with higher things that can in no way come from mere intellectual perception.

This discipline of letters, now more and more discredited as a part of education; the impress, the touch, the shaping power of that which is fine and high, wrought out by our predecessors: it would seem that no tongue would need to plead for this, our self-evident necessity — the profound need of all that has been wrought in beauty and in fineness to be brought to bear, in as many ways as possible, as cogently as possible, upon the young at the most susceptible age, the age when gracious ideals will most readily impress themselves. We need constantly before us, not only for our delight but for our inspiration, touchstones of thought and of feeling. The training-power in the matter of taste found in literature of achieved beauty is a necessary discipline. We need beauty, in the great sense of the word; divining loveliness of thought, shaping loveliness of form. The discipline of beauty — there is none more severe, none more high, for the ways of beauty lead from visible to invisible beauty — from Spenser's Earthly Beauty, joyously hymned, to Heavenly Beauty, hymned with finer joy, where the clashing of harsh notes ceases in harmony. We need beauty, which draws all souls after, with quickened, passionate perception of values; beauty that makes available the depths of human nature, turns to fine uses feeling, emotion, powers wherein may lurk danger.

No fineness of judgment, no phases of control once won must be allowed to escape us; we must keep the ground

gained, and build upon the foundation of our forbears. Herein lies an answer to those who decry the folly of searching the literature of older days; who say that an age is sufficient unto itself; that consideration of the past insults the present. To those who look upon the old as something outworn and put away, we can but say that, in the world of spirit, the relation to us of the past is not that of discarded garments, but of feeding roots.

Those who cry without ceasing for the modern should remember that the very discovery of the evolutionary method of study involves us in greater, not less, responsibility in regard to the past than has ever rested upon the shoulders of men before, because we know, better than men have ever done, how past and present are linked in an unbroken chain. Surely they are wisest who break faith neither with past nor with future; no generation really wants to be the weak place in the chain.

This is not a plea that we linger helplessly in the old, but a plea to make it serve our need more fully than we are doing, yield up its potency, its beauty, that nothing be lost. We do not undervalue the creative work of the present; the worth of any expressed spiritual insight or inner experience cannot be gainsaid. That which comes directly, in word or written phrase, from those who walk the earth with us is a stimulus and a source of refreshment; but we must not think that, for the young, all too prone to turn only to the new, chance contact with this or that bit of contemporary literature will suffice. They must not miss the training of that earlier literature whose entirety and beauty of conception and form have given it enduring worth. There is a sanity of thought, as well as beauty of form, in that literature which survives the ages; and because of this wise balance, it has incomparable value in training young minds. Here we do not find a yearning to startle and be startled; we find instead that great note of common understanding which distinguishes all supreme art.

The simplicity, the fundamental humanness of all things great we need to keep ever before us; among the quips and cranks, the literary and critical antics of our time, we need to turn to the great literature of old, to keep fresh the sense of achieved beauty, reminding ourselves of, and teaching the young, the great things that have been said, and the great way in which they have been said. Study of the older literature will quicken the imaginative instinct, will quicken and train feeling, and suggest high standards of beauty. Because, in earlier literature, life is conceived as essentially spiritual, not physical alone; because there the imagination works with a wholeness of conception which is lacking to-day, the young need this as they need nothing else, if the future is to fulfill the promise of the past.

The great poets have not become part of the race-experience as they should. Ignored, forgotten, save by the chosen few, they do not, to our immeasurable loss, enter into the daily life of common folk. We are so proud of our wheels that go fast; of our unparalleled housekeeping arrangements; so unabashed, amid the splendors of asphalt, electricity, and aluminum, by our intellectual and spiritual poverty; would it not be well for us to pause, if pause is possible for us, to consider our inner lack? Can we not spare some minutes from our adoration of our national materialistic god, to teach the young that it is good to be in the company of those who interpret life in terms of spirit, not in terms of material prosperity; in terms of spirit, not of flesh; in terms of beauty, whose potent

appeal may quicken the will to rise and create in the image of the higher dream?

VI

It is not only for intellectual and æsthetic gain that we need the discipline of letters, but also for spiritual training. We have need of vision that pierces further than our own, and the young should be given the chance to know, at the outset of life, that which may prove the path to higher existence. The work of the great poets represents glimpses of heights unseen by others, of wider horizons than their contemporaries knew, or we know. Literature records the high points that have been reached in the development of the human soul; spiritual attainment; moments of finer knowledge, subtler assurance, in the inner life of the race; insight into the depth of our dilemma, and into the forces that make for solution of our problem. These high-water marks of experience must not be forgotten or neglected as they are, for the most part now, by the majority of people. We must cherish the record of every deeper wakening of love, of pity; we must let the young know the promise of the diviner impulses in this cruel struggle of brute things, where the soul seems to have but an endangered chance. Our older literature must be taught, lest we lose our sense of spiritual values; 'lest we forget' the best that our forefathers have worked out in the hard struggle of the inner life.

The great poets are the guardians of our race-ideals; how can we cherish them too reverently? Enduring literature gives us a record of achieved standards, spiritual and ethical, upon which we may not go back; we have need of the greatest and best that our finest souls have achieved, nor may the furthest reach of the human soul be ignored — save to our undoing.

Other arts can give us beauty; what other can preserve for us the hard-won achievement of the soul of man? All that there has been of higher vision, of poet, prophet, seer, has come down to us, if it has come at all, in the form of literature. Mere literature! What else has afforded one tenth, one hundredth part the help that this has done in lifting mankind out of the bog? It has kept alive, through dark ages, the divine spark, and has rekindled life again to vital flame. From immemorial time it has been the live coal upon the human hearth, whose going out would mean extinction for the finest and divinest instincts of the soul. Can we afford to neglect that which has, in the household fashion of old time, been carried from hearth to hearth, enkindling new flame? Our dark riddle grows more light as we more and more associate with those who have light upon their foreheads. We should make known and honor, in the service of the young, the moments of profoundest insight of the greatest souls; nor dare we let slip intellectual and spiritual experience once gained. If literature be indeed the divine fire, can any one suggest a greater service that can be done the young than helping them find the divine fire?

SONNETS

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

I

Why, Love, beneath the fields of asphodel
  Where youth lies buried, goest thou wandering,
  And like a rainbow droops thy irised wing
Above the dead on whom sweet passion fell?
There thy eternal incarnations dwell;
  There bends Narcissus o'er the beauteous spring;
  There to the lovely soil doth Hyacinth cling.
Ay me! when young, I breathed the Ægean spell.

Once voyaged I — Europe, Asia on each hand —
  To the inaccessible, dim, holy main;
Beautiful Ida wooed me, misty, grand;
  Scamander shouted music in my brain;
And in the darkness, in the Trojan land,
  I heard my horses champing golden grain.

II

O ecstasy of the remembering heart
  That makes of all time but one stretchèd day,
  And brings us forward on life's glorious way
An hour or two before we shall depart!
And thus the whole world melts to timeless art,
  And we in the eternal moment stay;
  That is accomplishèd for which men pray,
And blunted is the ever-fatal dart.

Among the flowering ruins of old time
I played with beauty's fragments; Death and Hope
Upon the dizzy stone beheld me climb
And in the acanthus-mantled marble grope;
I only heard the dawn Memnonian chime
'Mid the wild grasses and wild heliotrope.

THE HILLS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

THE Hillman and I squatted on our heels and gazed at Halley's comet. I knew he was looking at it, for I could see nothing of him — his tousled mat of hair and his rags merging with the grass about us. In a minute he turned his face toward me and it shone dully in the sickly green light. I could see him without taking my eyes from the comet. Then, like the Cheshire cat, he softly melted from view again; and now when I looked directly toward him he still remained invisible. We sat motionless for some time. I did not know his thoughts, and I could not put mine into words. When, at midnight, one looks across five ranges of Himalayas, lighted by the silver of starlight and the dull green of a great comet, thoughts become emotion, inarticulate and without simile. One fails to register even the absurd details which are often the most vivid mental aftermath of a profound emotional crisis. I did not notice that my little red notebook from the basement stationery store in Vesey Street was standing on edge in the stunted elephant grass. The following day I learned this fact.

When I turned to my wild Hillman, I wondered again what occupied his thoughts, and at last I was sure I knew. At such times one thinks of the greatest things in life, and this to him was the vision of eight rupees, a great sum which I had promised in return for a pheasant's nest. And I had lent truth to this incredible thing by actually showing the eight shining coins. He had communed for a few moments with my *khansamah*, who doubtless had confirmed the suspicion of my madness, and who vouched for no return of sanity, and hence withdrawal of the offer, on my part.

Somewhere in the purple-black valleys behind us was sleeping a small herd of sheep and goats which he had helped to guide over the hills. Each sheep and each goat bore a burden of forty pounds of salt, which, as they were being driven down to the plains to market, seemed an unfair thing to ask of them. My khansamah spread the news of my madness, and with stolid faces, unanswering, the shepherds

passed on. At nightfall one of the hillmen stole back, and with fear in his face slipped up to my servant. He had dared to violate all the traditions of his folk. For who had ever exceeded the great adventure of the annual trip to the edge of the Hills? — a day or two of timid bargaining, and, after the Hillman had been shamefully cheated, a hurried return to the nomad village. Where this was we could never learn. Only that it was far to the north, close to the snow peaks which forever kept apart the Tibetans and the wild Hillfolk of hinter Kashmir. He was Hadzia. That was all. And now I knew that, if he was really looking at the comet, the wonderful light it shed glowed to his eyes like the shimmer of eight rupees. And I would have given a second eight and twice eight more to have been able to talk to him in his own tongue and to learn of the hopes which the realization of the eight was to bring to him.

But this was well past midnight and much was to happen before the earning of the eight. For a short space we squatted silent as Buddhas, with no sound of wind in the deodars which dropped down on us from every side. Then from a side valley came a swirl of sound, a confused rustling, with sleepy chattering and mumbling, and we knew a family of banderlog was restless in the strange light.

The low, broken plaints were absurdly like the senile mumbling of old, old men. Aged, toothless ones they seemed, whose sleep was the most prized possession left among the dregs of life. And this struck the chord which vibrated through these western hills: age, infinite age. Again and again this thought recurred in a hundred forms, and every incident, every vista had this as a background.

I seemed to rest upon the very summit of the world, while beneath me file upon file of ghostly minarets sloped steeply into the translucent darkness. The stars were brilliant, and the luminous cloud of the Milky Way softened the shadows. In the East the great train of the comet was drawn across the sky like a second milky way. At the apex the head glowed with a pale green glare. It was the comet, rather than the stars, which etched into the blackness of night. I watched it with a concentrated fascination almost hypnotic. Here was I in the twentieth century, gazing on this splendor of the heavens — a solitary scientist in the heart of this great wilderness of tumbled mountains. There came vividly to mind the changes which had taken place in the affairs of men since last its train brushed the earth. The continent of Asia was then all but unknown, Japan was a mere hermit nation of Mongolian islanders, Italy and Germany were not then kingdom and empire, the flag of Mexico flew over Texas and California, not a mile of railroad had been built in Europe, the telegraph and the *Origin of Species* were unheard of. Then I thought of the importance of eight rupees, and the affairs of the outer world sank into insignificance. My momentary dream passed, for an insistent call, a mysterious, metallic double note, came from the deodars; a sound which was always to elude me, but which, during this and following nights, from dusk until dawn, was to become a constant background of soft insistent rhythm.

I rose abruptly, motioned to the Hillman to follow, and padded softly down into the forest of deodars and silver firs. The mighty columns rose straight from their deep beds of fallen needles. Almost as tangible as their ghostly trunks was the heavy, exciting incense which filled the glade. The overhead foliage was scanty where I chose my next seat, and the light of the comet and the stars sifted softly through the

needles, and reached me, diluted but still greenish. My ways must have been wholly mysterious to my new follower, but he had the philosophy of the hills, and without question squatted silently behind me.

Minute after minute of silence passed and then the great conifers gave forth two sounds. Somewhere a sheep bleated, a sudden, abruptly quenched falsetto. My man rose to his feet with a single motion and answered with a low, guttural exclamation. His calm was broken; the shepherd in him dominated. For we both knew what it was. A strayed animal had been struck down by a leopard or tiger. And I wondered, wholly irrationally, whether the bag of salt was still strapped to the victim. Again the Hillman showed his caste, and against the protest of all his trained instincts remembered the madness of the Sahib and squatted again on the yielding needles.

Then it was my turn. From high overhead in the tracery of foliage came a low chuckle. Probably no sound in the world could have affected me as that. It meant that somewhere near by was a roosting pheasant. And it was to find this that I had come half round the world. It was to become intimate with these birds that I had traversed the fiery Plains and had penetrated deep into the heart of this wilderness—these Hills of Hills. So it was that on this first night I was so wholly absorbed in a desire to penetrate some of their secrets that the sudden indication of their presence, invisible but close at hand, shook me like strong emotion. I sat breathless, tense in every muscle.

No further sound came from either the sheep or its assailant; the bird's chuckle was not repeated. But at once other actors came on this wilderness stage. Some creature suddenly rushed up the nearest trunk, and we both jumped. Neither tigers nor pheasants have the habit of scrambling up tree-trunks, but our reactions were instantaneous and illuminating. Hadzia shrank close to me; I leaned far forward, using all my senses and cursing their inadequacy. With this sound the peace of the night ended and the comet looked down upon swiftly passing incidents.

The creature ascended by starts, each movement sending down upon us a shower of bits of bark. Then another animal climbed after it, steadily and more slowly. Silhouettes against the sky showed the long tails of each. I watched silently. The second creature gained on the first, and suddenly a dark form hurtled through the air toward me. It swooped between my head and the nearest tree, a claw brushing my cap as it went past. It crashed into a low shrub and clambered nimbly to the top. The second animal ran down the trunk a short distance and also leaped or fell with even a harder crash on the other side of where I sat, tense with excitement. It ran to my very feet, when I flashed the electric light full upon it, and with a snarl it drew back, showing the sinuous body and cruel teeth of a pine marten. It slunk off into the blackness behind, but not before other actors had made their presence known.

A third animal ran along a branch overhead and awakened pandemonium in the shape of a pair of koklass pheasants which blundered off through the trees, squawking at the top of their lungs. Reaching the end of the branch, the giant flying squirrel, for such it was, sprang into the air. In the dim night light its wide-spread parachute looked as large as a blanket, and I involuntarily dodged as, with a resounding thump, it struck the tree nearest flying squirrel number one. Then it called—a sudden, sharp, loud squall, ending with a clear metallic note, repeated again and again. The other squirrel

answered with an infantile whine, and I read the whole story — the almost tragedy which had been enacted in the gloom of the forest: the murderous pursuit of the marten, the awkward attempt of the young flying squirrel to sail to another tree, the daring but unsuccessful leap of the marten. Then the mother coming, not to the rescue, for these gentle creatures have no weapons of offense, but at least, relying on her activity, to scream her fury at the terrible pursuer. Her flight had been made between two trees at least a hundred feet apart. I had seen her skillful twist and break as, passing against the stars, she steered unerringly for the trunk ahead.

Such was my first meeting with the koklass pheasant, although at the time, in the exciting onrush of other creatures, the flight of the birds was momentarily forgotten.

The pleading cry of the baby squirrel still rang in my ears. It typified pitiful helplessness, utter inexperience. And this tiny creature's fear and babyhood were all the more pronounced amid these great living trees which had stood here so quietly for centuries, typical of the extreme age of life; and beneath the great glowing comet which stood for the rhythm of recurring cycles, the only semblance of life which the physical can boast. And now the baby squirrel rested in safety close to the great mountain slope which typified the earth age, that span in eternity which has neither life nor rhythm.

I turned to my Hillman and found him watching me calmly, incuriously, waiting for the next move of the Sahib. I had been glad of his company, but I wanted him to be ready for pheasant nesting on the morrow. So I placed my head in my hand, simulating sleep, and motioned him toward camp; and without word or sound he rose and softly climbed the slope.

Deep into the pungent forest I crept on noiseless moccasins, down, down, until the eerie shadows all lay slantwise, and there with my back against a spruce I waited for the dawn. The air suddenly filled with little ghostly forms which, while they hummed close to my face, were invisible in the dimming comet light. Finally my eyes forgot their civilized limitations. Desire and intensive effort slipped the scales away, and I began to detect the pale gray forms of countless moth-millers flitting about. This discovery was absorbing, for I had learned that these millers formed, at this season, the principal food of the wild pheasants, there being twenty or thirty at times in the crop of a single bird. And now the little flyers interested me for themselves. In daylight I had known them as dull clingers to bark and foliage, when disturbed at most scuttling beneath a leaf. Now they were swift and skillful of wing, taking an active share in the night life of the Hills. Their wings hummed so loudly that I thought I was resting amid a maze of beetles. But when a beetle really appeared, the metallic twang of his bass-viol flight removed all doubt. The millers pursued one another and flitted about like ghosts of butterflies. Now and then they alighted on the dead leaves and made remarkably loud rustlings as they walked about.

At five o'clock the buzz of a fly was heard, — a sound wholly unlike the subdued owl-winged humming, — and at this tiny trumpet of day the night ended. As at the crow of the cock in the Danse Macabre, every little ghost scuttled to shelter, and then I looked up and realized that no longer were my eyes straining for vision. The comet had dimmed to the merest etching of light. Several birds broke into song. A pheasant crowed far up the mountain side, and two kaleege challenged below

me. A partridge joined in, calling twice. The comet vanished; the East became a blaze of glory, blue and gold streaming over the mountains of Kashmir. A new day had broken in the Hills.

II

Three days later I again disarranged my khansamah's plans for a comfortably late, slowly served breakfast. From the mess ground, both he and the *chowkidar* gave forth intermittent discontented rumbles, which died away as they approached the camp table. This morning, however, it was only for five o'clock that I demanded *chota hazri*.

As I trudged off with gun and glasses, I saw a gray wraith disappear in the opposite direction, and knew that Hadzia had started on his day's hunt for the nest which was to bring him eight rupees. Two days of disappointment had passed, and his chagrin was so great that, if possible, I would gladly have 'salted' a find for him with a scraped-out depression and four brown-stained hen's eggs. But this day was to be fortunate for both of us: the pheasant star was in the ascendant. Perhaps to this hour Hadzia recounts to his children the madness of Beebe Sahib which took the form of paying out real money for useless eggs and such baubles.

I walked quickly, for I knew my ground, and climbing five or six hundred feet, reached the ridge breathless, but before the sun rose. Keeping well hidden on the nearer side, I crept several hundred yards farther on, and slipped through a boulder scar to my chosen hiding place between an outjutting mass of rocks and two ancient deodars. Beneath me were spruce, fir, deodars, and oaks rising straight as plummets from the steep slope. Every few yards the trees thinned out into open, park-like vistas, carpeted with smooth natural lawns. In one place the grass was starred with myriads of purple and white anemones, but the dominant blossoms were long-stemmed strawberries which grew eight to the foot for acres. I had hardly settled myself and swiveled my glasses to sweep the field ahead when tragedy descended. With a swish of wings which rose to a roar as they passed, an eagle dropped from nowhere, seized some small creature, and with hardly a pause launched out over the valley and out of sight. The tip of a great pinion brushed a shower of dew from a spruce branch as the bird labored outward, and I found myself staring at swaying needles and wondering whether what had passed was reality or a vision. Hardly had the branch settled to rest than a small green warbler flew to it and chanted an absurdly confident ditty. The unconsciousness of the diminutive feathered creature increased the unreality of the tremendously dynamic display of power a second before.

As I mused on this startling introduction to the day's observation, the wonder came more vividly than ever to mind of the marvel of the narrowness of scientists. With such antitheses to stir the most sluggish blood, how can any real lover of nature and the wilderness of earth fail to react? My wonder is not with mediocre work. Many of us can never hope to reach the clear heights of quick dynamic thought, and the genius of generalization which in the last analysis is the only *raison d'être* of facts and the search for facts. Most of us must be content to gather the bricks and beams and tiles in readiness for the great architect who shall use them, making them fulfill their destiny if only in rejection. But I marvel that men can spend whole lives in studying the life of the planet, watching its creatures run the gamut from

love to hate, bravery to fear, success to failure, life to death, and not at least be greatly moved by the extremes possible to our own existences. Why should science dull our reaction to the love theme of *Louise?* Why should technicalities dry the emotion when a master makes Dr. Jekyll or Beau Brummel live again? Why should palæontology or taxonomy detract a whit from 'McAndrew's Hymn' or 'The Jabberwocky'? Must sagittal sections and diagrams ever deaden one's appreciation of Böcklin and Rodin? Why should a geologist on a ballroom floor, or a botanist in the front row of a light-opera audience be considered worthy objects of abstract humor, instead of evincing a corresponding breadth of real humanness? Is it inevitable that occipital condyles and operas, parietals and poetry, squamosals and sculpture must be beloved by different individuals?

But the end of the minute's mood which conceived these wild thoughts brought me back to my perch among the deodars, and, like an apt moral, to another antithesis, a tragedy at my finger-tips among the infinitely small. Along the half-decayed bark of a tree fallen across the front of my hiding place, a huge slug made its way. All unknown to me, this slug was a stranger to scientific mankind, and in the course of time he was to be examined half-way round the world by one learned in the structure of slugs, and to be christened with the name of his discoverer. But we were both wholly unconscious of this present lack and impending honor, quite as much as the race of *Anadenus beebei* is still happy in its ignorance of our altered godfatheral relations.

The great mollusk crept along the damp bark, leaving a broad shining wake of mucus, then tacked slowly and made its way back. In the meantime various creatures, several flies and spiders and two wood-roaches, had sought to cross or alight on the sticky trail and had been caught. Down upon them bore the giant slug and, inevitable as fate, reached and devoured them, sucking the unfortunates between its leaden lips, its four eyed tentacles playing horribly all the while. The whole performance was so slow and certain, the slug so hideous, and my close view so lacking in perspective, that the sensation was of creatures of much larger size being slaughtered. The comparison of this lowly tragedy of slime with the terrific rush and attack of the eagle from out of the heart of the sky tempted one to thoughts even more weird than I have expressed.

But fortunately the actors for whose arrival I had been waiting now began to appear, and I longed for each minute to be made an hour.

We think of a humming bird as quite the most brilliant and colorful creature in the world — a strange little being with the activity and bulk of an insect, the brain of a bird, and the beauty of an opal. Imagine one of these, shorn of its great activity but enlarged many times, and one has an Impeyan pheasant of the Himalayas. Beneath it is black as jet; its crest is a score of feather jewels trembling at the extremity of slender bare stalks. But its cloak of shimmering metal is beyond description, for with each change of light the colors shift and change.

When the shadow of a cloud slips along the mountain slope the Impeyan glows dully — its gold is tempered, its copper cooled, its emerald hues veneered to a pastel of iridescence. But when the clear sun again shines, the white light is shattered on the Impeyan's plumage into a prismatic burst of color.

My eye caught a trembling among the maidenhair fern, and I swung my

glass and brought a full-plumaged Impeyan into the field. The dew and the soft light of early dawn deadened his wonderful coat. His clear brown eyes flashed here and there as he plucked the heads of tiny flowers from among the grass.

For fifteen minutes nothing more happened; then for the space of an hour Impeyans began to appear singly or in pairs, and once three together. Finally fourteen birds, all cocks in full plumage, were assembled. They gathered in a large glade which already showed signs of former work, and there dug industriously, searching for grubs and succulent tubers. They never scratched like common fowl, but always picked, picked with their strong beaks. Every three or four seconds they stood erect, glanced quickly about, and then carefully scanned the whole sky. It was easy to divine the source of their chief fear — the great black eagles which float miles high like motes. The glittering assemblage fed silently, now and then uttering a subdued guttural chuckle.

When the sun's rays reached the glade, the scene was unforgettable: fourteen moving, shifting mirrors of blue, emerald, violet, purple, and now and then a flash of white, set in the background of green turf and black, newly upturned loam.

After the Impeyans had been feeding for half an hour there arose a sudden excitement. Several disappeared among the surrounding deodars, and all stood listening and watching. Then feeding began in a desultory way, and one by one the birds left the glade until only two remained. My agony of body asserted itself, and with a groan of relief I stretched my cramped limbs — and in doing so shook a branch. At the instant both birds rose with a whirr, soared out over the top of the spruces, and gradually melted from view in the mists of the lower valley. To the last they shone like gems.

This company of birds had come from all directions and were all cocks. Their mates were brooding, hidden on a dozen slopes. Clad in their brilliant plumage, these cocks did not dare approach the nests, but roosted and lived apart. Early each morning they foregathered here for a silent feast in company, friendly with sheathed spurs, to separate after a little while and spend the remainder of the day by themselves, wandering through the magnificent deodars and over the glades of strawberry blossoms.

III

I had told no one of my destination that morning, and when I peered over the crest of the ridge I was surprised to see a man huddled close to the ground a few hundred feet down the slope. My glasses showed Hadzia sitting quietly, but not asleep. I could not easily return to camp without coming within his field of vision. As he had apparently trailed me, I amused myself by turning the tables, and backing away I crossed the crest farther on, slipping at once into a grove of young deodars. With care I stalked the pitiful bunch of rags, keeping trunk after trunk between us, and crawling on the ground over the one open space which separated us. The last fifty feet was easy, the slope gentle, trees convenient, the carpet of needles soft and deep. In a few moments I had reached the tree at his back and heard a low, minor chanting. Ten feet away it was inaudible; it was full of sorrow, of the tragic cadences of all savage music, yet I found it was Hadzia's hymn of victory.

The moment I stepped from behind the tree I was sorry I had played my little joke. He did what only the lowest savage does. His whole instinct was

flight. There was no reflex reaching for a weapon, or the place where one might carry a weapon. Just sudden hopeless terror, and a rabbit-like bound. Nor was this followed by laughter as it should have been. The fear in his eyes was replaced by wonder, helpless, striving to understand. Then emotion of another sort returned, and shyly coming toward me, he reached into the folds of his garment — coarse, ragged, and as storm-stained as the century-old forest débris about him. Then across his face flitted a new expression. No words fitted it. When I had so thoughtlessly frightened him, his fear seemed to be a racial thing — a terror fostered through generations by threatened death from men and animals. It was impersonal and pitiful because it seemed to lay bare all lack of racial manliness. Where a Ghurka would have reached instinctively for his *kokri*, or a Dyak for his spear, the Hillman fled.

But now the hopelessness which marked his eyes as he watched my face was very different. This was not Hillmen's but Hadzia's sorrow, and the whole became clear as his grimy fingers came forth stained yellow, and with bits of clinging shell which I knew at once. He had found the nest of an Impeyan.

The tragedy was complete. He had told my servant that he could remain only one more day. Two had been wasted, and now, early on the third, success had been attained. By some keen sensing he had followed my track, had not disturbed the Sahib at his inexplicable work, but doglike had crouched where he would intercept him on his return. Here he had waited, thinking no one knows what thoughts, and now at a whim of the Sahib's — a cruel, meaningless joke — the pheasant's eggs had been crushed.

Strong emotion has no lasting place in a Hillman's mind, and with a single shake to clear the yolk from his hand, Hadzia turned toward the camp, with exactly the same expression as when he had first appeared with his fellow hillmen. I was sorry for my lack of words, but led hastily to camp, where I summoned my khansamah and bade him thank Hadzia, pay over the eight rupees at once, and ask him to lead me to the nest. When Hadzia heard the harangue in which my comic khansamah always clothed my simplest sentences, he turned to me and opened his mouth, and for an instant I thought I saw a spark of real emotion in his brown eyes. But that too passed at once, and he took the coins, and placed them apparently in what must have been a pheasant omelette. He turned away a few steps and waited with the patience of which he was such a complete master.

IV

My kindness to Hadzia was a link in the chain to ultimate good fortune, coming when I was on my way to revisit and photograph his empty nest. I sank among a growth of tall ferns to watch a tiny crested tit carrying beakfuls of caterpillars to her brood in a hollow stub. Trip after trip she made, gleaning from low shrubs. Finally I heard her utter a scolding note and pause in her search. She concentrated her attention on a tangle of ivy, and had, I supposed, discovered a snake or some other creature worthy of her vocal contempt. I carefully focused on the spot and saw my first brooding Impeyan. To get a good view I had to climb up a half-dead spruce, and there I studied every web of her mottled plumage. The whole landscape seemed changed. Instead of an indefinite forest with varied interests, all was now centred about this spot — the home of the most beautiful of the pheasants. Just beyond in an open growth of oaks

the underbrush was bright with roses and gracefully sweeping, pink-flowered raspberries; lower down under the denser foliage of the deodars were flowers of the shadows, growing singly or in friendly groups of several — lilies-of-the-valley and Solomon's seal, or so they appeared to American eyes. Then as a closer setting to the nest were banks upon banks of maidenhair fern, all in deep shadow — a filmy tracery bending to breaths of air which I could not sense. And wherever the ferns failed, crept the ivy, winding its dull green trail over fallen trunks or seeking to hide every stump or half-dead tree.

For two days I watched from a distance, and at discreet intervals, in the absence of the mother, I examined the two amber shells and photographed them. Then late one afternoon as I passed by after a day with koklass pheasants, I saw tragedy, swift and sure, descend upon the Impeyan home.

The crash and roar of a troop of langur monkeys came to my ears. As I approached the noise lessened and died away in the distance; but as I came over the ridge, a long-tailed gray form leaped from the undergrowth upon a bare half-fallen tree and ran along it on three legs, holding something clutched in one hand. I suspected trouble and ran headlong at the monkey, who promptly dropped his booty and fled off through the trees, swearing roundly at me the while. The nest was empty, and one egg in sight had a gaping hole in the side from which the yolk streamed.

Then the marauding monkeys swung past, old and young hurling themselves recklessly from spire to spire. Tree after tree shook and bent as in a terrific gale of wind; branches crashed and splintered; cones, needles, and twigs rained to the ground as the troop rushed by. The uproar which the banderlog creates has usually but little effect upon the lesser creatures of the forest. They well know the danger and the limitations of the four-handed folk.

But when this troop passed from view, quiet did not settle down. There was no wind, no movement of the needles. Even the ferns hung motionless. But there was a sinister undercurrent of sound more potent than noise of elements. Something was about to happen, and not concerning any one animal, or in any one glade. The birds were restless and their notes were those of anxiety; small creatures dashed here and there among the leaves. Without knowing why, I picked up my gun and walked hastily toward camp.

I crossed two ridges. Still no wind, but still a sound of restless life everywhere, a tense uneasiness. And then came the climax. From the distant snows billowed a breath of cold air, — icy, unfriendly, — and at the shock the sun hid his face. A dark mist closed down. The forest creatures became silent as death, and for as long as two minutes the silence was oppressive. Then in the distance the trees bent and straightened, the mist yellowed and a drop of rain fell. Finally came a sound as strange as any in the world, the noise of ice falling on flowers and leaves, a mitrailleuse-volley of hail such as only the great Himalayas know. Our horses whinnied with pain and crowded close to our shelter; a fleeing squirrel was flattened, dying without a struggle. Leaves and fans of needles were torn away and covered the bruised blossoms on the forest floor. The air was a screen of straight white lines, breaking near the ground into a maze of dancing, splintering crystal balls. Before the bombardment ended the sun came out and made the hail translucent, and so beautiful that for a moment one forgot the terrible damage — the shredded foliage, the hosts of stricken nestlings and creatures which had not found a

safe retreat. When the last missile had fallen we wondered whether the most hardy tenant of the forest had survived. And Nature in mockery, having ceased her cruel play, sent out the frailest of frail butterflies, flickering its copper wings before me in the sun.

V

On the last day of my stay in Garhwal I squatted native-fashion on a steep slope, watching the day slowly die, and stirred as I always am with the great desire to remain. So quickly had this isolated valley become home, so familiar had its trails become, yet so few of its secrets had I been able to solve. Always its great age had impressed me, its centuries-old deodars, the soaring lammergeiers which seemed never to have known youth. But now a new sound — in this land of strange sounds — came to me: a rhythmic beat, beat, too mechanical, too regular to be elemental. It was dull, muffled, and seemed very far off. But this was an illusion, for almost at once four men swung into view around a curve in the trail, and four others, and still four and four. My pulse leaped as a whole company of British regulars filed before me and broke ranks near my camp. What a contrast to the ragged Tibetans and Hillmen who for centuries had preceded them and for many years would follow! The spell of the wilderness was broken. My last link had been my thoughts aroused by the rhythm of the comet. Hadzia had fitted into the scheme of detachment here, as if he had been a fawn or satyr. Now my connection with the outside world was forged anew by the rhythm of these men.

That evening as I sat on the hillside with a group of officers and listened to the soldiers' concert, the cockney accent in story and song fell on my ears like something recurring from a distant memory. I was glad to know that the pheasants and Hadzia had so profoundly influenced me.

When the camp-fire had burned to embers, and I had hand-clasped the last of this splendid type of man, I walked slowly up toward camp. Beyond the ridge I heard yet a new sound, yet a new rhythm, and my heart warmed to the sight. Around a flicker of twig-embers squatted the white forms of four natives — my khansamah and three soldiers' servants. Two had battered tin pans and sticks, and to the tom-tom beat their voices chanted some sad, minor melody, as old, probably, as India is old. I glanced up at the faint glow of the receding comet, and I thought of Hadzia somewhere deep among the distant mountains, perhaps with his hand close about his eight rupees — rupees whose brightness was dimmed with the yolk which had gained them. For the moment I resented the intrusion of those splendid rhythmic men. I wondered what Hadzia's thoughts might be. And I knew that if they were filled with affection for these great Hills and a great yearning never to leave them, they were mine also.

THE LIBERTY OF DIFFERENCE

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Hugh Benson, son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, went out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome, he carried with him the uninterrupted friendship of his friends. They disapproved of his proceedings, but they let him go without dispute, even without complaint. He liked to tell the story of an Anglican bishop who considerately accounted for a like change in one of his clergy by reminding his brethren that 'they must not forget the serious fall their poor friend had had from his bicycle not long before, which had undoubtedly gravely affected his mental powers.' His own experience, however, gave him little material for even such mild controversial anecdote as this. The Provost of Eton spoke for his friends when he sent him his affectionate benediction; and his mother spoke for his family when she said, 'If Hugh's father, when he was here on earth, would have always liked him to follow his conscience, how much more in Paradise.'

Nothing is more interesting in Mr. A. C. Benson's memoir of his brother[1] than this cordial recognition of the liberty of difference.

The book is frank and intimate to such a degree that a sensitive reader has an uncomfortable feeling that he ought not to be reading it; as if a casual week-end visitor were made the recipient of the most sacred confidences of a household. It is such a record as might be passed about in manuscript among near relatives and very close friends. We perceive, with an uneasy sense of intrusion, that we are included in this inner circle on no other condition than the payment of a dollar and a half to a bookseller. This, however, is Mr. Benson's affair, not ours. If he is graciously willing to invite such remote persons as ourselves into these domestic privileges, we may accept the invitation, with wonder but with gratitude. And being thus made, for the moment, a member of the family of a young man whose one dramatic act was to leave the Church in which his father had been Primate and go into the Church of Rome, we may profitably note how quietly and without noise of contending voices this interesting step was taken. His people seem to have regarded his departure as the beginning of a journey into a strange country, which they themselves, indeed, had no desire to visit, but which would probably enrich his life with new and delightful experiences. Thereafter he was more interesting to them than he had ever been before. They liked to have him photographed with them in family groups, wearing the clothes which indicated the difference of his position.

It is true that the fact of difference is the condition of all progress, but this hospitable recognition of it is a distinctly modern manner of behavior. From the beginning of time men have insisted on their right to differ from their neighbors, but their neighbors, in

[1] *Hugh: Memoir of a Brother.* By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

all lands and ages, have resented the difference and have resisted it.

Thus André Lagarde begins his *Latin Church in the Middle Ages*[1] with this statement of the situation: 'In the middle of the fifth century the Western Church occupied a position without precedent in the Roman Empire. It ruled the emperor and gave him his orders. They were orders directed especially to the extermination of all religious rivals. It required the emperor to suppress the worship of idols, and he closed the pagan temples: sometimes he even authorized their destruction. The Church wished to be rid of dissenting sects, and the emperor forbade heretical meetings. Paganism, being driven from the towns, sought refuge in the country. Heresy went into hiding: the Church was victorious.' After a series of monographs on such themes as Sacraments and Devotions, the Monastic Life, the Pontifical Elections, the Pontifical State, the Pontifical Exchequer, and the Political and Religious Advance of the Papacy, the book ends with chapters on the heresies by which the right to differ in doctrine and in polity was gradually vindicated. Against these heresies the Latin Church brought the weapons of condemnation and excommunication, and proceeded to extremes of persecution.

If there was any warmth of human nature in the men who devised and directed this machinery, any sense of the vastness of truth and of the possibility that they might be ignorant of any part of it, such weakness does not appear in the pages of this book. The author's monographic method takes the plot out of the story of the Middle Ages, and gives us in the place of it a series of analyzed situations in which the heroes and the villains of the play are not breathing men but labeled figures, ecclesiastics, schoolmen, and heretics. It is like the channel of a California river in summer, where furrowed sand and heaps of rounded stone show the effects of the swing and swirl of a swift current, but in which at present there is no water. The eager life of the Middle Ages, with its light and color, its spirit of adventure, its fierce hatreds and fierce loves, and its manifold complications and contradictions, does not appear. Instead of what Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor calls 'the mediæval mind,' we have here the mediæval body anatomically articulated. So much the clearer, however, is the fact that the supreme contention of that exceedingly interesting period was between authority and the liberty of difference. The outstanding fact in mediæval life was the Church, whose consistent purpose was to bring all minds and wills into obedience. At the heart of every heresy the significant error was not so much a disagreement with the truth as a disagreement with the Church.

Accordingly, Dr. Schaff, writing an admirable biography of *John Huss, after Five Hundred Years*,[2] publishes at the same time a translation of Huss's treatise on *The Church*.[3] The point at issue in Huss's case was the divine right of the Church to suppress the liberty of difference. Huss was burned, not for his ideas concerning the Scriptures or the Sacraments, but for his persistent claim to have the right to have ideas at all. They told Huss at the Council of Constance that 'if the Council should tell him that he had but one eye, he was bound to agree that it was so.' To this suggestion Huss replied

[1] *The Latin Church in the Middle Ages.* By ANDRÉ LAGARDE. Translated by ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *John Huss, his Life, Teachings and Death, after Five Hundred Years.* By DAVID S. SCHAFF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *The Church.* By JOHN HUSS. Translated by DAVID S. SCHAFF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

that 'if the whole world told him that he had but one eye, yet he could not, so long as he had reason, say so without violence to his conscience.' There was the whole matter in two sentences. In vain did Huss claim to speak the mind of the saints and of the Scriptures. It was plain that he did not speak the mind of the contemporary Church, and that fact made him a heretic, regardless of all saints and scriptures.

The Council of Constance was dealing, not so much with a problem in religion as with a problem in discipline. To persons in authority, discipline is essential to efficiency. It is easy for those who are out of office to criticize the administration of discipline. John Milton, for example, deprecated the censorship of the Presbyterians. 'Under the fantastic terrors of sect and schism,' he said, 'we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at.' But to the Presbyterians, precariously walking in the midst of perils, the 'terrors of sect and schism' were anything but 'fantastic.' They threatened the efficiency and even the existence of that godly authority which they had with such difficulty gained. 'Truth,' said Milton, 'is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression they sicken into a muddy pool of Conformity and Tradition.' But Mr. Glover, in his discriminating essay on Milton in *Poets and Puritans*,[1] notes that the Rev. Thomas Tompkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom, as censor, the duty fell of licensing the publication of *Paradise Lost*, was the author of a pamphlet on *The Inconveniences of Toleration*. There spoke the honestly perplexed official.

[1] *Poets and Puritans*. By T. R. Glover. London: Methuen & Co.

Many of the independent and free-spoken thinkers who appear in the unfailingly fair pages of Principal Selbie's *English Sects* [2] learned by experience that toleration was a much more complicated matter than they had at first imagined. Coming themselves into places of responsibility, and being in their turn asked to grant the liberty of difference, they refused. When the Presbyterians and Congregationalists came to deal with the Quakers and Baptists, they found themselves constrained to follow the policy for which they had so reviled the Anglicans.

This was in part the result of the annoying manner in which the dissidents manifested their dissent. The sight and sound of them was offensive. The Presbyterians and the Congregationalists resented the obtrusive and obstinate difference of the Baptists and the Quakers as the people of Fitchburg in the eighteen-thirties resented Joseph Palmer's beard. He was the only bearded man in that part of the country, and was persecuted for it. When he resisted the attack of several neighbors who proposed to shave him, he was put in jail on a charge of unprovoked assault. 'He far outstayed his sentence,' said his son in an interview which Miss Sears quotes in *Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands*, 'because he had to pay for all his food, drink, and coal for heating, and he considered they cheated him, so he refused to go. The sheriff and jailer, tired of having him there, begged him to leave. Even his mother wrote to him "not to be so set." But nothing could move him. He said that they had put him in there and they would have to take him out, as he would not walk out. They finally carried him out in his chair and placed it on the sidewalk.' The neighbors were irritated, not only by Joseph Palmer's beard

[2] *English Sects: a History of Nonconformity*. By W. B. Selbie. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

but by his general attitude of mind. He was 'so set.' He rejoiced not only in the liberty, but in the splendid impudence, of difference. It was the spirit which some of his Puritan ancestors had manifested in religion. But even the community at Fruitlands, which Joseph Palmer found congenial, disciplined poor Miss Page, 'who was summarily dismissed for having eaten fish.'

The more serious part, however, of the assertion of authority against the vagaries of difference proceeds from a natural association of discipline with efficiency. Thus Mr. Walter Lippmann in *The Stakes of Diplomacy* remarks that 'there are few free-thinkers in well-drilled armies, and they are likely to be shot.' Professor Lake, whose book *The Stewardship of Faith*[1] is not only a stimulating contribution to modern theology, but is of itself an excellent illustration of the liberty of difference, says that in the early church men changed their minds with perfect freedom. 'In that generation the way of life was the constant sacrifice of identity of expression in order to preserve the unity of experience under changed surroundings. The Church did not triumph because it preserved its theology, its ethics, or its institutions unchanged, but because it changed them all, and changed them rapidly, in order that they might express more adequately and more fully the spiritual life which remained the same, though the forms with which it was clothed were altering with extraordinary rapidity.' The statement takes away the breath of conservative churchmen who believe that the fathers were as conservative as themselves. But even accepting it as a true description, they are able to reply that this interesting experiment failed. It failed, like the communism of the saints at Jerusalem, because with all its swift sensitiveness to changes in the surrounding life it left out of account some of the permanent qualities of human nature. So many heretics and schismatics took prompt advantage of the situation, and brought theology, ethics, and institutions into such confusion, that the exercise of discipline became imperative. That formulation of truth which found expression in the creed, and that organization of life which found expression in the Church, were the inevitable consequences of a liberty of difference which had fallen into anarchy.

'In intellectual life,' says Dr. Lake, 'we are always engaged in dispute, because in the attempt to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge and logical thought our efforts are always a mixture of failure and success. . . . The necessary condition for intellectual improvement in any society is the permission to discuss, and the recognition of the principle that the less cannot judge the greater. The intellectual sterility of a great part of modern Christianity is largely because free discussion has been rendered impossible by the system of settling theological disputes by discipline instead of argument, by an appeal to past opinion instead of to logic or evidence, and by authority of ecclesiastical officers whose devotion to their own duties has rendered it impossible for them to be in the forefront of scholarship, so that they are often disposed to ignore or misunderstand problems which students have raised.'

It depends on the idea of the Church — whether it is regarded as an organization or as an influence, whether the emphasis of interest is on the institution or on the individual. The conflict between these two ideas is as ancient as religion. It was fought out in the Old Testament between the priest and the prophet. It is the everlasting con-

[1] *The Stewardship of Faith.* By KIRSOPP LAKE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

tention which makes the pages of Church history so depressing and encouraging. It enters into all life, and has its place in the affairs of nations as well as in the affairs of churches. It makes the difference, not only between Protestant and Catholic, and between Dissenter and Churchman, but between Whig and Tory, between the progressives and the conservatives: on one side the claim of authority, on the other the claim of liberty; on one side discipline, on the other difference.

Dr. McGiffert in *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* [1] and Dr. Coffin in *Some Christian Convictions* [2] indicate some of the influences which are steadily enlarging the liberty of difference.

First, Romanticism, says Dr. Coffin, emphasizing the presence of God within the world, resident in all life; then Humanitarianism, maintaining that God is as good as Jesus Christ, and thereby forsaking a great number of inherited errors in ethics; after that, Physical Science, showing the unity of all life, and thus bringing in a larger view of God; Biblical Criticism, introducing the doctrine of progressive revelation, and giving us an historical rather than a speculative conception of Christ; Psychology, declaring the normal character of religious experience; Comparative Religion, taking a new attitude toward the missionary problem, and sending Christians into foreign lands, not to destroy but to fulfill; finally, the Social Movement, demanding a social reinterpretation of many of the Church's doctrines. The effect of these influences is to increase the company of those who belong with Sir Harry Vane 'to the sect called "Seekers," as being satisfied with no form of opinion yet extant, but waiting for future discoveries.' Dr. Coffin, preaching in the colleges, finds many members of this sect, and addresses them in the chapters of his book on such subjects as Religion, the Church, the Bible, God, Christ, the Cross, and the Life Everlasting. He shows how a wide liberty of difference and a hospitable acceptance of new ideas may be consistent with all that was essential in the old faith.

Like conclusions are reached by Dr. McGiffert after a similar review of modern influences. In his first fifty pages, where Pietism and the Enlightenment, Natural Science and the Critical Philosophy are considered, the axe is laid at the root of the tree, and the whole growth of Christian belief, both branch and stem, seems about to be cut down for burning. But in the two hundred pages which follow, nothing falls but dead wood. Religion is emancipated, speculation is reborn, faith is rehabilitated; Agnosticism, Evolution, Immanence, lead to chapters on Ethical Theism, the Character of God, and Religious Authority.

'Authority everywhere,' says Dr. McGiffert, 'has ceased to be as it once was, absolute, infallible, despotic, and legal, and has become relative, provisional, and fallible.' The old idea of authority as an external force, which came over into Protestantism out of the Middle Ages, and was transformed with little change from the Church to the Bible, found its most effective opponent in Schleiermacher. Schleiermacher appealed to experience. Religion, he said, is rooted in the feelings. 'No one is bound by traditional principles and formulas, by external standards and rules. As a religious man he has in his own consciousness the ultimate court from which is no appeal.'

The Bible and the creeds 'are not authoritative codes, intended to bind the minds and consciences of men. They

[1] *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas.* By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *Some Christian Convictions.* By Henry S. Coffin. New Haven: Yale University Press.

are simply records of religious experiences enjoyed in other days by other men, many of them great religious geniuses, and particularly by Jesus Christ, the greatest of them all, and the one by whom the consciousness of God has been mediated to us.' Dr. McGiffert says that 'the most important step in the emancipation of modern Protestants from the bondage of external authority' was taken when the fact was recognized that 'the Bible and Christianity are not identical, and that the severest criticism of the latter does not affect the former. It has made it possible for Christians to look without dismay upon Biblical criticism, and to engage in it themselves, without abandoning Christianity or denying its divine origin or saving power.'

Nothing, for example, can be more free from the trammels of conventional opinion than the work of two American scholars who, within the past year, have published books on the Old Testament. If Dr. Peters has anything to say about the *Religion of the Hebrews*[1] which he has not said in print in these pages, or if Professor Badé is keeping anything back for fear of censure, from his *Old Testament in the Light of To-day*,[2] the reader is unable to detect the appearance of any such prudent hesitation. The men who founded the American Bible Society a century ago this year would have held up their hands in passionate protest against these books, which now come quietly from the press and get no advertisement from the outcries of the orthodox.

Dr. Badé's book is 'a study in moral development.' 'Two views of the Old Testament,' he says, 'still contend for mastery among the adherents of Christianity. The one regards it as a sort of talisman, miraculously given and divinely authoritative on the subject of God, religion, and morals, in every part. The other regards it as a growth, in which the moral sanctions of each stage of development were succeeded and displaced by the next higher one,' Dr. Badé makes it immediately plain that the second of these views has his acceptance. The religion of the Old Testament, he says, is that of a people passing from the life of nomads of the desert to the life of tillers of the soil, and bringing with them all the ignorances and superstitions which inhere naturally in that transition. Not one of the Ten Commandments but was in its original meaning far below our present moral level. The first Commandment recognizes the existence of other gods; the third means that prayer is ineffective without the bringing of an offering—'Thou shalt not cry aloud the name of Jahveh thy God, when thou bringest naught'; the prohibition of murder did not include blood-revenge, or the beating of slaves till they died, or the savagery of 'holy' wars; the law against adultery forbade a violation of property rights, and had no reference to purity of life. No end of confusion, and contradiction, and hindrance of ideals has come from the endeavor to bring forward the Old Testament as it stands into our modern standards of behavior. The true procedure is indicated in Dr. Badé's phrase, 'the cancellations of development.' On goes the race in religion as in civilization, leaving behind it the imperfections of the past as the growing man leaves the limitations of his early youth. The Old Testament is available for our present religious use only by a free process of cancellation.

Dr. Peters handles his materials with the same freedom. Professor Badé's book is a monograph on a single aspect

[1] *The Religion of the Hebrews.* By JOHN PUNNETT PETERS. Boston: Ginn & Co.

[2] *The Old Testament in the Light of To-day.* By WILLIAM FREDERICK BADÉ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

of the Old Testament, but Dr. Peters discusses the whole subject. He deals with the Lord and the People, the Primitive Religion of the Hebrews, the Religion of Moses, the Religion of Canaan and its Influence on the Hebrews, and on through Ritual and Prophecy, and Reformation and Exile and Return, to the Synagogue and the Scribes. It is a patient and careful and unfailingly interesting account of a religious experience in which, very gradually, superstition is transformed into reasonable faith, and the ethical standards of barbarians are superseded by the ideals of increasing civilization. Nothing can be further from the idea of the Old Testament as being all on one spiritual plane. It is, like Palestine itself, a land of valleys and hills.

The same point of view, with a presentation of the results of the best scholarship in the least compass, appears in Professor Moore's *Literature of the Old Testament;* and a like work is done by Professor Bacon in his *Making of the New Testament.* These two little books belong to the department of religion and philosophy in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge.[1] One may rely on most of the volumes of this series for accurate accounts of contemporary research and opinion. Dr. Bury's *History of Freedom of Thought* declines from this high level of excellence in its angry refusal to allow the liberty of difference to the orthodox. They must conform to the heretics, and do it quick, on pain of being pronounced narrow-minded. But this is only the 'narrowness of breadth.' The book illustrates one of the reasons for the reluctance of the conservatives, who object to the radicals, not only for the freedom of their thought, but for the insufferable freedom of their manners. Dr. Moore's book on the Old Testament and Dr. Bacon's on the New illustrate, on the other hand, the fine courtesy of good scholarship. These brief, inexpensive, and attractive volumes tell the untechnical reader all that he needs to know concerning the dates, authorship, and general significance of the Bible books. To them may be added Mr. Hunting's *Story of our Bible,*[2] popularly written, bound in purple, and illustrated from the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Teachers in Sunday schools will find here not only the main facts of modern research, but picturesque descriptions of places and peoples, and a useful accompaniment of appropriate moral reflections.

Mr. Hunting says that one of the hardest problems which the compilers of the Pentateuch faced was 'how to counteract the influence of the stories about the gods, which the Hebrews had learned from the Babylonians and Canaanites. They might perhaps have denounced them; but that would only have increased the curiosity of the people about them. Fortunately the wisest men in those early days followed a better plan. They retold these stories in their own way. Disregarding those things which were false and base, they were on the alert for illustrations of sublime truths. We have the results of their work in the great stories of the book of Genesis.' The men who were leading the religious thought of Judaism during the two or three centuries before Christ encountered a different difficulty, which they met in a similar way. Their difficulty arose from the endeavor of the conservative brethren

[1] *The Literature of the Old Testament;* by GEORGE F. MOORE. *The Making of the New Testament;* by BENJAMIN W. BACON. *Religious Development between the Old and New Testaments;* by R. H. CHARLES. *History of Freedom of Thought;* by J. B. BURY. *Missions;* by MRS. CREIGHTON. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

[2] *The Story of Our Bible:* How it grew to be what it is. By HAROLD B. HUNTING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to give the last word in religion to 'the Law.' 'It came to be an accepted dogma,' says Dr. Charles in his *Religious Development between the Old and New Testaments*, 'that the Law was the complete and final word of God, and so valid for all eternity.' But men were entering into new experiences and out of them were drawing new conclusions; Jews were comparing ideas with Greeks; the knowledge of truth was steadily increasing, after its fashion, regardless of dogmas. No authority could actually stop difference. What, then, could the messengers of difference do? What they did was, get behind the barrier of the Law by writing under the name of patriarchs, as Noah, Enoch, and Moses, and, in the sanction of these accepted fathers, interpret the conventional symbols so as to bring them into accord with the actually existing religious situation. They brought new meanings into the Hebrew Bible, as their predecessors did into the Babylonian myths.

'Every conception was undergoing development or reinterpretation. Whole histories centre round such conceptions as Soul, Spirit, Sheol, Paradise, the Messianic Kingdom, the Messiah, the Resurrection. Where the spiritual life was active, no religious conception could remain unaltered. If it belonged characteristically to an earlier period of development, it had to be either discarded or transformed. If it was capable of growth, it grew; otherwise it proved a stumbling-block to the faithful and an obstacle to spiritual progress.' And Dr. Charles continues, 'No church which makes this right of reinterpretation impossible can continue to be a spiritual leader of mankind. Spiritual and intellectual growth without it is impossible, and so far as the leaders of a Church succeed in making such growth impossible, so far they succeed in limiting its membership to the mere traditionalist, the reactionary and the obscurantist, in short, to the intellectual and moral minors of the race.'

These problems of adaptation whose solution appears at the beginning and the end of the Hebrew Bible, in the book of Genesis and in the book of Daniel, must be solved to-day by foreign missionaries. In the place of the myths of Babylon they have the legends of Buddhism and of other religions, and they are hampered in their turn by the necessity, as they think, of carrying with them an Old Testament whose primitive theology and ethics scandalize the gentle people of such lands as India and China. What shall they do with the ideas of God that they find in other creeds? What with those in their own creed which arose out of occidental experiences in which Orientals have had no share — such, for example, as took their shape from the conditions of the Roman Empire?

As a matter of fact, they exercise the liberty of difference. They have abandoned the doctrine that difference deserves damnation. Professor Pratt, in his altogether admirable book, *India and its Faiths*,[1] says that, although the Christian Literature Society at Colombo 'is still situated on "Dam Street," this fact has lost its old significance.' The time is past when the missionary endeavored to change black Africans into Scotch Presbyterians, and to impose upon his converts 'not only the Christian teaching but the theology and the ecclesiastical ideas which had grown up in Europe to meet the needs of European thought and conditions.' Mrs. Creighton, whose little book on *Missions* ought to be in the hands of every mission-study class, says that the missionary recognizes the fact that heathen people, too, 'have their contribution to bring, and that the fullness

[1] *India and Its Faiths: a Traveller's Record.* By James Bissett Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

of the Christian message will not be realized until the great nations of the East and even the Animist peoples of Africa and the Pacific have enriched it with their religious ideas and their way of holding and exhibiting the truth. Through his converts his own faith is strengthened, and his own conception of Christian truth enlarged.' 'The missionary of our time,' says Dr. Slattery in *The Light Within*,[1] 'assumes and frankly teaches that the Christianity of one nation must differ from the Christianity of another nation. There is a sacred inheritance through which the Holy Spirit has spoken, and that inheritance must be respected, not from any mere sense of tact and good manners, but from awe-inspiring dread lest a man sent to teach the truth be found to speak even against God in one of his self-revealing processes. Ancestor-worship in China, for example, is no longer condemned, but is purified and enlarged in the ancient Christian doctrine of the Communion of Saints.'

The missionaries, as they appear in Mrs. Creighton's book, and in the larger *History of Christian Missions*[2] by the editorial secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, are open-minded, sympathetic, and constructive workers, pioneers and civilizers, patient and successful. 'In the beginning of the third century of our era,' says Dr. Robinson, 'Dion Cassius, referring to the inhabitants of Great Britain, described them as an "idle, indolent, thievish, lying set of scoundrels." As a result of Christian teaching extending over fifty generations, the proportion of the inhabitants of Great Britain to whom these epithets can be justly applied has perceptibly decreased. The epithets used by Dion Cassius are often applied to some of the peoples amongst whom Christian missionaries are now working; but before we institute any comparison between these peoples and ourselves, to the detriment of the former, or to the disparagement of missionary efforts, we need to ascertain whether the progress which has been achieved within recent years does not compare favorably with that which occurred in our own land during any equal period of time.' It is significant that, as Dr. Robinson reports, contributions to missions have more than doubled since 1901, and the number of missionaries from Protestant societies has increased from 62,000 to 129,000.

Considering what the West might learn from the different customs and ideas of the East, Professor Pratt finds the most important lesson in the value of the soul. An Indian creed would say, 'I believe in the soul. I believe in its endless progress as it takes its way through changing forms, in worlds that rise and pass. I believe that the material world, with all it has of luxury and wealth, and with it the human body itself, are but means in the education and refinement of the soul, and that whenever they stand in the way of the soul's progress they must be denounced and despised. And I believe that the human soul may enter into, or is already and forever in, immediate communion with the divine.' Mr. Pratt says, 'A friend of mine in Calcutta has a servant and a clerk. The servant spends every spare hour of his twenty-four worshiping at the shrine of Kali; and the clerk — a man still under forty — is saving his money so that in a year or two he may leave his family well provided and wander forth as a *sannyasi* to spend the rest of his days in meditation. To us Westerners this

[1] *The Light Within: a Study of the Holy Spirit.* By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

[2] *History of Christian Missions.* By CHARLES HENRY ROBINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

seems incomprehensible, and doubtless it is extreme. But it is not merely its extreme form that seems to us so strange. The very notion of contemplation has become to us both unintelligible and unendurable. We say we have no time for contemplation — we have too much to do to spend our minutes in that fashion: but this is an evasion. The truth is that we do not know how to meditate, and are afraid to learn. . . . I doubt whether there is one man in fifty of us who would be willing to be alone and quiet and awake and without a book for ten minutes.' And he quotes Rabindranath Tagore: 'You Americans have no leisure, or if you have, you know not how to use it. In the rush of your lives you do not stop to consider where you are rushing to or what it is all for. The result is that you have lost your vision of the Eternal.'

This vision shines in a little group of spiritual books[1] written by men and women who have entered in their own way into these regions of peace. They feel it necessary to defend themselves against the charge of being unnaturally and unsympathetically peaceful in these times of strife. But they do not apologize. *Practical Mysticism*, says Miss Underhill, 'means nothing if the attitude and the discipline which it recommends be adapted to fair weather alone. . . . On the contrary, if the experiences on which it is based have indeed the transcendent value for humanity which Mystics claim for them — if they reveal to us a world of higher truth and greater reality than the world of concrete happenings in which we seem to be immersed — then that value is increased rather than lessened when confronted by the overwhelming disharmonies and sufferings of the present time.' 'Now that this terrible war is waging,' says Mr. Hepher in *The Fellowship of Silence*, 'and Europe is filled with horror and confusion, and the world is ringing with the echoes of the noise and tumult of battle, is there not the greater need of centres of still silence, radiating hope and strength in a world of strife?' 'At the present hour,' says Miss Sears, 'many persons are prophesying that when the war in Europe is finally over there will follow, out of man's sense of his own weakness and his great need, a revival of religion. What we want to be sure of is that this revival . . . shall be a reawakening of a religious spirit that is truly spiritual, that is, profoundly ethical.' Toward which her book, *The Drama of the Spiritual Life*, is a contribution.

These writings deal with conditions which are deeper than all differences, and in which the differences themselves are held in friendly relations by the recognition of essential unities. *The Fellowship of Silence* is an account of joint meetings of Churchmen and Quakers for the enrichment of the spiritual life. These meetings have been instructive revelations to men who have believed that sacraments and an apostolically descended ministry were essential to the spiritual life. 'When men taught that those Christians who did not enjoy the advantages of the ministrations of a sixteenth-century bishop were in sin and were no part of the Church at all, God proved the opposite through a line of saints and heroes. And in regard to Creeds and Sacraments God has also taught us that men can enjoy singular gifts of the Holy Ghost while honestly foregoing the regular means of grace, so long as they cling to Christ and bring forth the fruits of well-doing.'

[1] *The Drama of the Spiritual Life: a Study of Religious Experience and Ideals.* By Annie Lyman Sears. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Practical Mysticism. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Fellowship of Silence. Edited by Cyril Hepher. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THIRTY FATHOMS DEEP

BY HERBERT TOLAN

I

I WANT to tell you in this story what I know about Naylon. Part of it is what the old fellow told me himself concerning his life, and part of it is what I myself know about his death. I can see no good reason why the tale should not be told, for Naylon is dead long since and the girl was dead before Naylon saw and loved her.

I knew Naylon only as the captain of an inside lifeboat station, where the surf-boat was not called out twice a year. He was finishing his life there quietly, in company with his crew of eight Scandinavians, an aged geranium that never flowered, and a bass viol upon which regularly every Sunday afternoon Naylon played the only tunes he ever knew — 'Blest Be the Tie that Binds' and 'Let Us Haste to Kelvin Grove.'

But, for all this, the old man had known the meaning of a life of extraordinary action and adventure when he was younger. He had filibustered down to Chile and the Argentine, had been shanghaied out of Callao on a beach-combing venture, and had even begun life as a thorough-paced deep-sea diver and government-certificate man. Of this latter career he was curiously loath to talk. He would tell me tales of filibustering, shanghaiing, and piloting all up and down the coast, from Buenos Ayres to the Aleutian Islands, till the hair of my head stood up with excitement. But he dodged speaking of his diving experiences by saying, 'Divers don't like to talk of what they see below. It preys on the mind and gets you to thinking.'

Naylon's station was on the shore of San Francisco Bay, midway between Black Point and the Presidio. I went out to see him three times a week. Early each Tuesday morning we cruised out of the Golden Gate in the smaller boat; Wednesday evening we played backgammon and Naylon made grog; and on Sundays we took a walk along the drain on the other side of the Presidio, getting back in time for five o'clock supper and the bass viol.

By putting together the tales he told me over the backgammon board, or sitting on the drain, or between 'Kelvin Grove' and 'The Tie that Binds,' I had a consecutive story of Naylon's life from the time when he was a choir-boy in York Cathedral until the day of his appointment as Captain of Life-Boat Station No. 8 — all except one period of five years, about the time when he was nineteen or twenty. I followed him easily enough until he reached California as foremast hand on a revenue cutter. There I lost him and only picked him up again some half-dozen years later as ice-pilot aboard the Rogers.

Another point I could not fail to notice was the character of Naylon himself. You may say what you will, but a man cannot for long entertain a deep and sincere affection without its leaving a mark upon him afterwards. Naylon had had his romance. Of that I was certain. There was a sweetness, a seri-

ous firm grip of his upon the basic instincts of primitive good, that could be explained in no other way. There was something Homeric about the man. Little by little I had come to know the various chapters of the old fellow's life — excepting always the clue chapter. The pattern was complete, but for the one note of color that should bring the whole scheme into harmony. At last, however, I found it. Naylon told me the last story of all. It was an extraordinary story, as you may see for yourself — nearly beyond belief.

It happened of a Sunday. I had gone out to the station early in the afternoon, to find Naylon pottering about his bloomless geranium and grieving that it should never come to flower. He had had the plant I cannot guess how long, but it was so old that its budding was out of all question. Still Naylon obstinately cherished the hope that it would some day blossom.

'It may be,' he said on this occasion, 'that the sea air is a bit too sharp. Perhaps, if it was put under a glass case — what do you think? Or if I trimmed away some of the young leaves? It's not beyond hope. No, I'll not believe it. I'll not have it so. Surely, some day we'll have a flower on it. Some day it will be as fresh as ever. I can remember it not so very long ago. You should have seen it then — red flowers as big as your two fists — and smell! Why, I think you could have smelled it in the other room!'

He turned away to reach down his gardener's trowel, which, with the prim nicety of old men who live alone, he always kept upon the top shelf of his closet in a lidless cigar box. As he opened the closet door I was surprised to notice upon the floor the complete armor of a deep-sea diver — helmet, breastplate, pumps, rubber shoes, and all. I knew that Naylon had his outfit somewhere about the station, but hitherto I had imagined that it stood in the attic. It was in perfect condition now and the copper helmet had been newly rubbed with suet.

'Hello, Naylon,' I exclaimed, 'what's all this? Going diving again?'

He closed the door and looked at me for a moment. Then: —

'I got a bit of chemical loam from a gardener in Golden Gate Park to-day. I'm going to try it. I think it might help.'

'Better get a new plant,' I suggested.

From the sharp way he looked at me I could fancy that my remark had actually hurt him a little. But he said nothing, and I fell to wondering at the strange contradiction in a man who had sat down to meat with buccaneers and had seen men killed for the boots they wore, but who could yet find interest in a cracked bass viol and a geranium that never bloomed.

All the rest of that afternoon Naylon was unusually silent and preoccupied. I let him have his thoughts to himself. We took our accustomed walk a little later, around the old fort at the Golden Gate, then along the broken drain that follows the line of the hills there — from whence one could see Fujiyama, could one but see over the curve of the earth — to a point where the land shrugged a bony shoulder out of the surf and shut in the wind. Here we turned and climbed part way up the hill to a level spot where we knew we could sit down, and where sometimes we found blackberries and blue iris. Naylon took out his pipe and filled and lit. For quite five minutes neither of us spoke, pretending to be interested in a Cape Horner, a huge deep-sea tramp, held almost motionless in the middle passage between the heads of the Gate, the tide at her bow and the wind at her back.

'Mate,' said Naylon at length, 'I want you to go somewheres with me.'

Where, indeed, would n't I have gone with Naylon in those days?

'Right,' said I, upon the instant; and the old fellow continued, looking seaward and to the south with unseeing eyes, —

'There's a ship down there I want to see again before I' — he cleared his throat. 'A ship down there I want to see. A passenger packet from Tahiti, the Allouette. She's there off one of the Catalina Islands.'

'I did n't know that the Tahiti boats called at the Catalinas,' I interjected.

'They don't,' he replied dreamily. 'But for all that I'm going down to the Catalina Islands, come next week, to visit the packet Allouette, that's off the west coast of Catalina and that weighed her anchor out of Tahiti with nine passengers and crew.'

'I have never seen her,' I put in.

'Nor I,' answered Naylon; and, before I could voice my surprise, he continued, 'Nor I, mate; only her ghost, as one might say. Listen, and I'll tell you what I've never told man or woman yet.'

'I was diving in those days for the C. &. A. Wrecking Company. Just a lad I was, only turned twenty, but I could take the pressure up to the seventies and more, just like an old hand. I was at work on the caissons of a pier head at San Diego when Catalina sent down in a hurry for a diver to bring up the bodies from a Tahiti packet that had gone down in a squall off the west coast of one of the islands. I went.

'When I got to the wrecking float I was told that the bodies of all the crew and those of two of the passengers had come up. But seven of the passengers were still below. I was to take a "stray line" down and send them up.'

Naylon paused a moment.

'You have heard, perhaps, how bodies act in the water when they don't come up?' he inquired. 'They sit in their places, or stand, or lie, as the case may be, as natural as if in a parlor — and still, very still, until the water about them is stirred or a bit of a current set going. Then they raise their arms and turn their heads; or maybe, if they are sitting up, they lie down quiet like, as if they are very tired and are goin' to sleep. You can't believe sometimes that they are drowned and dead. Old divers have a saying, you know, that a man — or a woman, either, for the matter of that — is n't really dead until the body comes up; that they only die when the air touches them, and that they still have a kind of life down there among themselves, in all that green and gloom of the sea bottom.'

After a moment of silence the narrative continued: 'I went down where the Allouette sank — a hundred and eighty feet of water — an' that's a wonder deep dive. It's a pressure of over eighty pounds, and some men paralyze at that and die in their armor. But I was n't down long. Six of the bodies I found, — four men, the stewardess and a boy, — sent them up, then came up myself and reported. There was one more down below, they told me. It was the body of a girl, a girl of nineteen. She was the daughter of an orange-grower in Los Angeles and an only child — a beautiful girl whom everybody loved. Her mother was dead and her father was way off in Mexico at the time of the wreck. I'd heard of her, but I'd never seen her.

'The men on the float — newspaper reporters, the coroner, the wrecking hands, and the like — would have it that I should go down again and have another try. I did so, though I was bleeding at the ears even then. This time I crawled into the dining-room through a pile of wreck, — the ceiling had fetched away, — and came up to the bit of a door that looked like the

entrance to a linen closet. When I opened it I saw that it was a little stateroom.

'There, sure enough, was the girl, sitting on a red plush lounge opposite the door, quite natural. She wore some kind of a white muslin dress and a smart little chip hat, and was holding a satchel in her hands, just as if she was waitin' to go ashore. Her eyes were open and she was lookin' right at me and smiling. When I pulled open the door it set the water in motion and she dropped her satchel and came toward me, holdin' out her arms.

'I jumped back and shut the door and sat down on one of the screw chairs in the saloon, for I was fair turned with the queerness of it. When I had got over the strain, I made ready to send her up. But, as it was, I never went into the stateroom again. I began to wonder if, after all, it was n't better to leave her as she was. You see, I was a bit young then and sentimental-like, as all folks are that have to do with the sea. I thought of that crowd of men up there on the float, and she the only girl, and they handing her about and staring at her and she not knowing — with never a relative of hers within a thousand miles and no woman to take care of her. Then I remembered the old divers' superstition about folks never really dying till they came up to the surface. Of course, that was foolishness — but I believed it then. I don't know — maybe I believe it now. But, at any rate, I told myself that at that moment she was lovely and sweet and all, in her little chip hat and her white muslin frock, but if I sent her up she'd be buried, put in a hole of dirt, with the worms and the dark. If I left her away from the air, shut up there in that little stateroom, thirty fathom deep, in that still quiet green water, she'd always stay as she was — always be nineteen.

'The key was on the outside of the stateroom door. I locked the door without opening it and battened down the ventilator so that nothing — no fish or anything — could get in. I went to the outside of the ship and saw to it that the porthole of her stateroom was fast. Then I took a last look through the port. She was lyin' on the floor near the door, with her face hidden, as though she was sorry I had left her so. An' one arm was reachin' out a little, palm up, as though she was waitin' for me to come back — as if she expected that I would come back some day and she wanted to tell me she was n't angry.

'Then I signaled to be pulled up and left her that way, just waiting, quiet-like and all alone in that still green water. On the float I told them that I had n't seen anything and no doubt the current had carried her away.

'There was some talk of my company raising the Allouette, but I reported that she was broken up so bad that it wouldn 't be worth while. People quit talking about the packet, and the girl's father married again, down in Mexico. I guess he's got another daughter by now. In a year's time the whole business was forgotten.

'But I never forgot. You see, a lad at that age, a sea-faring lad, when he gets an impression, it sticks and sticks and goes deeper. Maybe it turned my wits a little. Maybe they're still turned. I've never forgot her. I forgot, though, about being frightened and only remembered the pretty way of her coming toward me, smiling and holding out her arms. And though I've grown to an old man, she's always stayed young, just as sweet and fresh and pretty as she was the first day I saw her. Somehow I could never take to other girls after that or love anybody but just her. I always remembered her down there in all that still green water, waiting for me to come back and open the door. And remembering her like that always kept me straight and clean, I guess.

And everybody else has forgotten her, but me. Nobody knows she's waiting there, and her father has another daughter by now. She's only got me, you see. She just belongs to me.'

In the pause that followed I could barely make out the waves that leaped before me; there seemed to be a mist before my eyes.

'I never saw her again. I came away the next day and never went back. That was a long time ago. But next week I'm going to get a sloop and go along the coast to the Catalinas and go down and see her. I'm getting old now, you see. And old men, after a while they kind of get young again in a way. Sorter move in a circle. Maybe my circle is nearly done, but I feel to-day as I felt that day when I first found her and we were both young. So I guess I'll go down there.'

'But Naylon,' I protested, 'how would it be? This is all so long ago. Would she be just the same? Maybe I'm wrong — don't know much about such things — but the action of the sea water —'

'No,' he interrupted. 'There was no air, you see. The place was almost hermetically sealed. I battened down the ventilators and locked the door. She is just the same to-day as she was long ago, when I first saw her. It can't be otherwise. I'll not believe it so. They never really die, so long as they stay below.'

Naylon's pipe was out. The Cape Horner had long since passed the heads with the turning of the tide, and by the time we reached the Presidio on our way home the Farallones were standing out purple-black against the conflagration of the sunset.

II

The next week Naylon got his leave of absence and found a man by the name of Willetts, a retired sea captain, to take his place. We chartered a seagoing sloop and cleared for the Catalina Islands. The Coast Survey people had buoyed the wreck of the Allouette, — much harm the old packet could do at that depth, — and Naylon located it by this means almost immediately.

I shall never forget the old fellow's agitation on the day we arrived and tied up at the buoy. What the emotions were that conflicted in his poor old troubled brain, judge you. He was to see again the girl he had loved half a century ago and whom he had never seen alive. He was to look for the last time upon a dead face. There was something of the funeral in it — and something of the wedding. It was a strange situation.

When I had helped him on with the armor and opened the seacock at the helmet's throat, I noted that he had the Deremal rod — a very sharp knife — under his weight belt.

'It's shark water,' he explained, reading my glance of inquiry. But I had seen no sharks.

He had already told me the kinds of peril he really incurred. His lines, the life- and air-line, might be cut by friction against the sharp edge of brass or copper or the pressure might become too great for him.

'As a lad I stood it well enough,' he said, 'but I'm an old man now and a hundred and eighty feet is a wonder deep dive. See,' he continued, holding up a key, 'here's the key to her stateroom. I've always kept it.'

I laced down the helmet. We said good-bye, and as we shook hands I felt his calloused palm quivering against mine. He was as excited as a boy — a boy of twenty. Then he went over the side.

For some time I could follow the red glint of his copper helmet, dropping away under the shadow of the boat.

Then at length it disappeared, and only the shifting weight and the pull on the life-line were left me. I paid out over the boat's side until suddenly the line fell limp and I knew that Naylon's feet were on the deck of the Allouette.

I turned the wheel of the pump unsteadily, my heart knocking at my palate, for it is not good to see a living man descend into the nether world from out the light of day. The two lines ran slowly out, now pausing, now giving out by jerks. Once he signaled that I was giving him too much air, and as I slacked the pump and watched the lines still running out, I could fancy that I traced his movements thus. That long straight even run marked his progress down the deck. The shorter flight, after that moment's pause, no doubt indicated his descent down a hatchway. Now he was upon the berth-deck; now in the saloon companion-way; now crawling over that pile of wreckage he spoke of, where the lines might easily be sliced in two; now he was in the saloon itself; and now — was not his hand upon the stateroom door?

There was no further movement of the lines. Naylon must be there, there in the open doorway of that little stateroom which he had left so many years before.

The lines had ceased to run out. Ten, fifteen minutes passed without a movement, while I turned the pump and looked out over the indifferent face of the broad blue Pacific that held there in its depths so strange a little drama. The sloop lay some hundred feet off a rugged, tree-grown slope, desolate but for an occasional sheep or a circling bird. The heat lay close over the ocean like the shutting down of a great warm palm. The water talked incessantly under the sloop's forefoot, and a blue dragon-fly, arched like a bow, lighted from time to time upon the boat's painter. But for the plaint of the unwilling pump and the talking of the water, it was very still.

Presently I looked at my watch and was surprised to note that Naylon had been down over an hour. At so great a depth I knew this to be very dangerous. Another half-hour passed in increasing anxiety, while I waited for some signal from him. When two hours had gone by, I could wait no longer, and warned him by a pull on the life-line.

An empty feeling on the line itself caught at my heart. I hauled in quickly. The line came home slack. I drew at the air-line. That, too, returned to the boat without the least resistance. When I had drawn both in, I found them cut in two. Had Naylon cut them with his knife, or had they been severed by some sharp edge of brass or copper in the wreckage? I could never tell— but I suspected.

I believe I fully came to myself only by the time I had the sloop half-way around the island on my way to the little town on the shoreward side, to tell of what had happened. Then I asked myself what good could come of it. My mind traversed the same course as that which Naylon had already outlined to me. His body, confined down there between the decks of the Allouette, would never rise. Why not leave him there? How did I know that he had not wished that end — planned it even? Or, supposing that his death had been accidental, was it not best to leave the two of them as they were — the old man and the girl of nineteen, deep down in the calm untouched quiet of the ocean floor?

I recalled what Naylon had said, and half believed, of the legend of the deep-sea divers — the story of the drowned who do not die.

So I left them there together and came away.

The other day a letter reached me

from Willetts, the sea captain who took Naylon's place at the lifeboat station. He wrote to ask what he was to do with some of the old man's belongings. He spoke of the backgammon board and the cracked bass viol, and asked if I would care to have them. Then he added, —

'He had a geranium plant here, too, but if you don't mind I'd like to keep that. It's blossomed out all of a sudden and makes the place look rather gay.'

THE TWO PORRINGERS

BY JOHN FINLEY

When Brother Amazialbene of the Convent of St. Francis of Assisi died, Brother Juniper felt such sorrow that he wished to have two porringers made of the head of Amazialbene in memory of him and for devotion's sake. The wish has new occasion.

Brave fellow, who hast died for others' sake
In some wet, fetid trench or blasted field,
I beg of earth thy skull, that it may be
A deathless symbol of thy fortitude.
I'd make of this, thy crown, two porringers,
One for my food and one for drink, that I,
Touching in hunger or in thirst their rims,
Might learn to face without complaint my ills,
Shun softness, luxury and paunchéd ease,
Know the close comradeship of fearless men
In such democracy as cheers the fit,
Endure misfortune without bitterness,
And fight as fiercely for my troubled land
As thou, O valiant one, hast fought for thine.

I'd scour the battle-fields of France to find
Such cups in which to pledge my country's life.

HENRY JAMES

(1843–1916)

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

To suggest what is felt by those who never had the honor of so much as a glimpse of Henry James the man, it is necessary only to say that Henry James the craftsman has become, by the sharp physical finality of death, at last wholly and securely ours. A living author is the more or less prized property of his age, to be cuffed or caressed, or both, as the caprice of the age wills: a dead author is the undisputed possession of the many or few who duly love him. The genius of Henry James, which has for twenty years past expressed itself both as a ripened historical influence and as a series of vivid and commanding appeals to the renewed contemporary appreciation, has attained its rounded completion, not by any possibility to be added to; and this very lamentable fact of the last page blackened over, the last word dictated, has the effect of making over his genius to us bodily as a sum-total, the most lavish gift surely of our time, if one except that of Meredith. We find our title to his gift confirmed in the obituary columns of all manner of dailies and weeklies and their several 'supplements' — columns that have seemed to slam a door on our treasure-room of the past and, with a parting twist of the rusted key, crunchingly to lock it; which sovereign gesture of dismissal we need only interpret as a surrender of the key to whatever fortunate comer knows how to turn it, in order to get at the full volume of our inheritance. Such at least will be the attitude of those for whom a new and complete Henry James begins just where the frayed and fragmentary subject of journalism has lately ended; those who feel his death as a summons to the calm privilege of considering his worth and of trying to measure the full extent of what he has come to mean to them.

How much there has been to interfere with the serenity and solid comfort of our possession of him, those can appreciate whose helpless solicitude has followed him, on his more or less annual 'appearances,' through the rough gauntlet of criticisms, reviews, notices, parodies — the tumult of jeers mostly echoed and therefore meaningless, meaningless and therefore unanswerable except by *his* answer of silence. We have not had, happily for ourselves, the distress of seeing him mind what the heedless said of him: he bore everything as though it had not existed, and to the practical purpose of convincing us eventually that for him it really did not exist. In that he was like a slender and shrinking youth of incredible unsophistication, caught in some bar-room medley of lewd songs meant to confuse him, and obscene jokes at his expense, not only not knowing in his innocence what it could all possibly mean, but, wondrously and beautifully,

quite making out through his amazement that they did n't know either, those others of the song and the jest, his irresponsible tormentors, who would neither like him nor let him alone, who would do neither more nor less than senselessly bawl at him.

Only we, the shamed, outraged bystanders, could not feel our neighbors' discourtesy the less because he, our lovable stripling, appeared not to feel it at all; the very perfection of his poise being in fact, to our tortured helplessness, the last 'turn of the screw.' If he had given the least sign of needing us, for defense, for intervention, for anything that could have set us between him and the rabble! But one could hardly remonstrate without seeming to inform him that one thought of him as being affronted. And if he actually did not know, if it had not ever occurred to him that he could be exposed to affront, why then, heaven prosper his innocence! could we set ourselves so near the rabble as to squabble with them over how they ought to treat him? To squabble over the terms of Henry James's reception was, we felt, the great unworthiness, second only to the ignorant derision. It was our affair just to deserve him by prizing what he prized, ignoring what he ignored, and meeting him at his own level, in the Great Good Place his kindly solicitude had made for us. If it was not in his vocabulary to say anything to the criticism of derision, we did best not to have anything to say to it. Only we could not *quite* ignore what he ignored, being of coarser clay; we could not help suffering for him, even if he obviously did not know how to suffer for himself.

And then, the shame we felt for our coevals, the vague sense of responsibility for the profane laughter that we could not explicitly disclaim, since we could not seem to be aware of it — these too were insurgent instincts, not too easily put down. But now all that is done with, at least nearly enough so that the quiet voice, the accent of appreciation and of faith, need not be a shriek to get itself pitched above the babbling ribaldry. This is the atonement we draw out of our very loss: that, because the resistance is so suddenly withdrawn, appreciation can operate more naturally, with less self-consciousness, than ever before. This is the auspicious time for it to set in earnest about its task of rescue and extrication, grateful that it can begin to disentangle from the old confusion those matters which it feels to be of the first importance.

II

To come at once to the most minutely specific matter of all is to begin where discussion has too often unfortunately ended. We mean, of course, the matter of Henry James's personal style, in the narrower sense of verbal and phrasal quality, the contour and color of sentences. That style is the most intense vibration, certainly, of the personal note, the last inch of the development of expression toward the individual. In its task of fitting Henry James and what he had to say, it dropped more and more into certain persistent mannerisms; so that it is no matter for surprise if the larger significance of his manner seemed to have got lost among them.

The manner of Henry James, as distinguished from any and all mannerisms, is essentially the Henry James sentence. If his phrase-vocabulary is sometimes so unidiomatic that it is French, and sometimes so idiomatic that it is a species of refined slang of polite society, it must not be overlooked that his characteristic sentence is so beautifully cadenced that it is English of the purest. The rhythm

and fluid beauty of prose were obvious and necessary tenets of his artistic faith. The Henry James sentence is a way of modifying everything and of obeying the stern injunction, never elsewhere more than half obeyed, to put modifiers with what they modify. The result is like a tree that has put forth, on one side and the other, so thick a succession of twigs and offshoots, and so luxuriantly covered their irregularities with massed foliage, that the main trunk is quite obscured. Or it is as though the author had set down his thought, embroidered it in every conceivable way, and then erased all but the embroidery. The meaning seems rather sketched than written; sketched with the finest pencil, in all desirable sharpness, but without hardness, of line.

That soft accuracy of touch appears at its best wherever a situation makes the liveliest appeal to the author's kindly eager solicitude for his characters. For example, Herbert Dodd, a forlorn clerk whom life has 'scraped bare,' as he sat on his seaward-facing 'bench of desolation,' 'might in these sessions, with his eyes on the gray-green sea, have been counting again and still recounting the beads, almost worn smooth, of his rosary of pain — which had for the fingers of memory and the recurrences of wonder the same felt break of the smaller ones by the larger that would have aided a pious mumble in some dusky altar-chapel.' It is in such contexts, where the question is of insight or sympathy, that Henry James is most himself, his touch unique and unapproachable.

In dealing with physical objects and the externals of personality, he often reminds one of the later and less periodic manner of Pater — as, for example, in rendering this interior of a French dining-room: 'The little waxed *salle-à-manger* was sallow and sociable; François, dancing over it, all smiles, was a man and a brother; the high-shouldered *patronne*, with her high-held, much-rubbed hands, seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid; the Paris evening, in short, was, for Strether, in the very taste of the soup, in the goodness, as he was innocently pleased to think it, of the wine, in the pleasant coarse texture of the napkin and the crunch of the thick-crusted bread.'

In all such passages — and our offered pair strictly and fairly represent the later and latest manner, the very upshot of the long adventure of Henry James's style — there is the nicest possible care for the music of prose, the chime of sounds in combination, the word fitly spoken that is like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

So far we take no explicit account of Henry James's extraordinary felicity of phrase, a point in which he strikes one as nothing short of Meredithian. The impact of his wit is the more forcible because one has it to reckon with almost from the beginning, — indeed, from before the beginning, in the works of his little-known, little-read father, — whereas so many of his later characteristics grew upon him by slow accretions, from imperceptible beginnings. Nothing in his later work could be better than the description of Mr. Tristram in *The American* (1877) as 'large, smooth, and pink, with the air of a successfully potted plant.' This is of the same substance as his description of Jim Pocock in *The Ambassadors* (1903) as 'small and fat and constantly facetious, straw-colored and destitute of marks'; he 'would have been practically indistinguishable had not his constant preference for light gray clothes, for white hats, for very big cigars and very little stories done what it could for his identity.' This is the swift summarizing touch often applied to individuals whose reality far exceeds their impor-

tance to the story. Another instance of the same felicity, the socially indispensable Miss Banker, in *The Two Faces*, was 'stout red rich mature universal — a massive much-fingered volume, alphabetical wonderful indexed, that opened of itself at the right place.' Later, bristling with new items of gossip, she has 'filled in gaps and become, as it were, revised and enlarged.' Mrs. Assingham, 'the most luminous of wives,' dazes her somewhat lumpish husband with the dexterity of her analysis of a situation: 'Whereupon, breaking short off, to ascend to her room, she presented her highly decorated back — in which, in odd places, controlling the complications of its aspect, the ruby or the garnet, the turquoise and the topaz, gleamed like faint symbols of the wit that pinned together the satin patches of her argument' — and, one is constrained to add, like faint symbols of the wit that describes her, the Henry James wit that pins together the variously textured patches of his prose style, from *Roderick Hudson* to the last critiques and prefaces.

III

To the reader who finds in all this only bafflement, one must admit that the process of Henry James does largely consist in amassing subtleties. He flutes overtones instead of sounding the fundamental; and if the whole suggestive series of harmonics turns out not to suffice, as it confessedly does turn out for those who like the full organ of style and its emotional blare of brass, why then nothing is proved except that some persons like the more raucous instrumentation. If this final and nondebatable preference exists on adequate trial, one must make a virtue of accepting it as the *non disputandum* of æsthetics. But practically everything else in Henry James, the whole array of artistic devices and expedients, will be found enormously to count for simplification of the novel and of its machinery.

The principle of his basic simplicity is of course to be sought in his one inclusive interest, which has never for an instant shifted: his interest in the two interdependent fruits of civilization, of breeding, of the human horticulture at its most exquisite. The first of those fruits is perfection of environment, of scene — the spirit or 'genius' of place, if place be considered as the embodiment of man's aspirations, loyalties, traditions, of his illustrious successes and his tragic failures. The second is perfection of the individual soul. All the best work of Henry James is reducible by analysis to a case of saturation with these two human idealities. He is the historian of man's objects of art, his buildings, streets, cities, the outer shell and the inner decorations of his culture; and he is 'the historian of fine consciences.'

If we state the two together, it is because of their interpenetration and essential oneness. It is in fact in Henry James's treatment of backgrounds that one begins to detect the infusion of his social sense. Not only does he catch the exact shade or tonal *nuance* of his scene, his Rome, London, Paris, or New York: he unravels its cluster of inwrought relations and connections with society, he makes it ramify spatially in every direction and temporally into the known past or the implied future. Geographically, the Paris of *The Ambassadors* is France crystallized, an affirmation of scores of towns and countrysides. Still more, it is a marginal commentary on England across the Channel, a critical analysis of America across the Atlantic — always with accentuated reference to Woollett, Massachusetts. The metropolis is presented, through Strether's observing and con-

trasting mind, in terms of everything that it is *not*. And temporally one feels Paris as the child of Empire, the grandchild of Revolution. By innuendo, the yesterday is shown as penumbrally lurking behind and round the to-day. In the salon of Madame de Vionnet 'the ghost of the Empire walked.' And — 'The light in her beautiful, formal room was dim . . . there was a pair of clusters of candles that glimmered over the chimney-piece. . . . He heard . . . from the empty court, the small plash of the fountain. From beyond this, and as from a great distance . . . came, as if excited and exciting, the vague voice of Paris. . . . Thus and so, on the eve of the great recorded dates, the days and nights of revolution, the sounds had come in, the omens, the beginnings broken out. They were the smell of revolution, the smell of the public temper — or perhaps simply the smell of blood.' This is the process of saturation, the saturation of the subject with all manner of discovered contacts and values. Its effect is indescribably to thicken and augment the social significance of places and of things, which, at their best and under such auspices, amount in themselves to criticism of life.

The second and far more important kind of saturation is that of personality, of the fine individual conscience. In more and more fully achieving it, Henry James arrived, by the middle of his career as a novelist, at the practice of tincturing the material of each story as vividly as possible with the finest consciousness present in it. He views the action of the given story, not as the omniscient reporter whose only limitation is that of plausibility, and who can observe actions in different spots simultaneously, nor yet as the narrator who hands over his material to a first-person-singular, a convenient eye-witness or participant delegated to talk the story for him, but in a somewhat different, a very special and characteristic way. He creates for the subject, and puts into it as observer and actor, the one personality or point of view in and through which the operation of the subject becomes most significant and most rewarding: then he studies the action from that point of view supplemented by his own. By this we mean that his chosen observer views the action objectively, while the author views the observer objectively. The story that he tells is not of the facts only: it is, especially and primarily, of some one's enlightened perception of the facts. Thus our realization of the facts is suffused with the sense of another's realization of them; we know the facts through seeing what shape and color they assume for a consciousness felt by us as vividly present throughout, and known to us as that of the invisible author can never be. The task becomes then to behold the subject through the mind in which it can take on the finest shapes and shades, the rarest values. On these terms every one of Henry James's best pieces tends to become a story *about* a story, a recital of some one's perception of events, that perception being sifted and weighed and in general selectively reëdited by the author as he passes it on to us.

In certain important ways too devious for our time and space, this trick of method determines and explains the incomparably finished technique of Henry James, every one of whose artistic manipulations exists solely for service of the will to know, to understand, to unriddle the central mystery of character. It is this incessant and indomitable will to know that leads him to his studies of the finest, rarest, most specialized of human relationships: that of the painter to his still unpainted 'Madonna of the Future'; that of the 'Passionate Pilgrim' to his ancestral home;

that of poor little Maisie to her scandalously divorced and squabbling parents; that most frequent relation of the lover who renounces his hopes because only so can his conscience define itself in action; that of the artist's wife who has an unquenchable distaste for her husband's work — these and a host of others still more complex or richly ramifying, all of them proposed first, and presently brought to dramatic focus, as struggles of the individual soul rendered transparent to the reader.

IV

If we turn back a moment to qualify this insistence on the rewarding richness of the minds through which Henry James did his reproducing, it is only for defiance of an exaggerated public impression that most of his protagonists are formidably intellectual persons. He does of course exert some of his best gifts in the portrayal of intellectual types; and it is true that he has never found his interest to shift its centre of gravity very far toward the street, the shop, or the factory. But to let the mind course at random over the list of his most arresting and communicative *personæ* is to experience a difficulty in recalling a great number who are intellectuals primarily, whereas the others, those who think with their nerves, positively throng. The values that recur and persist are passion and quickness of intuition, rather than profundity of thought. Even when the case proposed is that of the artist incarnate, we see him primarily outside the studio, in trouble, in love, in some light romantic escapade, or perhaps in debt; and our awareness of the creative talent in him is only our tribute to the general adequacy of Henry James's characters — their adequacy, that is, for plausibly living up to any high requirement he makes of them. The task is to invent for each case as it comes up the one personality in presence of which it yields the most of its distilled essence, not by any means always the greatest personage. 'A subject residing in somebody's excited and concentrated feeling about something — both the something and the somebody being of course as important as possible — has more beauty to give out than under any other style of pressure.' [1] That is one declaration of moment. But it needs this supplement: 'The thing is to lodge somewhere at the heart of one's complexity an irrepressible *appreciation;* but where a light lamp will carry all the flame I incline to look askance at a heavy.' [1]

If there is any one type of appreciation in the analysis of which this author definitely excels himself, it is that of the very young girl in a difficult social situation, carrying it through with 'acuteness and intensity, reflexion and passion,' 'a high lucidity,' taking above all 'a contributive and participant view of her situation.' Of the less known of this type there are Maggie Verver in *The Golden Bowl*, Nanda Brookfield in *The Awkward Age*, Rose Tramore in *The Chaperon*, Laura Wing in *A London Life* — to all of whom the best-known Daisy Miller becomes, through her one last half-delirious flash of insight, the worthy elder cousin. Their altogether charming and lovable junior is of course little Maisie in *What Maisie Knew* — a mere wisp of childhood, bundled back and forth between parents divorced after an unsavory scandal, flung about as though she were a recurring taunt in some spiteful and monotonous argument, yet sweetly saved from the unlovely total of what she 'knew' by just her appreciation, her adjustment to the homely oddness of her standing — the answer of the responsible child in her to the irresponsible child in each of her parents and their various connections.

[1] Preface to volume x, New York Edition.

Of the others, the variegated types that make up the world of Henry James's characters, there is no room to speak in detail. They are the select motley of all Cosmopolis. Let us content ourselves for the moment with noting that the best of the men, men such as Christopher Newman and Strether and Nick Dormer and Prince Amerigo, shine in the panoply of such virtues as we see in the best of the women: intuition, a grave and kindly solicitude, impressibility, readiness for the give-and-take of friendly intercourse — and in addition something which Europe mainly teaches them, a finished gentility, gentleness refined upon by breeding, the ideal consummation of chivalry. All of Henry James's best — and his aristocracy is genuinely of bestness — are agents of the same social law, in the light of which his less than best are judged: the law of understanding of one's fellows and of perfect charity for them — 'never rashly to forget and never consciously to wound.'

This formula, the formula of Henry James's large general definition of breeding, is the most important element in his work on the non-technical side. To see life steadily and see it whole has denoted in his practice the attempt to see it through the greatest faculty or motive applicable to it— the insatiable will to know, to understand. That will, a necessity to him and to his most representative men and women, rules and includes every lesser motive. It is simply the generalized version of his prized qualities of passion, intuition, reflexion, intensity — the 'contributive and participant view' of life. He finds no need to write grim tragedies, which at their artistic best are the product of crucial misunderstandings, because he is always writing about the thing that makes the crucial misunderstanding impossible — the faculty of sympathetic insight working among difficulties, picking its way through them, achieving in the end, if it be worthy, the contact of understanding spirit with spirit understood. He confronts his *personæ* at the outset with a social situation that is like a very complicated lock, to which there is, there must be, they feel, somewhere a key. It is possible to break the lock; and oftentimes there is plenty of good sound raw common sense to be alleged for that course, on the usual blundering human theory that life is too short for anything but bold and violent action, the swiftest means of 'getting there.' But that is not the philosophy of our *personæ* in the given *impasse:* their one highest duty is to find the key. That it happens to be also their one highest privilege is the reason why their striving is seen as going on before us in the flush and glow of a warm human appeal. If they were seeking their ideal, a beautiful rightness of conduct, in the cold white light of some bloodless and sterile theory of obligation, the whole affair would strike us as intellectualized, flat, arid, and unrewarding. But all their waiting and wondering and subtle devising is in behalf of something they profoundly want, something profoundly worth wanting. By exhibiting the patience of self-knowledge, of slow self-mastery, they bring the issue out of their conflicts without the stress of a fiery or tragic dénouement. Their escape from that danger is the success of their understanding. The reasoned conduct that provides the way of escape is an expression of the social conscience, the inveterate human instinct of solidarity — Henry James's greatest thing in the world.

V

As we pass on to the description of Henry James's 'art,' using that sometimes despised and rejected word in its

broad structural sense, we shall find a unique distinction in his procedure with a subject from the point of his first contact with its primary 'germ.' The accepted procedure of the realist is of course the collecting, note-taking, 'documenting,' or at any rate some form of the additive, whereby the germ is induced to multiply itself to the desired size. Henry James's first thought, on the other hand, was to secrete his first tiny 'wind-blown particle' of suggestion, to shield it from the touch of any actuality outside his own imagination. We know the realist who conceives a story in his own mind and relies on life for the rest. Henry James, by his own repeated account, drew his initial conceptions from life and relied on his own mind for the rest. It is clear, again by his own account, that he distrusted life as an artistic selective principle, considered it in fact an artistic bungler and wastrel. Its way was to furnish the nucleus of a story, and then wantonly to wreck the story. By this it is not meant that he parted company with life or shirked important truths, but that he was far too interested in the *law* of life to dally among accidents or to prize odds and ends of reality just because they existed. A comment of his own illumines this point: —

'. . . The very source of interest for the artist . . . resides in the strong consciousness of his seeing all for himself. He has to borrow his motive, which is certainly half the battle; and this motive is his ground, his site and his foundation. But after that he only lends and gives, only builds and piles high, lays together the blocks quarried in the deeps of his imagination and on his personal premises. He thus remains all the while in intimate commerce with his motive, and can say to himself — what really more than anything else inflames and sustains him — that he alone has the *secret* of the particular case, he alone can measure the truth of the direction to be taken by his developed data. There can be for him, evidently, only one logic for these things; there can be for him only one truth and one direction — the quarter in which his subject most completely expresses itself. The careful ascertainment of how it shall do so, and the art of finding it with consequent authority — since this sense of "authority" is for the master-builder the treasure of treasures, or at least the joy of joys — renews in the modern alchemist something like the old dream of the secret of life.' [1]

This dream and this secret are the explanation of Henry James's unvarying scorn for 'the story that can be told' and of his life-long endeavor to tell 'the story that cannot be told.'

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter.

Henry James found his interest at the central truth of things, and let who would be interested in the surface facts.

Of the swarming consequences of this interest as his art worked them out in one case after another, space permits the naming of only the most significant. It explains, first, the progressive simplification of his art through the forty years and more of his productivity. He withdraws from himself every factitious external aid, leaves himself more and more with a free hand. Austerely alone with his theme, taking it on its own terms, making the most of its peculiar intensity, he finds actually a notation for cadences of the unheard melody, 'the story that cannot be told.' A second momentous result is the breaking-down of the canonical distinctions between novel and short story — this latter, with its specialized and arbitrary 'technique,' a greatly overrated form at best. Obviously a theme developed on the conditions just des-

[1] Preface to volume x, New York Edition.

cribed admits of no academical control from without; and it is consequently impossible to locate the point where the 'anecdotic' short story becomes the 'developmental,' or where the 'developmental' short story becomes the novel-according-to-Henry-James.

Again and, in the present connection, finally, this same austere use of the imagination accounts for the sense we all have of the profound *originality* of Henry James. Realism on the lower plane never gives us that sense: its whole force is of the opposite appeal, that to memory or recognition leaping out to embrace undoubted actuality. No critic has ever questioned Henry James's possession of the more fundamental and creative originality; but, most oddly from the present point of view, he has been praised above all for the novelty of his plots, which, as we have seen, are the one element of his art which he derived straight from brute material or factual reality, and which therefore can hardly justify our sense of his being so overwhelmingly individual. His true originality is first and always that of treatment. It is the outcome of his living at the centre of his subject. His process, like that of Meredith's Comedy, 'rejects all accessories.' The realist lives, of course, all round the circumference of his subject and clutters his scene with accessories, and he is lucky if, in the end, he has made us aware that the subject *has* any centre at all. In reading Henry James we are aware of hardly anything else; everything in him has the magic of supreme relevance. His best performances have the self-evident and self-sufficient beauty of a solitary cloud hung in a still sky, or, in his better phrase, 'the hard beauty of the diamond.' It is that splendid isolation and separate completeness of his themes, rather than their novelty as ideas, that surrounds us as we read with an eerie sensation never yet evoked by the novel which is a mere *tranche de vie:* the conviction that here is something that was never in the world before, something that is indestructibly and perfectly itself.

VI

The body of Henry James's work is, then, its studied formal exquisiteness. But it has a soul as well as a body; and its soul is a faith, a philosophy of the social conscience. Stated in one word that has all the air of being as old as Latin, that philosophy is Renunciation; but in a very special sense, quite remote from that of Christian dogma and on a different moral foundation. The Christian consciousness of guilt is replaced by the consciousness of worth; the soul renounces, not that it may be tempered and sensitized in suffering, but simply that it may live up to itself. It suffers, not blindly, but with eyes open and intent, after all the questions have been asked and suffering has been proved the one thinkable answer. Renunciation in this view is obedience to an inner law of necessity, the immediate exercise of a highest privilege.

The social sense of this view becomes intelligible if we remember that the highest privilege in the world of Henry James's characters is expressible only in terms of their relations to their fellows. There is nothing in their world except attitudes; a personality is the sum of its relations. One is happy just in proportion to the gift for surrounding one's self with intimate and flawless relationships; one must learn to think out of one's own point of view, think the thoughts of others, and in so doing partly cease to think of one's self. A social situation is a network of gossamer threads floating invisible, binding life to life in bonds fragile and perfect. A blunderer may tear all those threads from their contacts and leave half a

dozen lives detached, shorn of half their meaning. The indispensable social grace is, then, to walk softly enough to feel the faintest brush of those intangible relations and to retreat, if need be, in time. The retreat is one's personal loss. But one must have seen far enough into the situation to apprehend the still greater loss of having one's way at the expense of muddling situations and spoiling lives and generally proving one's self an impenetrable brute. Self-esteem of this sort is practically a synonym for consideration of others.

If we have understood that renunciation of something immensely valuable for the sake of something quite without price is the crux of Henry James's greatest stories and his all-inclusive test of character, we see in the same glimpse why his most fruitful theme is international in scope. As the spokesman (and he is almost never the satirist) of the American abroad, he has an opportunity to present in a large way the contact of international ideals, influences, civilizations — the contrasted values of different traditions of breeding, each with merits, splendors even, that only the touch of the other can fully reveal. And through that juxtaposition of excellences the individual may find himself in a tragic dilemma, involving, by whatever way he escapes, the loss of important things relinquished. The measure of his worth is simply what he chooses to spare and what to cling to. *The Wings of the Dove* shows him, for example, choosing to renounce a living love for a memory that exerts a peculiar claim. The problem of the international novel as Henry James practiced it was to bring out of a concrete social contingency so many conflicting ideals, all in their several ways desirable, that the individual soul must prove its fineness through choice and consequent sacrifice. The philosophy that comes out of this favorite theme is all in Strether's words as he effaces himself from the tangled situation of *The Ambassadors:* 'That, you see, is my only logic. Not, out of the whole affair, to have got anything for myself.' Materially, he has got nothing; spiritually, he has lost much but gained more.

That renunciation of this order is anything but the casual affair of one story or one period, we may prove by the case of *The American*, a story of twenty-five years earlier. The 'American' is Christopher Newman, a youngish retired business man taking his first long Continental holiday. He becomes engaged to Madame de Cintré, the widowed daughter of an ancient and distinguished house; but his fiancée's mother, a personage of sinister and, as it proves, lethal potentialities, cruelly contrives the breaking-off of the engagement. Then Newman finds his revenge prepared and waiting in the shape of a grim secret out of the past, involving unbearable disgrace for the family that has but just disgraced him. He has only to open his lips to destroy them. But somehow the fancied taste of revenge stales in his mouth — perhaps because he has savored it too long. He stands before the house of the Carmelites where Madame de Cintré has walled herself away from the world, and realizes how dead and meaningless is the whole story, how 'the days and years of the future would pile themselves above her like the huge immovable slab of a tomb.' Then he wanders into Notre Dame and sits down absently in the 'splendid dimness.'

'The most unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him had reached its formal conclusion; he had learnt his lesson —not indeed that he the least understood it — and could put away the book. He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up he felt he was himself again. Somewhere in his soul a tight

constriction had loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan as he remembered what he had meant to do; he was annoyed, and yet partly incredulous, at his having meant to do it: the bottom suddenly had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or mere human weakness of will — what it was, in the background of his spirit — I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go. If he had spoken it aloud he would have said he did n't want to hurt them. He quite failed, of a sudden, to recognize the fact of his having cultivated any such link with them. It was a link for themselves perhaps, their having so hurt *him;* but that side of it was now not his affair. At last he got up and came out of the darkening church; not with the elastic step of a man who has won a victory or taken a resolve — rather to the quiet measure of a discreet escape, of a retreat with appearances preserved.'

Thus one of the earliest, assuredly one of the finest, versions of the reiterated lesson, the lesson of the sensitive conscience expressing itself in social terms. It is the moral foundation of every piece of ideally right conduct in the thirty volumes of Henry James. It is the sense too of the one grand public gesture of Henry James's life, his thrilling personal renunciation. We are *glad*, those of us who think we humbly understand him, that in the second summer of the war he saw the way to bring himself so immeasurably nearer to us. We knew he would do it; how, being himself, could he not do it? And when he stepped from under our flag — our poor dimmed blurred stars he must have thought them — he stepped straight into our hearts. We are not told that his thought was to reprove us. At least we know that, if it were, he had earned the right by first immensely loving us; and should we not be able to bear 'the gentle reproof of exquisite solicitude,' as Professor Wendell has called it? But the emphasis was not on that, on the reproof or the loss: with Henry James it never was on either. Still less could it have been on himself. He was committing himself, we know well, to something vaster even than England, vaster than empires and the Empire, and more enduring than they — the future of human solidarity in the world. He was living a chapter, the last for him, of the story that cannot be told.

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN HAY

Son of a sire whose heart beat ever true
To God, to country, and the fireside love
To which returning, like a homing dove,
From each high duty done, he gladly flew.
Complete, yet touched by genius through and through,
The lofty qualities that made him great,
Loved in his home and priceless to the state,
By heaven's grace are garnered up in you.

Be yours — we pray — the dauntless heart of youth,
The eye to see the humor of the game —
The scorn of lies, the large Batavian mirth;
And — past the happy, fruitful years of fame,
Of sport and work and battle for the truth,
A home not all unlike your home on earth.

800 Sixteenth Street, Washington, *Christmas Eve, 1902.*

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

BY E. MORLAE

[Our readers will remember that at the close of the narrative in the March issue, 'A Soldier of the Legion,' Sergeant Morlae, who is reciting his adventures, was left curled up in a newly won German trench, dropping off to sleep, with the comfortable knowledge that he was assured, 'with the captain's compliments,' of a *citation*. The narrative is resumed at that point.]

It seemed but a few minutes when I was awakened by Collette and Marcel, who offered me a steaming cup of coffee, half a loaf of bread, and some Swiss cheese. This food had been brought from the rear while I was lying asleep. My appetite was splendid, and when Sergeant Malvoisin offered me a drink of rum in a canteen that he took from a dead German, I accepted gratefully. Just then the *agent de liaison* appeared, with the order to assemble the section, and in column of one, second section at thirty-metres interval, to return the way we had come.

It was almost daylight and things were visible at two to three metres. The bombardment had died down and the quiet was hardly disturbed by occasional shots. Our captain marched ahead of the second section, swinging a cane and contentedly puffing on his pipe. Nearly everybody was smoking. As we marched along we noticed that new trenches had been dug during the night from sixty to a hundred metres in rear of the position we had held, and were filled by the Twenty-ninth Chasseur Regiment, which replaced us.

Very cunningly these trenches were arranged. They were deep and narrow, fully seven feet deep and barely a yard wide. At every favorable point, on every little rise in the ground, a salient had been constructed, projecting out from the main trench ten to fifteen metres, protected by heavy logs, corrugated steel sheets, and two to three feet of dirt. Each side of the salients bristled with machine-guns. Any attack upon this position would be bound to fail, owing to the intense volume of fire that could be brought to bear upon the flanks of the enemy.

To make assurance doubly sure, the Engineer Corps had dug rows of cup-shaped bowls, two feet in diameter, two feet deep, leaving but a narrow wedge of dirt between each two; and in the centre of each bowl was placed a six-pointed twisted steel 'porcupine.' This instrument, however it is placed, always presents a sharp point right at you. Five rows of these man-traps I counted, separated by a thin wall of dirt, not strong enough to maintain the weight of a man, so that any one who attempted to rush past would be thrown against the 'porcupine' and be spitted like a pigeon. As an additional precaution a mass of barbed wire lay in rolls, ready to be placed in front of this *ouvrage*, to make it safe against any surprise.

We marched along, talking and chatting, discussing this and that, without a care in the world. Every one hoped we were going to the rear to recuperate and enjoy a good square meal and a

good night's rest. Seeger wanted a good wash, he said. He was rather dirty, and so was I. My puttees dangled in pieces round my calves. It seems I had torn them going through the German wire the day before. I told Haeffle to keep his eyes open for a good pair on some dead man. He said he would.

The company marched round the hill we descended so swiftly yesterday and, describing a semi-circle, entered again the *Schützengraben Spandau* and marched back in the direction we had come from. The trench, however, presented a different appearance. The bad places had been repaired, the loose dirt had been shoveled out, and the dead had disappeared. On the east side of the trench an extremely high parapet had been built. This parapet was complete even to loop-holes — rather funny-looking loop-holes, I thought; and when I looked closer, I saw that they were framed in by boots! I reached my hand into several of them as we walked along, and touched the limbs of dead men. The engineers, it seems, in need of material, had placed the dead Germans on top of the ground, feet flush with the inside of the ditch, leaving from six to seven inches between two bodies, and laying another body cross-wise on top of the two, spanning the gap between them. Then they had shoveled the dirt on top of them, thus killing two birds with one stone.

The discovery created a riot of excitement among the men. Curses intermingled with laughter came from ahead of us. Everybody was tickled by the ingenuity of our *génie*. 'They are marvelous!' we thought. Dowd's face showed consternation, yet he could not help smiling. Little King was pale around the mouth, yet his lips were twisted in a grin. It was horribly amusing.

Every 200 metres we passed groups of the One Hundred and Seventieth, on duty in the trench. The front line, they told us, was twelve hundred metres farther east, and this trench formed the second line for their regiment. We entered the third-line trench of the Germans from which they ran yesterday to surrender, and continued marching in the same direction — always east. Here we had a chance to investigate the erstwhile German habitations.

Exactly forty paces apart doorways opened into the dirt bank, and from each of them fourteen steps descended at about forty-five degrees into a cellar-like room. The stairs were built of wood and the sides of the stairways and the chambers below were lined with one-inch pine boards. These domiciles must have been quite comfortable and safe, but now they were choked with bodies. As we continued our leisurely way, we met some of our trench-cleaners and they recited their experiences with gusto. The Germans, they told us, pointing down into the charnel-houses, refused to come and give up, and even fired at them when summoned to surrender. 'Then what did you do?' I asked. 'Very simple,' answered one. 'We stood on the top of the ground right above the door and hurled grenade after grenade through the doorway until all noise gradually ceased down below. Then we went to the next hole and did the same thing. It was n't at all dangerous,' he added, 'and it was very effective.'

We moved but slowly along the trench, and every once in a while there was a halt while some of the men investigated promising 'prospects,' where the holes packed with dead Germans held out some promise of loot. Owing to the order of march, the first company was the last one in line, and my section at the very end. The head of the column was the fourth company, then the third, then the second, and then we. By the time my section came

to any hole holding out hopes of souvenirs, there was nothing left for us. Yet I did find a German officer with a new pair of puttees, and, hastily unwinding them, I discarded my own and put on the new ones. As I bound them on I noticed the name on the tag — 'Hindenburg.' I suppose that name stands for quality with the *Boches*.

We left the trench and swung into another communication trench, going to the left, still in an easterly direction, straight on toward the Butte de Souain. That point we knew was still in the hands of the Germans, and very quickly they welcomed us. Shells came shrieking down — 105 *mm.*, 150, 210, and 250. It's very easy to tell when you are close to them, even if you can't see a thing. When a big shell passes high, it sounds like a white-hot piece of iron suddenly doused in cold water; but when it gets close, the *sw-i-ish* suddenly rises in a high crescendo, a shriek punctuated by a horrible roar. The uniformity of movement as the men ducked was beautiful — and they all did it! One moment there was a line of gray helmets bobbing up and down the trenches as the line plodded on; and the next instant one could see only a line of black canvas close to the ground, as every man ducked and shifted his shoulder-sack over his neck. My sack had been blown to pieces when I was buried, and I felt uncomfortably handicapped with only my *musette* for protection against steel splinters.

About a mile from where we entered this *boyau* we came to a temporary halt, then went on once more. The fourth company had come to a halt, and we squeezed past them as we marched along. Every man of them had his shovel out and had commenced digging a niche for himself. We passed the fourth company, then the third, then the second, and finally the first, second, and third sections of our own company. Just beyond, we ourselves came to a halt and, lining up one man to the metre, started to organize the trench for defensive purposes. From the other side of a slight ridge, east of us and about six hundred metres away, came the sound of machine-guns. Between us and the ridge the Germans were executing a very lively *feu de barrage*, a screen of fire prohibiting any idea of sending reinforcements over to the front line.

Attached for rations to my section were the major of the battalion, a captain, and three sergeants of the état-major. Two of the sergeants were at the trench telephone, and I could hear them report the news to the officers. 'The Germans,' they reported, 'are penned in on three sides and are prevented from retreating by our artillery.' Twice they had attempted to pierce our line between them and the Butte de Souain, and twice they were driven back. Good news for us!

At 10 A.M. we sent three men from each section to the rear for the soup. At about eleven they reappeared with steaming *marmites* of soup, stew, coffee, and buckets of wine. The food was very good, and disappeared to the last morsel.

After eating, the captains granted me permission to walk along the ditch back to the fourth company. The trench being too crowded for comfort, I walked alongside to the second company, and searched for my friend, Sergeant Velte. Finally I found him lying in a shell-hole, side by side with his adjutant and Sergeant Morin. All three were dead, torn to pieces by one shell shortly after we had passed them in the morning. At the third company they reported that Second Lieutenant Sweeny had been shot through the chest by a lost ball that morning. Hard luck for Sweeny![1] The poor devil had

[1] Lieutenant Sweeny has returned to America.

just been nominated *sous-lieutenant* at the request of the French Embassy in Washington, and when he was attached as supernumerary to the third company we all had hopes that he would have a chance to prove his merit.

In the fourth company the losses were also severe. The part of the trench occupied by the three companies was directly enfiladed by the German batteries on the Butte de Souain, and every little while a shell would fall square into the ditch and take toll from the occupants. Our company was fully a thousand metres nearer to these batteries, but the trenches we occupied presented a three-quarter face to the fire, and consequently were ever so much harder to hit. Even then, when I got back I found four men *hors de combat* in the fourth section. In my section two niches were demolished without any one being hit.

Time dragged slowly until four in the afternoon, when we had soup again. Many of the men built little fires, and with the *Erbsenwurst* they had found on dead Germans prepared a very palatable soup by way of extra rations.

At four o'clock sentries were posted and everybody fell asleep. A steady rain was falling, and to keep dry we hooked one edge of our tent-sheet on the ground above the niche and put dirt on top of it to hold. Then we pushed cartridges through the button-holes of the tent, pinning them into the side of the trench and forming a good cover for the occupant of the hole. Thus we rested until the new day broke, bringing a clear sky and sunshine. This day, the 27th, — the third of the battle, — passed without mishap to my section. We spent our time eating and sleeping, mildly distracted by an intermittent bombardment.

Another night spent in the same cramped quarters! We were getting weary of inactivity, and it was rather hard work to keep the men in the ditch. They sneaked off singly and in pairs, always heading back to the German dug-outs, all bent on turning things upside down in the hope of finding something of value to carry as a keepsake.

Haeffle came back once with three automatic pistols but no cartridges. From another trip he returned with an officer's helmet, and the third time he brought triumphantly back a string three feet long of dried sausages. Haeffle always did have a healthy appetite, and it transpired that on the way back he had eaten a dozen sausages, more or less. The dried meat had made him thirsty and he had drunk half a canteen of water on top of it. The result was, he swelled up like a poisoned pup, and for a time he was surely a sick man.

Zinn found two shiny German bayonets, a long thin one and one short and heavy, and swore he'd pack them for a year if he had to. Zinn hailed from Battle Creek and wanted to use them as brush-knives on camping trips in the Michigan woods; but alas, in the sequel they got too heavy and were dropped along the road. One man found a German pipe with a three-foot soft-rubber stem, which he intending sending to his brother as a souvenir. Man and pipe are buried on the slopes of the Butte de Souain. He died that same evening.

At the usual time — 4 P.M. — we had soup, and immediately after came the order to get ready. Looking over the trench, we watched the fourth company form in the open back of the ditch and, marching past us in an oblique direction, disappear round a spur of wooded hill. The third company followed at four hundred metres distance, then the second, and as they passed out of sight around the hill, we jumped out and, forming in line sections at thirty-metre intervals, each company four hundred metres in the rear of the one ahead, we followed, *arme à la bretelle.*

We were quite unobserved by the enemy, and marched the length of the hill for three fourths of a kilometre, keeping just below the crest. Above us sailed four big French battle-planes and some small aero scouts, on the lookout for enemy aircraft. For a while it seemed as if we should not be discovered, and the command was given to lie down. From where we lay we could observe clearly the ensuing scrap in the air, and it was worth watching. Several German planes had approached close to our lines, but were discovered by the swift-flying scouts. Immediately the little fellows returned with the news to the big planes, and we watched the monster biplanes mount to the combat. In a wide circle they swung, climbing, climbing higher and higher, and then headed in a bee-line straight toward the German *Tauben*. As they approached within range of each other, we saw little clouds appear close to the German planes, some in front, some over them, and others behind; and then, after an interval, the report of the 32 *mm.* guns mounted on our battle-planes floated down to us, immediately followed like an echo by the crack of the bursting shell. Long before the Germans could get within effective range for their machine-guns, they were peppered by our planes and ignominiously forced to beat a retreat. One Albatross seemed to be hit. He staggered from one side to the other, then dipped forward, and, standing straight on his nose, dropped like a stone out of sight behind the forest crowning the hill.

Again we moved on, and shortly arrived at the southern spur of the hill. Here the company made a quarter turn to the left, and in the same formation began the ascent of the hill. The second company was just disappearing into the scrubby pine forest on top. We entered also, continued on to the top, and halted just below the crest. The captain called the officers and sergeants, and, following him, we crawled on our stomachs up to the highest point and looked over.

Never shall I forget the panorama that spread before us! The four thin ranks of the second company seemed to stagger drunkenly through a sea of green fire and smoke. One moment gaps showed in the lines, only to be closed again as the rear files spurted. Undoubtedly they ran at top speed, but to us watchers they seemed to crawl, and at times almost to stop. Mixed in with the dark green of the grass covering the valley were rows of lighter color, telling of the men who fell in that mad sprint. The continuous bombardment sounded like a giant drum beating an incredibly swift *rata-plan*. Along the whole length of our hill this curtain of shells was dropping, leveling the forest and seemingly beating off the very face of the hill itself, clean down to the bottom of the valley. Owing to the proximity of our troops to the enemy's batteries, we received hardly any support from our own big guns, and the rôle of the combatants was entirely reversed. The Germans had their innings then, and full well they worked.

As the company descended into the valley the pace became slower, and at the beginning of the opposite slope they halted and faced back. Owing to the height of the Butte de Souain, they were safe, and they considered that it was their turn to act as spectators.

As our captain rose we followed and took our places in front of our sections. Again I impressed upon the minds of my men the importance of following in a straight line and as close behind one another as possible. '*Arme à la main!*' came the order, and slowly we moved to the crest and then immediately broke into a dog-trot. Instantly we

were enveloped in flames and smoke. Hell kissed us welcome! Closely I watched the captain for the sign to increase our speed. I could have run a mile in record time, but he plugged steadily along, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four,—at a tempo of a hundred and eighty steps per minute, three to the second,—the regulation tempo. Inwardly I cursed his insistence upon having things *réglementaires*.

As I looked at the middle of his back, longing for him to hurry, I caught sight, on my right, of a shell exploding directly in the centre of the third section. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the upper part of Corporal Keraudy's body rise slowly into the air. The legs had disappeared, and with arms outstretched the trunk sank down on the corpse of Varma, the Hindu, who had marched behind him. Instinctively, I almost stopped in my tracks: Keraudy was a friend of mine; but at the instant Corporal Mettayer, running behind me, bumped into my back, and shoved me again into life and action.

We were out of the woods then, and running down the bare slope of the hill. A puff of smoke, red-hot, smote me in the face, and at the same moment intense pain shot up my jaw. I did not think I was hit seriously, since I was able to run all right. Some one in the second section intoned the regimental march, '*Allons, Giron.*' Others took it up; and there, in that scene of death and hell, this song portraying the lusts and vices of the *Légion Étrangère* became a very pæan of enthusiasm and courage.

Glancing to the right, I saw that we were getting too close to the second section, so I gave the signal for a left oblique. We bore away from them until once again at our thirty paces distance. All at once my feet tangled up in something and I almost fell. It was long grass! Just then it seemed to grow upon my mind that we were down in the valley and out of range of the enemy. Then I glanced ahead, and not over a hundred metres away I saw the second company lying in the grass and watching us coming. As we neared, they shouted little pleasantries at us and congratulated us upon our speed.

'Why this unseemly haste?' one wants to know.

'You go to the devil!' answers Haeffle.

'*Merci, mon ami!*' retorts the first; 'I have just come through his back kitchen.'

Counting my section, I missed Dubois, St. Hilaire, and Schueli. Collette, Joe told me, was left on the hill.

The company had lost two sergeants, one corporal, and thirteen men coming down that short stretch! We mustered but forty-five men, all told. One, Sergeant Terisien, had commanded my section, the 'American Section,' for four months but was transferred to the fourth. From where we rested we could see him slowly descending the hill, bareheaded and with his right hand clasping his left shoulder. He had been severely wounded in the head, and his left arm was nearly torn off at the shoulder. Poor devil! He was a good comrade and a good soldier. Just before the war broke out he had finished his third enlistment in the Legion, and was in line for a discharge and pension when he died.

Looking up the awful slope we had just descended, we could see the bodies of our comrades, torn and mangled and again and again kicked up into the air by the shells. For two days and nights the hellish hail continued to beat upon that blood-soaked slope, until we finally captured the Butte de Souain and forced an entire regiment of Saxons to the left of the butte to capitulate.

Again we assembled in column of fours, and this time began the climb up-

hill. Just then I happened to think of the blow I had received under the jaw, and feeling of the spot, discovered a slight wound under my left jaw-bone. Handing my rifle to a man, I pressed slightly upon the sore spot and pulled a steel splinter out of the wound. A very thin, long sliver of steel it was, half the diameter of a dime and not more than a dime's thickness, but an inch and a half long. The metal was still hot to the touch. The scratch continued bleeding freely, but I did not bandage it at the time because I felt sure of needing my emergency dressing farther along.

Up near the crest of the hill we halted in an angle of the woods and lay down alongside the One Hundred and Seventy-Second Regiment of infantry. They had made the attack in this direction on the 25th, but had been severely checked at this point. Infantry and machine-gun fire sounded very close, and lost bullets by the hundreds flicked through the branches overhead. The One Hundred and Seventy-Second informed us that a battalion of the Premier Étranger had entered the forest and was at that moment storming a position to our immediate left. Through the trees showed lights, brighter than day, cast from hundreds of German magnesium candles shot into the air.

Our officers were grouped with those of the other regiment, and after a very long conference they separated, each to his command. Our captain called the officers and subalterns of the company together, and in terse sentences explained to us our positions and the object of the coming assault. It was to be a purely local affair, and the point was the clearing of the enemy from the hill we were on. On a map drawn to scale he pointed out the lay of the land.

It looked to me like a hard proposition. Imagine a tooth-brush about a mile long and three eighths to one half a mile wide. The back is formed by the summit of the hill, which is densely wooded, and the hairs of the brush are represented by four little ridges rising from the valley we had just crossed, each one crowned with strips of forest and uniting with the main ridge at right angles. Between each two lines of hair are open spaces, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty metres wide. We, of the second regiment, were to deliver the assault parallel with the hairs and stretching from the crest down to the valley.

The other column was to make a demonstration from our left, running a general course at right angles to ours. The time set was eight o'clock at night.

Returning to our places, we informed the men of what they were in for. While we were talking we noticed a group of men come from the edge of the woods and form into company formation, and we could hear them answer to the roll-call. I went over and peered at them. On their coat-collars I saw the gilt No. 1. It was the Premier Étranger.

As the roll-call proceeded, I wondered. The sergeant was deciphering with difficulty the names from his little *carnet*, and response after response was, 'Mort.' Once in a while the answer changed to 'Mort sur le champ d'honneur,' or a brief 'Tombé.' There were twenty-two men in line, not counting the sergeant and a corporal, who in rear of the line supported himself precariously on two rifles which served him as crutches. Two more groups appeared back of this one, and the same proceeding was repeated. As I stood near the second group I could just catch the responses of the survivors. 'Duvivier': 'Present.' — 'Selonti': 'Present.' — 'Boismort': 'Tombé.' — 'Herkis': 'Mort.' — 'Carney': 'Mort.' — 'MacDonald': 'Present.' — 'Farnsworth': 'Mort sur le champ d'honneur,' responded MacDonald. Several of the men I had known, Farnsworth among

them. One officer, a second lieutenant, commanded the remains of the battalion. Seven hundred and fifty men, he informed me, had gone in an hour ago, and less than two hundred came back.

'Ah, mon ami,' he told me, 'c'est bien chaud dans le bois.'

Quietly they turned into column of fours and disappeared in the darkness. Their attack had failed. Owing to the protection afforded by the trees, our aerial scouts had failed to gather definite information of the defenses constructed in the forest, and owing also to the same cause, our previous bombardment had been ineffective.

It was our job to remedy this. One battalion of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second was detached and placed in line with us, and at 8 P.M. sharp the major's whistle sounded, echoed by that of our captain.

Quietly we lined up at the edge of the forest, shoulder to shoulder, bayonets fixed. Quietly each corporal examined the rifles of his men, inspected the magazines, and saw that each chamber also held a cartridge with firing-pin down. As silently as possible we entered between the trees and carefully kept in touch with each other. It was dark in there, and we had moved along some little distance before our eyes were used to the blackness. As I picked my steps I prepared myself for the shock every man experiences at the first sound of a volley. Twice I fell down into shell-holes and cursed my clumsiness and that of some other fellows to my right. 'The "Dutch" must be asleep,' I thought, 'or else they beat it.' Hopefully the latter!

We were approaching the farther edge of the tooth-brush 'bristle,' and breathlessly we halted at the edge of the little open space before us. About eighty metres across loomed the black line of another 'row of hairs.'

The captain and second section to our right moved on and we kept in line, still slowly and cautiously, carefully putting one foot before the other. Suddenly from the darkness in front of us came four or five heavy reports like the noise of a shot-gun, followed by a long hiss. Into the air streamed trails of sparks. Above our heads the hiss ended with a sharp crack, and everything stood revealed as though it were broad daylight.

At the first crash, the major, the captains — everybody, it seemed to me — yelled at the same time, 'En avant! Pas de charge!' — and in full run, with fixed bayonets, we flew across the meadow. As we neared the woods we were met by solid sheets of steel balls. Roar upon roar came from the forest; the volleys came too fast, it shot into my mind, to be well aimed. Then something hit me on the chest and I fell sprawling. Barbed wire! Everybody seemed to be on the ground at once, crawling, pushing, struggling through. My rifle was lost and I grasped my *parabellum*. It was a German weapon, German charges, German cartridges. This time the Germans were to get a taste of their own medicine, I thought. Lying on my back, I wormed through the wire, butting into the men in front of me and getting kicked in the head by Mettayer. As I crawled I could hear the *ping-ping* of balls striking the wire, and the shrill moan as they glanced off and continued on their flight.

Putting out my hand, I felt loose dirt, and, lying flat, peered over the parapet. 'Nobody home,' I thought; and then I saw one of the Collette brothers in the trench come running toward me and ahead of him a burly Boche. I could see Joe make a one-handed lunge with the rifle, and the bayonet showed fully a foot in front of the German's chest.

Reforming, we advanced toward the farther fringe of the little forest. Half-

way through the trees we lay down flat on our stomachs, rifle in right hand, and slowly, very slowly, wormed our way past the trees into the opening between us and our goal. Every man had left his knapsack in front or else hanging on the barbed wire, and we were in good shape for the work that lay ahead. But the sections and companies were inextricably mixed. On one side of me crawled a lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second and on the other a private I had never seen before. Still we were all in line, and when some one shouted, 'Feu de quatre cartouches!' we fired four rounds, and after the command all crawled again a few paces nearer.

Several times we halted to fire, aiming at the sheets of flame spurting toward us. Over the Germans floated several parachute magnesium rockets, sent up by our own men, giving a vivid light and enabling us to shoot with fair accuracy. I think now that the German fire was too high. Anyway, I did not notice any one in my immediate vicinity getting hit. Though our progress was slow, we finally arrived at the main wire entanglement.

All corporals in the French Army carry wire-nippers, and it was our corporals' business to open a way through the entanglement. Several men to my right I could see one — he looked like Mettayer — lying flat on his back and, nippers in hand, snipping away at the wire overhead, while all of us behind kept up a murderous and constant fire at the enemy. Mingled with the roar of the rifles came the stuttering rattle of the machine-guns, at moments drowned by the crash of hand-grenades. Our grenadiers had rather poor success with their missiles, however, most of them hitting trees in front of the trench. The lieutenant on my left had four grenades. I could see him plainly. With one in his hand, he crawled close to the wire, rolled on his back, rested an instant with arms extended, both hands grasping the grenade, then suddenly he doubled forward and back and sent the bomb flying over his head. For two, three seconds — it seemed longer at the time — we listened, and then came the roar of the explosion. He smiled and nodded to me, and again went through the same manœuvre.

In the meantime I kept my *parabellum* going. I had nine magazines loaded with dum-dum balls I had taken from some dead Germans, and I distributed the balls impartially between three *créneaux* in front of me. On my right, men were surging through several breaks in the wire. Swiftly I rolled over and over toward the free lane and went through with a rush. The combat had become a hand-grenade affair. Our grenadiers crawled alongside the parapet and at regular intervals tossed one of their missiles into it, while the others, shooting over their heads, potted the Germans as they ran to the rear.

Suddenly the fusillade ceased, and with a crash, it seemed, silence and darkness descended upon us. The sudden cessation of the terrific rifle-firing and of the constant rattling of the machine-guns struck one like a blow. Sergeant Altoffer brought me some information about one of my men, and almost angrily I asked him not to shout! 'I'm not deaf yet,' I assured him. 'Mon vieux,' he raged, 'it's you who are shouting!'

I realized my fault and apologized, and in return accepted a drink of wine from his canteen.

Finding the captain, we were ordered to assemble the men and maintain the trench, and after much searching I found a few men of the section. The little scrap had cost us three more men. Subiron, Dowd, and Zinn were wounded and sent to the rear. The One Hundred and Seventy-Second sent a patrol

toward the farthest, the last hair of the tooth-brush, with orders to reconnoitre thoroughly. An hour passed and they had not returned. Twenty minutes more went by, still no patrol. Rather curious, we thought. No rifle-shots had come from that direction, nor any noise such as would be heard during a combat with the bayonet. The major's patience gave way, and our captain received orders to send another patrol. He picked me and I chose King, Delpeuch, and Birchler. All three had automatics — King a parabellum, Delpeuch and Birchler, Brownings. They left their rifles, bayonets, and cartridge-boxes behind, and in Indian file followed me at a full run in an oblique direction past the front of the company, and, when half way across the clearing, following my example, fell flat on the ground. We rested a while to regain our wind and then began to slide on our stomachs at right angles to our first course.

We were extremely careful to remain silent. Every little branch and twig we moved carefully out of our way; with one hand extended we felt of the ground before us as we hitched ourselves along. So silent was our progress that several times I felt in doubt about any one being behind me and rested motionless until I felt the touch of Delpeuch's hand upon my foot. After what seemed twenty minutes, we again changed direction, this time straight toward the trees looming close to us. We arrived abreast of the first row of trees, and lying still as death listened for sounds of the enemy. All was absolutely quiet; only the branches rustled overhead in a light breeze. A long time we lay there, but heard no sound. We began to feel somewhat creepy, and I was tempted to pull my pistol and let nine shots rip into the damnable stillness before us. However, I refrained, and touching my neighbor, started crawling along the edge of the wood. Extreme care was necessary, owing to the numberless branches littering the ground. The sweat was rolling down my face.

Again we listened and again we were baffled by that silence. I was angry then and started to crawl between the trees. A tiny sound of metal scratching upon metal and I almost sank into the ground! Quickly I felt reassured. It was my helmet touching a strand of barbed wire. Still no sound!

Boldly we rose and, standing behind trees, scanned the darkness. Over to our right we saw a glimmer of light and, walking this time, putting one foot carefully before the other, moved toward it. When opposite we halted and — I swore. From the supposed trench of the enemy came the hoarse voice of an apparently drunken man, singing the *chanson* 'La Riviera.' Another voice offered a toast to 'La Légion.'

Carelessly we made our way through the barbed wire, crawling under and stepping over the strands, jumped over a ditch, and looked down into what seemed to be an underground palace. There they were — the six men of the One Hundred and Seventy-Second — three of them lying stiff and stark on benches, utterly drunk. Two were standing up disputing, and the singer sat in an arm-chair, holding a long-stemmed glass in his hand. Close by him were several unopened bottles of champagne on the table. Many empty bottles littered the floor.

The singer welcomed us with a shout and an open hand, to which we, however, did not immediately respond. The heartbreaking work while approaching this place rankled in our minds. The sergeant and corporal were too drunk to be of any help, while two of the men were crying, locked in each others' arms. Another was asleep, and our friend the singer absolutely refused to budge. So, after I had stowed two

bottles inside my shirt (an example punctiliously followed by the others), we returned.

Leaving Birchler at the wire, I placed King in the middle of the clearing, Delpeuch near the edge of the wood held by us, and then reported. The captain passed the word along to the major, and on the instant we were ordered to fall in and in column of two marched over to the abandoned trench, following the line marked by my men.

As we entered and disposed ourselves therein, I noticed all the officers, one after the other, disappear in the palace. Another patrol was sent out by our company, and, after ranging the country in our front, returned safely. That night it happened to be the second company's turn to mount outposts, and we could see six groups of men, one corporal and five men in each, march out into the night and somewhere, each in some favorable spot, they placed themselves at a distance of about one hundred metres away to watch, while we slept the sleep of the just.

Day came, and with it the *corvée* carrying hot coffee and bread. After breakfast another corvée was sent after picks and shovels, and the men were set to work remodeling the trench, shifting the parapet to the other side, building little outpost trenches and setting barbed wire. The latter job was done in a wonderfully short time, thanks to German thoroughness, since for the stakes to which the wire is tied the Boches had substituted soft iron rods, three quarters of an inch thick, twisted five times in the shape of a great corkscrew. This screw twisted into the ground exactly like a cork-puller into a cork. The straight part of the rod, being twisted upon itself down and up again every ten inches, formed six or seven small round loops in a height of about five feet. Into these eyes the barbed wire was laid and solidly secured with short lengths of tying wire. First cutting the tying wire, we lifted the barbed wire out of the eyes, shoved a small stick through one, and, turning the rod with the leverage of the stick, unscrewed it out of the ground and then, reversing the process, screwed it in again. The advantage of this rod is obvious. When a shell falls in the midst of this wire protection, the rods are bent and twisted, but unless broken off short they always support the wire, and even after a severe bombardment present a serious obstacle to the assaulters. In such cases wooden posts are blown to smithereens by the shells, and when broken off let the wire fall flat to the ground.

As I was walking up and down, watching the work, I noticed a large box, resting bottom up in a deep hole opening from the trench. Dragging the box out and turning it over, I experienced a sudden flutter of the heart. There, before my astonished eyes, resting upon a little platform of boards, stood a neat little centrifugal pump painted green, and on the base of it in raised iron letters I read the words, 'Byron Jackson, San Francisco.' I felt queer at the stomach for an instant. San Francisco! my home town! Before my eyes passed pictures of Market Street and the 'Park.' In fancy I was one of the Sunday crowd at the Cliff House. How could this pump have got so far from home? Many times I had passed the very place where it was made. How, I wonder, did the Boche get this pump? Before the war, or through Holland? A California-built pump to clean water out of German trenches, in France! It was astonishing! With something like reverence I put the pump back again and, going to my place in the trench, dug out one of my bottles of champagne and stood treat to the crowd. Somehow, I felt almost happy.

As I continued my rounds I came

upon a man sitting on the edge of the ditch, surrounded by naked branches, busy cutting them into two-foot lengths and tying them together in the shape of a cross. I asked him how many he was making, and he told me that he expected to work all day to supply the crosses needed along one battalion front. French and German were treated alike, he assured me. There was absolutely no difference in the size of the crosses.

As we worked, soup arrived, and when that was disposed of, the men rested for some hours. We were absolutely unmolested except by our officers.

But at one o'clock that night we were again assembled in marching kit, each man with an extra pick or shovel, and marched along parallel with our trench to the summit of the butte. There we installed ourselves in the main line, out of which the Germans were driven by the One Hundred and Seventy-Second. There was no work of any kind to be done, and quickly we found some dry wood, built small fires, and with the material found in dug-outs brewed some really delightful beverages. Mine was a mixture of wine and water out of Haeffle's canteen, judiciously blended with chocolate.

The weather was delightful, and we spent the afternoon lying in sunny spots, shifting once in a while out of the encroaching shade into the warm rays. We had no idea where the Germans were — somewhere in front, of course, but just how far or how near mattered little to us. Anyhow, the One Hundred and Seventy-Second was fully forty metres nearer to them than we were, and we could see and hear the first-line troops picking and shoveling their way into the ground.

Little King was, as usual, making the round of the company, trying to find some one to build a fire and get water if he, King, would furnish the chocolate. He found no takers and soon he laid himself down, muttering about the laziness of the outfit.

Just as we were dozing deliciously, an agonized yell brought every soldier to his feet. Rushing toward the cry, I found a man sitting on the ground, holding his leg below the knee with both hands, and moaning as he rocked back and forth, 'Je suis blessé! Je suis blessé!' Brushing his hands aside, I examined his leg. There was no blood. I took off the puttee, rolled up his trousers, and discovered no sign of a wound. On my asking the man again where the wound was, he passed his hand over a small red spot on his shin. Just then another man picked up a small piece of shell, and then the explanation dawned upon me. The Germans were shooting at our planes straight above us; a bit of shell had come down and hit our sleeper on the shin-bone. Amid a gale of laughter he limped away to a more sympathetic audience. Several more pieces of iron fell near us. Some fragments were no joking matter, being the entire rear ends of three-inch shells, weighing, I should think, fully seven pounds.

At 4 P.M. the soup corvée arrived. Besides the usual soup we had roast mutton, one small slice per man, and a mixture of white beans, rice, and string beans. There was coffee, and one cup of wine per man, and, best of all, tobacco. As we munched our food, our attention was attracted to the sky above by an intense cannonade directed against several of our aeroplanes sailing east. As we looked, more and more of our war-birds appeared. Whipping out my glasses, I counted fifty-two machines. Another man counted sixty. Haeffle had it a hundred. The official report next day stated fifty-nine. They were flying very high and in very open formation, winging due east. The shells were breaking ahead of them and be-

tween them. The heaven was studded with hundreds upon hundreds of beautiful little round grayish clouds, each one the nimbus of a bursting shell. With my prismatics glued to my eyes I watched closely for one falling bird. Though it seemed incredible at the moment, not one faltered or turned back. Due east they steered, into the red painted sky. For several minutes after they had sailed out of my sight I could still hear the roar of the guns. Only one machine, the official report said, was shot down, and that one fell on the return trip.

Just before night fell, we all set to work cutting pine branches, and with the tips prepared soft beds for ourselves. Sentries were placed, one man per section, and we laid ourselves down to sleep. The night passed quietly; again the day started with the usual hot coffee and bread. Soup and stew at 10 A.M., and the same again at 4 P.M. One more quiet night, and quiet the following day. We were becoming somewhat restless with the monotony, but were cheered by the captain. That night, he told us, we should return to Suippes, and there reform the regiment and rest. The programme sounded good, but I felt very doubtful, we had heard the same tale so many times and so many times we had been disappointed. Each day the corvées had brought the same news from the kitchen. At least twenty times different telephonists and *agents de liaison* had brought the familiar story. The soup corvées assured us that the drivers of the rolling kitchens had orders to hitch up and pull out toward Souain and Suippes. The telephonists had listened to the order transmitted over the wires. The *agents de liaison* had overheard the major telling other officers that he had received marching orders, and, '*ma foi!* each time each one was wrong!' So, after all, I was not much disappointed when the order came to unmake the sacks.

We stayed that night and all day, and when the order to march the next evening came, all of us were surprised, including the captain. I was with the One Hundred and Seventy-Second having some fun with a little Belgian. I had come upon him in the dark and had watched him in growing wonder at his actions. There he was, stamping up and down, every so often stopping, shaking clenched fists in the air, and spouting curses. I asked him what was the matter. 'Rien, mon sergent,' he replied. 'Je m'excite.' 'Pourquoi?' I demanded. 'Ah,' he told me, 'look,' — pointing out toward the German line, — 'out there lies my friend, dead, with three pounds of my chocolate in his *musette*, and when I'm good and mad, I'm going out to get it!' I hope he got it!

That night at 7 o'clock we left the hill, marched through Souain four miles to Suippes, and sixteen miles farther on, at St. Hilaire, we camped. A total of twenty-six miles for the day.

At Suippes the regiment passed in parade march before some officer of the état-major, and we were counted: eight hundred and fifty-two in the entire regiment, out of three thousand two hundred who entered the attack on the 25th of September!

MÜCKE OF THE EMDEN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

THE films, as films, were most excellent, but their motive was so obvious that the rather representative and not especially 'hyphenated' New York audience, which had plainly come for entertainment, not propaganda, was becoming increasingly restive under the cumulative effect of the 'kulturine' capsules which were being slipped in with the pictures.

Beaming German soldiers helped tottering old Belgian refugees over débris and mud puddles, or swung obligingly out of line to round up a Polish peasant girl's cows. In 'a captured city in the West' a helmeted Uhlan shared his loaf of black bread with a hollow-eyed street urchin, and the film snapped sharply off when a comrade in the background started to hustle some weary stragglers on their way. 'Russian Prisoners are Allowed to Rest on Their Way to the Concentration Camps,' was the caption preceding the picture of a bayonet-ringed group of Cossacks sitting by the roadside; and 'The Drawn Features of the Kaiser Show how Terribly He Feels the Suffering Imposed by the War,' introduced another film, in which the War Lord, in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars, strode gloomily down the line of a drawn-up regiment.

'Too much "Gott mit Uns" and "Deutschland über Alles" for mine,' snorted a man in front of me, reaching down for his hat. 'Why don't they show us Liége and Louvain and round out the picture?'

Then, suddenly and with characteristic kinematic carelessness of sequence, the scene changed, and with it the atmosphere of the theatre. A quay by the waterside was being shown, with an eager, expectant crowd waiting for something that was about to happen. That sunlight, those fez-crowned heads, that stretch of dancing water with domes and minarets etched against the skyline above the opposite shore — I had missed the screenful of words that told what was coming, but I knew in an instant that I was standing on the water-front at Constantinople and looking across the Bosphorus to Scutari and Asia.

It was the breathless interest of the waiting crowd that surged out over the darkened footlights and pervaded the theatre. It was all so real, so unaffected, so 'unkultured,' that one knew instinctively that the thing, unlike so much that had gone before, was not being done for effect — to fan the flame of Teutonic pride or 'educate' the neutral. And so the spirit of the picture entered the audience, and we who, a moment before, half amazed, half disgusted, were shifting impatiently in our seats and glancing at our watches, now leaned forward in eager anticipation. We had become one with the expectant crowd by the quay-side.

Presently the object for which they — we were waiting, a gaunt destroyer, stripped for action, slipped into view, and, steering a wavering course across the swift current of the intercontinental strait, came nosing in beside the quay.

Now, standing at attention amidships, at the head of the gangway, an erect white-clad figure was discernible; and even before the blurred features quivered to life in the sharpening focus, we were adding our cheers to those of the gesticulating Orientals on the quay.

The man in front of me — the one who had been on the point of stamping out a minute before — was applauding with hands and feet, and I, clapping vigorously myself but without knowing just why, was on the point of leaning forward to ask him what it was all about, when the stout German lady overflowing the chair on my right suddenly gave vent to an explosive 'Ach, Mücke! Mücke!' and, allowing her lorgnette to fall to the floor, began smiting her own plump palms together.

So it was Mücke we were welcoming? No wonder the theatre was in an uproar; no wonder it seemed quite the natural thing that my own brogans should be joining in the tumult of applause, and that those hearty '*Bravas*' should be coming from the throats of the dark-faced chaps on my left who were so unmistakably Italian. 'Surely Mücke is entitled to a hand from everybody.' 'Don't let him go with that perfunctory sword salute!' 'Call him back!' 'We want Mücke!' No one spoke these words, so far as I heard, but they express the spirit of the crowd exactly. It was no shadow swashbuckler we were applauding, but — so complete the illusion — a very real hero of flesh and blood; and for a moment one was just a little indignant that he would not stop and make a speech.

On flickered the film; on rolled the narrow black-and-white strip of Turkish panorama. Now young Ulysses marched off the quay at the head of his squad of bluejackets; now they tramped in a procession — with Turkish cavalry and Turkish boy scouts — down a flag-bedecked boulevard; now they approached a *shamiana* under which a group of officers was waiting; and now (one knew instinctively that this was the climax of more than the little march up from the quay) Mücke halted before a man in the uniform of an admiral of the German navy, clicked his heels together, touched the hilt of his sword to his forehead, and stood at attention.

Just so — a hundred times on this warship or that — had I seen a middy or an ensign report for duty to the officer of the day; and that, in fact, was just what Mücke was doing. That he happened to have zigzagged over eight or ten thousand miles of sea and land, braving storm and blockade, desert tribes and fever, did n't make the least difference in the way the thing was done. The Emden was a shell-shattered hulk on the rocks of Cocos Island, and a few of her officers and men who had slipped through the meshes of the British net had hurried back to their nearest superior to report for duty. That was all.

Again the film changed, and in an instant the massive bulk of von Hindenburg appeared on the stone steps of a captured Polish palace. Bull-necked, square-headed, heavy-jowled, the incarnation of brutal, relentless force and efficiency, — of Prussianism, — he stood and glowered down upon us till one stirred restlessly in his seat and glanced uneasily at his neighbor. The applause — Mücke's applause — died away, and only the click-clack of the picture-projector was audible where tumultuous acclaim had rung a few moments before. The stout German lady sighed heavily and sank back into her seat. 'If we only had more of the Mückes and not so many of the Hindenburgs,' I heard her to say to a companion as I edged past them to the aisle, 'perhaps this war would not have made so many people hate the Germans.'

The sentiments were not quite parallel, but the words recalled those of a young British subaltern whom, a fortnight previously, I had shouldered in the crowd around a shot-pierced searchlight and a rusty naval gun — relics saved from the Emden — on exhibition on London's Horse Guards Parade.

'Now those two were real gentlemen,' he said, with enthusiasm, after we had conversed for a few minutes about the Emden. 'If only the German army had the instincts of Müller and Mücke this bally war would be something like a fair sporting proposition instead of such a beastly bore.'

II

The official account of the stirring and picturesque adventures of the Emden is hardly likely to be given to the world until the gates of Captain Müller's comfortable English prison swing open for him at the end of the war; but in the interviews, a lecture or two, and a booklet by Lieutenant Mücke all the salient features have been covered, and it is from translations of these that we will endeavor to follow the fortunes of the doughty young Teuton whose courage, resource, and devotion to duty have won scarcely less admiration in the countries of his enemies than in the Fatherland.

Within a day or two after the outbreak of the war the Emden, in pursuance of the commerce-destroying plan which the German Admiralty had worked out to its least details many years before, slipped away from Tsingtau and headed for the South Pacific to join the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Nüremberg. It was a later order which turned her off to the Indian Ocean to find both her glory and her grave.

'In Tsingtau,' wrote Mücke, 'we had supplied ourselves with all the things we could think of. The first officer takes the place of the housewife in many ways, and has to look out for all details concerning equipment and provisions.' But soap, it appears, had been overlooked, so that the men of the Emden were shortly in a position where they had to consider washing an occupation *de luxe*. However, the first ship sunk, on September 11, carried enough soap, 'in the great impulse of cleanliness of the English,' to last the Germans for a year. This was the Lovatt, a British transport, which had promptly hoisted the Union Jack under the impression that the Emden was an 'English-boat.' 'The silly face of its captain, which he made after we had hoisted our flag and ordered him to stay with us, I would regret not to have seen,' observes Mücke; and adds that 'for the numerous stables for horses on this boat we had no appreciation, and a half hour later we had submitted the question to the sharks.'

Business was brisk for the Emden during the next few days, and there was one occasion on which she had five or six steamers (Mücke has forgotten the exact number) hove to and ready to sink at one place. 'This happened so,' writes Mücke: 'a steamer came along and was stopped. Ten men and an officer went over to it. These got the ship ready to sink and saw that the passengers were all removed. While we were still occupied with this boat, appeared the top of another mast on the horizon. We did not need to hurry at all; the ships seemed to come by themselves to us. When one came near enough, the Emden made it a friendly signal, which tempted it on to join the other boats. And by the time this one was prepared for sinking, another mast-top would appear.'

Mücke's account of the manner of sinking a prize is exceedingly graphic, with all its Teutonic exactness. 'It is a queer feeling for a seaman to see a

ship sinking, and we who were used to helping each ship in need were always touched by it. The destroying was usually done in this way: We went down to the engine-room and removed the covers of pipes leading outside. In rushed the water in jets as high as a man. The watertight door of the boiler-room was then opened, to allow that compartment to be flooded. If there was cause for haste, other holes were opened by explosives. For a time the ship would rock back and forth as if it did not know exactly how to behave. Always deeper and deeper it sank, until the upper deck touched the water. Then it acted like a body taking its last breath. The bow went down first, the masts struck the water, and the screws were raised in the air. The funnels blew out the last smoke and coal-dust; for an instant the ship stood on end, and then shot down to the depths like a heavy stone. After half a minute greetings from the depths would begin to arrive. Long pieces of wood came up vertically, like an arrow, jumping several yards in the air. In the end the place where the ship sank was marked by a large oil-spot and a few smashed boats, beams, life-preservers, and the like. Then it was time for the Emden to make for the next mast-top.'

In the *Berliner Tageblatt's* account of the adventures of the Emden Mücke's strictures against some of the captains of the captured steamers are so strong, and of such a nature, as to incline a person acquainted with the bluff British merchant-marine skipper seriously to doubt their credibility; but there is a circumstantiality in the remarks attributed to the captain of the Kabinga which gives them all of the ear-marks of truth.

'On the Kabinga,' Mücke is quoted as saying, 'the captain had his wife and youngster with him. He was inclined at first to be disagreeable, but afterwards he grew confidential, like all captains, called us "Old chap," gave the lieutenant a nice new oilskin, and, as we finally let the Kabinga go, wrote us a letter of thanks. They all gave us three cheers as they steamed away. "Come to Calcutta some time!" was the last thing the captain said, "and catch the pilots so that those [unprintable seaman's epithet] fellows will feel something of the war too." '

Any one who knows anything of the feeling cherished by the British India skipper for the lordly Hoogly River pilot — the most highly paid and the most autocratic of all the pilots of the seven seas — will also know that this is just the sort of thing one of the former would say on such an occasion.

At the end of ten days practically every steamer in the northern Indian Ocean was either at the bottom of the sea or held in port by its apprehensive owners, so, in lieu of other game, the audacious Emden took a tilt at the oil-tanks of Madras. Sure in his knowledge of the antique guns which defended the historic Indian port, Müller steamed in, with all lights out, to within 3000 metres of the shore. 'The harbor light burned peacefully,' writes Mücke, 'and made navigation easy. Our targets, the red-and-white-striped oil-tanks, could be plainly discerned. A few shells, a quick flash of blue-yellow flame, and the tanks were vomiting red jets from the shot-holes. Then a great black cloud of smoke arose, and, according to the proverb, "Variety is the spice of life," we had this time sent a few millions up into the air instead of down into the depths. From Madras a few shots were discharged at us, but without any aim, and the fire of the burning oil-tanks lighted us for ninety miles on our way.'

The Tyweric, sunk but two hours after it had left Colombo, gave the Emden late news of the world through

the evening papers of the Cingalese capital. The German cruiser appeared to be the principal topic of local news, and her officers learned, among other things, that their ship had been sunk at two widely separated points, and was being hotly pursued at another. Mücke waxes both facetious and ironic in his account of the sinking of an English sugar steamer very close to the coast of Ceylon.

'The captain, because of the fact that he was captured almost under a British searchlight, was in such bad humour that he resisted us. The sad result of his patriotism was that he was not even allowed to bring so much as an extra handkerchief away with him. Within five minutes his steamer was cleared and its crew aboard our *Lümpensämmler*. [The latter term, which may be roughly translated as "rag-collector" or "rascal-collector," was the facetious name given by the Germans to one of the prizes which they always kept in attendance upon the Emden to carry the prisoners from sunk steamers.] The captain and the engineer had the honor of spending their voyage on the Emden in separate cells, and ten minutes later the sugar steamer sweetened the supper of the sharks. This captain, as we learned later from the papers, told some nice "robber-stories" about the Emden, and said she was a dirty, scratched, and damaged old boat. Had I only known that so high a visitor was to come to us, my pride as first officer would certainly have prompted me to have the deck scrubbed and painted. This noble soul also said that our crew looked starved and depressed; but surely this was not fair to the supply of English steamers we had enjoyed.'

Ten or a dozen more steamers were sunk by the Emden during the next three weeks, and then she slipped away from the sea-lanes that she had terrorized, to rest and refit. This took her to Diego Garcia, an isolated rock in the South Ocean where two or three lonely Britons were holding an almost uncharted outpost of Empire by running a plantation. Here occurred a most delicious little episode. 'As we dropped anchor,' writes Mücke, 'there came an Englishman, his arms loaded with presents for us, and his eyes wet with tears of welcome. He had not yet heard of the war, as the island received its mail only once every half year by schooner. He asked us to fix his motorboat, which was out of commission. This we did gladly. Then, without telling him anything of the terrible condition the world was in at present, we bade him good-bye and sailed away. His mail was due in fourteen days, and then, perhaps, he may have learned to whom he brought his presents.'

Shipping was spread thin along the trade routes when the Emden returned again to the attack, and two or three steamers sunk in the vicinity of Miniko were the sum of her bag for a week's cruising. This monotonous life began to pall upon the men of the raider, and, as Mücke naïvely put it, they 'felt the stirring of desire to make the acquaintance of real warships. We knew through the papers,' he writes, 'that sixteen English, French and Japanese men-of-war were using up their coal in a vain search for us, and, obligingly, we decided to visit them in their own harbor.'

The Penang raid was the crowning achievement of the Emden's career, and, as it proved, the final one. It was a fitting 'swan-song.' Penang, a British Crown Colony, like Singapore, Hongkong, and one or two other ports of the Far East, is located on a small island, with its harbor formed by the narrow strait which separates the island from the mainland. For a mile or two this strait is no wider than the

Hudson at Grant's Tomb, and at its narrowest place, crowning a little point which reaches out toward the palm-fringed foreshore of the Malay Peninsula, is a picturesque old stone fort which dates back to the days when the Portuguese held the Spice Islands and fought the British and the Dutch for the mastery of the Orient. Old bronze guns peeped from its crumbling ports, and did brave service as hobby-horses when the *ayahs* from the officers' quarters brought out the babies for their afternoon promenade. If any modern guns had been mounted about the harbor, it may be taken for granted that the Emden was fully informed both as to their power and location.

The raider's only chance of a successful raid upon a harbor in which it was more than likely to encounter superior force was to creep in unobserved, strike suddenly, and withdraw in the confusion of the surprise. By this time the profile of the Emden was up in the chartroom of every warship and merchantman plying the Eastern seas. The resourceful Teutons, knowing this, hit upon the expedient of altering that profile. A fourth smoke-stack of painted canvas had been ready for weeks against just such an emergency, and when set up in line with the three real ones made the raider appear, in anything but the broad light of day, an almost exact counterpart of a well-known type of British armored cruiser which was being extensively employed in the pursuit of the Emden.

With all lights out, the disguised German warship crept in toward the narrow strait which forms the harbor of Penang. The arrival was timed to the minute to meet the first forerunning streaks of dawn. Complete darkness would have made it impossible to navigate in the restricted seaway, while daylight would have meant discovery. The half-light of the breaking day suited the raider's purpose to a nicety. At first only fisher-boats were seen; then a mass of merchant shipping unfolded, and, finally, looming darkly at only a couple of hundred metres distance, the silhouette of the Russian cruiser Schemtschuk took shape against the brightening east.

'On board the Russian everybody was busy sleeping,' observes Mücke. 'We fired a torpedo at its stern. It was lifted by the detonation half a metre, and then began to sink slowly. Following the torpedo, we directed a hail of fire at the fore-deck, where the crew was sleeping. Soon this part of the ship looked like a sieve, and we could see through the holes the fires that were raging inside. Meanwhile, we sailed by the sinking ship and turned ready to run. Now we were being shot at from three sides — from the Schemtschuk and from two other directions which we could not exactly determine. We heard the whistling of the shells and saw the spots where they plunged into the water.'

A second torpedo finished the Russian cruiser, and the Emden turned to meet its new foes. Now the French destroyer, D'Iberville, was descried; now a cruiser was reported coming in, and now a torpedo boat. The supposed cruiser turned out to be a merchantman, but the torpedo boat, the French Mousquet, was a real menace in the narrow channel. Disdaining the obsolete D'Iberville, the Emden steamed to meet the oncoming Mousquet, which was disposed of in three broadsides. Picking up thirty-three survivors from the water, the unscathed raider slipped out of the harbor and made for the open sea from which it had come but a short half hour before. The night mists were lifting now, but there was left afloat in Penang no ship swift enough to pursue the audacious marauder.

III

Twelve days later, on the ninth of November, the Emden landed a force under Lieutenant Mücke to destroy the wireless station at Keeling — sometimes called Cocos — Island. The little British colony received the heavily armed enemy philosophically, and just before Mücke began putting the radio apparatus out of commission the operator congratulated him upon having been awarded the Iron Cross. 'How do you know I have the Iron Cross?' asked the surprised German. 'I have just caught the message,' was the answer. It was the last one received at Keeling for some time.

Scarcely was the work of destroying the station completed, when Mücke heard the Emden's siren signaling him to return at once. Rushing his men into the launch, he started for his ship, only to see the Emden's anchor wound frantically in and the cruiser steam away at top speed. At first he thought that it was going to meet a collier, but just before the cruiser disappeared its *Gefechtsflagge* — the battle-pennant — was broken out, and columns of water flung high in the air told that guns of equal or greater power than the Emden's own were feeling for their range. The raider was nearing the end of its far-trailed tether.

Crushing down his chagrin at being thus helplessly marooned while his ship and captain were fighting for their lives, Mücke returned to the shore, hoisted the German flag, mounted his four machine-guns and declared the island under martial law. Not until a trench had been dug and preparations made to resist a landing from the enemy warship, did he find time to climb to a house-top and endeavor to follow the distant sea-duel.

His account of the fight between the Emden and Sydney is incomplete, disjointed, inaccurate, and not especially fair, and I am not setting it down here. The raider put up a game fight against a swifter and more heavily armed adversary. It was foredoomed from the moment the speedy Australian cruiser picked up its smoke-trail, and its finish was not the least glorious moment of an unparalleled career.

Lieutenant Mücke was destined to receive two shocks on this eventful ninth of November, both from the English. The first was the sinking of the Emden, which, though staggering, was quite comprehensible. The second shock — but let Mücke tell the story himself. 'The battle over, I went back to the people on the island. Their behavior was characteristic. While we had all kinds of things to do to put the strand in a proper state of defense, and the battle was but a few minutes over, one of them came to me and exclaimed, "Do you play tennis? We always play about this time of day." Then one of them told me that they were really very glad that their cables to Australia were out of commission, as it would save them many hours of extra work every day.' Mücke's contempt struggles with his surprise, but the incident leaves one fairly safe in assuming of the English and German minds, that, as Kipling says of East and West, 'never the twain shall meet.'

When Mücke and his party landed at Keeling they passed a small schooner anchored in the bay, which he marked for sinking when time permitted on the ground that she was 'enemy shipping.' Luckily for him that opportunity did not offer, for if the Ayesha had been sent to the bottom, it is certain that the Germans would never have left the island alive except as British prisoners. Fearing the return of the Sydney, Mücke made up his mind to take his little band and run for one of the Dutch islands of Malaysia. The

English outdid themselves in speeding their guests on the way; Mr. Ross, the genial owner of the ship and the island, bade them good-bye with the comforting words, 'The bottom of the little schooner is rotten, but I wish you a pleasant voyage.'

To deceive the English, Mücke steered westerly, as though heading for East Africa, until out of sight of Keeling, and then put about and slanted up for Padang, a Dutch settlement in Sumatra. The Ayesha, which was of about a hundred tons and had formerly carried copra from Keeling to Batavia, proved a first-class sea-going boat. Her gear was in atrocious shape, however, and it was 'touch-and-go' all the way to the Dutch Indies. The water in three of her four tanks turned out to be 'rotten' and quite unfit to drink, and only a timely tropical shower saved the party from severe suffering from thirst. Storms alternated with calms during the latter portion of the voyage, and on a number of occasions the men were out in boats trying to tow the schooner a few miles nearer its goal.

Sighting Sumatra on the 27th of November, Mücke sailed the Ayesha into the three-mile zone, hoisted the German war-flag, and demanded of the captain of a Dutch destroyer which had been following him that he be allowed a warship's rights of twenty-four hours in Padang to provision and refit. After much parleying, the Dutch finally allowed the Ayesha to drop anchor in Padang, but that was about the extent of their concessions. 'The principal person in Padang,' observes Mücke, 'was the harbor master, a Belgian born, and naturally we could not expect from him any great amiability. The Ayesha did not seem good enough for him, and he acted as if he was in a coal-cellar until I gave him to understand that he was on a warship of His Majesty, the Kaiser.'

As Mücke's men had landed at Keeling in their oldest uniforms, they were in rags by this time, and their leader confesses to an 'insane desire to make again the acquaintance of the toothbrush and soap.' But the Dutch allowed them only water, provisions, and some tackle and sails, and the Ayesha was headed back to the open sea in not much better plight than when she arrived. 'My men were literally in their "paradise suits,"' says Mücke, 'and I had only one sock, a pair of shoes, and the remains of a shirt.' The crews of the several German ships interned in the harbor sped the Ayesha with cheers and 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and two German reservists followed in a rowboat and boarded her beyond the three-mile limit.

The Ayesha had missed a Japanese warship by only a few hours on the day of her arrival at Padang, and her luck still held good after her departure. For the next three weeks she made herself as inconspicuous as possible, meanwhile making such headway as the fluky weather permitted toward one of those long-predetermined 'sea trysting-places,' remote from the regular trade lanes, where the German commerce destroyers were expected to repair for coal and refitting. Finally, on December 14, the Choising, a 1700-ton China coaster belonging to the North German Lloyd, hove in sight. 'Great was our joy now,' wrote Mücke. 'I had all my men come on deck and line up for review. The fellows had n't a rag on. Thus, in Nature's garb, we gave three rousing cheers for the German flag on the Choising. The men on the Choising told us afterwards, "We could n't make out what that meant, those stark-naked fellows all cheering!" '

After two days' delay on account of a storm, the men of the Emden were transferred to the Choising, and the brave little Ayesha, whose log showed

1,709 miles of sailing since she had left Keeling, was sent to the bottom.

'She was n't at all rotten and unseaworthy, as they had told me,' wrote Mücke, 'but nice and white and dry inside. I had grown fond of the ship, on which I could practice my old sailing manœuvres. . . . That was the saddest day of the month. We gave her three cheers, and my next yacht at Kiel will be named the Ayesha.'

IV

On the Choising Mücke came upon the story of a journey round the world by a man called Meyer, in which the statement was made that the Hedjaz or Pilgrim's Railway (which really runs from Damascus only to Medina), was completed to Hodeidah, on the Red Sea. As this appeared to offer the only possible chance of ultimately reaching Germany again, the young officer, who had temporarily assumed command of the Choising, resolved to run for the Arabian coast. The narrow Strait of Perim, 'swarming full of Englishmen,' was passed on the night of January 7. The next night, nosing in toward a string of lights which, it was thought, might mark the pier of Hodeidah, the Choising almost rammed a French armored cruiser lying at anchor, but managed to back away without awakening suspicion. The next night Mücke and his men, in four boats, effected a safe landing, and, after the usual parleys with a suspicious gathering of Arabs, made their way safely along to the sun-scorched streets of old Hodeidah. Here the Turkish soldiers saluted them as allies and friends, and assured them that, though the railway was still hundreds of miles to the north, it should not be difficult for them to make their way to it by caravan. Hearing this, Mücke, as soon as it was dark, sent up a red star rocket, the signal agreed upon to let the captain of the Choising know that he was safely started on his way home and that the way was clear ahead. As a matter of fact, his troubles were just beginning.

It was Mücke's original plan to make his way northward by the interior route, not only because it was more salubrious than that along the coast, but because it took him beyond the reach of interference by the British blockaders. His party, however, appears never to have penetrated far beyond Sana, in the highlands of Yemen. He is quite silent in all his published interviews and lectures regarding what occurred during the two months following his departure from Hodeidah, the only explanation advanced being that 'the time spent in the highlands of Sana passed in lengthy inquiries and discussions that finally resulted in our foregoing the journey by land through Arabia for religious reasons.' Doubtless, this is as much as he would be permitted to reveal of the condition prevailing in a region which always has been, and probably still is, in revolt against the Turks. All the party, many of whom were suffering from fever, benefited greatly by the sojourn in the high, dry valley in the Yemen Mountains.

Returning to Hodeidah early in March, no alternative was left for Mücke but to work his way up the coast in boats to the better controlled region in the vicinity of Jeddah and Mecca, an undertaking which, what with the hostile Arabs ashore and the British patrol off-coast, placed him almost literally between 'the devil and the deep sea.' The party divided and set sail in two *tsambuks*, native craft of about fifty feet length and twelve feet beam. Mücke purposely set a Saturday evening for running through the British blockade line because, he writes, 'I knew the English liked their weekend rest so well.' Whether or not the

blockade was suspended at this time he does not state, but, at any rate, both *tsambuks* slipped safely through. After that, by keeping in the shallow coastal waters, the danger from warships was minimized, but the immunity was dearly bought. By keeping an incessant watch for three days, the boats managed to avoid the reefs among which they navigated. Then the larger craft, in endeavoring to thread a passage already safely negotiated by its lighter mate, struck a sharp rock, filled and sank. Twenty-eight men, among whom were four typhoid convalescents and Mücke himself, were thrown into the shark-infested water. An Arab fishing-boat stood by, but, observing the sun helmet of one of the Germans, its crew became suspicious and refused to take any chances in saving the Giaours. At last the other *tsambuk* hove in sight, and ultimately managed to pick up the men in the water by using its tender, a sort of dinghy in which only two could be taken at a time. The rescue work was not completed until far into the night, and one of the typhoid patients suffered so severely from the shock and his long immersion that he died a few days later. The next day two machine-guns and most of the rifles were brought up by Arab divers, but none of the recovered weapons proved entirely dependable afterwards. The worst loss, however, was the medicine, especially the quinine, for the want of which there was much suffering later.

The remaining *tsambuk* somehow managed to flounder on to Konfida, where another boat was secured to take the place of the one that had foundered. Four more days of creeping up the coast took the party to Lith, where definite word that three English ships were blockading Jeddah forced the amphibious men of the Emden back upon land again. The region of hostile Arabs was not yet passed, but Mücke did not hesitate between the near certainty of an English prison and the risk of a fight with Bedouins. Hastily gathering a caravan of a hundred camels, the Germans set out overland for Jeddah, the nearest point where Turkish authority was fully established.

At first the Arabs contented themselves with circling in the distance out of rifle range; then, their audacity increasing with their numbers, they made an attack on the night of April first. Firing began from all sides in the darkness, but the Germans, hastily improvising rough defenses from their camels and baggage, held their ground till daylight, then rushed out and routed the enemy with bayonet charges.

'They fled, but returned again,' writes Mücke, 'this time from all sides. Several of the gendarmes who had been given us as escorts were wounded; the machine-gun operator, Rademacher, fell, killed by a shot through his heart; another was wounded; Lieutenant Schmidt, in the rear guard, was mortally hurt. He had received a bullet in his chest and abdomen.'

All day there was intermittent sniping, and in the intervals of firing the Germans worked hard on their fortifications — a circular barricade, fifty yards in diameter, of live camels, saddles, and rice- and coffee-sacks filled with sand. Using hands, bayonets, and tin plates, they scooped out a trench inside of this, and back of it built a shelter for the sick and wounded. In this strange fortress the precious water-supply — two jars and ten kerosene-cans — was buried in the sand.

The following morning, under a flag of truce, the Arabs made an offer to allow the Germans to go free on the delivery of all their arms, water, provisions, and twenty-two thousand Turkish pounds. Mücke responded that the money question did not interest him in the least, as he had not a single *piastre;*

and as for arms, it was not the custom for Germans to give them up as long as there was any one to fight with them. Then the shooting began anew, and continued throughout the day. During the night Lieutenant Schmidt died from his wound, and his grave was carefully smoothed over to obliterate it and thus protect his body from defilement by the Mohammedans should the camp have to be abandoned.

By the third day both munitions and water began to run short. The Arab *zaptiehs*, or gendarmes, with the party relieved the water situation somewhat by cutting the throats of the wounded camels and drinking the noisome yellow liquid from their 'reserve' stomachs. The Germans, unable to swallow this nauseous substitute, kept up as best they could on the three small cups of water a day that was served to them. The fact that they dared not wear their sun helmets for fear of offering better marks for the Bedouins made the suffering from heat intense, and sunstroke prostration was added to the other troubles. The guns became so hot that the barrels seared the flesh of the hands that touched them, while the air grew black with a plague of flies drawn by the decomposing bodies of the camels.

When night fell, the Germans dragged the carcasses of the animals which had been killed during the day as far as possible from the fortifications, but even then the odor was unbearable. It was good hunting for the hyenas. They came in droves with the darkness, their horrible laughter resounding through the desert silence. One could see them creeping like black shadows round the dead camels and hear them snarling. One of them, coming too near the redoubt, was shot by Mücke himself, who thought one of the Arabs was trying to creep up on them.

When another emissary from the attacking band approached again to discuss terms of surrender, the situation appeared so desperate that Mücke asked for a parley with the Sheikh himself, intending to finish that worthy with his revolver, and then lead his men out to die fighting. The Arab leader, scenting trouble, declined to show himself; but the Germans, not to be balked, commenced preparations for a sally which, if successful, was to be extended to an attempt to cut through to Jeddah. Before the first of them had climbed the parapet, however, a commotion in the enemy's ranks was noticed, and presently the Arabs began to disperse in all directions. The cause of this became evident a few minutes later, when two camel-riders, waving white banners, topped a sand-dune to the north, and the Germans soon learned that a relief force dispatched by the Emir of Mecca was drawing near.

Under this strong escort the men of the Emden reached Jeddah the following day, only to learn that the Turks were powerless to protect the caravan route to the terminus of the Hedjaz Railway at Medina, and that they must either remain where they were indefinitely, or else take to the sea and brave the British blockade again. As usual, Mücke decided in favor of the alternative that promised to carry him most quickly homeward, irrespective of risk; and after a day or two of rest in the historic old ports he put his men on a couple of *tsambuks* and commenced another game of hide-and-seek with the British patrol. Gunboats of the enemy were sighted every day, but by keeping the Europeans out of sight the *tsambuks* were given so much the appearance of harmless Arab fisher-craft that they were not molested.

Not until nineteen days had passed, during which they skirted several hundred miles of reef-armored coast-line, did they reach a region where Turkish authority was sufficiently establish-

ed to allow the overland journey to the Hedjaz Railway to be attempted. The *tsambuks* were abandoned at El Wesh, where Suleiman Pasha provided a strong escort for the five-day caravan journey to El Ula, where a special train from Damascus awaited the long-expected men of the Emden.

The arrival at El Ula marks the end of the epic adventures of the little band of adventurers; the rest of their journey was a triumphal progress through Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, culminating in the magnificent moment which stirred us to acclamations even on the 'movie' screen. Then we saw only the bowed head, the lowered sword-point, the moving of the lips of the young 'triumphator.' This is what he said:—

'Beg to report most obediently, Herr Admiral, landing corps of the Emden, forty-four men, four officers, one surgeon.'

WAR AND THE SEXES

BY ELLEN KEY

I

THE first year of the war was nearing its close when a middle-aged American woman, visiting in my home, said to me, 'Nowhere will the war bring about a more radical change, more unexpected changes, than in the relations between the sexes. What way out will be found by the millions of women who more than ever must give up all hope of realizing their longing for love and children?'

A few months later I had with me another American woman, — this time a young girl, — who put the same question, only with the alteration natural to her age. 'What will become of all us young girls who formerly could reasonably expect to marry, but who now see our chances infinitely diminished?'

Millions of older women are wondering, like the first one, for the sake of the younger ones; millions of younger ones are wondering for their own sakes.

The answer can only be this:—

After the war, woman's prospects, from the point of view of her natural duty — motherhood — will be dark indeed.

The number of women who will have to dismiss all thought of marriage — already far too large — is destined to become much larger still. The number of those who lead immoral lives and are childless, or who bear illegitimate children, will therefore increase. Others, from a sense of patriotic duty to which appeal has already been made, may marry invalids. How many of these will be disappointed in their most justified wishes for happiness! Those women who have chosen among the men who are rejected from military service quite often have defective children. The possibilities for millions of women who are now at the most favorable age for marriage decrease steadily, for with every day that goes by the number of young men who might return from the

war without severe bodily or mental injuries grows less and less — not to mention the millions who will never return. And, lastly, the higher the development of women, the more they chafe under the 'patriotic' mandate to bear many children to replace the nation's losses. For they know that, from the point of view of their personal development as well as that of the race, *fewer* but *better* children are to be preferred.

If, therefore, the future is dark for the women of the warring countries, is not the present much darker? Apart from all the women who, directly or indirectly, have been killed by the war before ever becoming wives or mothers, there are all those who have borne children during the horrors of war — children that died soon after birth; there are those who have been separated from children whom they will probably never recover; there are those who bear the children of the invading enemy. Added to these is the host of women who have lost their fathers and children; all the widows, all the homeless, that war has created. Any one who considers this carefully must admit that it is not only the flower of the nation that is blighted by war. No; war has the same effect on the tree of the race as the act of mischievous boys who girdle the trunks of birch trees in the spring, when the sap is flowing.

II

A considerable number of plans have already been suggested in Europe to relieve the abnormal sex-conditions, which have, of course, met with much formidable opposition.

Some one in London has conceived the idea of founding a 'society for the marrying of wounded heroes' — an appeal to woman's self-sacrifice and patriotism to make the lives of these men bearable and to propagate children who will inherit their fathers' qualities of heroism. These wives, who would, in most cases, have to become the supporters of their families, would, therefore, be paid a man's wages and would, in many cases, also be given a stipend to facilitate their marriage. Moreover, in order to insure suitable mating, it is suggested that recourse be had to selective committees of clergymen and physicians; it is evidently not proposed to let the parties themselves choose. Women who are physically strong will be expected to marry men who need to be carried or pushed in a chair. Blind men, who can still at least enjoy good food, will be married to good cooks, and so forth.

It seems impossible to believe the statement that the society already has hundreds of thousands of female members. Can it be possible that women are willing to offer themselves for such a pitiful purpose — where love is quite out of the question?

In Germany some one has suggested that the government give invalids an opportunity to own their homes. This would enable the heroes of the war to found families — for it is to be expected that thousands of heroic women who are widowed by the war will remarry these invalids. Another thoughtful German has suggested that the government open a marriage department, partly to further early marriages, partly in order to help young men make suitable acquaintances. The young men who survive the war, he thinks, will not have time for the social life that formerly gave them opportunities for becoming acquainted.

At the beginning of the war, before any one suspected either its length or the number of its victims, a German feminist wrote an article decidedly consoling to the German women, pointing out that the greatest percentage of

marriages in Germany took place after the War of 1870. This was, however, the result of the great economic boom that this war brought Germany. It gave the young men of between twenty and thirty the chance that they otherwise too often lack, of having a family. The same authoress predicted the duplication of this state of affairs as the result of German victory in the present war; but after twenty months of desperate struggle, such an optimistic view can hardly be sustained. The capital accumulated by the prosperity of the last decades is quickly disappearing. The future of every country is being more deeply mortgaged with every hour that passes. The graves that are now being filled with the bodies of youths of sixteen and seventeen are growing in number. It is not strange, therefore, that here and there the idea of polygamy, which already had its advocates in Germany before the war, should now be considered as tenable from the standpoint of race-hygiene. Those men who return sound from the war know for a fact that young Germans puremindedly and seriously consider this idea from patriotic reasons.

And the same idea has been openly expressed by an Indian prince studying sociology and ethnology in Oxford. He points out that even before the war England had 1,200,000 more women than men; and with the present losses of young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, he estimates that every fourth woman in England must remain unmarried. Similar conditions must naturally follow in other countries. Of course, from the point of view of race-hygiene, only those men who are physically, psychically, and morally sound should be allowed to marry two wives. Love must, of course, be sacrificed for the sake of patriotism; and women (this prince believes) will sooner make this compromise than remain single for life. From the standpoint of the race, to be sure, such marriages are infinitely to be preferred to invalid marriages; but it does not seem probable at present that any state will formally adopt this idea. It is probable, however, that there will actually be a state of polygamy such as existed after the Thirty Years' War. The increase of population will, therefore, probably be greater than a condition of strict monogamy would permit. But it is unlikely that many unmarried self-supporting women will replace marriage with free love. The question is, whether these women will want to become mothers; and if so, whether the community will lend dignity and responsibility to such form of matriarchal law.

In most countries where these questions have been seriously considered, very rational means have been found for increasing the birth-rate. In Germany, for instance, they have done away with the law preventing women with children from becoming teachers, as well as the difficulties attending military marriages, and the red tape attending the remarriage of the divorced; and they have also increased the salaries of the official class.

A question that is causing great anxiety in Germany is the danger to maternity in the increase and spreading of contagious diseases during the war. Another source of anxiety lies in the disastrous effect of nervous shock and life at the battle-front on the potential fatherhood of the race. For these reasons, many women who marry men returning from the war are destined to remain childless.

III

First in the sphere of literature, then in that of social work, and finally from the point of view of race-hygiene, people everywhere during the last few decades have been considering

the problem of the unmarried mother and her child. All those who, for humanitarian and social reasons, urged the care and protection of the community for these mothers and their children were considered apostles of immorality. This was the case, for instance, with the German women, who, ten years ago, formed a society for the protection of motherhood — a society that the woman's movement in Germany refused to recognize. The first year of the war, however, brought about a radical change in the attitude of the opposition. The war had the advantage of making it possible for a great number of engaged couples, who had a long period of waiting before them, to marry. Often, to be sure, they were separated immediately; often they never saw each other again; but the young wife or widow, in case she became a mother, had at least that happiness left her. And the race was increased by what science now considers the most valuable human product, the children of young lovers. In England the percentage of marriages in 1915 increased enormously, and two-thirds of these marriages were war marriages.

But war marriages have not always been possible; a great many soldiers left only a sweetheart at home. When later on in the course of the war the soldiers were given a furlough in the interest of the race, no difference was made between the married and the unmarried; and in the homes now opened in every country for the care of poor women during their confinements, no difference is made between married and unmarried mothers, just as no difference is made in corresponding homes for legitimate and illegitimate children. Thanks to these precautions, the birth-rate in Germany has not fallen as much as was feared. The fact that the battlefields swallow up millions of lives makes the birth-rate a national question and revolutionizes ideas of sexual morality. Everything is now looked upon in a Spartan spirit as being a matter of the State. All these facilities for military marriages are being made because the State expects the men to propagate themselves before they die. It is to ensure a good crop of soldiers for the year 1935 that Joffre has, to the greatest possible degree, given the French soldiers four days' leave with free journeys home. It has been proposed in France to tax the unmarried and childless and to reduce the taxes of those who are married or have many children; and similar measures will probably be taken in the other warring countries.

What was formerly considered a sin — loveless marriages contracted simply for the purpose of having offspring — will perhaps, from the national point of view, come to be considered a duty hereafter. The bearing of children outside of marriage, and perhaps other deviations from the ideal of monogamy, will be practiced openly after the war to a far greater extent than was done secretly by people of Europe before the war. Twenty months of war have already dealt heavier blows to the foundations of 'Holy Marriage' than all the 'apostles of immorality' were able to compass. That all new forms of sex-relation will not be *officially* sanctioned is self-evident, but they may have the sanction of custom; and this, in some cases, means more than the approval of the State.

When the German 'Society for the Protection of Motherhood' celebrated its tenth anniversary in 1915, Helena Stocker was able to show that the protection of motherhood, which, ten years ago, was almost considered indecent, had become the watchword of the day. The 'Society for the Protection of Motherhood,' the German 'Society for the Increase of Population,' and anoth-

er for the protection and growth of the race, all met in October, 1915. And for each of them the principal question was, how to diminish the mortality of infants, and how best to extend the protection of motherhood. For financial aid during confinement and illness, nursing premiums, and so on, they now turn to the State. The idea that I have so long advocated, that *mothers should be considered the servants of the State*, has already been taken up in Germany. And no difference is made between married and unmarried mothers.

Another moral question that was previously discussed — that of birth-prevention — has come up again during the war. In East Prussia the question has been discussed as to whether the law against abortion should be suspended for those women who fell victims to the Russian soldiers. And in France, where many women have, with great suffering, borne the children of their enemies, some people still advocate preventive measures; some one even suggested killing these children, in order to ensure the purity of the race. Surely one cannot go further from the ideals of Christian morality! And though these suggestions have been rejected, the mere fact that they have been discussed proved what this whole war has so clearly shown: that the religion of Europe is no longer that of *Christianity* but that of *nationalism*, and that everything that is considered good for the nation is assumed to be right.

IV

The question for the future will be whether patriotism will have become to such a degree a religion to women that they will be willing to sacrifice their idea of love — which, to the more advanced modern woman, had also become a religion — and marry for the convenience of the State. In the relations between the sexes love had for many women become so sacred that they were willing to sacrifice their joy in possessing a home and children, so as to remain true to the ideal of love they were unable to realize.

The gift of adaptability that the war has shown woman to possess in every other sphere will probably help most women to adapt themselves to new matrimonial conditions. Light women have, during the war, been satisfied with any lover chance brought along; they have easily replaced their husbands with others. To them, therefore, love is not a question of the heart, as it is to refined and true women. The same is the case with prosaic, earth-bound women, who will no doubt be satisfied to marry according to arrangement.

But one thing is certain, and that is that after the war very many women simply *will not have the strength* to undertake the duties of marriage, — at least, not if they are to have large families. Even before the war, many women found the fourfold duties of a wife — to help support the family, to bear and care for children, to be the companion of her husband, and to care for the home — too much of an undertaking. After this war, millions of women will have to become the supporters of their families, even if their invalided husbands are able to contribute. Many women will have to be nurses to the husbands whom the war has returned to them a wreck. With the new taxes, the burden of making both ends meet will be greatly increased. Through the loss of the male members of the family, women have become the sole supporters of the old and helpless of the family. Many of these, to be sure, will not have been able to survive the sufferings and deprivations of the war, but those who are left will be dependent on the arm of a single woman. In some cases, no doubt, women will have become physi-

cally and psychically stronger through the work and sacrifices war has brought on them. Many imaginary illnesses will have disappeared, but such cases are, no doubt, comparatively few compared to those where women's health has been ruined by the sorrow and tribulations of war. Therefore they will have to spare themselves in some sphere. And the only possible sphere will be that in which the state will expect most of them: motherhood.

I have never agreed with those feminists who claim that the one way in which the married woman proves her worth is by her ability to earn a livelihood. Her ability to bear and educate her children and build a home is so handicapped by her leaving her home to procure a livelihood that the only way to solve the problem would be to consider her motherhood a state service, and reward it accordingly. In America, one state has already begun to give a 'Mothers' Pension' to poor mothers, so that they will be relieved of the duty of supporting the family during the tender years of the child, and will be able to devote themselves instead to the duties of upbringing.

But this ideal way of solving the problem of motherhood and self-support was very distant even before the war, and though now, in the interest of the birth-rate, there is a good deal of talk about different means of helping mothers, when peace comes the people will have to shoulder the mountain of war debt, and there will be hardly any funds left in Europe with which to help women. Therefore, this ideal solution of the problem will be postponed to a still more distant future. Among the nations so heavily oppressed by the war, it will inevitably be necessary to count on a far greater number of women having to become self-supporting than formerly. This will bring about very radical changes in the community, in economic conditions, in family life, and in the increase of population. Family life, during the next generations, will be more sober, more prosaic. The death of so many men will, to a certain extent, do away with competition between the sexes, but also with marriage. The number of illegitimate children will increase, but they will be better cared for. On the whole, the increase of population will be hindered by woman's inability both to bear and provide for children, and to those who look upon woman as the producer of soldiers, this will seem a misfortune. To those, however, who look upon the matter in a more human way, it will, on the contrary, *become a condition for future development that women resolutely refuse mass production of children*, and more consistently seek to improve the quality of humanity, while they, at the same time, try more energetically to procure the right to have a share in dictating the politics on which the lives of their sons and daughters are so dependent.

V

Women were aiming at this already before the war. The more capitalistically organized the productions of a country are, the smaller the birth-rate. This fact had already begun to create what the eminent sociologist, Goldscheid, terms *Human Economy*. In an excellent pamphlet, *The Woman Question and Human Economy*, he shows that the woman's movement must centre round human economy. When woman, as a producer of humanity, becomes conscious of herself, she will rise up against the unfruitful fruitfulness that has been her lot. She will no longer bear a great number of children, half of whom die for lack of vitality or because the parents have not the means to bring them up, and the other

half of whom are quickly decimated by an industrialism that takes account only of the quantity produced, not of the human material involved. She will no longer bear sons to be used up for war; and when the majority of women revolt against the abuses that they have been subjected to, then even men will be forced to resort to human economy to replace the present waste in the field of labor, and, preëminently, in the field of war. Goldscheid wrote this *before* the war.

If women, after the war, willingly comply with the wish for 'national child-bearing,' and 'patriotically' support this competition, they do not deserve anything better than that their sons twenty years hence shall fill new trenches! Let us hope that they will not be willing!

If, for national reasons, woman should become untrue to the highest instincts of her nature, which lead her to give the race only children of love, she will sink so deep that neither the right to vote nor any other rights will be able to help her. Warning voices have already been heard pointing out that, from a biological point of view (that is, the transmission of hereditary traits), love is necessary. My intuition in this respect seems therefore to be verified. What love means to spiritual happiness every one knows who is truly loved. It may be selfish to think of one's self; but for the good of the race, one may well wish that the women of the generation out of which every fourth must remain single, will sooner bear this sacrifice than submit to bear loveless children for the sake of the nation. The more advanced youth of the Latin countries had already begun to embrace the idealism of the Germanic races, and to reject the old custom of marriages arranged by parents. Among the Germans and English, as well as other Germanic peoples, popular opinion had gone so far as to regard the *mariage de convenance* as a lower form of marriage. To return to this form would seem a sin to all emancipated souls, even if the temptation came in the disguise of 'national welfare.' The degradation of sexual morals that follows every war will be of little consequence compared to this lowering of our sex-ethics which have taken thousands of years to develop.

Camp life and long sojourns in conquered towns always lower the morals of otherwise pureminded men. Has not this war given proof enough of the degree to which the vicious elements of these vast armies can go, in spite of all discipline? In the long run, however, women's sacrifice of herself to the supposed needs of her country would be more detrimental to the race than these lapses, which, during the war, have already caused so many diseases and other unfortunate consequences.

It is to be noted here that many of the psychic disturbances due to the war are partly attributed to the arresting of normal sex-conditions. A German neurologist, for instance, thinks that the psychic epidemics which cause people to create, believe, and spread the wildest and most unreasonable rumors, are partly due to the unbalanced mental condition caused by an unnaturally arrested family life. It seems more likely, however, that a critical consideration of impressions and reports is made impossible through the absence of that reasoned restraint that in normal times keeps the imagination and judgment of the educated within certain bounds. This unbalanced state of mind is shown by *a new category of crimes* that have come up since the war, in which women play an unusually large rôle. They help to set afloat false and scandalous rumors — for instance, that another woman, during her husband's absence, has taken a lover. There are such cases,

and they often lead to tragic results on the husband's return. Yet the whole affair may not infrequently have started in another woman's unbalanced imagination. And, when they are driven to bay, such scandal-mongers often declare that they were impelled by some inexplicable mysterious power. It is not unusual, for instance, for women to tell their relatives sorrowful and quite unfounded news from the front. These psychic manifestations remind me of another form of false witness that was common during the witch-trials that flourished during the hysterical condition after the Thirty Years' War. That the German women throw flowers, cigarettes, chocolate, and the like, to prisoners of war may, in some cases, be attributed to compassion, but often also to a form of sentimentality which sometimes shows itself in a cruder way. The fact that a German woman was imprisoned for suggesting to a Russian prisoner that they marry on his release goes to prove that neither flirtation nor love is restricted by race-theories.

Abel Hermant speaks of the 'woman who does not know that there is war in Europe.' They are found in every country, and comprise a nation in themselves, just as the mothers do. The members of the first-mentioned class have, at all times, proved very inimical to any uplifting influences, but that they may have good sides that come to the fore in times of war is indisputable.

VI

The war has destroyed millions of homes. It has shattered happiness beyond all belief. It has spoiled innumerable lives, and yet we must remember that it has also made unforeseen happiness possible. The literature of the war is full of stories of the heroic women who have braved every danger in order to be able to follow or become united with their lovers. It also tells of unions that have been sundered, and of anguished doubt that has become crushing certainty. Even in the love-life of the community, war brought some slight compensation with its incalculable evil. It has sometimes appeared as the deliverer as well as the enslaver.

The war has called forth a new and pathetic phenomenon in the nation of mothers. From many of these one has heard the cry, 'My son is dead — give me another.' They have heard of some homeless soldier, whom, without knowing him, they have overwhelmed with presents, even offering him a home. It is natural that many pathetic and comical discoveries have been made when the two have finally met. Such is also the case when many of the unmarried women, both young and old, meet their 'war-sons.' A small refined woman may discover that her war-son is a coarse brutal fellow; or the reverse may be the case. A young man who entertains romantic ideas about the woman he corresponded with, may return to find her an ugly old maid, or a young girl may find her war-friend to be a serious, elderly man. In many cases, however, these new relationships have been a source of harmless joy.

The fact that many little war-children have been adopted by mothers who have lost their own children, or by women who have never known what motherhood means, shows one of the ways in which women have been able to glean some sweetness from the bitterness of war. But how meagre, how artificial are these joys compared to all the natural, life-giving, promising human relationships that have been crushed under the iron hoofs of the black horse of War!

A DIFFERENT WORLD AFTER THE WAR

BY BOUCK WHITE

Said Lord Rosebery at London University not long ago: 'All Europe is disappearing, never to return in its present shape. At the conclusion of the war, the form it will assume will be unlike anything with which the world has grown familiar.'

His words stand too nakedly. It is not a time for cocksure prophesyings. The breakup is over too wide an area, and is of so dismaying a complexity, that no intelligence is sufficiently cosmic to receive all of the factors and mould them into a coherent forecast. This much of his prognostication, however, is certain: Christendom at the close of the war will be in a state favorable for a reshaping into something different, something higher than it ever has been before.

The termination of hostilities is going to be the signal for a volcanic outburst. Through a large part of the last year I have been in Europe. I was in the trenches, field-hospitals, dugouts, and headquarters of high military command. I conversed with the men, sharing their dangers, their hardships, their pleasures. At the rear likewise, removed from the shouting and the tumult, I talked with peasants in their ancient habitations. I went over into Spain and traveled through France; I was in Switzerland and Italy; I touched at Greece when the Balkan outburst was preparing; I was in Asiatic Turkey; I passed through Bulgaria a couple of times, and was in Rome. From both Flanders and the Dutch coast I watched the naval activities on the restless North Sea waves. I visited Germany, and England immediately thereafter. Front and back, on both sides of the battle-lines, I have seen.

In Europe's populace a restive spirit is setting in. Not articulate as yet. It has not bubbled up to the surface. But deep down, the fires are boiling; the brew is simmering. At the front in Flanders, I lived in a hamlet where the reserve trenches were dug. Here the troops from the front fire-line would come back at periodic intervals for recuperation, preparatory to a new turn at the parapets some miles across the meadow. A railroad train came once a day, connecting with the world outside. This train brought us the mail, including daily papers. Two dailies largely circulated among the soldiers were *La Bataille Syndicaliste* and *La Guerre Sociale*. The censor could expurgate the red matter from their pages, but he could not expurgate the title at the top, or the hundred subtle suggestions of revolt everywhere in their columns; and they were sold openly by hawkers. I asked one of them how these two papers went. 'Grandly,' said he; 'I sell 'em by the dozens.'

I am not saying that the presence of these papers betokens any trend toward present rebellion. The people in the trenches opposite are a sufficient deterrent. But I am saying that, with the coming of peace, the minds of soldiers nourished on this daily nutriment will be in a mood for anything but tame acquiescence if the terms of that peace should prove the war to have

been fruitless. One day, so it is reported, a sign appeared above the German parapet: 'The English are fools.' The sign disappeared, was succeeded by a second: 'The French are fools.' A third: 'We Germans are fools.' A fourth pointed the moral: 'Let's go home.'

I was riding on the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad into Constantinople. Traveling in a compartment with me were some German soldiers, sent to the Levant. One in particular interested me. He had no enthusiasm for the war. Not that he was a shirker. Grit was finely in his composition. But he had no liking to throw his young life into a conflict of dynasties. I asked him then why he was in the war. He told me it was because he was forced. He quickly sought to cover up the nakedness of the avowal — for we were in the zone of martial law, and girt with espionage — by deriding the British. 'The English Tommy,' said he, 'is bribed into the war by belly-bait — roast chicken and jam tarts. Anybody would fight, if he could see that kind of ration-limber driving up through the communication trenches three times a day.' Thereupon he went off into a description of the hard fare that the Teuton Tommy got. It recalls the prediction of Herr Bebel: 'As long as all goes well and victory crowns our banners, they [the German Socialists] can do little but let themselves be swept along with the triumphant flood. But once let the impression take root that Hohenzollern prestige has lost its magic — once let the War Lord's pride be humbled by a genuine disaster to his arms — then prepare for a miracle.'

The prevailing sentiment in Austria I found to be one of profound lethargy. There the war is most unpopular. Now that they are in, they have got to keep on — like men in a treadmill, exhausted but still ceaselessly tramping on, because sharp knives wait at the bottom to impale whoso faints or lies down. Said the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Austria's Socialist organ, recently, 'Duty bids us be silent, but our hearts are burning.'

Throughout the central empires the idea I received from all save the military was that of a people who had got into the war without knowing it, and were now stunned by the fact beyond the power of intelligent activity to redress the evil. The Socialist organ, *Soltbrecht*, publishes this excerpt from a secret manifesto circulated by the Socialists of Austria-Hungary: 'After the war we shall imitate the French, who found a way to a republic through revolution.'

The voices of unrest in England are many. I was talking in London with J. Ramsay Macdonald, Member of Parliament, who has been foremost in protesting against the war. 'You would be surprised,' said he, 'to see the letters I get from people who wish to hearten me in my stand, and to assure me that I am not alone.' And he pointed to a great heap of correspondence on his desk.

In Italy I was talking with a high official in one of the legations at Rome. The conversation turned on the slow progress made by the Italian troops. 'There's a reason,' said he; 'Italy has not called out her full force.' 'Why not?' I asked. He looked at me a moment. 'Don't you know,' said he, 'that Italy has been for a number of years on the verge of a social overthrow?' Count Tasso Tassinari, defending Italy for not taking part in the recent Balkan campaign of the Allies, writes: 'Salandra and Sonnino were loath to try the dangerous experiment of sending our men to foreign soil. Italy is enough for us, is the battle-cry of Italian Socialists; and Socialism in Italy is a very powerful party indeed.'

One night I was traveling through the Thracian Plain in European Tur-

key. It was on the railroad that fed the Gallipoli front. A Turkish officer was aboard, returning from service in the trenches. At a country station our train was side-tracked — it was a one-track road — to give troop-trains the right of way. The officer and I had got acquainted, and, as he spoke French, we were able to converse. It was moonlight. We left the train, climbed upon a stack of hay by the side of the railroad that had been accumulated for the transport horses, and spent the midnight hour in talk. Knowing that I was a war reporter, the burden of his talk was for me to use my influence to get America to intervene and stop the war. 'Not that we are afraid of the enemy,' said he; 'don't get that idea, Mr. White! We can take care of all that come against us. But of what use is the bloodshed? Slaughter, slaughter, slaughter! And on both sides. Yes, we have heavy casualties, as well as England. I'm willing to tell you the truth. No good will come of it all. More graves, more people mutilated, more families without a head. Help persuade America to stop the war, Mr. White. You will be doing a splendid thing.'

The sudden martial-law dissolution of the Duma some time ago is eloquent of the ferment within Russia's vast territories. And an order found on a French captive this past winter tells the same tale: 'The army commander has learned with indignation that, at several places on the front, conversations and even handshaking with the Germans have taken place. I am at a loss to understand how a Frenchman can sink so low as to shake hands with such bandits.'

Everywhere, save among the officers who are gaining glory, or among the army contractors who are heaping up riches, the war is growingly unpopular. The people impressed me as flies caught all in the same trap, and buzzing angrily to find some outlet from the intolerable situation; colliding with each other the while. Life in Europe becomes every day more insufferable. As the back grows weaker, the load waxes heavier. Irritation is heaping up, mountain high. At present this irritation vents itself in wrath against the enemy. But with the coming of peace, that enemy will fold its tents and vanish. Then the dynamic hour will strike.

Always the disbandment of an army is a time of difficulty; and for good reason. War is a kind of playtime. It is a break in the monotony. One of the facts that most strongly impressed me in Europe was the zest of life at the front compared with the humdrum existence of those who were left behind. I saw both classes and I know. Not that I am underestimating the privation of the men in the trenches. I know what it is for soldiers to tramp in the mire. I have done it with them. I know what it is for weary men to sleep in the rain-soaked straw within gun-fire of the foe. I have shared that straw with them. I know what it is to be amid the screech of shells and the buzzing of bullets. None the less, I am certain that in time of war the army is the privileged class. They live a life in the outdoors in cheering *camaraderie;* they have no anxiety as to their daily bread; they are ministered unto in the matter of clothing and medical supplies. Each detail of their life is thought out for them by another. Their lot, of course, is one of peril, but the excitement nullifies the psychological effect of it. I remember being in a front trench in Flanders, at a point where the enemy was very close. The bullets were whistling, so that in walking about I ducked my head. The officer with me pooh-poohed my fear. 'You don't need to be afraid,' said he. 'Why, those bullets are at least three feet over our heads.' Danger gets to be a negligible factor in

the soldier's life. His existence is one long camping-out party, with the privations, to be sure, that always attend a camping existence, but also with the happiness that goes with a bivouac in the open. When men habituated to the care-free life of the camp come back into civil surroundings, with their normal restraints and their drudgery, they are ill at ease. It is ever a time of stress to the social fabric.

There is still another reason. A time of war is a time of gag-law. Discontent may arise in the heart, but it is not allowed utterance. A prime purpose of the declaration of martial law is to put padlocks on every tongue, whereby turbulent spirits are forced to keep an unwilling silence. Therefore, during an extended reign of martial law, inflammable material accumulates in the heart. With the coming of peace this lid is lifted. As a consequence the pent-up dissatisfaction, which in many cases has festered and gone morbid because of the unnatural restraint, surges forth. The spirit of criticism in the people is then like a young and vigorous dog which has been a long time tethered and is suddenly let loose — it dashes forth with an energy proportioned to the length of time of its tethering. Hearts now dumb in silence will not permanently hold their peace, but will voice their displeasure at the secret diplomacies which led the world into so evil a conflict — diplomacies wherein the masses were as sheep appointed for meat.

The experience of Paris after the Franco-Prussian war is to the point. The opening of the gates of Paris to the Prussian conquerors was the signal for an uprising of the larger part of the French army. Three hundred thousand of the National Guard refused to surrender their arms to the French government located at Bordeaux. Barricading the streets of Paris, they dragged cannon to the heights of Montmartre, and from thence resisted all overtures of surrender. Pitched battles were fought between the rebels and the regular army at Versailles. The latter finally pierced the barricades, but even then the fury and the folly of the Communists were not at an end. They had put the direction of their affairs in the hands of half a dozen men as wild of head as themselves, and now this self-styled 'Committee of Public Safety' began an era of destruction. They murdered their prisoners and set public buildings in Paris afire. The 'Red Week' in May, 1871, will not soon be forgotten by students of social history. At one time four or five of the splendid architectural monuments of this queenliest of cities were in flames. Even the Tuileries did not escape the fire-brand, so that the Louvre, with its ageless and irreplaceable treasures of art, was threatened. Fortunately, the troops from Versailles burst into that part of the city in time to extinguish the flames and save the Louvre; but the Tuileries palace was beyond saving. It is a melancholy fact that Paris suffered more from her own infuriated populace after the war than she did from the Prussians.

The soldiers who will come back to the haunts of peace at the close of the present conflict will have abundant pegs upon which to hang the themes of their discontent. Of these, the burden of taxation will probably be the chief one. Holiday-makers ordinarily take their outing on money saved up beforehand, so that their return to the work-a-day world, when the vacation is at an end, is not made more cheerless by debts. Military campers, however, pay for the outing after they go home. In other words, the expenses of a war are paid out of borrowed money which must be repaid when the soldiers return.

On a dining-car in France, traveling from Paris to Havre, I was seated opposite a Frenchman of some position in the world of affairs. We conversed on various things. As we were approaching the military zone, I broached the subject of the army. 'Let us not talk about the war,' he entreated. Nor was I long in learning the reason. 'The economic crisis after the war,' said he, 'will be something formidable.' A time of war is ever a time of inflation. The artificial prosperity produced by armament orders and the disbursement of huge war budgets creates a semblance of business activity. Helfferich, Minister of Finance of the German Empire, reckons the cost of the war at seventy million dollars daily. That amounts to $25,000,000,000 each year. Borrowers ride prosperously for a season, but their judgment day is never far off.

There is still a further cause for the popular restiveness that always follows war. During the military operations, the people are in a semi-hysterical state of excitement which prevents them from taking due note of the miseries that the war is accumulating. With the signing of peace, this excited state of the nerves passes, and, like the ebbing of a tide, lays bare the mud-flats of reality in all their unsightliness. Some of the governments are refusing to publish the number of the dead, or any statistics as to the wounded. But these figures will refuse to be covered up forever. The casualties will some day be reckoned. The returning soldiers and the communities that greet them will have full leisure to count the losses and to observe the mutilated wretches of men dragging their bodies along every street.

All of this spells a popular reaction when peace is finally ratified. War is like the debauch of a drunkard. In the evening, among the wine-cups, his state is glorious, but with the morning after comes headache and a time of irritation against himself and the world. Unless all auguries are at fault, the present conflict will not be attended by decisive victory on either side. There will be, therefore, no spoil to divide; nowhere an indemnity to restore the ravages. So that in all of the countries the returning soldier will be faced by a diminishing budget and a swollen debt. The greater part of Europe will feel the heave of the rebellious tide. A wave always gains in height as the breadth and volume of the creating disturbance extend. Europe, when the peace concordat is signed, must face a time of tumult. A fire will be kindled, and it will be tempestuous.

There is likelihood that uprisings will blaze out against the wealthy in Europe's chief cities. When the common soldiers come back from the war and face the misery and mutilation round about them, they are going to behold along the Wilhelmstrasse and Piccadilly and the Champs Élysées mansions little touched by privation. They will see palaces full of all manner of goods; a life of sumptuous splendor, not pinched to the point of pain by the desolation of the residue of the people. An irritation will be kindled within them, particularly when they remember that the statesmanship which precipitated the war was in the hands largely of the same ruling aristocracy. Some of them will go against those palaces with a shout.

The tide of passion sweeping over Europe will make itself felt in America. The world is at last one. Oceans no longer separate. The Atlantic is a broad and smooth highway rather than a barrier. This internationalizing of the world will envelop America in the tumult; she will feel the backwash of the European wave. In 1776, our Revolution had a quick repercussion in Europe. Lafayette and his compatri-

ots went back from Yorktown to carry the sacred fire to the avenues and the thoroughfares of Paris; the French Revolution that broke out in 1789 was the lineal descendant of the American Revolution of 1783. There would, therefore, be a working of the law of compensation if the direction of the tidal advance should now be reversed, and America were caught in the swell of a European wave, as Europe aforetime was caught in the swell of the American wave. A windy storm is on its way.

The important thing is that this stirring and upheaval on the part of the multitude be turned to reconstructive account; else it will go off into red excess. Indeed, very clear and foresighted eyes have detected this darker possibility, and on both sides of the battle-front. Said von Bülow to the wife of a Roman minister some months ago: 'Germany's efforts are indeed great, but she has an army, the best army in the world. Next spring this army will be increased by 4,000,000 new men, and even if we do not win at once our resistance will be long and may be changed into victory. The war will be frightful, monstrous. It will exhaust both belligerents and neutrals, who next year will suffer famine. Revolts will follow. And the world has never seen anything equaling such a great disaster.' The London *Economist* is even more explicit: 'As soon as the main issues for which we are fighting can be achieved, it is just as much the duty of our statesmen to make peace as it was in the view of Sir Edward Grey to make war at the end of July last. The time may come before long when it will be possible to consult the dictates of humanity and at the same time secure the objects indicated by Sir Edward Grey. If such an opportunity is lost, the war will not go on forever. It will end in Revolutionary chaos, beginning no one can say where and ending in no one can say what.'

In order to put a programme, something of clear-sightedness and sure-footedness, into a folk-movement, leaders of trained intelligence will be essential. Here is the danger-point in the whole situation. At present, the college minds and the people of cultivated mentalities generally, are not with the forces that make for change, but are still lolling at ease in the comfortable camp of the established order. This means that the populace is being left at present to the leadership of minds as undisciplined as itself, who, when the moment of action comes, will lead the multitude into wild orgies of excess.

It is a time for calm nerves. Tempest weather is gathering. The ship of civilization is headed for stormy seas. Wisdom commands that we read the barometer intrepidly, trim ship expertly, and set ourselves with stout hearts to ride the gale. The months still intervening should be utilized in getting ready. The 'Let-me-sleep' and 'We'll-muddle-through' policy is by every portent antiquated. Supposing that, after the war, the world should sink back into its old condition — naught to show for the waste and the blood and the infinite birth-pangs: would it not be an incalculable sorrow, an irreparable blow to mankind? Society now, if never before, must begin consciously to shape its future. And the first step to take is for the educated class in America to join itself to the disinherited mass at the bottom, sharing their privations and uncertainties and dangers.

The identification of the people of culture with the disinherited mob, while always a blessed thing, would be of transcendent value in the present crisis. I spoke of the likelihood that the stormy bosoms of the victims of the present war will, if undirected, vent their storminess in shoutings and de-

predations that will go off into blood-guilty riot. The way — the only way — to prevent that crimson outbreak is to turn those turbulent energies into constructive channels. To seek to quell the storm by screwing a lid down over the boiling pot only prepares a more violent explosion. Give the people a serious and weighty enterprise of social reconstruction; it will sober their doings. Instead of dampening their vehemence, it will encourage vehemence; but will turn those mighty energies into an adventure wherein an architectonic responsibility will guide the exuberant forces into a work of building up, instead of a work of still further tearing down.

After the war, civilization will be in the melting-pot. That will be a time of grave peril, but it will also be a time of superlative opportunity. Whenever mankind is melted up, the hot human lava can wander undirected into waste heaps and desolations; or it can be poured into channels prepared for it, and be remoulded into forms of utility and of a beauty unspeakable. Without the least question we are going to see a fluid world after the war. Upon the willingness of the people of education and culture to identify themselves with the masses in personal self-commitment, will depend whether that fluid world shall be a reflux into savagery, or an advance into a democratic reordering that shall bring industrial paradise visibly within our human horizon.

As to-day is a culmination for which long ages have worked in slow, toilsome preparation, and from which ages still further-stretching will take their form and texture, so it is a day charged with fateful destinies that can go either into brightness or into blackness. Not often is humankind in a migratory mood. The inertia of the mind of man has ever been the despair of social dreamers: inertia, against which, as against an immovable wall, heaven-born idealists have dashed their heads in desperation and defeat. Now, however, and as a gift unasked-for, that migratory mood has arrived. The war's world-earthquake has shaken man out of his slumberings. The soul is awake, and it will rouse up in even greater alertness when the European populace, now drugged into insensibility by martial law and the battle-fever, shall wake up out of its sleep. Man is willing, as he has not been before in eighteen hundred years, to break camp, pull up stakes, leave the spot where he has been stagnating so long and so ignobly, and renew the journey of pilgrimage. It is a moment of incomparable preciousness — and of incomparable responsibility. For if man, now that he is shaking off his sloth of soul and is gathering together his spiritual effects for a resumption of his pilgrim's task, can be guided into the upward heaven-seeking path, it will be a gain worth even the blood-cost whereby it was purchased. But if, for lack of competent guides, mankind's new travel mood wears itself out in byways, its end will be in swamps and wilderness. A reaction will set in that will thenceforth make stagnation more stagnant. And the earth will have been disquieted in vain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DISCONTENT IN A GARDEN

Our literature has recently been enriched by a fragrant phrase, 'Content in a Garden.' The words breathe of boxwood and of roses, but observation leads me to the opinion that the phrase, 'Content in a Garden,' is as fallacious as it is fragrant.

I write as one who has for unnumbered years lived with gardeners without becoming one. I have never planted or transplanted anything, or weeded anything, but I have been torn from many a book, wrenched away from performing many a charitable deed, caught back to earth when I was walking the sky on many a country ramble, by people who demanded that I stop, look, and listen to the doings of the dirt. Gardeners among my kinsfolk and acquaintance have grasped me by the inoffensive nape of my neck and incontinently thrust my nose into the mud in order that I might see therein an indiscernible green line of lettuce.

Now, unlike other germs, the horticultural bacillus is increasing in virulence. More people garden to-day than ever before in history. Against the spread of the epidemic I have exerted my personal influence and private eloquence, but so far with small effect. I have therefore resolved to appeal to a larger public and to raise in print my warning voice, pointing out the perils to poise and to peace inherent in any intimacy with the soil.

Theoretically, I should expect as much disquietude among gardeners as I have practically observed. They voluntarily expose themselves to disillusion. Much may be said in favor of hitching your hopes to a star, but what about burying your hopes in sixty square feet of spring mud? The wise ancients always represented the devious ways of deviltry as taking place in the hidden bowels of the earth, yet the modern horticulturist is always expecting archangelic behavior from the blackest bit of mould into which he dares to delve. In the fifth act of *The Bluebird*, where the little unborn mortals are exhibiting their transcendent inventions, portentous with future disappointment, the preponderance of disillusion is given to the gardeners. The gardeners who are going to be born and the gardeners who have been born long enough to know better are alike in expecting their daisies to be big as cartwheels, their peas to be larger than grapes, their apples to rival melons, their melons to outstrip the pumpkin. Should an intelligent investor of his life's happiness bank all on the uncertain behavior of the weather and the weevil?

Intelligence, however, is not a quality to be looked for *a priori* in a gardener. What clearness of view could you expect from people who are continually curled into a ball tending sordid seedlings? Does one not shudder to mention the mental and moral disintegration risked by association with vegetables, — instance the gross irregularities of cucumbers and cantaloupes when they neighbor each other! Is there anything in the nature of the case that should make intimacy with cabbage-heads and beet-tops contribute to spiritual uplift? Yet such is the popular fallacy.

Passing from theory to experience, one finds the gardener of all men most dissatisfied. Live with a gardener, and then prove him-her (in a discussion of horticulture, I may be excused for Burbanking my pronouns) contented if you can! Often have I welcomed a roomful of visitors and launched them into spirit-warming talk, only to have them, at some unguarded allusion, make for the open, demanding the titles of the lady-roses at the windows, and pressing on into the private life of the spinach and the cucumber — conversation that leaves me out in the cold, for not even appendicitis can produce the clacking congeniality of comparing flower-beds. After the guests are gone, I am called upon to comfort my household horticulturists for envy implanted by boastful visitors; I am told that our peas and our pansies are not so large as we supposed — and yet they tell me they are contented folk, these gardeners!

To me the gardening mania is but one more example of the modern unrest, so extensively advertised. True, there might be content in gardens if owners were ever satisfied with them as they are; but they are haunted by new combinations, new experiments. They are always wanting to paw their parterres to pieces and set them out anew. You no sooner get used to a garden than it is n't there. You try to follow a primrose path and you become entangled in blackberry bushes. You put forth your hand to pluck a violet and you prod up a radish.

Another form of restlessness exhibited by gardeners is their fret after fertilizer. They can never get enough, and they can never get the right kind. If only they could, their dreams might come true. Fertilizer becomes an obsession from which they never escape. If you take a gardener with you on a country ramble, he-she will be wanting to dig up the woodland loam to enrich the back yard. He-she will never see the white-dotting loveliness of old farms, without wanting to scoop whole barnyards into the picnic lunch-basket. If you are caught up to the sky on the wings of the sunset, you will be hauled down with the Whitmanesque appeal for your sympathy,

'Behold this compost ! behold it well !'

I have noted with pain the subtle disintegration of mind and character which awaits those addicted to horticulture. The utter uncertainty of the material with which they deal causes the sanest people to become superstitious, so that you will have them solemnly declaring that certain seeds must be planted at the waning of the moon. Sweet peas have some mysterious association with St. Patrick's Day. I am not sure whether some of my friends would not go the length of an incantation, or of a pact with Satan, to achieve a perfect cantaloupe.

You might expect the winter solstice, by its absence of stimulus, to repair the moral ravages of the summer, with its demoralizing sowing and reaping. On the contrary, when the winds of January whip the windows, out come the flower catalogues, those glowing monuments of false promise. Forgetful of last season's failures, the gardener's eyes, feasting on pictured roses, grow bright with delirium. In hectic rhapsody he whispers enchanted names — Fiery Cross, Phantom Blue, Sunnybrook Earliana, Arabis Alpina, Beauty of Hebron (this last a potato). By means of the flower catalogue is the gardener rendered perpetually credulous, only to be perpetually disillusioned — a hardy perennial of discontent. These same ornate annuals corrupt honest minds, so that you will discover gardeners practicing deception, concealing their bright flower-books in laps that

appear to be reading the war news, and you are constantly intercepting clandestine trips to the mail-box and the dropping therein of surreptitious mail-orders.

A love of gardening is the root of still another evil: misanthropy. Gardeners become suspicious of even their nearest and dearest; they bring monstrous accusations, charging them with rolling upon the asparagus bed, with blighting the strawberry blossoms, with devouring a ten-foot row of young onions. Cynicism extends even to the birds of the blue, so that for all their singing throats they are looked upon as marauders only, and cheery redbreast is despised for his delinquencies in regard to ripe cherries. Thus does the gardener, his soul buried fast in furrow and flower-bed, look askance at both man and nature. I ask, do any of the qualities he exhibits justify his pride in that gentle phrase, 'Content in a Garden'?

WHISKERS IN PEACE

War and whiskers have always alliterated; no defense or explanation need be offered for the *poilus*. Heroes and fighting men have been bearded since the beginning; in war the razor rusts.

But in peace the beard should be carefully appraised. Why do men wear beards? And in offering the question for sober thought I am revealing an important index of human nature. In running over the names of men whom I have known personally, the bearded and the shaven separate themselves easily. All the bearded have traits in common; the shaven show greater variety of characters, yet they are essentially different from the bearded, despite shaven chins.

It is not easy to express what I feel to be true of bearded men whose traits are so cleverly hidden, or betrayed, by the whisker as almost to defy words. With or without the 'watery smile,' the educated whisker is of first importance. The educated whisker is not an unconscious growth; it is willfully cultivated and shows attention. Marks of distinction, upon examination, are sometimes found to reside wholly in the educated whisker; one often feels that the distinguished man, shorn of his beard, would be as commonplace as the rest of us.

A difficulty arises when one puts the very personal question: Is the whisker a sign of irrepressible manliness, or is it merely a decoration, an ornament? Is it, to change Shakespeare slightly, an excrescence of strength? An increment of valor? Judicious observation and experience lead me to think that this is far from being the case. My bearded friends are no braver than the shaven. Indeed — and here one goes deeper into the subject — I have noticed signs of extreme caution, of nervous withdrawal from difficulty, of actual timidity, among bearded men. Not always separable from the beard, however, I have also noticed signs of self-importance, assertion, even pomposity — qualities that not only do not preclude timidity, but are apt to arise from a constitutional sense of fear.

The most terrifying bearded man that I ever knew was an atheist and anarchist. His beard radiated with the violence of his ideas. The safe and sane avoided him, mothers forbade their daughters to receive him at the house. He rebuked church-goers by passing them in jacket and breeches, averting his gaze in contempt for silk hats and the conventional observance of the Sabbath day. He was a dangerous man; no man with such a beard could be persuaded or controlled. I never shared the common opinion, for his uncomfortable doctrines seemed to me to be merely sentimental. Years afterwards I found him married to a gentle

Catholic lady, content with a small salary, and wearing two waistcoats, although the day was warm.

I have rather sadly to record the conviction that in so far as beards are supposed to reveal valor, learning, professional ability, wisdom, or virtue, they are far from reliable. So fallacious are they that the more luxuriant and cultivated the beard, the fewer of these prime qualities do I expect to find. This is a hard saying; yet a bit of psychology may justify the contention.

Let us consider the man with retreating chin. He may grow a beard and hide it, or he may frankly shave the exiguous offender, careless whether it recedes or not. The utmost candor may be seen in a shaven chin; and of all the manly, valorous qualities that of candor, downrightness, may be ranked first. The weakness attributed to a retreating chin may be canceled by shaving it. The man who accepts his face as nature gave it to him, braving it to the world without concealment or decoration, must be classed among those with the manly quality. Cartoonists and novelists have waved the weak chin to the limbo of the inefficient and inept. Let the man without the masterful jaw take heart; he has but to shave to show the qualities desired.

Or, with whatever degree of pain, let us contemplate the mobile or protrusive Adam's apple. Shall a man allow it to divulge its movements up and down, or conceal it with a beard? Upon the decision of this question, essentially a social one, hangs the character of a man. The shaven throat asks no quarter; it bares its incongruities to the irresponsibilities of débutantes, to the ridicule of eager girls. It may disappear in the comfort of a cigarette; it may rise to the exigencies of the misunderstood Filipinos. Meanwhile the bearded man across the mahogany does not betray himself; his girl listens in proud contentment, secretly exulting over the profile of a well-kept beard.

If the beard is cultivated for decoration rather than concealment or disguise, less should be said. The mirror is a woman's refuge and retreat; only actors and the bridegroom may employ it self-consciously. Yet a mirror is necessary for decoration. The round head requires contrasting contour of beard; the long face will instinctively select one of compensatory nature. Most men recoil from whiskers obviously grown for beauty. Yet few men have been so dull as not to respond to the inspiration of Simon de Vos's portrait of himself. No man may study that picture, blessing a room where it is hung, without craving some likeness to the painter. The beard seems the distinguishing feature, but the charm lies in the wide sympathy of the eyes, the refinement and sensitiveness of the lips. The eyes would betray the character, were there no beard; but men have grown whiskers from that picture.

With America at peace the warrior-beard, the Continental mark of masculine *élan*, invites special note. I have in mind two Continental scholars whose beards are Homeric. But upon careful analysis neither shows the initiative of his Yankee congeners. Behind the learning, the dogmatism, the intellectual system, there lurk suspicion and envy. They are at heart afraid — afraid of human nature, of representative government, of the majority, of the crude world outside of books. What a sorry figure is that of the shaven Philistine in the presence of a Homeric beard! Still, discounting face-values, what indurated fibre, as it were, — what finely tempered quality of manhood one may find in the unadorned and undisguised producers of the Commonwealth, fearlessly displaying irregularities, blemishes, and wrinkles of visage in large unconsciousness!

THE SATURDAY-NIGHT BATH

CERTAIN aspirations are so deeply rooted in the souls of men that they persist through generations in spite of every obstacle. I write in defense of one of these — a time-honored ceremonial, the Saturday-night bath.

If you are city-bred, and accustomed from childhood to step from a warm bed to a warm bathroom and thrill to an every-morning scrub, you are probably scornful of me and my theme. Let me ask you a question. Did you ever, on a freezing winter day, stand precariously in one slippery wash-basin while you sponged your shivering self with about a quart of water from another china bowl? If you think you would have persisted in this, morning after morning, in an unheated bedroom, through zero weather, I salute you! You belong to the elect. I know there are such people; my sister Frances was one of them. I remember that mother called in the family doctor to see if he did n't think it was this peculiar habit that made Frances so thin.

My own childhood, as it stretches out behind me, is punctuated at regular intervals by furiously busy Saturdays and shining, immaculate Sundays. The weekly bath was a fixed institution — no one ever went to church without it; but the problem of bathing eleven boisterous (and occasionally rebellious) children, and getting everybody finished and out of the way by nine o'clock at night, made Saturday an interesting day for mother. Considering the difficulties we had to contend with, I think we were a very industrious family about bathing. In the first place, the reservoir on the kitchen range had to be filled thirteen separate times. It was the unvarying rule that each member of the family old enough to carry a pail must bring water from the cistern in the wood-shed for the one next in turn. It was a sad day for the wretch who used all the water and forgot to fill the reservoir. Then the tub had to be emptied each time, by dipping out the water until it was light enough to carry. Gerald and Charlie got around this once by using the same water; but mother strongly discouraged them from ever trying it again.

We bathed according to age. The baby, whoever he was, had his bath right after breakfast, while such members of the family as were not otherwise occupied stood around in an adoring circle, ready to hand the safety-pins, to warm blankets, or fly upstairs for some forgotten accessory. (I must not give the impression that the baby was washed only on Saturday. He had his bath every morning until there was a newer one.) After he was tucked away for his nap the younger children, one at a time, engaged mother's attention until dinner. She did n't superintend any but the very smallest; but she rigidly inspected each child before he was allowed to step from the tub — and woe to the culprit who had failed to wash behind his ears! We older ones took turns during the afternoon, and we had to be ready promptly and be swift in action, for getting thirteen baths out of an ordinary range-reservoir requires a high grade of efficiency. Six o'clock found us gathered around the supper table, radiantly clean and ravenously hungry. But the crowning ceremonial of the whole day occurred at nine in the evening, when mother filled the tub for father and laid out his clean things. Mother always encouraged father in bathing, and made it as easy for him as she could. In fact, as I look back upon it, I think it was mother's deep yearning for the bath that kept us all in the paths of virtue. Her own ablutions occurred late at night, after the rest of the family were sound asleep.

Stationary tubs and running water were virtually unknown in Brierly at that time, and our experiments with substitutes were varied and interesting. I remember a tin tub, painted blue outside and white inside, with a back to lean against like a sleepy-hollow armchair, and little round soap-dishes on each side of the rim. We children sat Turk-fashion in it, and could lean back comfortably between scrubs. It must have been in one of these intervals of rest that Caroline, burning with injury over some family disagreement, scratched the following sentence on the inside of the rim, with a pin: "Edward is an ugly, naughty boy. Hi yi, ki yi!" Edward's bath came after Caroline's, and this judgment confronted him weekly, as long as the tin tub endured.

The rubber tub was bought when Tryphena had inflammatory rheumatism, and was a great luxury in those days. It was made of pliant rubber, and hung from a wooden frame which rested on two chairs. In repose it was about the size and shape of an ordinary porcelain tub, but it "gave" so unexpectedly when occupied, and was so very slippery, that getting in was a science, staying in an adventure, and getting out an art.

The courthouse burned down just about the time that mother read *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and I think a vision of Roman *tepidaria* must have lingered in her mind when she built the Little Room. Father sent home two tall glass doors from the courthouse fire — all that was left of the building. Presumably they were given to him because he was the judge. Mother conceived the idea of walling in the little porch just off the kitchen and using these glass doors as part of the east wall. This was how the Little Porch became the Little Room. In the floor of this room mother instructed the surprised carpenter to build a tub, about six feet long by two and a half wide. He made it beautifully smooth inside, and calked the seams so that it could not leak. A drain was constructed leading into a gravel bank under the porch. The tub had a cover which matched the floor and which, when let down, transformed our bathroom to sun parlor. We were jubilant over this invention when it was finished; but long before the carpenter's bill was paid on the installment plan, our illusions were dispelled. The drain refused to work as it should, and for a discouraging length of time after each bath the tub would stand half full of water. After the cover had been left up once or twice, and several of the family had walked into it in the dark, we gradually gave up using it.

We had one small room called the Bathing Room, but no one ever bathed in it within my memory. The old black walnut washstand used to be kept there, which perhaps gave rise to its name. Later, as the family grew and closets became congested, hooks were installed all around the Bathing Room, and we hung our Sunday clothes on them. Still later, the baby's crib stood there — but the name remained. This, and another room called the China Closet, where no china ever was, together with the Library, where mother kept her canned fruit, were a source of never-failing glee to visitors.

In summer we sometimes bathed upstairs, but we objected to this in our youth because the water had to be carried up and down. It is true that Sherman and John conceived the labor-saving idea of pouring it out on the wood-shed roof, but they did it only once. Mother happened to be giving an order to the grocery boy at the moment, and he came out of the back door just in time to get the soapy flood squarely down his back.

As we grew older, we developed an

etiquette of bathing. A small clique, led by Frances, insisted that it was only decent to save half the water to rinse off in. Some of the rest of us warmly argued this point. We held that it was impossible to take a real bath in half a reservoir of water, and that the results obtained by rinsing did n't compensate for the extra labor involved. Personally, I went through life unrinsed until we moved to the city. Arthur was the one to found a cult of outdoor bathing. In an angle formed by the walls of the dining-room and the library he constructed an impromptu room of sheets strung on clothes-lines, with the russet apple tree for one corner. "No roof but the blue above us. No floor but the beaten sod." The idea took like wildfire. Bathing out of doors, with the apple blossoms and blue sky over our heads, took on a tinge of romance that was not to be resisted. But of course it was limited to the very warmest days in summer.

When all was said and done, the thing we always came back to, like returning to the old-fashioned safety-pin after all these new-fangled contrivances to keep your skirt in place, was a wooden wash-tub by the kitchen stove. There we arranged clothes-bars and chairs, draped them with sheets, blankets, and father's army blanket, to insure privacy, and successively performed the Saturday rite, while the rest of the family waited their turn.

Of course the old order changed in time. Galvanized tubs succeeded wooden ones, and finally a windmill and a tank on top of the house brought running water. When father gave up a country judgeship for a law office in town, and we moved to the city, bathing became an everyday affair.

I would not say a word in deprecation of modern plumbing. Beyond a doubt it is one of our greatest blessings and the herald of a true democracy, when there shall be neither a "great unwashed" nor a "submerged tenth." But, somehow, Saturday has lost its savor. Life is tamer than it used to be. No man in his senses would wish, in this day of Pullman sleepers, to cross the Great Plains in a prairie schooner, but the names of the men who risked their lives to do it are enshrined in history. And so I think we ought to build a little altar to the middle-class country mothers who, in the face of every obstacle, kept the Saturday-night bath a sacred institution, and handed it down to their children inviolate.

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly: —

The experience of your anonymous contributor, as told in the May *Atlantic*, is singular but not unique. From a scrapbook of the war-days of 1861, I extract the subjoined stanza of a poem in which the writer tells how he approached the Infinite. No name is given; it was but the vagrant verse from the poets' corner of a country newspaper; but it is of a quality that makes it live ever after in the memory of the reader.

Only sometimes we lie,
Where autumn sunshine streams like purple wine
Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky;
And shadowy dreams divine,
Our troubled hearts invest,
With the faint fantasy of utter rest —
And for one moment we
Hear the long wave-roll of the infinite sea.

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